From: Snapshot-Content-Location: https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/142uxm/a_man_once_told_me_if_you_want_a_good_story_just/?utm_source=reddit&utm_medium=usertext&utm_name=Thetruthishere&utm_content=t3_1ufm7a Subject: A man once told me if you want a good story just ask any random person if there was ever an event in their life they can not explain. Someone almost always has one weird thing that has happened to them. So reddit, regardless of whatever you belief about the world, do you have a story as such? : r/AskReddit Date: Fri, 17 Apr 2026 21:44:47 -0230 MIME-Version: 1.0 Content-Type: multipart/related; type="text/html"; boundary="----MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3----" ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/142uxm/a_man_once_told_me_if_you_want_a_good_story_just/?utm_source=reddit&utm_medium=usertext&utm_name=Thetruthishere&utm_content=t3_1ufm7a Skip to main content A man once told me if you want a good story just ask any random person if there was ever an event in their life they can not explain. Someone almost always has one weird thing that has happened to them. So reddit, regardless of whatever you belief about the world, do you have a story as such? : r/AskReddit

A man once told me if you want a good story just ask any random person if there was ever an event in their life they can not explain. Someone almost always has one weird thing that has happened to them. So reddit, regardless of whatever you belief about the world, do you have a story as such?

I admit I had one when he asked me. Back when I was about 13 or 14 my cousin and I were walking out of a restaurant in central Washington. It was late in the evening and already dark. There was a very large river nearby us and I saw a light in the sky that appeared to follow low above the it. Now there was a small airport across the river so I gave it not another thought to being anything other than a plane. But instead of turning left to the airport it suddenly increased in speed and appeared to shoot upwards and quickly across the town. Then it flew off to the right towards a smaller town about 10 miles away. It then stopped and hovered above it for just a few seconds before a smaller light came up from the ground, appeared to hit the first light, and then both zoomed away in the distance.

I turned to my cousin and he just looked at me and asked "did you see that too?"

To this day is it the only thing I have seen in my life I can not explain. What about the rest of you? What is your weirdest unexplained event in life?

EDIT: Well I have learned two things from this. The first was that the guy was right about a lot people having one weird story. The other is that I really should not have tried to read all these replies before bed because now life is terrifying. Some of you have apparently seem some scary shit.

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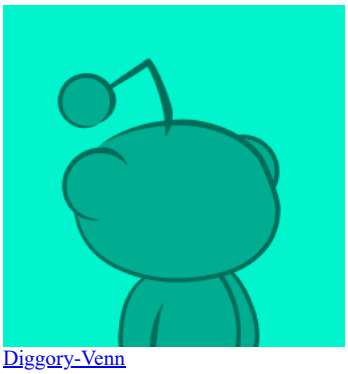

Diggory-Venn
â€¢ 14y ago

This one isn't quite "supernatural" but it was weird.

I live in a very homogenous area. I know everyone on my street and almost everyone in my neighborhood. Everybody is white middle-class. I had recently got a cat, who I loved, but was an idiot of an animal. One day she ran up tree with absolutely no branches and just sat at the top. Would not come down. I live next to a contractor who had helped get her down from another tree, but said he couldn't do anything this time. The tree was too thin and, like I said, no branches until the very top.

If I had to estimate I'd say the cat was 20-25ft high. I was pretty upset. I sat there waiting for her until about 2am and then I just had to go home and I passed out on the couch.

At 4am I hear really loud knocking on my door. I open it to see a man fully decked out in camo-gear, including light face-paint. He was holding my cat. Here's the conversation we had, almost verbatim.

In a thick Russian accent he asks, "is dis yours?!"

"How the hell did you get her down?!"

"I climb."

"That tree had no branches!"

"In my training I learn climb. Eet no problem."

"Let me pay you! Where do you even live?!"

He shook his head and just walked away basically while I was in mid-sentence. He looked almost concerned, but he might've just been amused.

I never saw him again. I never even saw another person with a Russian accent near my neighborhood. And now my cat stays indoors.

TL;DR -- Very well-hidden Russian special ops are planning to invade, but before they do, one saved my cat from a tree.

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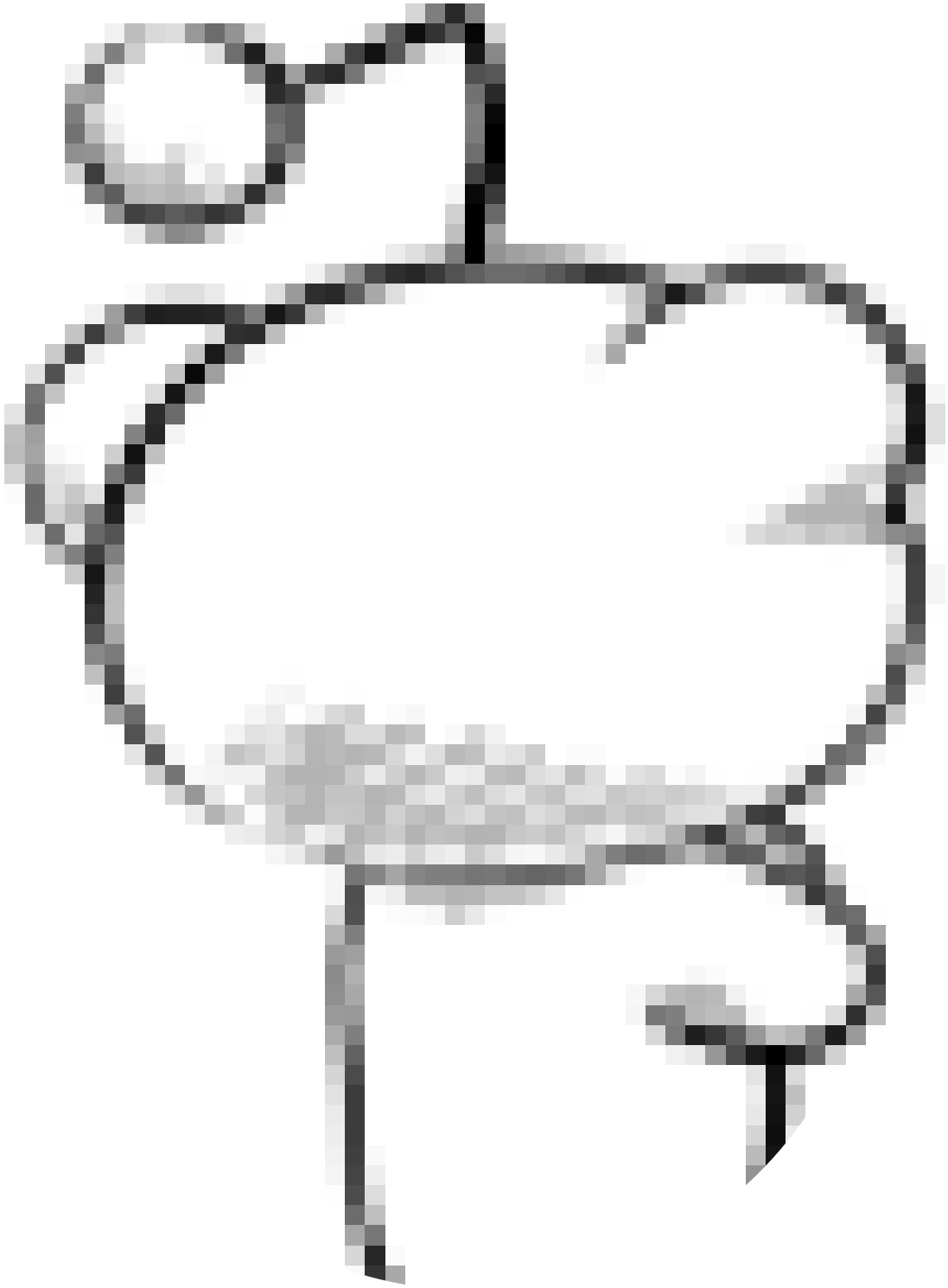

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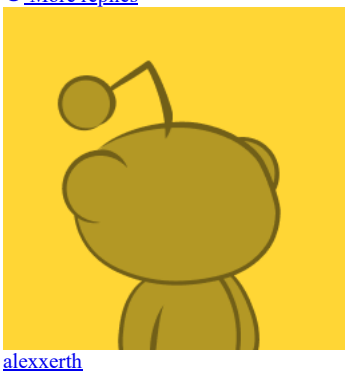

alexxerth
â€¢ 14y ago

Bonus Points: Ask ANY older pilot EVER. They always have an awesome story.

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windowpanez
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend's grandpa was a pilot. He apparently saw lights at night when no other planes could be around. Including the middle of the Atlantic.

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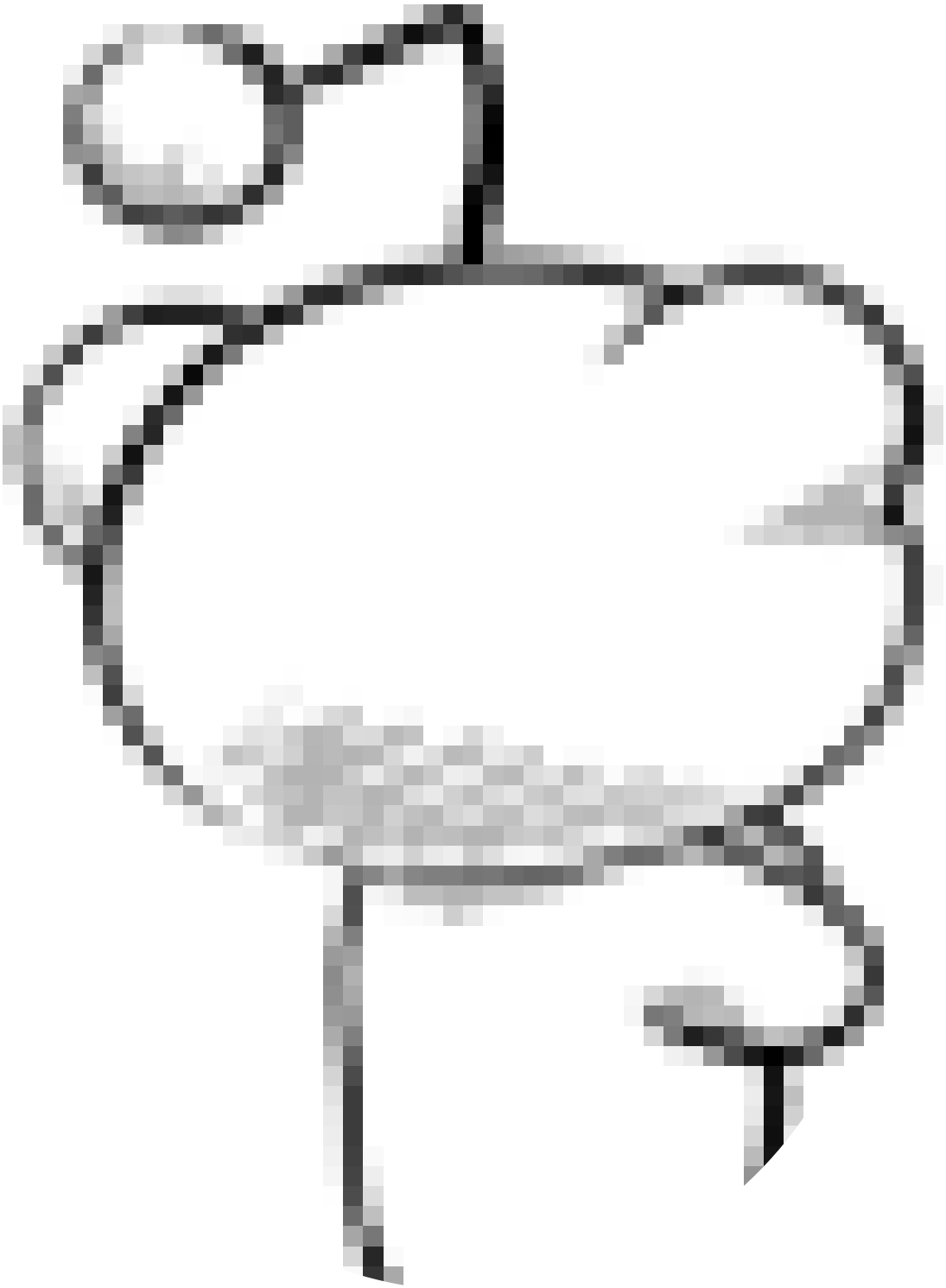

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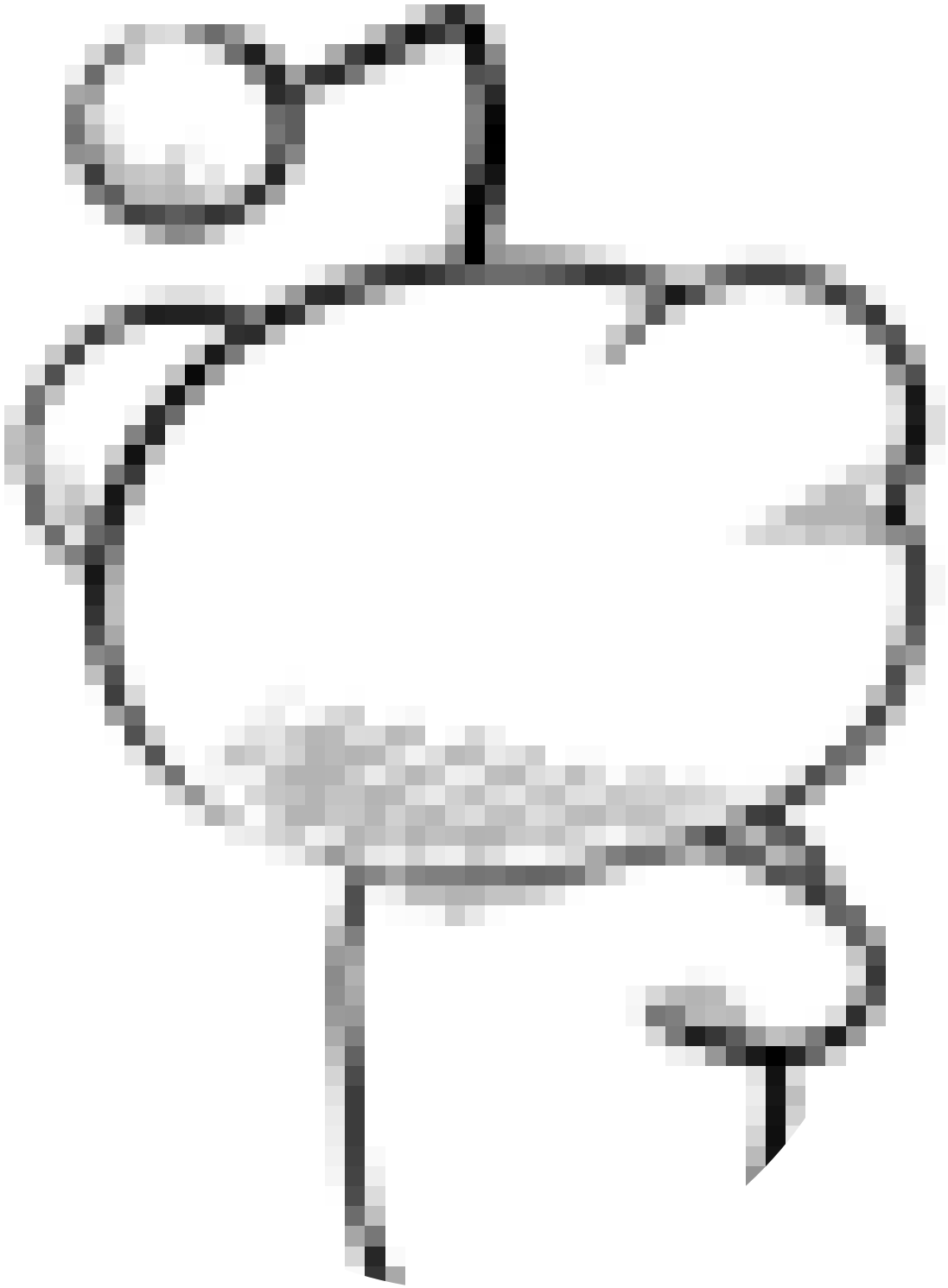

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â€¢ 14y ago

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slutforbrains
â€¢ 14y ago

Back when my mother was about 18 (she's 43 today) she was visited by what she calls "The Tapper". Every night for 3 months, someone would tap on the window of the room she was in as soon as she was alone, even with the curtains drawn. Every single night, without fail. As soon as anyone else came into the room or went outside to investigate it would stop, and no one would be outside. My grandpa and both uncles were living in the house too, this is relevant. After 3 months of this the tapping stopped. My grandpa and both uncles decided to take off fishing one night, the tapping hand't happened in 2 weeks at this point, and my mom stayed behind. The sun had just gone down and my mom was sitting in the living room reading and it happens. *Tap tap tap tap* She assumes it's my younger uncle because he's a joker.

"Jesse knock it off."

tap tap tap tap tap

"Jesse it's not funny, just get inside."

tap tap tap

She gets up from the couch and goes to the window, which still has the curtains drawn.

"Very fucking funny Jesse!" She taps on the window, through the curtain. *tap tap tap tap*

Instead of tapping it sounds like a hand slams against the window in response. She goes back to the couch, still convinced it's my uncle. and almost immediately the phone rings. My grandpa is calling her from the neighbors house to tell her they stopped in to say hey and the neighbors offered to help them dress the fish.

"Well take Jesse back there with you and make him stop slamming on the windows."

"Rhonda, Jesse is here."

"Oh shit."

She runs to the front door and locks it, leaving the phone off of the hook. My grandpa says they're coming over and hangs up. It takes them about a minute to run up the road from the neighbors. When they get there they see a guy standing by the front window in the bushes. He stands up when they start screaming and takes off towards the fence. This guy looks like he's a good 7 feet tall from what my grandpa told me. They chase him to the property line where a wooden fence separates from the next neighbors property and he jumps *over* the fence, which is 7 feet high, no hands, legs completely over the top. They clamber over the fence to keep chasing him, and he can't be more than 1-2 seconds ahead of the 3 of them, and he's gone. Straight up gone. The property on that side of the fence was just dirt and grass, no trees or buildings. The neighbors house was a long distance from the fence, and nothing else was around to hide in. They never heard the tapping or saw anyone that looked like this guy again.

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gnimsh
â€¢ 14y ago

This one. This one creeped me the fuck out.

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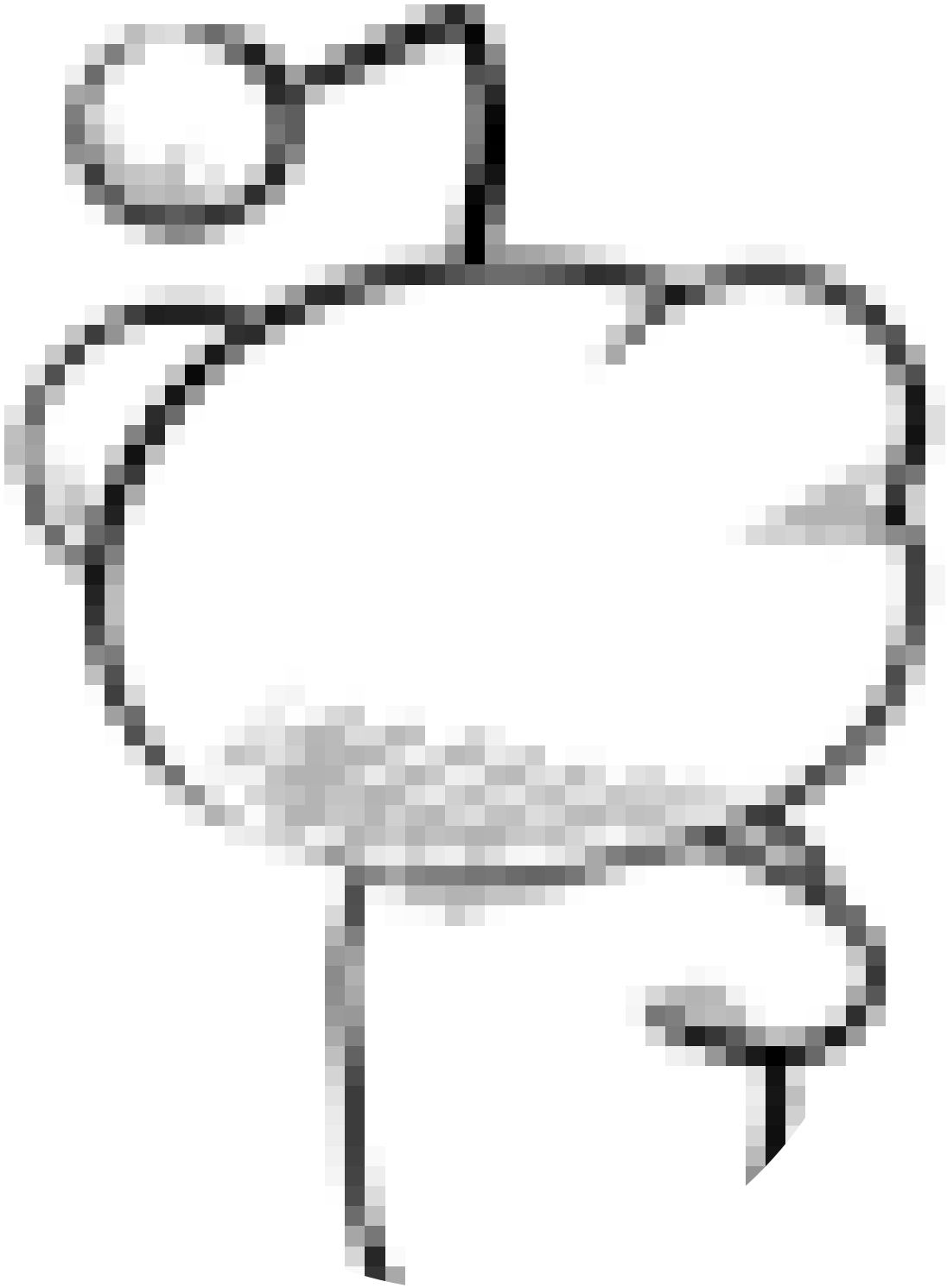

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â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago I was working on a construction site which was overseen by a safety representative who, as they should, took his job *very* seriously. One time I had to get into a very tight ceiling cavity, so I set my hardhat down beside my ladder and crawled into the roof space. I had to tidy up some cable looms which took about ten minutes, and I came back down the ladder to find my hardhat was gone.

The thing about my hardhat was that it had veiny dicks drawn all over it; I was an apprentice and my coworkers were jerks. Anyways, I walked around the site looking for this hard hat when the safety rep spots me and kicks me off site for the rest of the day.

I return to work the next day with a brand new, dick-free hardhat. I spot someone in the lunch room wearing a hardhat with large union stickers in about the same spots where I had dicks drawn all over my previous one. Knowing that I'd always written my name in texta underneath the plastic insert thing which sits in the hat, I ask this guy if I can look at it, and he says fine. I remove the insert and there's my name just as I left it.

The reason that this story is so baffling to me is that my full name is fairly obscure, my family is the only of one of this name in the phone book. I say to this guy "is this hardhat yours? Is your name ____ ___?". He replies "it certainly is." I give him a skeptical/disappointed look and he says "don't believe me?" and begins pulling out his driver's license, bank cards, etc. It turns out he *actually* has the exact same full name as me, and he *did* steal my hardhat. I started pulling the stickers off to reveal the big

throbbing, glistening erect penises. He says "hahah, yeah, you got me!". I think this would have been even stranger for him, finding a hat with his full name written on it. Anyways, not a supernatural story, just a baffling coincidence.

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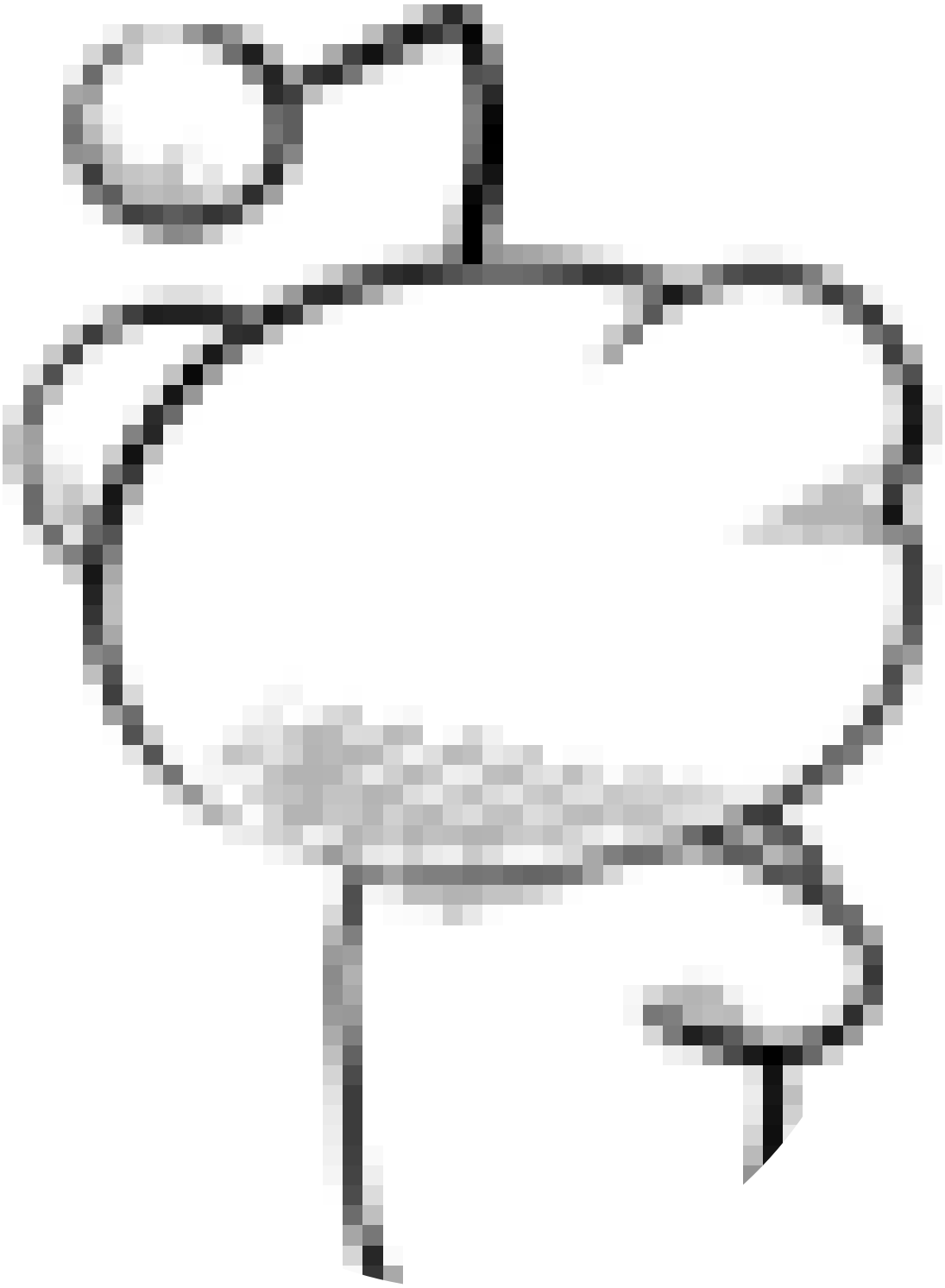

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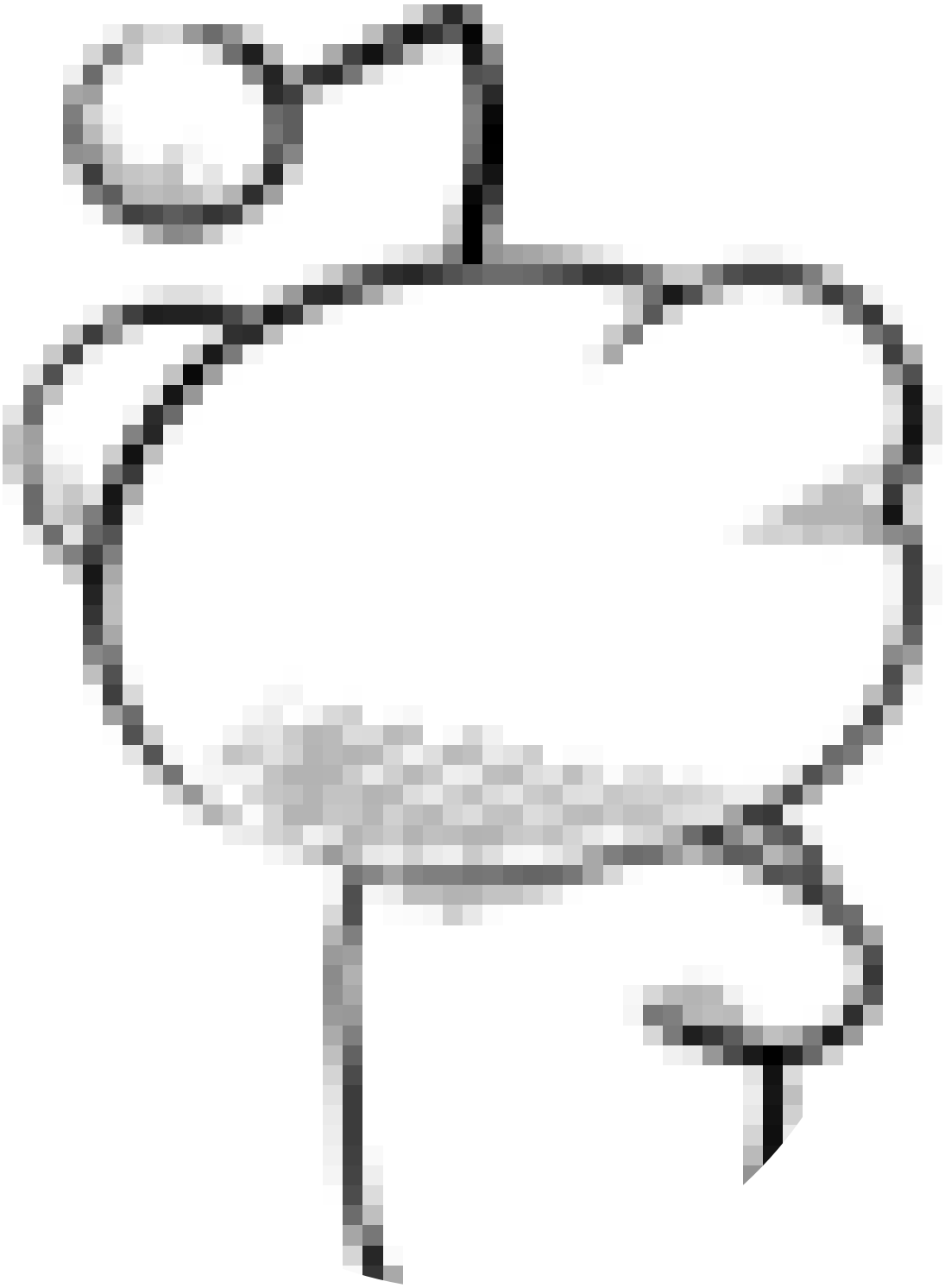

FFandMMfan
â€¢ 14y ago

Originally posted this to r/Glitch_in_the_Matrix:

Me and my mom were watching TV in the living room one sunny day (I think it was about 10 years ago or so, give or take a year or two), with the large balcony sliding glass door and shades wide open. There is not a cloud in the sky and the sun is shining brightly.

And then everything turns black.

Pitch black. Not "Really, really cloudy and dark" or "Night time dark", I mean black as in complete and utter lack of any type of light whatsoever. This includes the TV itself, no light from anywhere. Both me and my mother scream.

And just as quickly as it disappeared, the light has returned. It was only gone for perhaps 2 or 3 seconds, but we both experienced this, so it wasn't like I suddenly went temporarily blind or something like that.

But that isn't the only weird part. The sky is a blanket of dark clouds and it is now pouring rain. The rain only lasts for about 2 or 3 minutes and then the sky slowly begins to return to bright sunshine.

Nobody else that we know experienced the darkness, but a friend of ours did notice that almost instantly, the beautiful weather turned terrible without notice. We even checked if there was an eclipse or something happening that day, but no, as far as any official news sources were concerned, no eclipses or bizarre weather happened that day.

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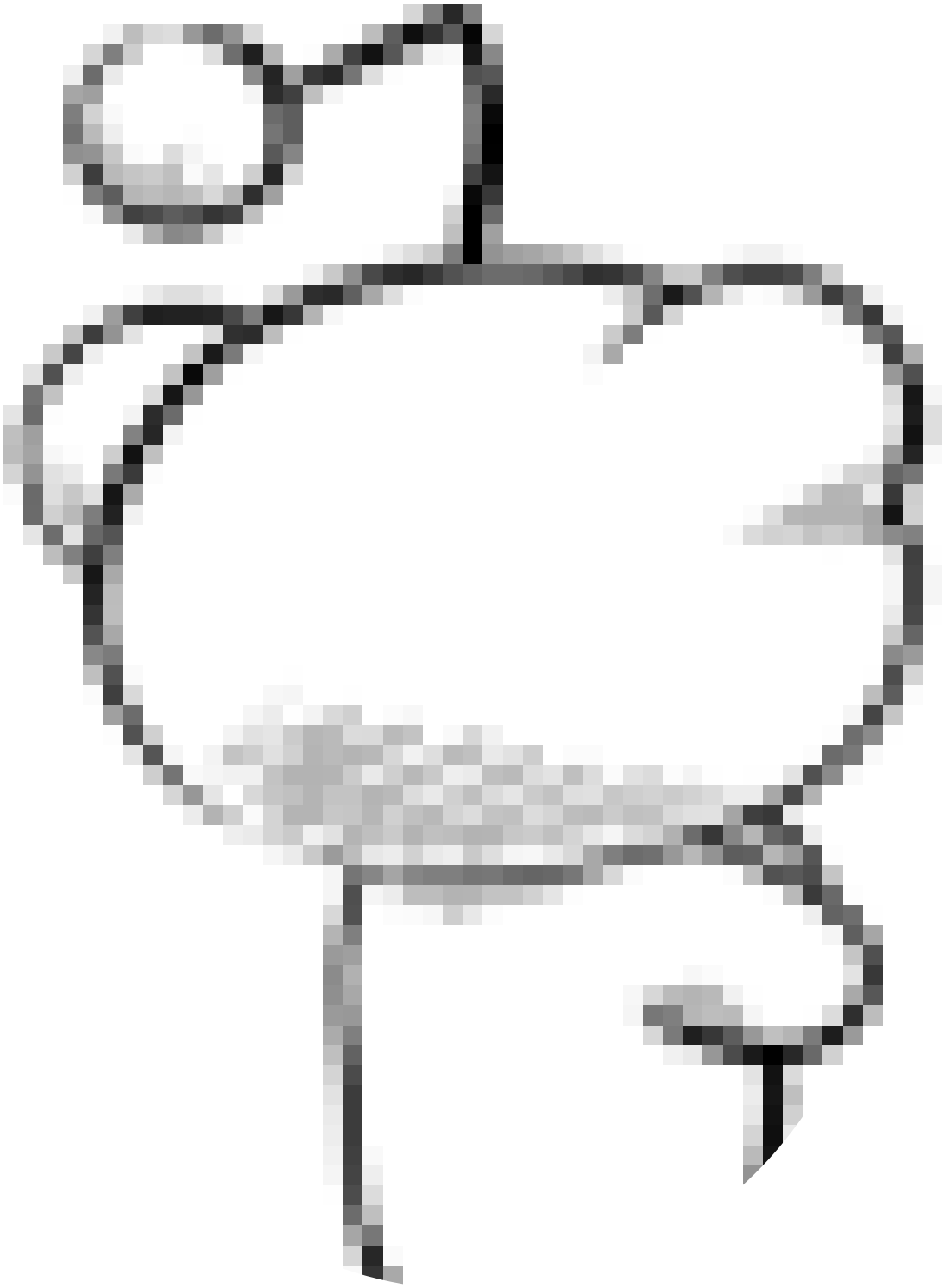

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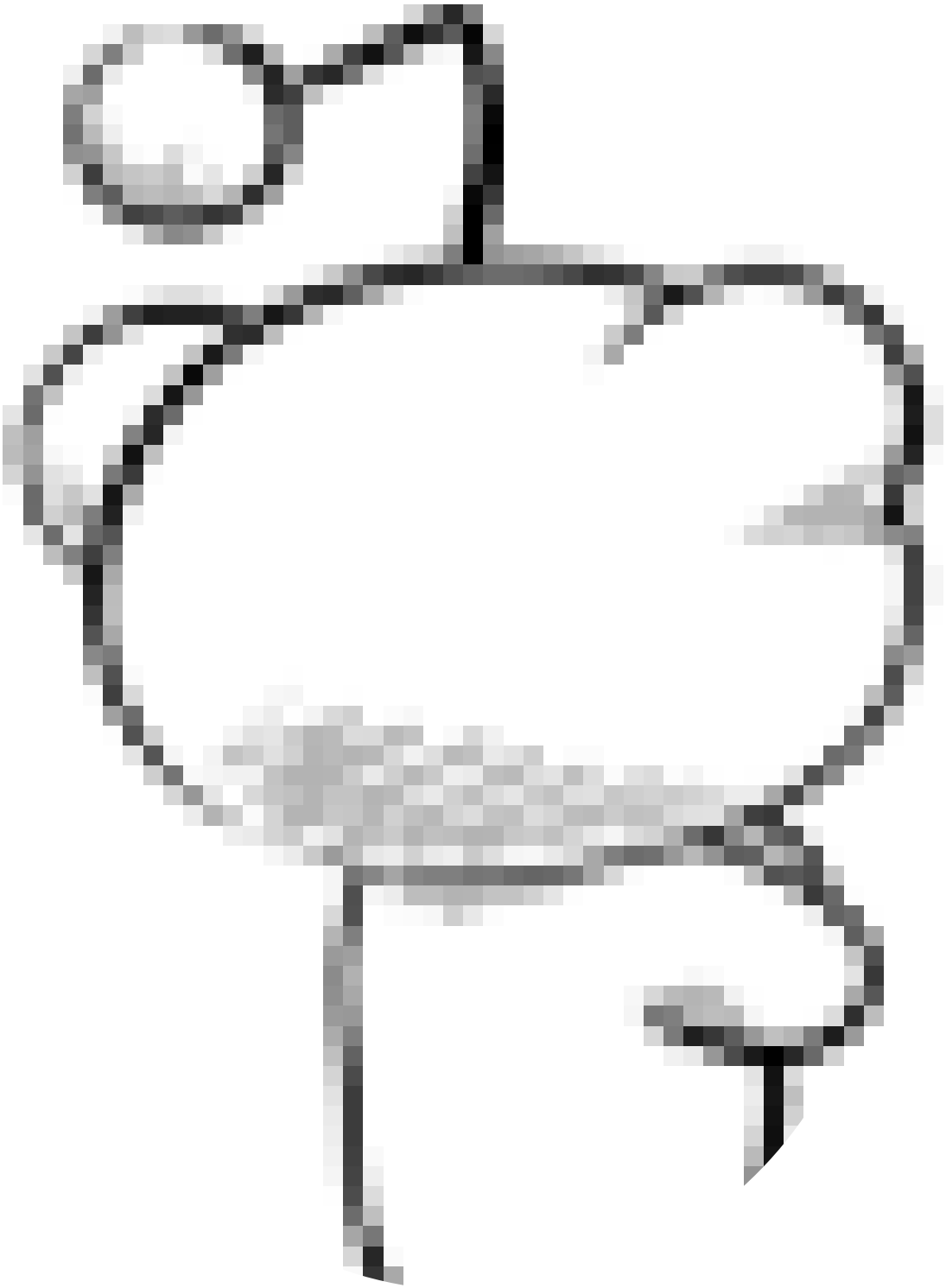

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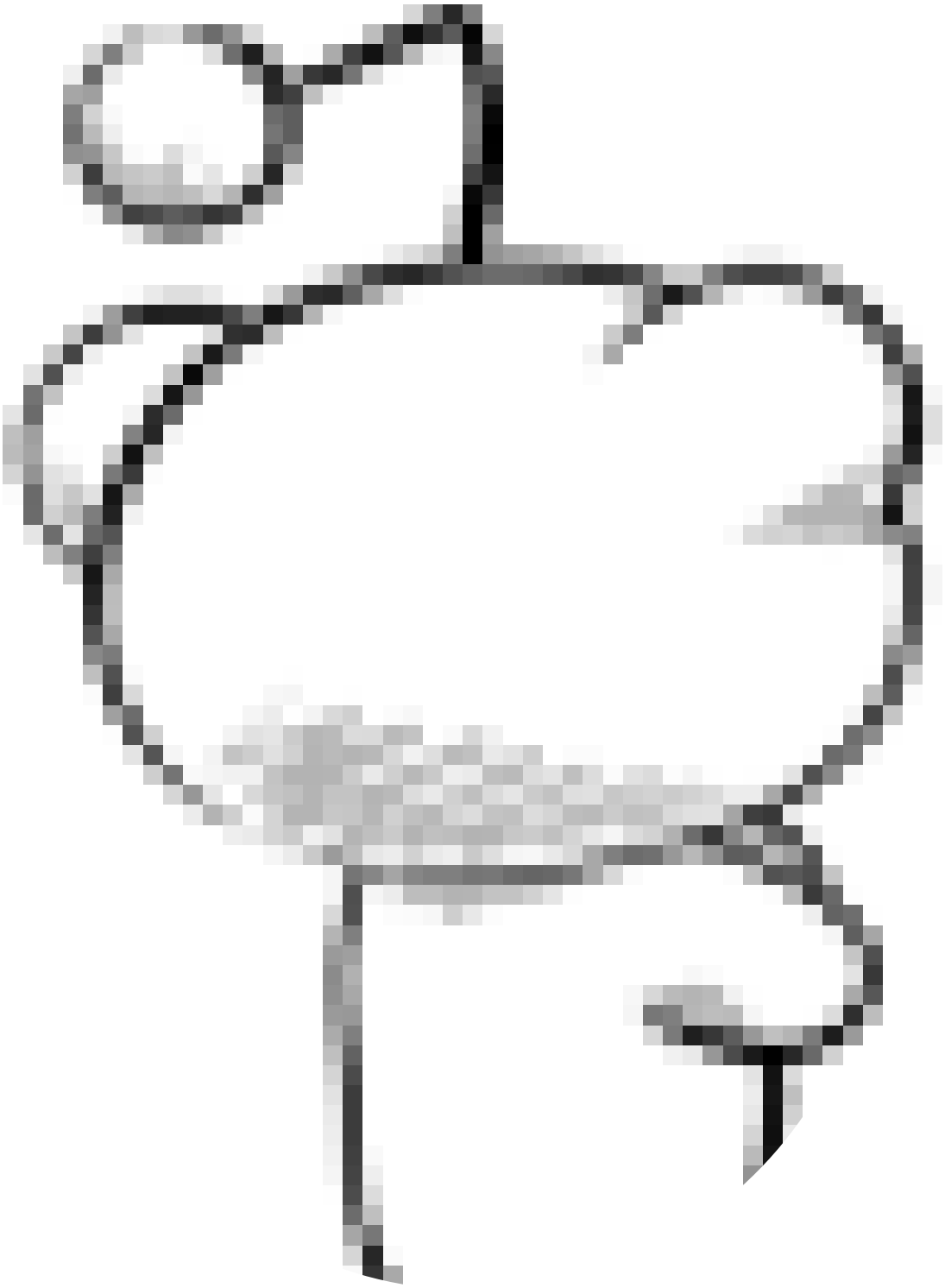

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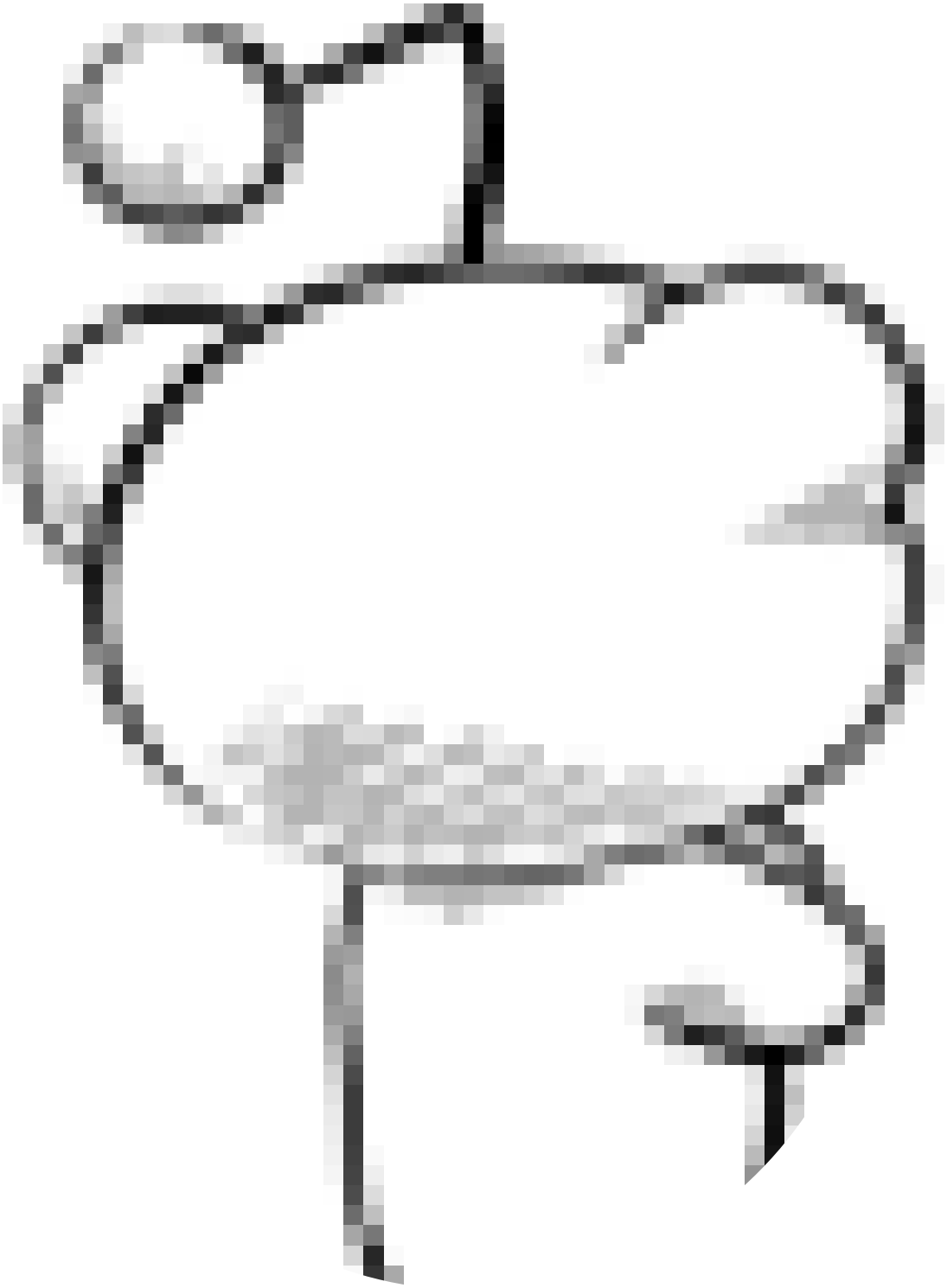

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â€¢ 14y ago

You know what they say you're supposed to do when you're alone in your house and it sounds like somebody's tossing refrigerators, right?

Fucking *don't* go look.

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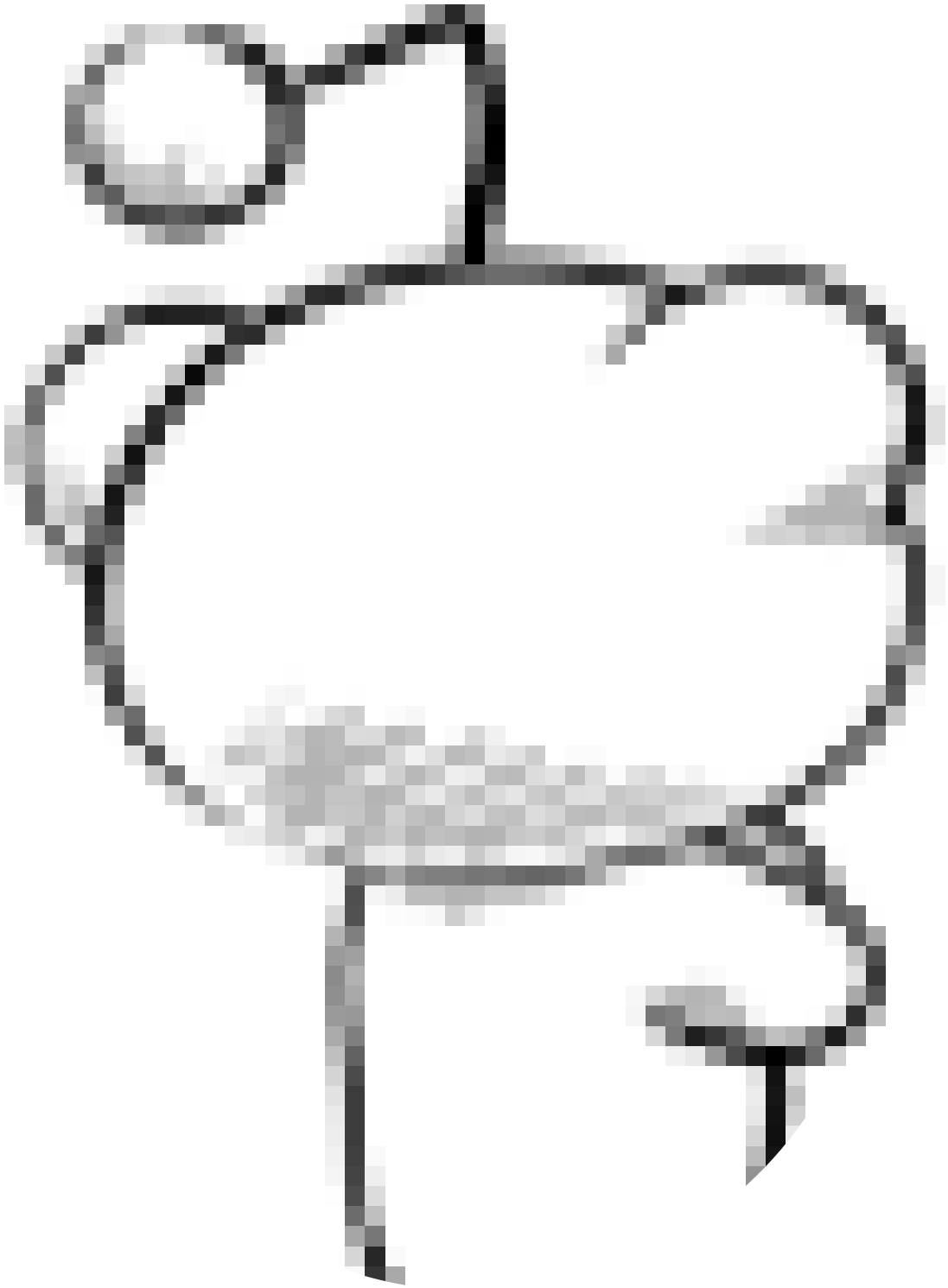

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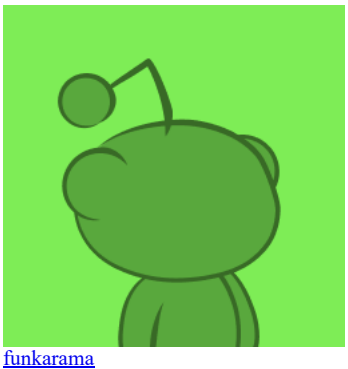

funkarama
â€¢ 14y ago

Firetower is a nice word for lighthouse! I like it!

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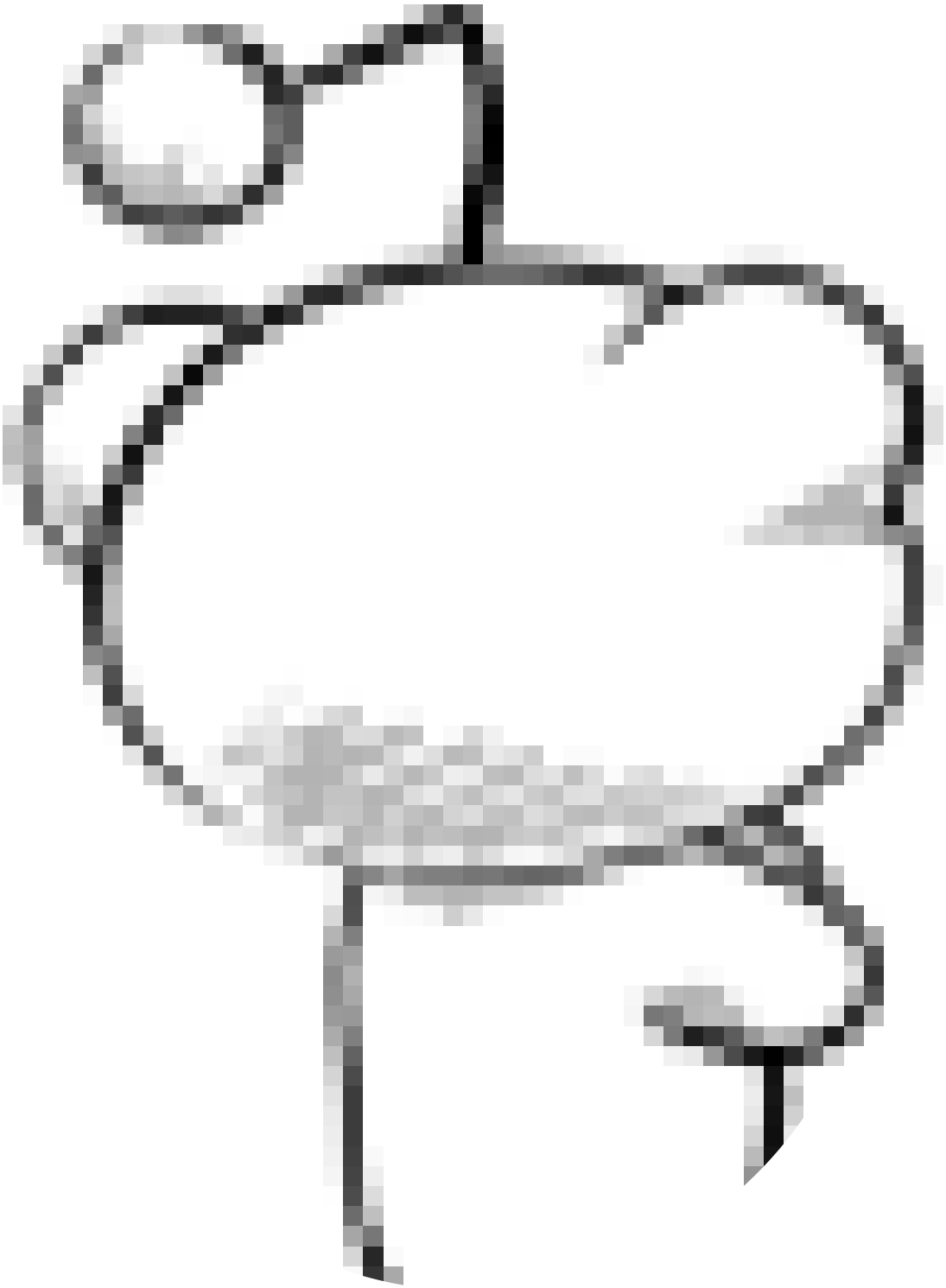

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

In '96 my grandma died. A couple of years prior, my uncle had come to town for a visit and brought his cat. During his stay my grandma accidentally let the cat outside, it bolted away and was never seen again.

On the night we had the open casket showing, we came back to my grandparents house. On the front step sitting by the door was the cat. He had an ear tattoo, it was the same cat.

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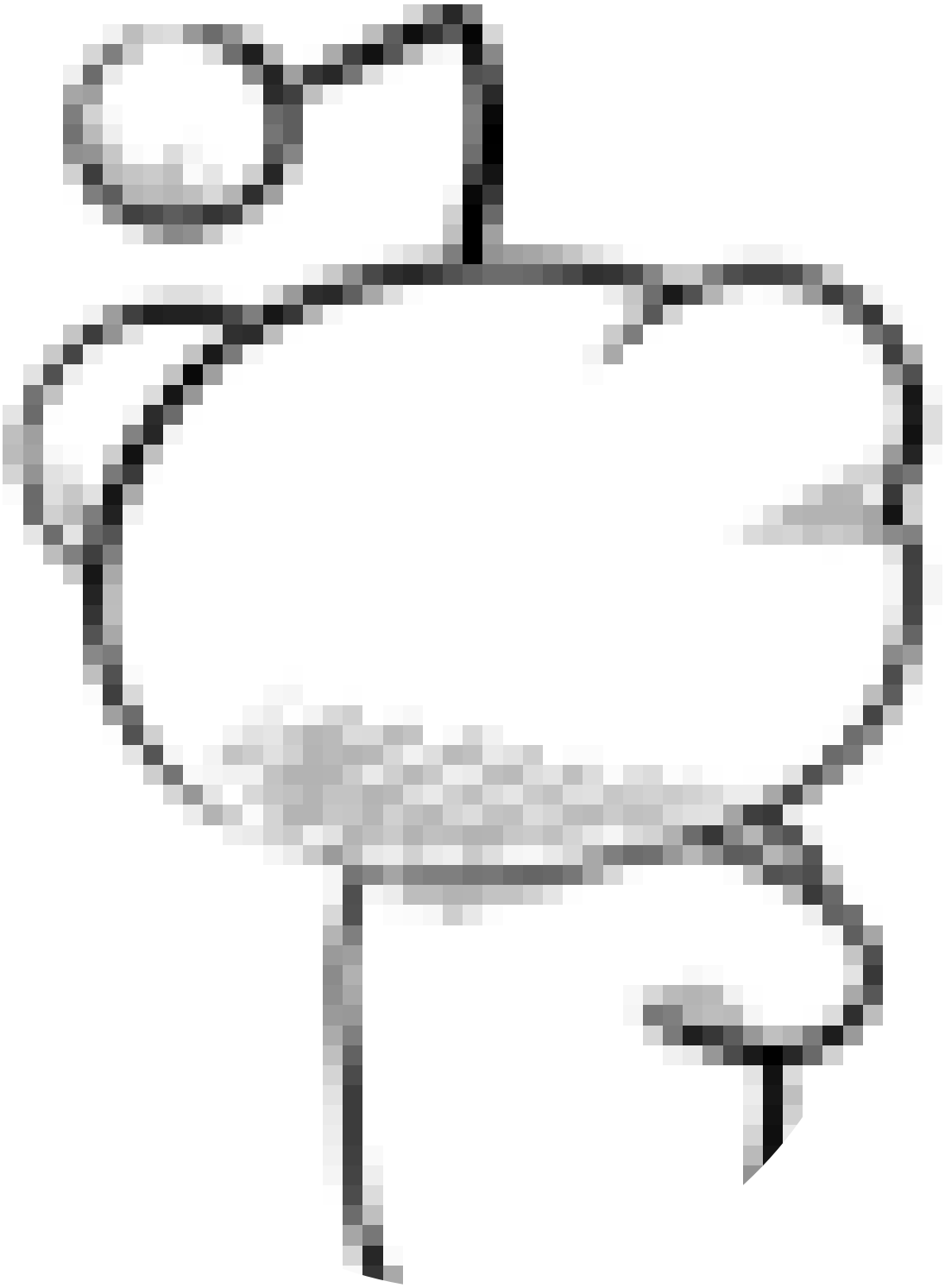

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â€¢ 14y ago

A piece of advice I hear often when a cat goes missing is to place something you wear often outside so kitty can use the smell to navigate back home. Perhaps the scent of your uncle was in the air and kitty had been staying with a neighbor all that time.

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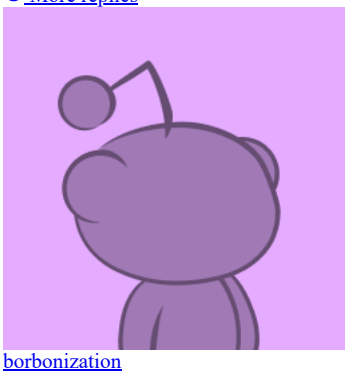

borbonization
â€¢ 14y ago

I remember when I was around 9-10 and my uncle coming down the drive and doing his usual greeting to me by throwing me up in the air and catching me again. I ran inside to tell my mum that he had arrived, when I stopped. She was crying and on the phone. after she put down the phone, she turned to me and said "-----, your uncle has just had an accident at work and won't ever wake up again" Still to this day, I have no idea how that thought/hallucination happened just moments before I learned of his death.

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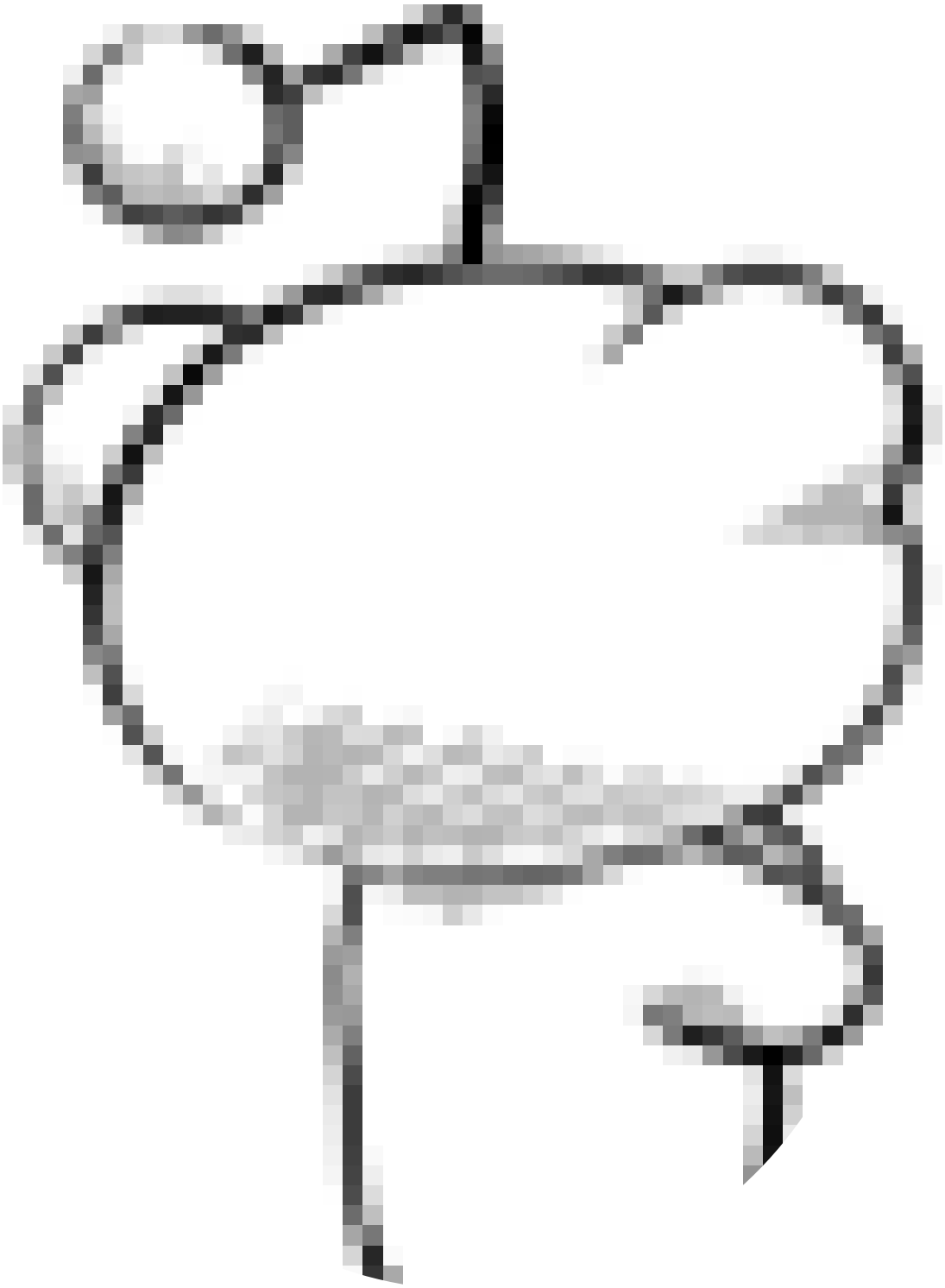

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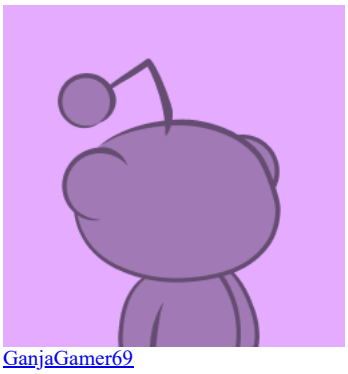

GanjaGamer69
â€¢ 14y ago

That's awesome. So simple, lucky, and dumb enough to probably be true.

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twocatsandcoffee
â€¢ 14y ago

I bet your friends were pissed at you, thinking you had it the entire time. That'd suck.

NO SERIOUSLY GUYS IT WAS JUST BURIED RIGHT HERE IN THE SAND THIS IS INCREDIBLE WAIT

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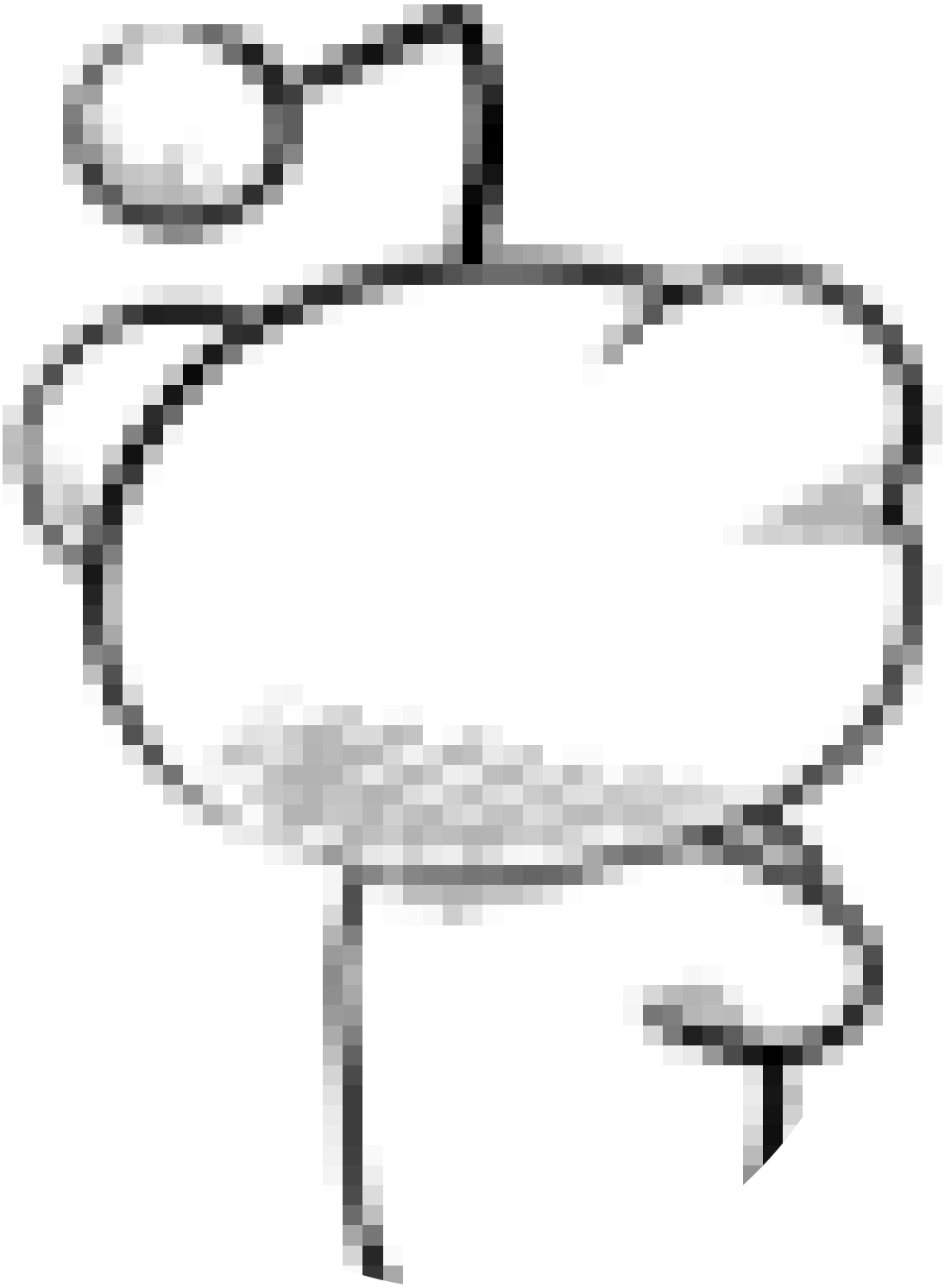

Syncytia
â€¢ 14y ago

Well, I'm going to have a hard time sleeping after reading this thread.

While in undergrad, I was doing some research that involved soil sampling. I regularly sampled several sites in a wilderness preserve, which would take must of the day to hike through. I always brought a friend, just for safety's sake.

There was this one site, way in the rear of the preserve that always spooked me. No real reason...it was no more isolated than the rest of the sites, but something about it didn't seem quite "right".

My friend and I were there once, and I was crouching over to sample the soil. I was looking down, and totally unprovoked, I felt this rising terror. Just a "FUCK THIS, RUN!" feeling. I stood up suddenly, and I could see that my friend had the feeling. She said, "We have to leave, NOW."

We ran the entire way to the car. We still have no idea why we felt that way, but I am convinced that there was a very real danger in staying.

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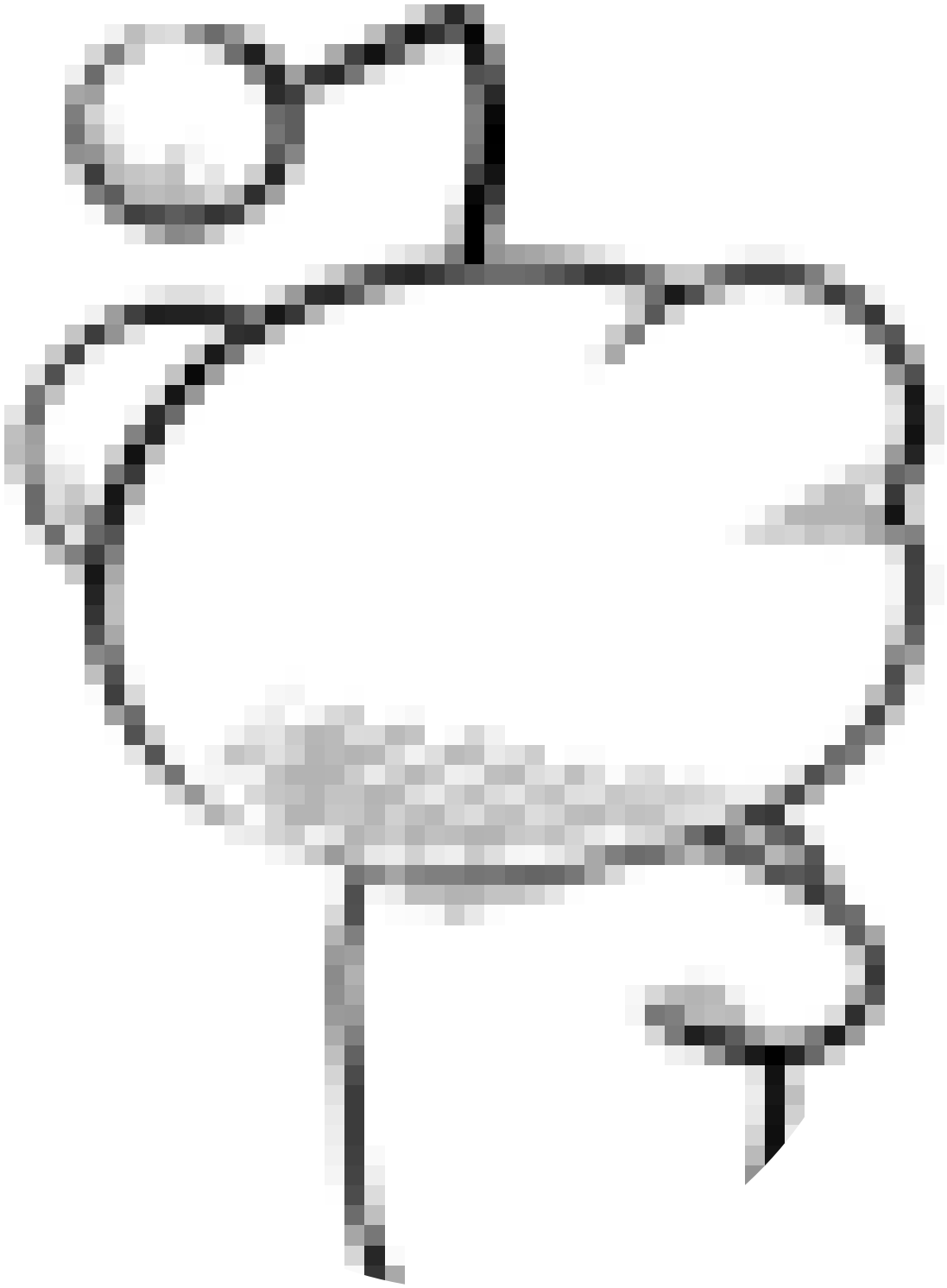

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bestlaidplansofmice
â€¢ 14y ago

I have had a similar experience on a late night drive in the back roads of SE Idaho, my friend and I both felt like something was about to go very wrong if we continued down this road, once we turned around we felt immediately better.

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LazinCajun
â€¢ 14y ago

Hm, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Infrasound#Human_reactions_to_infrasound perhaps?

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beyondtheridge
â€¢ 14y ago

This thread feels like we're all around a campfire holding flashlights under our faces and telling ghost stories.

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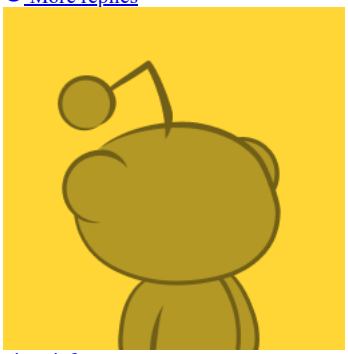

gimmiefue
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in 6th grade, my grandfather died. I was in English class, sitting in the front row and doing my classwork. All of a sudden I felt a strong kick in the gut. What ever happened, it was forceful enough that it made me bend over my desk in pain and brought me to tears. But it went away as fast as it came, and I was just fine a moment later. Out of curiosity, I looked at the clock in the back of the room, and it was about 10:30. I went home at the end of the school day and found out that my grandfather, who I was very close to, as my grandparents raised me, had died around 10:30.

I really wish I could have an explanation of what happened.

Reply Share

lightjedi5
â€¢ 14y ago

When my dad was in the Navy he was lying in his bunk and felt a kiss on his forehead. Then about 15 minutes later his CO called him in to tell him his grandpa had died. My dad only replies with "I know. He just kissed me good bye."

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nanakishi
â€¢ 14y ago

Back when I was 13, I, my 9 year old nephew and my 5 year old niece were having a pillow fight in my room. Well, we were just having a blast. I was standing at the foot of the bed with my nephew directly in front of me and my niece was to the right side of the bed.

Well, My nephew yelled out for us all to stop and look, and I turned around and saw my bedroom doorknob slowly turning side to side. We stood there and watched it for what felt like forever before I finally managed to work up the courage to reach out and open the door.

The doorknob continued trying to move beneath my fingers, and only stopped once the door was completely open and there was no one in the small hall way in front of my door. I ran out to ask my sister and Granny if they had been doing it and of course they said no. The two kids and I decided to have our pillow fight in the living room after that.

Once my sister and her family had left I came back to my room and, being the scientifically minded child I was, I began testing out every possible way that the doorknob could have acted on its own like that. It was a very hard to turn door knob that I myself rarely got turned all the way and I often had to open it for younger kids and my Granny, as the mechanisms were rusted inside. It would also not turn on the inside if you turned the knob on the outside.

In the end, I concluded something had to have been moving the doorknob physically and it would have had to have been directly beside me.

Unfortunately, this was merely the first in a long line of unexplainable events that happened in and around my bedroom for the next four years. I'm not going to get into that here, but if anyone else would like to here about it I'll happily write it out for them.

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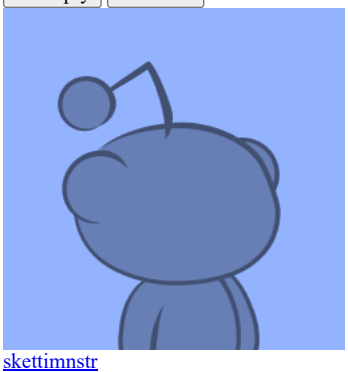

skettimnstr
â€¢ 14y ago

I've come to realize this is a horrible thread to read before bed.

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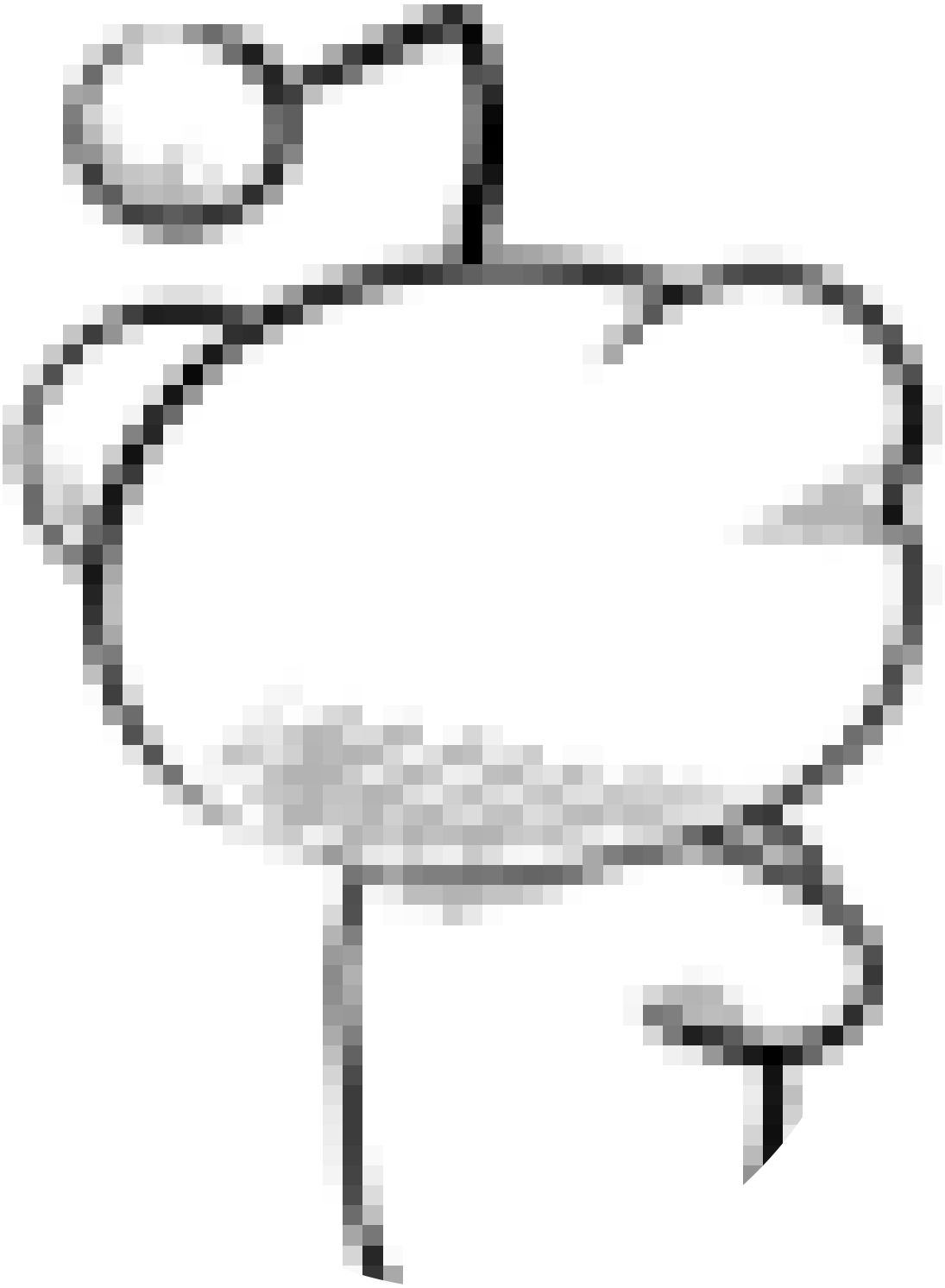

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â€¢ 14y ago

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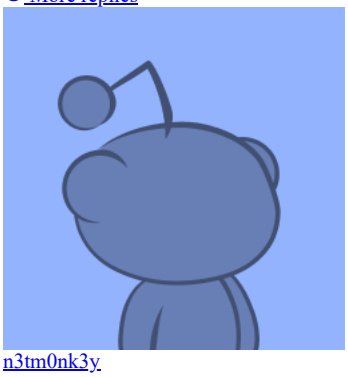

n3tm0nk3y
â€¢ 14y ago

I come downstairs and see grandma at the dining room table. She is about to say something. "Mongoose" is the only thing I can think to myself. No matter what she is about to say the answer is mongoose. I have no idea why I'm thinking this. I don't know what she's doing, I haven't read or seen anything recently to make me think of the critters, and I can't fathom why this thought has popped into my head.

I look over and see her doing a crossword puzzle and she spits out what she wanted to ask me "What is the animal that kills and eats snakes?"

That was at least 15 years ago and it still bothers me to this day.

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Yarzard
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

When my mother was 22, she was on Spring Break in Sanibel Island, FL with a group of her sorority sisters. She and two of her roommates walked the beach one evening to drink at a couple of bars down the way. Some of the other sisters met up with them later that evening, but they all split up & went back to the rooms at different times. My mom & her friend left at 3am & walked the beach back to the hotel.

When they got back to the room, they realized that 'Michelle' (made that up, can't remember her real name) was the only girl missing. When my mother asked where Michelle was, one of the sisters said that when she was leaving, she saw Michelle outside the bar smoking with an unidentified man. It seemed Michelle had a reputation of wandering away & going home with random guys without telling people, so everyone assumed this was the same scenario. It's Spring Break, those things happen, right?

Come morning, Michelle was still nowhere to be found. While searching around the beach, one of the sisters got wind that *a dead body had been found on the beach earlier that morning*. Worried, they called the police, and eventually got confirmation that Michelle had been **stabbed to death & left on the beach** sometime in the early morning hours.

The creepy part is that the investigators estimated that she was murdered around 1am, meaning that **my mother & her friends had surely drunkenly stumbled past her dead (or still barely breathing) body in the night, completely unaware**.... of course, they could have unknowingly passed her murderer as well. The police never found the person responsible, .

My mother gets bothered just telling the story.

Edit: It seems reddit solved this mystery. My mom is the murderer. Dinner is going to be so weird tonight.

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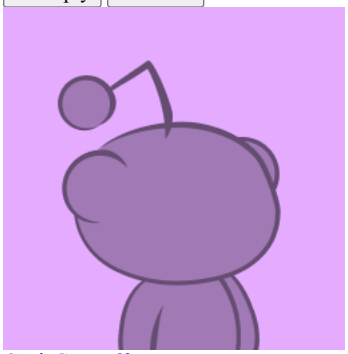

GanjaGamer69
â€¢ 14y ago

Ugh that is awful.

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blakefoster
â€¢ 14y ago

That is crazy. When my mom was young, she would spend the night at her friend's house whose dad was apparently high up in the mafia. She said one night there was a loud explosion outside and it turned out her friend's dad had completely disappeared and his car was blown to bits (he wasn't in the car). A body was never found but my mom still gets shaken up talking about it 40 years later. She still occasionally talks to her friend, who has still never heard from her dad since that night.

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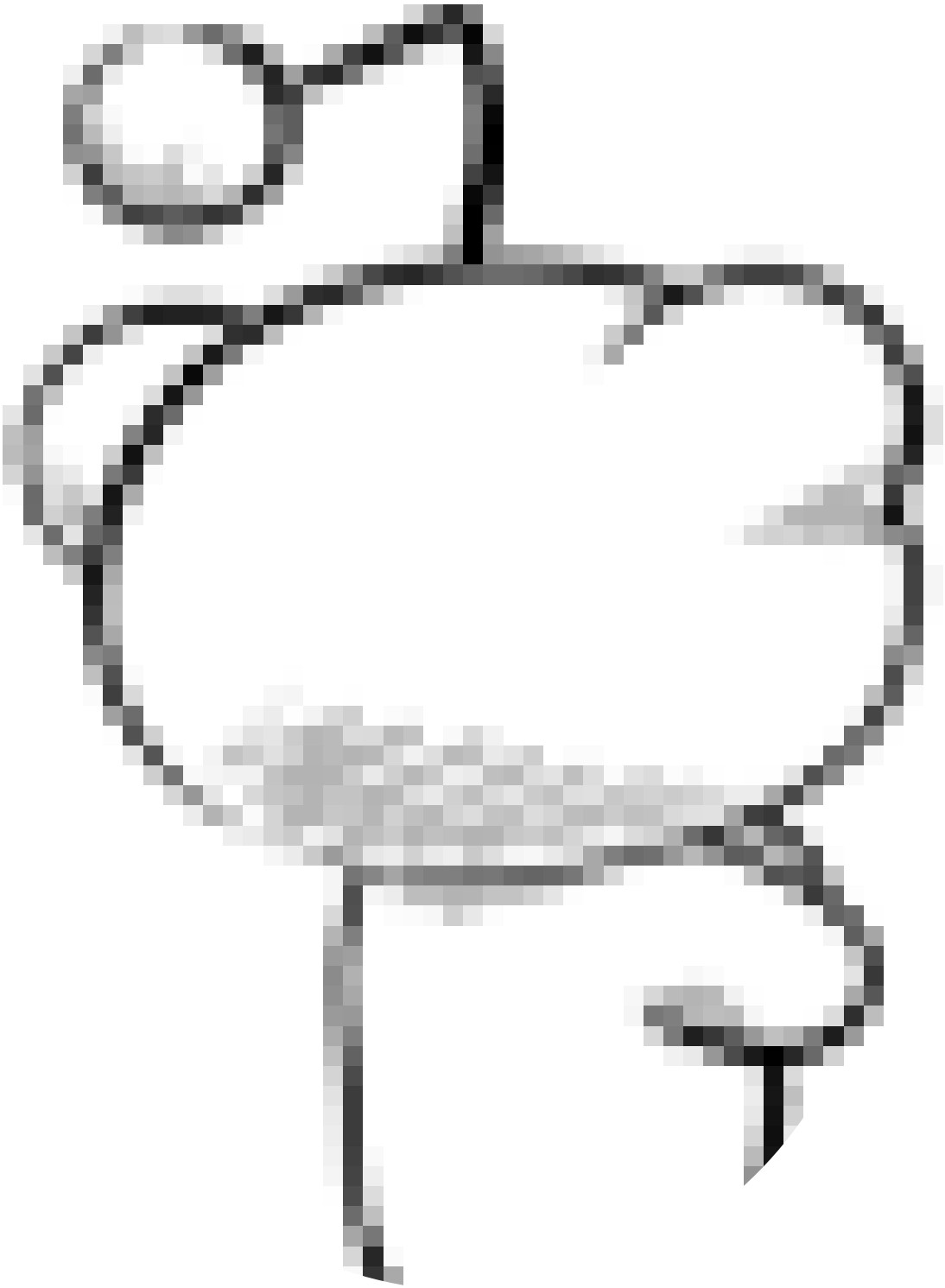

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â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get buried as I'm a little late but:

One night in college, after a couple of beers and a few joints at a party with friends, I stumbled back to my dorm with my suitemate, my best friend of four years. When I awoke the next morning, I noticed that the bed was all wet and sticky. Not urine, not cum, but blood. My pillow, bedsheets and comforter were all covered in blood. The left side of my face too was caked in black, dried blood, all centred around my left ear. Panicking, I went over to my suitemate and he said that I might have had a stroke or something in the night and that we should probably goto the hospital. Okay, I said and proceeded to brush and take a quick shower. There was no pain and my ear wasn't bleeding anymore.

So we went to the hospital emergency room and the doctors take one look at me, and are shocked. They proceed to tell me all thats wrong with me: my left clavicle has broken through my skin, I have a nasal fracture, a skull fracture, fractures in two of my vertebrae and bleeding in my brain. The blood has punctured my left eardrum and made its way out. Additionally, the left side of my face is paralysed.

I am shocked beyond belief. My suitemate too. I have no memory, no recollection at all of what happened the night before. The hospital call the police because they believe someone must have attacked me and I can't remember anything. Two Yonkers PD cops arrive and question my friend. He swears that he was in my room while I was getting

into bed. He says I was drunk and tottering on my feet but I hadn't fallen anywhere and no one had beaten the crap out of me. I believe him and I think the cops did too. But they went back to my school and conducted an 'investigation' which consisted of questioning my friends, checking security cam footage. They found nothing.

I couldn't have been beaten up as my friend was with me the whole night and he would've said/done something. My room was locked from the inside and there was no way to get into the room through the window. I had no external bruising, no minor injuries except for the extremely serious ones I just listed. There was no blood anywhere in my room except for my bed. My bed too has no headboard, no protruding metal pieces, nothing. Until now, I have no idea what happened to me that night. I've mostly recovered from my injuries but the fact that something this inexplicable happened to me is really disturbing.

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jmblur
â€¢ 14y ago

Concussions are very commonly associated with loss of memory of the injury, as well as some time before and after. I've had two and only know exactly how I injured myself by reconstructing my memory with accounts from friends.

So, my theory is that after getting home and your friend passing out, you got back up (still drunk an high), and proceeded to either fall down the stairs or off a wall or something similar, or hit by a car, etc. Your traumatized brain got you back to your room but with no recollection of what happened due to injury.

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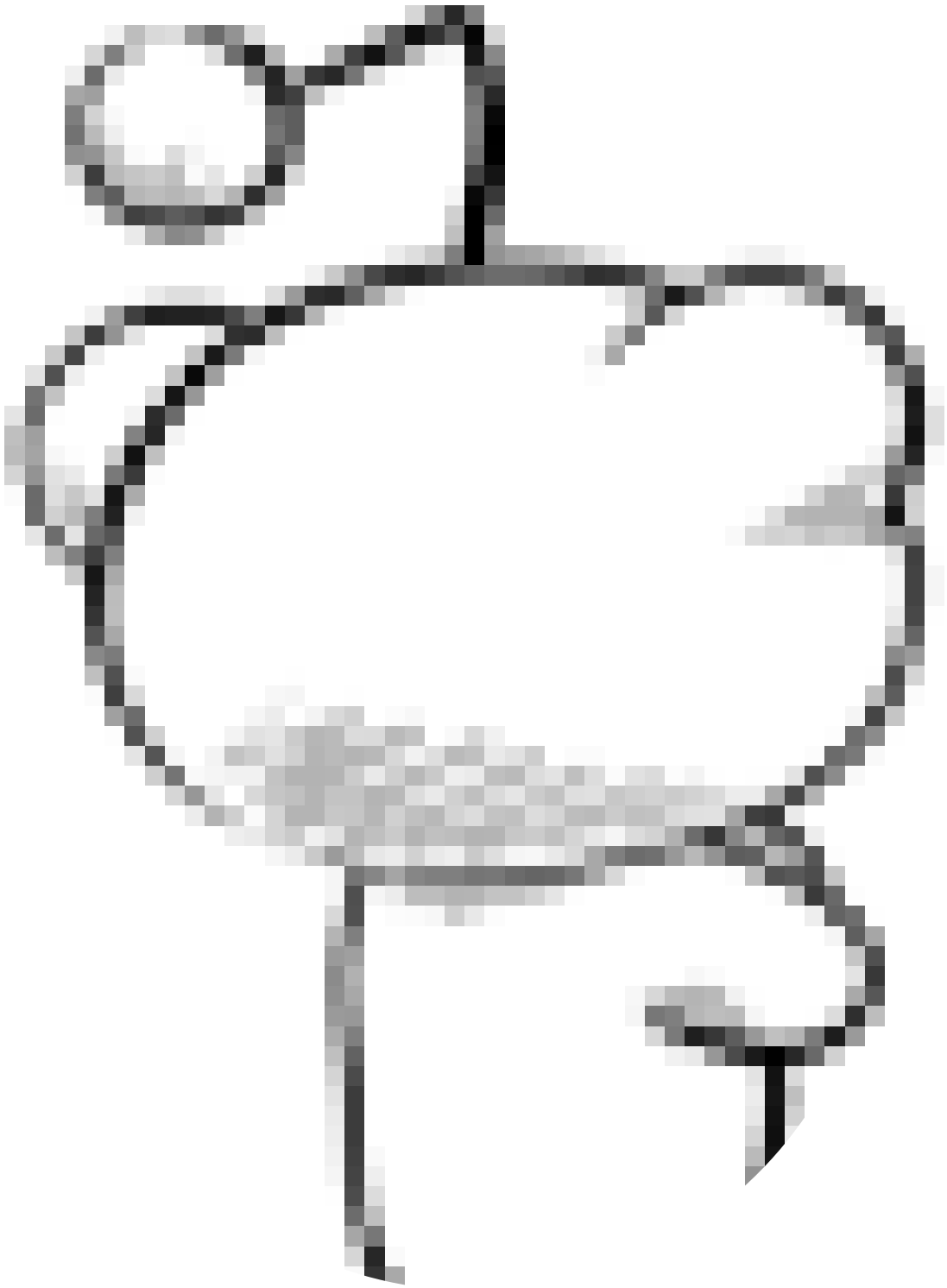

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â€¢ 14y ago

I'm so late to the party, but here goes:

I grew up in Roswell, New Mexico. Yup, the Roswell. Anyways one night right when my clock switched to 1:30 on a friday in the year 1999, my brother and I were shooting the shit trying to fall asleep. I was 8, he was 5. Everyone else in the house was completely passed out, and suddenly this incredibly blinding light fills the entire room through the window, and I mean I have never experienced a more powerful light in my life, followed by the most deafening, metallic/exploding sound I have ever heard. I mean it was immediate, Just the Flash and the BOOM. I thought I imagined it, but my brother was crying and I could here my dad scrambling, my mom swearing, and my two sisters crying as well. My dad grabbed a gun and bolted outside, setting off our alarm. I followed him out. The sky was completely clear. Not a single cloud in the sky. My dad had

finished a run around the house and came back to the doorway, and told me to go back inside because it was three in the morning. I thought it was weird he said that because like I said, my clock had just hit 1:30. but I ignored him and ran back to my room. My dad settled everyone down and we and I rolled over to go back to sleep. My clock was shining back at me. It read 3:15.

TLDR, after a blinding flash of light and the loudest noise I've ever heard, I am unable to account for an hour and fourty five minutes of my life. Oh, and this happened in Roswell, New Mexico.

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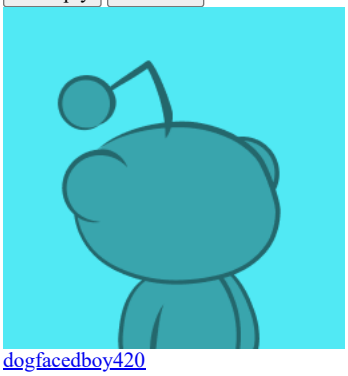

dogfacedboy420
â€¢ 14y ago

Not saying it was a aliens, but it was aliens.

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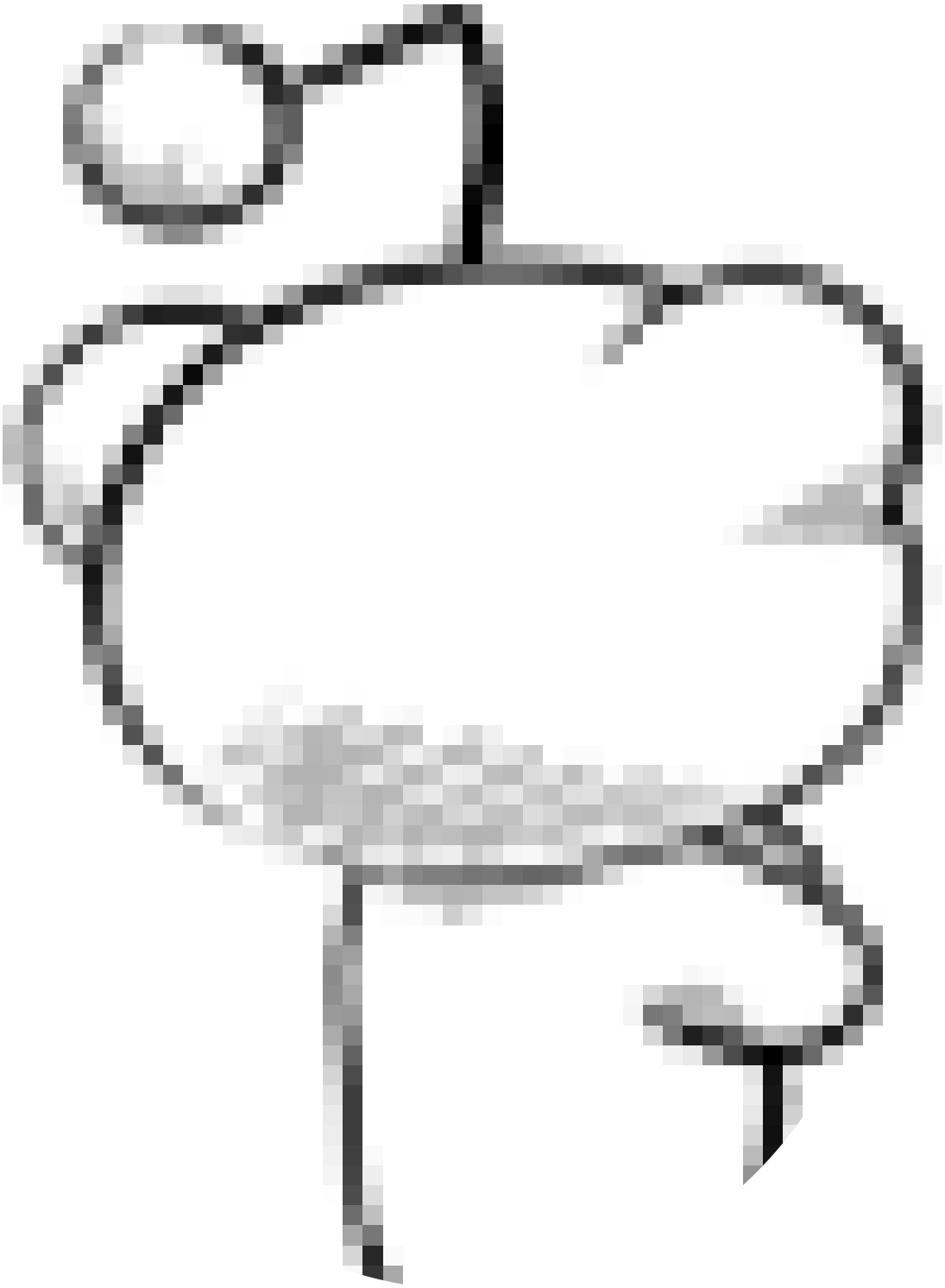

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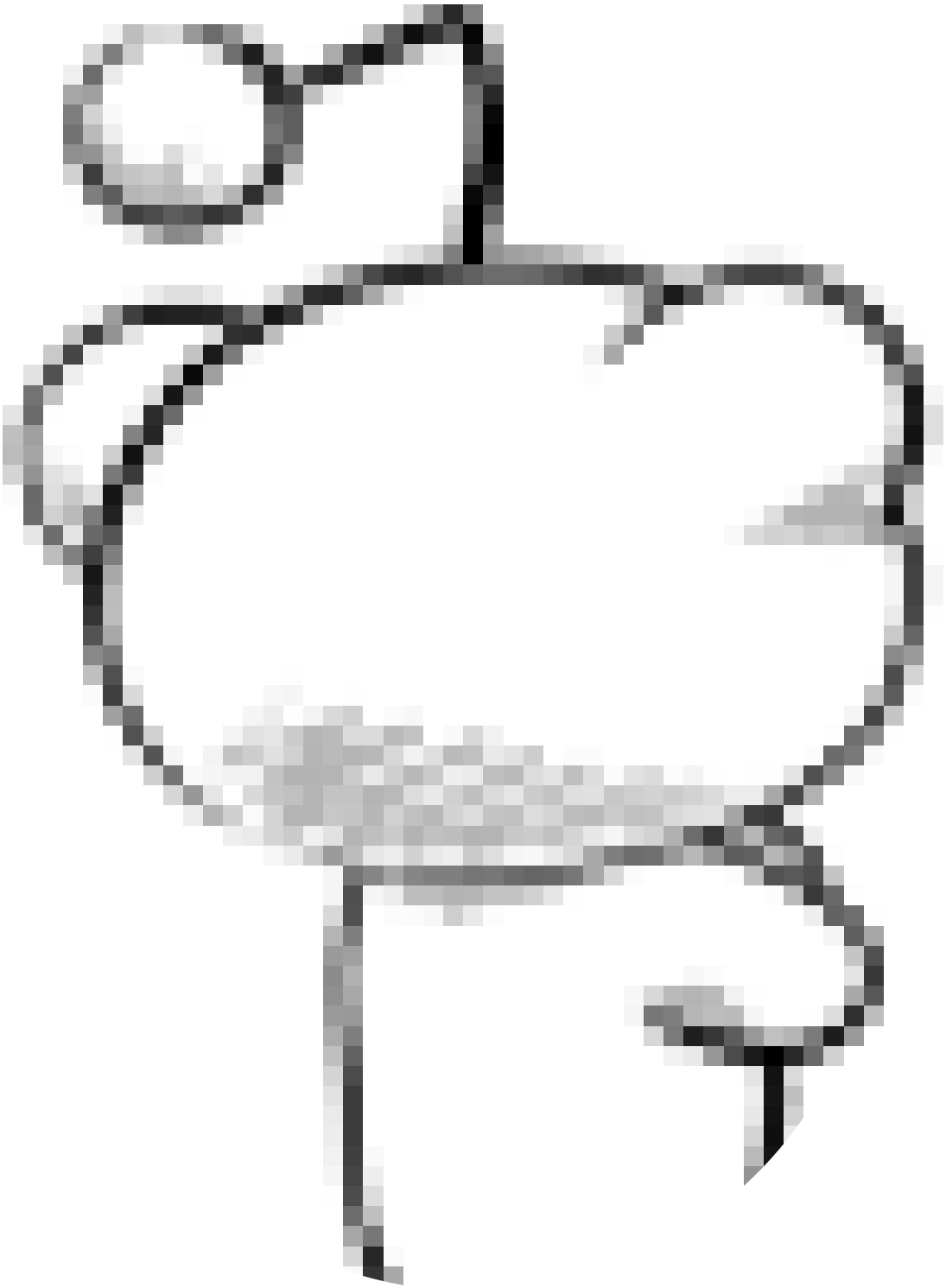

ForTheLoveOfTree
â€¢ 14y ago

A couple of years ago on Black Friday I woke up with an eerie feeling. Like something was wrong, and just had an overall uneasy feeling that freaked me out. It was about 2 a.m. at the time, so I walked upstairs and stood in my parents' kitchen. Not even a minute later my mom walks out and asks me if I'm feeling weird. I say yeah, and that it was keeping me up. She says she is feeling the same way, and we just stand there for a minute or two in silence. Suddenly the phone rings, and it's my grandmother. Apparently my grandpa woke up around 2 with chest pains, and was being rushed to the hospital. He was about 5% blockage away from the widow maker, and also suffered a minor stroke. My mom and I are very close to my grandpa and grandma, but it still gives me the chills to think that we could have possibly felt something was wrong while it happened.

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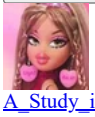

A_Study_in_Orange

â€¢ 14y ago

That's creepy but also kind of awesome, don't you think?

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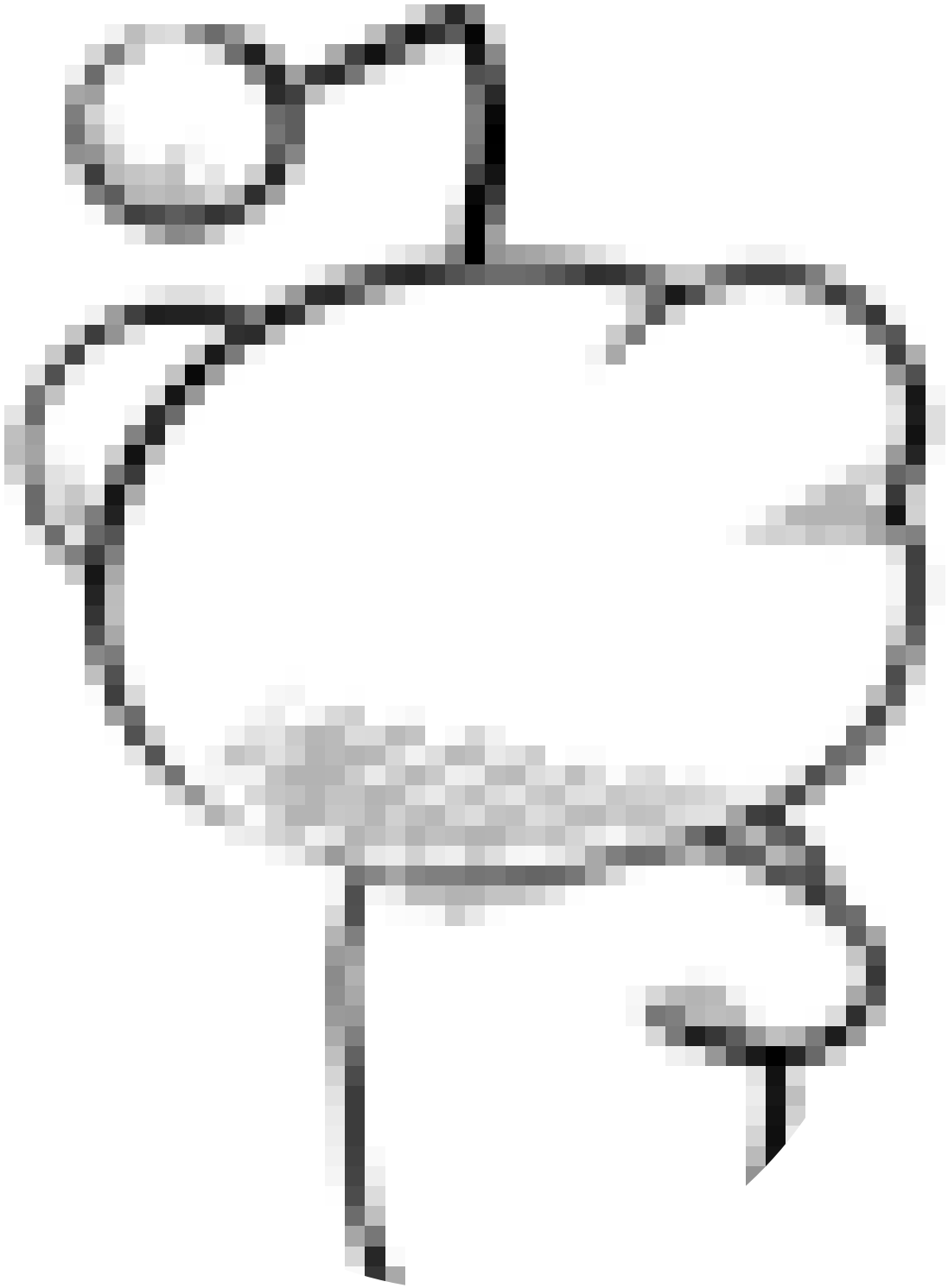

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â€¢ 14y ago

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Clownpounder2442
â€¢ 14y ago

I have told this before but here is what happened.

Me and a few of my friend's where going to a party out in the middle of nowhere, we got lost on this long country road we would drive for 20 minutes and not see a gas station, or a house and then this ambalance comes out of nowhere and flys pasted us, and one of the door's comes open and a small cooler comes rolling out the back and almost hits us.

So we turn around and stop to look for the cooler we find it half open with some ice dumped on the ground, we open it and find a fucking human finger so we are in a panic we close the cooler and go about 80 mph trying to get up with the ambalance, we stop at a gas station to call 911 we explain to the dispatcher what happened.

She starts yelling at us for playing a prank with 911 we are alittle confused we ask her why she thinks we are playing a prank she says because we don't have any ambalances out in that area we are floored by what she said so we think there is a mix up on her end.

So we drive to the closest hospital in the area and hand over the finger but they have no patient with a missing finger.

The hospital calls the police and we all give a statement and we go home about a week later a detective calls and gives me the biggest shock of my life he says that they never found the ambalance or the person missing the finger, they checked the dispatching records which are kept on computer and paper and no emergency vehicals where out.

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k9centipede
â€¢ 14y ago

Did they run prints on the finger?

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prof_talc
â€¢ 14y ago

Now THAT is a great story.

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GotMyQuillWeaveDid
â€¢ 14y ago

For half a second I thought this was going to be the joke the life guard at our pool told us. She mentioned a toe falling out, and her and her friend wondering what to do, until her friend said "well why don't we call a toe truck?"

Very glad your story was not that joke.

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ItsGotToMakeSense
â€¢ 14y ago

My first instinct was that it was a stolen ambulance and the thieves inside got creeped out and didn't want any body parts in there so they threw it out. But the rest of your story kinda makes that not make sense, so..

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Iskan_Dar
â€¢ 14y ago

Eh, I have a weird skill. I don't need alarm clocks. I just check the time when I go to bed, pick the time I need to wake up, and bam, within five minutes of that time I will wake up.

I am completely incapable of keeping track of time when awake, oddly enough.

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KO_Sulli
â€¢ 14y ago

I always wake up seconds before my alarm is set to go off...no matter what time I set it. Not sure how to parlay that "super" power.

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PearlClaw
â€¢ 14y ago

This is probably going to get buried but i have a suspicion that I am on the other end of a story like these.

So back in high school my friend and i liked to do what we called urban climbing, which essentially consisted of going out late at night and finding a way to climb onto the roof of one of the various school scattered around my suburban neighborhood. We never vandalized anything but it was fun to just hang out up there.

One of the times we went a bit earlier than usual, it must have been somewhere between 10 and 11 at night and we were sitting on the roof of the gym about 2 floors off the ground. The school had a flat roof with a short wall running along the edge so that if you lie flat no one can see you from the ground.

So as we are just chilling looking out over the neighborhood we suddenly hear voices and take cover to make sure no one sees us and gets us in trouble. We quickly realize that this is not something we need to worry about as it appears to be a pack of high school students a few grades down from us talking loudly and yelling to each other. This is where we get an evil idea.

My friend has the ability to do an extremely eerie scream, think black riders from lord of the rings, so we hide from view and he screams really loudly. The group goes instantly silent and he screams again. It takes about 5 seconds and then we hear what is probably someone setting a new land speed record in flipflops, i mean just booking it,

we couldn't see them directly, there were trees in the way, but we could hear the loud slapping noise their shoes were making. The fact that this sound carried over 300 feet through some trees should tell you how fast they were going, we almost gave away our position by laughing too hard. It was a good night.

TL; DR was the scary scream, someone probably has a story about how they ran home after hearing it

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roozgirl
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Late last year I was snoozing in my room early in the morning when I stretched out in my bed, lying on my back. After about 10 seconds I felt something tap the tip of my toe three times. I sat up in bed, looked around the room and saw nothing. Freaked out, I pulled myself into the fetal position and somehow manage to fall back asleep.

Later that same day, something told me not to stay in my room for the night so I left the door open and slept in another room. My brother came home and decided to close my bedroom door. As he reached into my room for the handle he said he heard something snarl at him. He slammed the door shut and came racing into the room I was in, completely freaked out. I didn't sleep very well that night..

EDIT: So this being my first real thread participation I of course didn't know to edit and post the finale to the story here. Apologies! Here it is and be warned: it seems like total bullshit and for that I'm sorry. But it's not bullshit cause it happened to me. Go on:

So I called a friend of mine who is much more psychically able than I am and told him what was going on. He called an old Chinese psychic/healer lady and consulted with her, and what they came up with was that I had a huge portal in my room right by my bed. For some reason a werewolf demon came through and was hanging out in my bedroom. (I know it sounds SO ridiculous, sorry.. it was hard for me to rationalize too..) They ended up closing the portal and sending it back. Haven't had problems since!

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SqeeSqee
â€¢ 14y ago

Don't stop there, what happened after he came in screaming

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RubeusShagrid
â€¢ 14y ago

NOPENOPENOPE.

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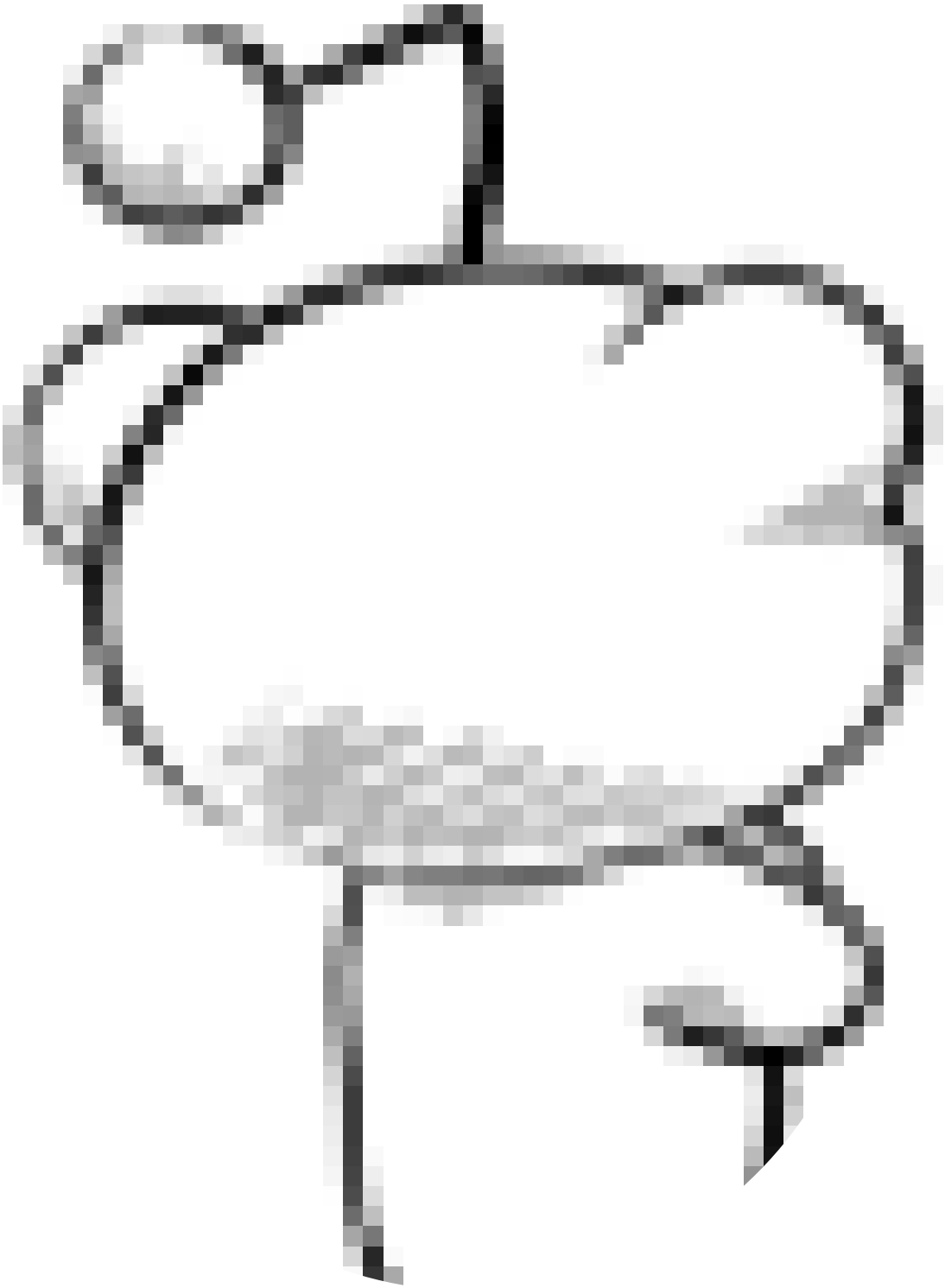

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â€¢ 14y ago

Keep that shit in r/nosleep, man.

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love_nothing
â€¢ 14y ago

I once was driving in the University district of Seattle, WA in the middle of the night (probably one am or so). It was just me and one passenger. We aren't from Seattle and were waiting a light to make a u-turn to find the freeway again. We were the only car at the intersection, but we waited about 3 minutes while the light was red. As SOON as our light turned green, a huge marching band (presumably UW's), began to march across the intersection and into the lane we wanted to turn into. At 1 AM. Every single member was in costume, and they were not playing their instruments. It was incredibly eery and my passenger and I were just sitting there open-mouthed. We both remember it exactly the same, but it was one of those memories that you think "did that ACTUALLY happen?" Not that cool, but pretty random.

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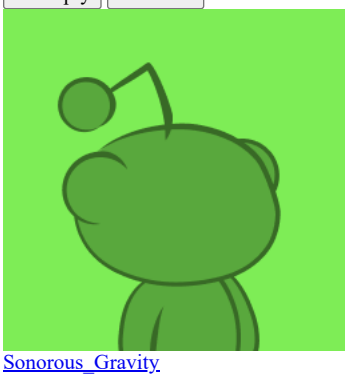

Sonorous_Gravity
â€¢ 14y ago

Former Husky Marching Band member here

Yep! It's the pre-game rally. Every time we host a football game, all band members, alumni, and any other random people gather together and do a grand tour of the greek row/other frats on north campus. It's one of those weird things that's not officially sanctioned by the University, but it's commonplace enough that even the Police department come by, stop traffic, and provide first-aid to anyone who needs it. Because, you know, many people are in varying states of inebriation at the time

Fun fact every time we host WSU (our conference rival school) the rally gets kicked up a notch and goes 'naked rally' - as little clothing as possible without being illegal. Definitely fun when it's below 40F outside

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BubbaFunk
â€¢ 14y ago

They typically march through the frats the night before a football game. I used to live right along the route so we'd always go watch them play. I would guess that to play their instruments in such a public place they need to get permission from the University and when they're off the route they can't play anymore. As I recall the frats were a long way from the band's barracks? quarters? whatever you call that.

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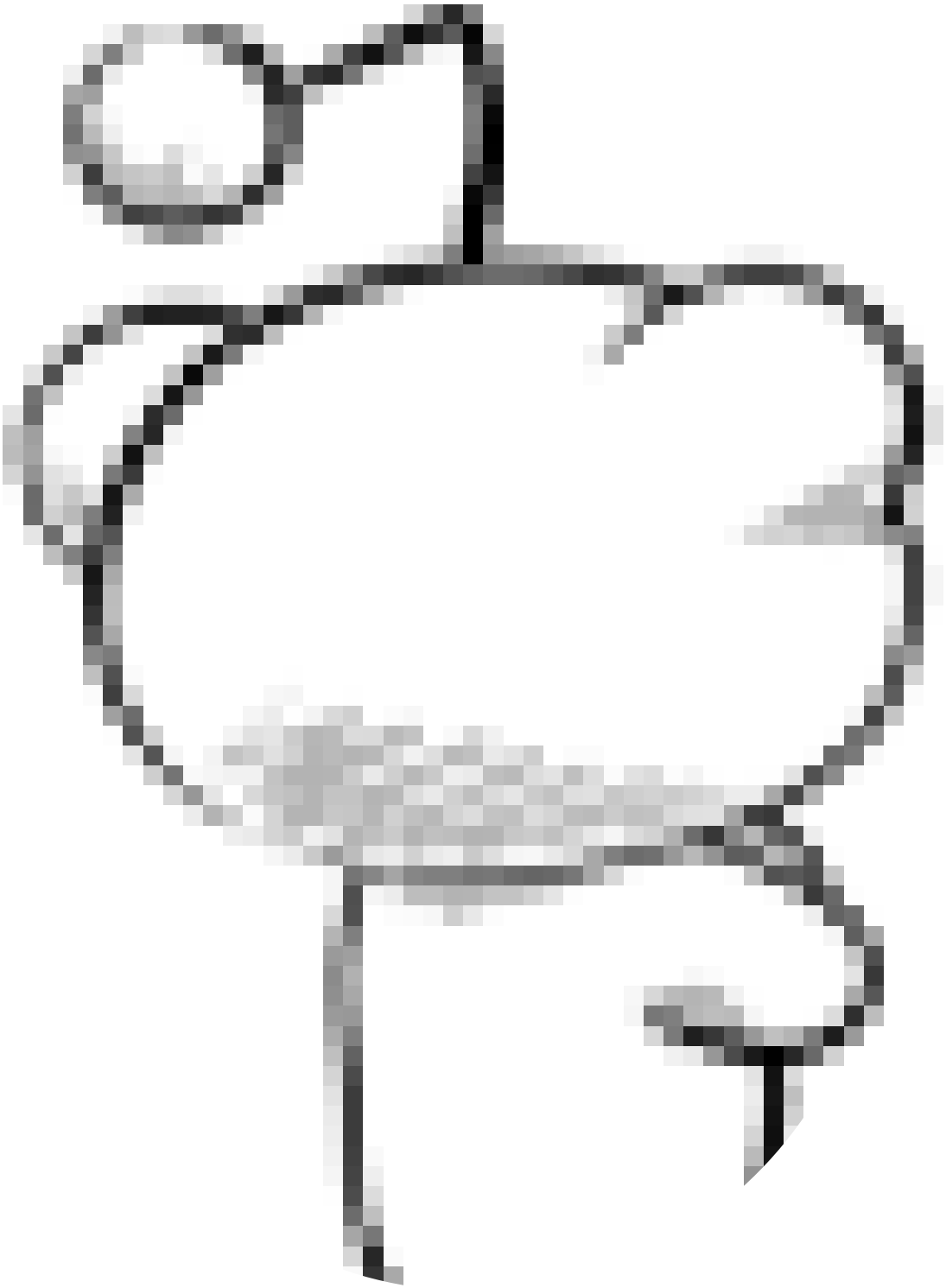

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â€¢ 14y ago

Oh my god, all my life I've been terrified of marching bands. I would've freaked out if that happened to me.

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pecoto
â€¢ 14y ago

The first two years I went to college, I still lived with my parents so I had to commute about an hour each way. I had a KILLER final at about 10 am, you know the final where you are going to need every second and the intructor even warns everyone not to be late. For some dumb reason I was running late. I figured I would be from 20-30 minutes late, but I am a good test-taker, so might still be able to turn it around. Now my parents live in the foothills, and the college is in a large valley. When I hit the valley I also hit a wall of fog so dense that I could barely see the road 10 ft. in front of the car. If you have ever experience Tule Fog, you will know what I am talking about....it is not unheard of in our area to get 30 and 40 car pileups as a result of this dense fog. I had to slow my pace to a crawl and peer and strain just to make out the yellow line so I would not cross-over and be on the wrong side of the road. My speed went from about 65 to about 20, and that was as fast as I could reasonable go. I was super stressed and mentally cursing myself for not considering the possibility that I might run into problems on the way to school, and running through my mind different ways of begging my professor for extra time. I was so stressed I took a wrong turn and found myself somewhat lost. I did not recognize the street I was on (it's an agriculture area so there are not really any landmarks to speak of, just roads and fields of trees or crops). I was fairly confident I was going in the right direction at least, so I kept on and after a bit of trial and error taking this road and that, I eventually found myself on a road I recognized the name of and eventually found my way into town to my university. I was almost literally sweating bullets though.....I did not wear a watch, but I knew from when I left, and all the extra time I sucked up creeping through that fog that I was going to be at least an hour late. I figured the best course of action was to go to the class and throw myself on the mercies of the professor...at least the fog was a reasonable excuse. I got there, and there was NO ONE there. I cursed and fume, figuring that I had missed the final entirely. Then I checked the clock in the classroom....I was half an hour EARLY. I have run this thing through my head hundreds of times.....there is no rational explanation for how this could have happened. I accidentally time travelled.

TLDR: I accidentally time travelled and arrived early for a final I should have missed. Don't know WTF happened.

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blubeeds
â€¢ 14y ago

A few summers ago I went prospecting/camping with my SO and his dad in a national forest in southern Oregon. Our claim was miles away from the nearest town up some truly scary forestry roads. We set up camp close to a stream in a big clearing. One night we were playing cards and I heard a almost guttural scream. SO and his dad had been drinking and they were being so loud they missed it. After getting them to shut up for a second, I heard the scream again but from a different location. The second scream sounded more feminine or something like that. Anyways, that night we heard what sounded like someone putting their arms in the stream and lifting them out- over and over again. I kid you not, it sounded like something was f'ing washing something in that stream. We also had rocks thrown at our tent. This was the worse night of my life. I have never been so scared. It's worse because I can't put reason behind any of those Occurances.

Edit: TL;DR: Bigfoot screamed at me, played in a stream, then threw rocks at my tent.

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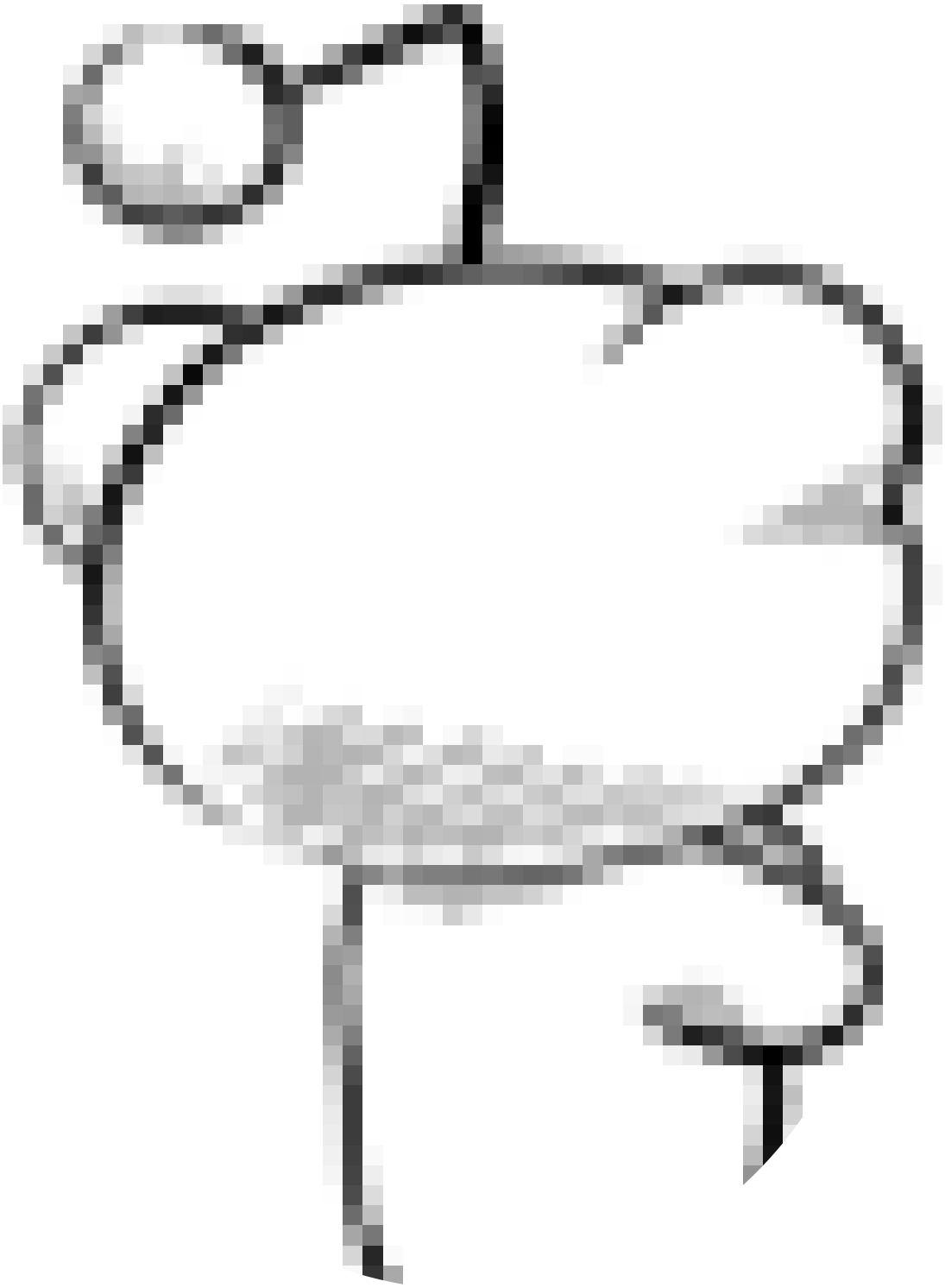

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Probably foxes, man. Vixens scream like banshees.

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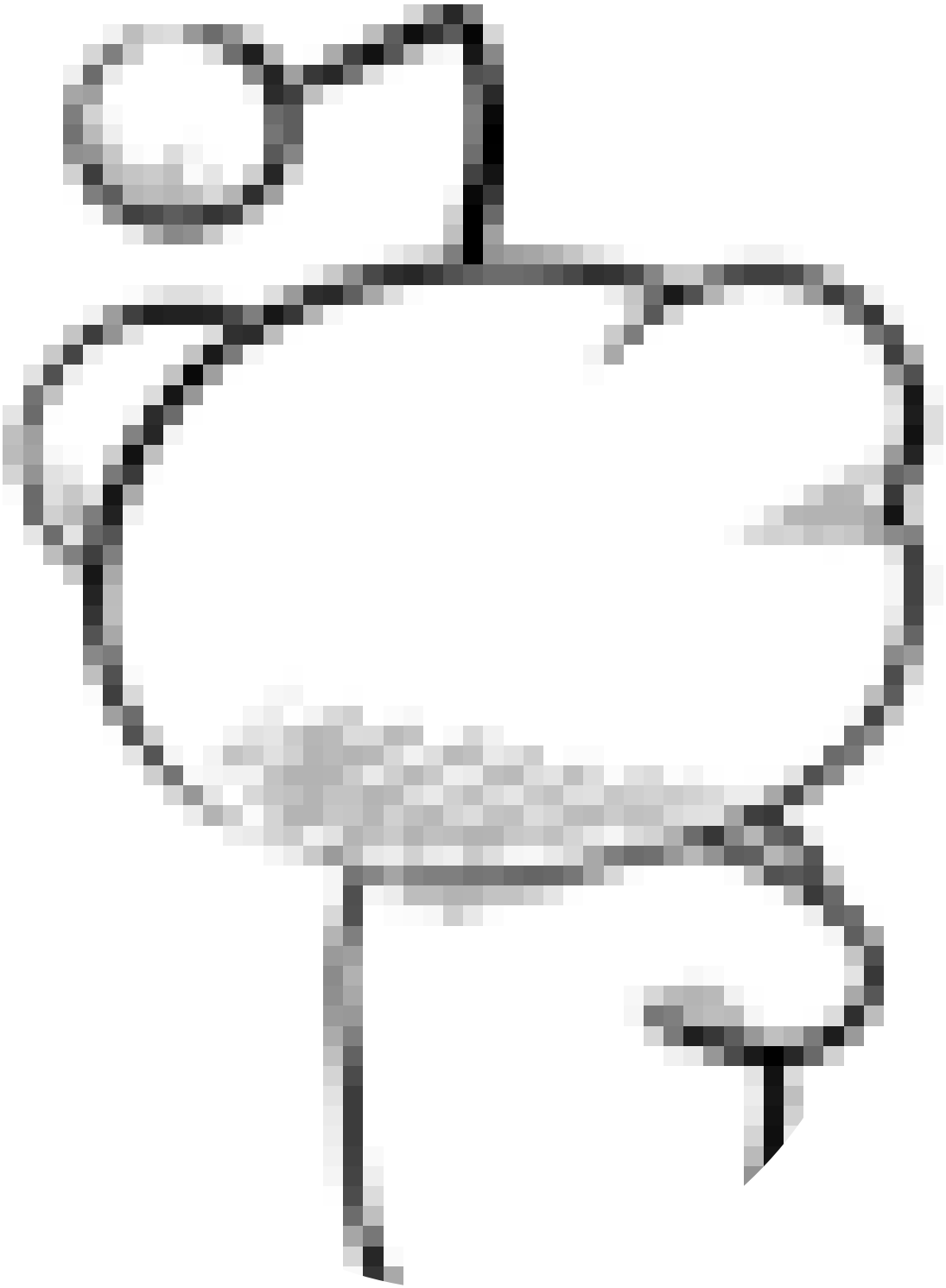

euro_lemon
â€¢ 14y ago

It's funny your mind went to Bigfoot, i instantly thought of murder, followed by the killer washing the blood off his arms in the stream.

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StrictlyBusiness055
â€¢ 14y ago

Yep, there are a few animals that make some pretty horrible noises, like foxes or mountain lions. Deer make some pretty weird noises too when they are alarmed. Like a really loud snort/growl. And the sound of something in the stream could have been any number of wildlife. Raccoons like to wash their dinner off in streams before they eat it. They think they're people with their little people hands lol.

But having rocks thrown at your tent could have been one of your drunken adult companions fucking with you. Or the wind. I don't know.

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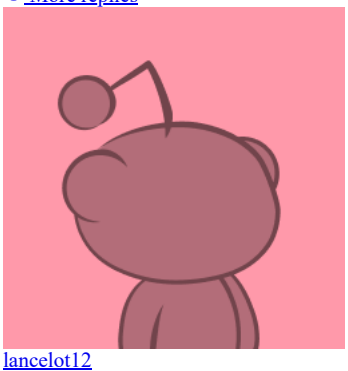

lancelot12
â€¢ 14y ago

Wendigo.

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Fairough
â€¢ 14y ago

I had possible "Bigfoot" type creature experience myself. I was hiking In western Washington about 7 years ago, at a lake in my hometown that I have spent endless hours exploring and fishing while growing up. I'm hiking a very well worn trail, and decide to take a side trail that shoots up a very big hill and reconnects on the other side. At the top I stop for a break, start blasting some music on my phone, and light up a small cigar. about 30 seconds after I get it lit, there is a very Very loud knocking about 30 feet away in the trees. These tress were clear cut and the newly planted ones were only about 18 years old, so they were thick, and you could only see through them about the first 3 - 4 feet off the ground, then it was just too thick. My heart stops, adrenaline surges. it continues, with perfect rhythm about 90bpm. The sound was like a large wooden mallet hitting a solid piece of wood. I've heard woodpeckers thousands of times, I spend tons of time in the woods, but this sound scared me to the bone. This was LOUD and very close. I am speechless, i shout HEY... Knocking starts again. Then it moves, very fast, a brown blur through the trees, goes 100 ft in a semicircle around me, then starts again. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. I just start shouting some random shit, I don't remember what entirely. "HEY YOU! I SEE YOU! HELLO!?!" Then a voice pops up in my head, GTFO. I grab all my shit as fast as I can and sprint down the trail as fast as I can. I got back to the main trail that had a bridge over a creek and stopped to collect my self. I only told 1 person about it for a long time, because I din't really believe it for a while. I wish so bad that I just could have sprinted into the woods towards it just to know.

Edit: a word

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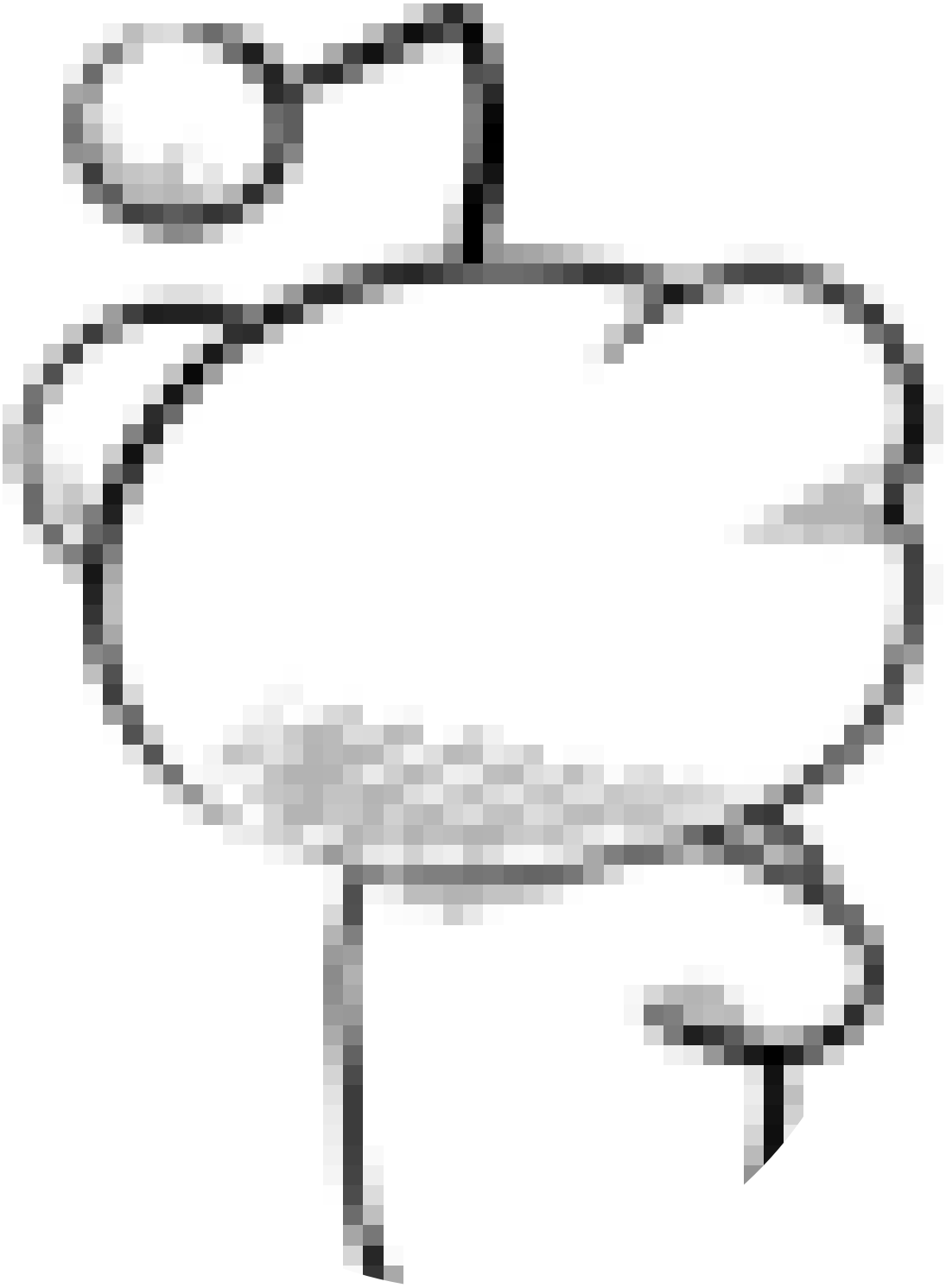

5secsofpleasure
â€¢ 14y ago

Holy shit. I would have been in the car headed down the road. I wouldn't even miss the tent.

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samtheman578
â€¢ 14y ago

FUCK. THAT.

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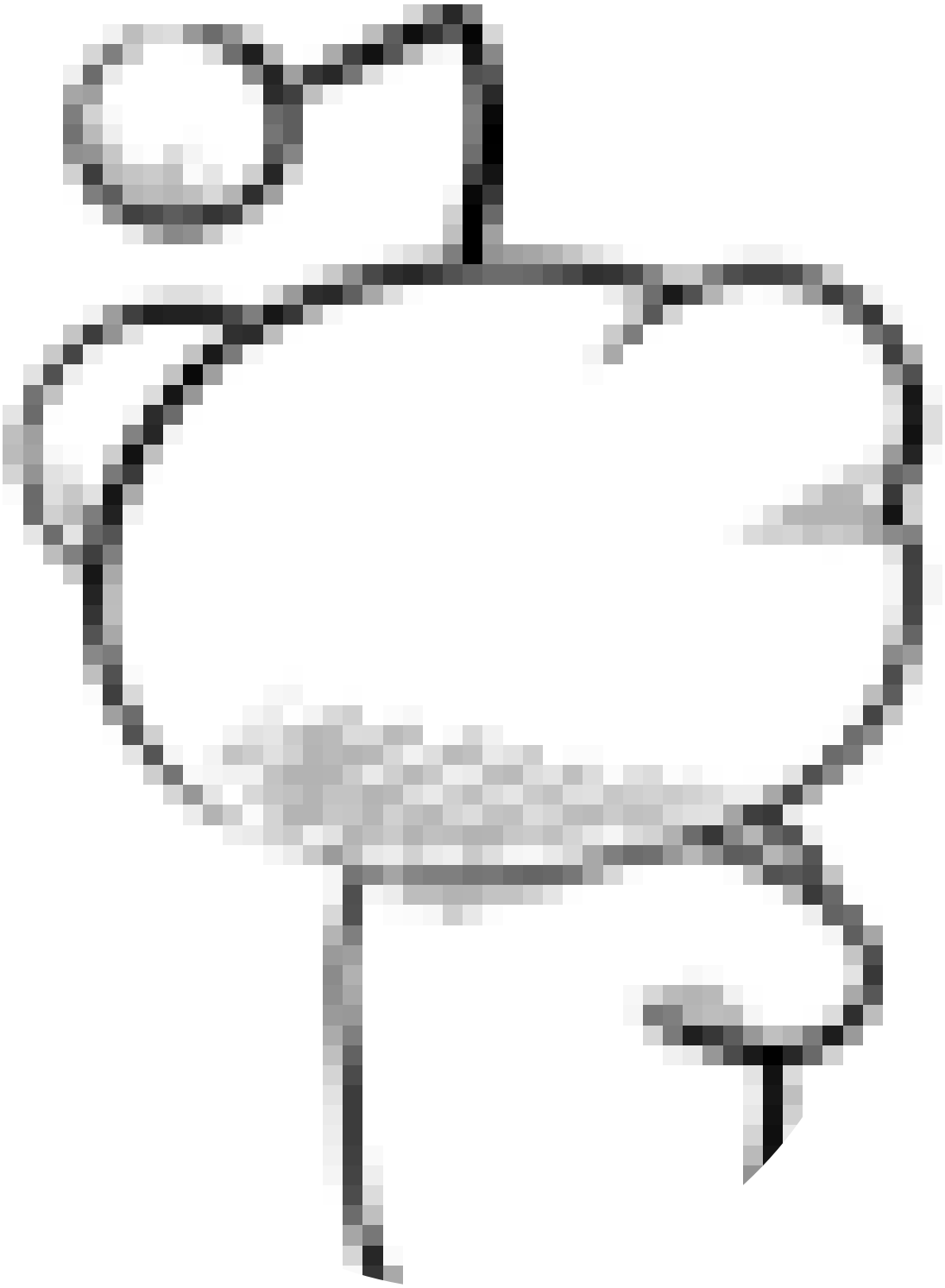

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â€¢ 14y ago

So did you find the Blair Witch or not?

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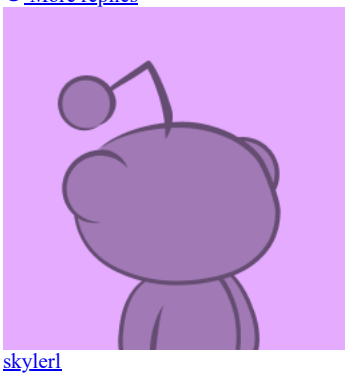

skylerl
â€¢ 14y ago

Still the craziest fucking thing I've ever seen. I was 13 or so, with my dad camping by the Kern river. We had met this dude Jeff who we became fishing buddies with, and he ended up setting up camp with us at our site.

Well one night we're sitting around telling stories, and my Dad gets tired and goes to bed. So then it's just me and this dude talking, telling stories, ect. Everything is going fine when I look up to see a white fuzzy ball about the size of a volley ball coming towards us. At first your brain does the check list ... animal, garbage blowing, balloon, ect. It didn't synch.

"Jeff what's that?" I asked.

Jeff looked up at this thing, slowly coming towards us, clearly floating several inches off the ground.

"I don't know..." he trailed off.

It came closer and closer to our fire. I remember it was moving the grass, but only the tops of the grass were pushed down as it came long its path. Our conversation, meanwhile, was stuck on repeat.

"Jeff what is that?" "I don't know. "Jeff what is that thing?" "I don't know I don't know I don't know..."

By now it had come right up to our fire. It was solid, but the edges were diffuse, like fuzzed out. We were like 3 feet from it. It stopped before going right into the flames, went around to the opposite side we were sitting on, and then floated right on up a hill and disappeared over the top onto the road.

At this point we were both just sitting there breathing heavily. After a few minutes we got up to look for it, ran up to the road, but it was gone. My dad told me on the car ride home if Jeff hadn't seen the same thing he never would have believed me. I will never, ever know what this thing was, ever, and it bothers me to this day.

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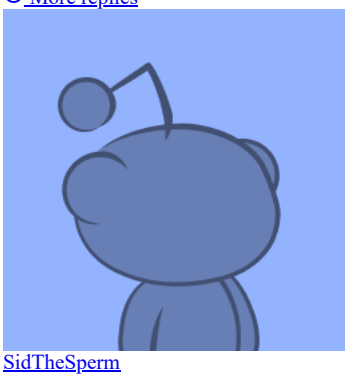

SidTheSperm
â€¢ 14y ago

My Grandfather was an amazing lawn bowler, he contended on a national level. It was his life after he retired, he loved the game.

About ten years ago, he passed away from a severe brain tumor. The day after he was buried, his bowling balls disappeared, and to this day we can't find them. Pretty eerie, but awesome

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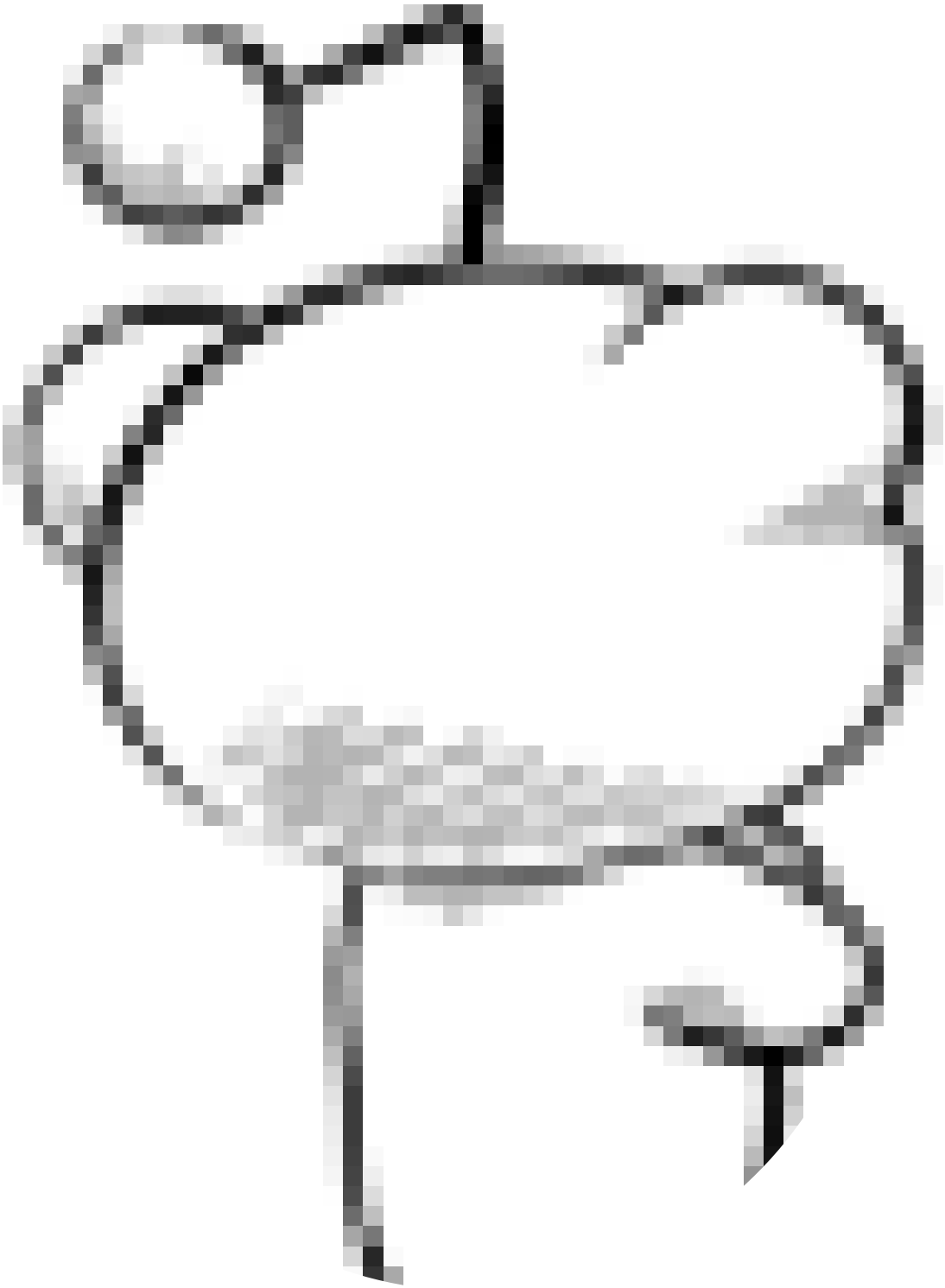

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â€¢ 14y ago

Okay, I have one that I've stopped telling because really, no one believed me.

So my best friend and I were hanging out on Halloween night, about six years ago. It was late, trick-or-treaters had gone home and there was nobody awake on the street, but we were still hanging out in her driveway, just looking at the stars, chatting a little, but mostly silent. I had my head cranked towards the heavens when she nudged me. "Look." She pointed across the street. I had trouble making out what she was showing me, but I saw it eventually. It was a small, cylindrical light, floating about ten feet from the asphalt. It wasn't stationary, but sort of moved with the breeze. It was emitting a faint golden glow, very pretty, almost the size of a glowstick. We watched it for a while, she amazed, me, scared witless, before it did a little circle in the air and disappeared upwards.

Shortly after that, we saw another floating light, but this time, it was a purplish-blue sphere, about the size of a tennis ball. It was moving faster than the previous light, and as we watched, it pitched itself forward so that it zoomed past our heads and into her neighbors side yard, which was visible from where we were standing. The light it gave off was reflected on the pale stucco wall, so even though we couldn't see the object, it was still there.

Eventually it faded, leaving me scared shitless and her more curious than I liked. I dragged her back inside before we were abducted or something.

The only unbelievable thing that's ever happened to me.

EDIT: I should mention that we live in Southern California suburbia, so we don't have fireflies.

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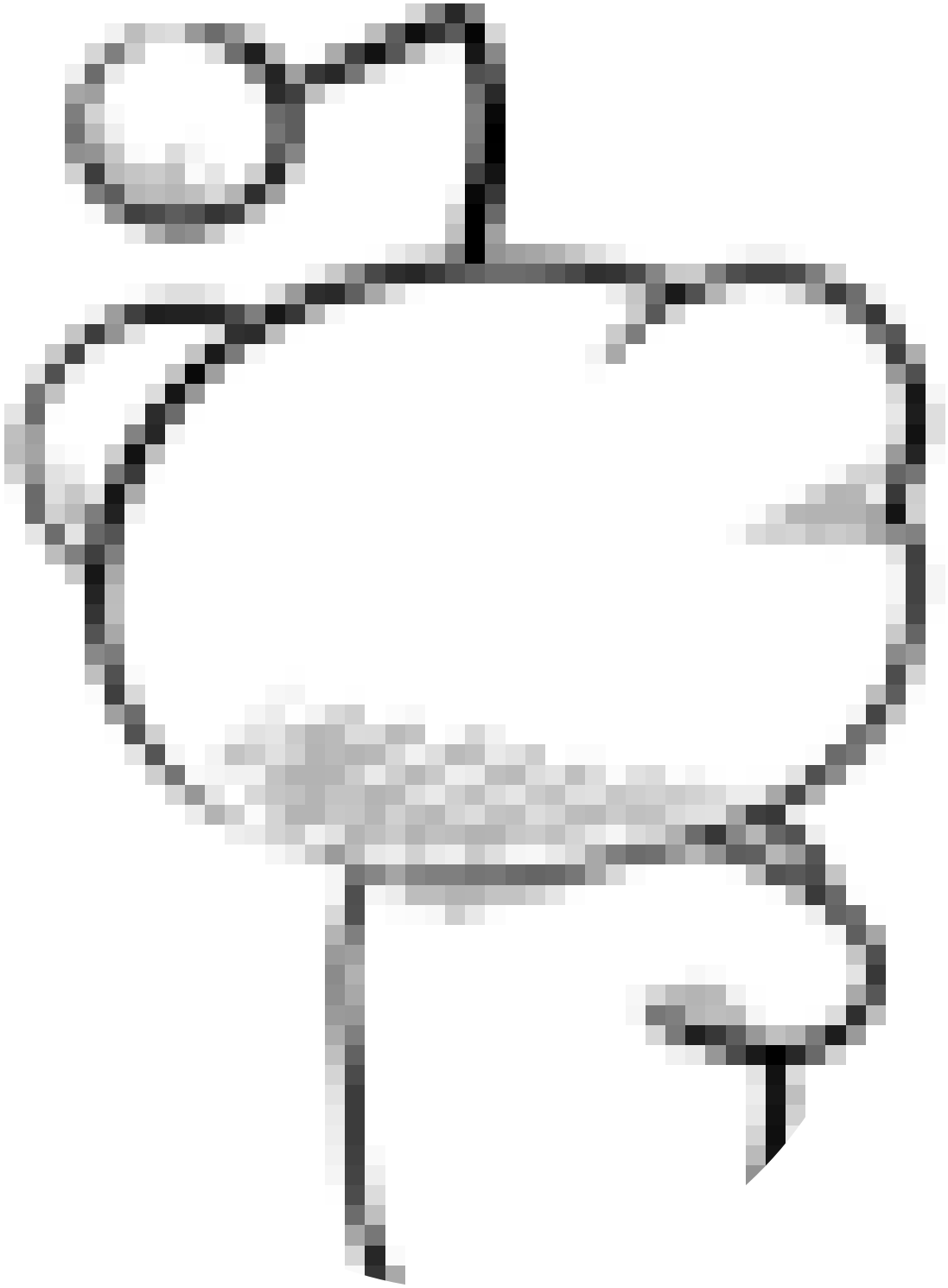

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â€¢ 14y ago

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yetzer_hara
â€¢ 14y ago

I have a friend that gets night terrors. I didn't know this until a group of us was on vacation together. He and I shared a hotel room, as we were the rowdy ones of the group, prone to late night comings and goings. He got extremely drunk at the bar we went to and passed out before me. I was in the hotel room, watching TV, when all of a sudden my friend started SCREAMING and crying like I've never heard a grown man do before. I woke him up and asked him what the fuck was going on, and he had no memory of it whatsoever. In fact, he was pissed at me for waking him up.

This happened the next two nights we were in that particular hotel. After that, I didn't room with him for the rest of the trip.

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Oo0o8o0oO
â€¢ 14y ago

Night terrors.

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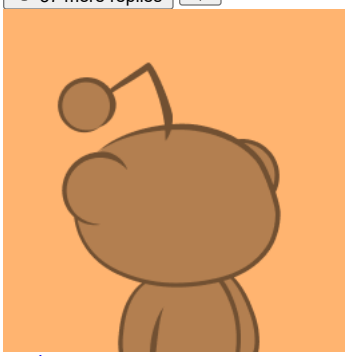

russianout
â€¢ 14y ago

Nothing interesting ever happens to me, but a friend used to work on what I'd call a corporate farm. He was sent out to do field work with a tractor but it was at night. He was out in the wide open of the field when something hovered over the tractor and illuminated the spot he was on with a powerful orangish light. Hovered for a bit and then it was gone. There was no sound accompanying it. He's not the sort that goes in for boisterous stories and tales of bravado. It just scared him and the story came out of him one day.

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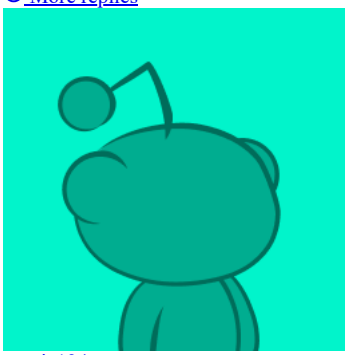

narnia124
â€¢ 14y ago

When my mom was in her 20's, she went on a six month boat trip with her boyfriend and other friend. One night they were just sitting at the front of the boat and they saw a light in the sky. It was glowing brighter and brighter and then shrank down to a small dot in the sky. It then zoomed off into the sky. The next day, an army boat was passing by and asked them if they had seen anything strange and they told them. The army men told my mom that it was just them practicing shooting missiles. However, it was the only army boat they ever saw during their whole six month trip. She still says she doesn't believe it was army practice.

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Ebelglorg
â€¢ 14y ago

It was probably just a weather balloon.

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calyx13
â€¢ 14y ago

This is going to be buried under all the comments but this is my unexplainable encounter. I was obviously too young at the time to remember any of this but my parents told me about it and my older brother & sister both confirm it.

When I was just under 2 years old we started renting a crappy tiny little house out in the boonies. Shortly after we moved in I started having awful nightmares, something I'd never suffered from before.

I would wake up screaming "fireman! fireman!" and point out the window. Obviously since we were in a tiny town in the middle of nowhere there were no firemen outside, nor did my parents recall me ever being scared by sirens/fires/firemen before. The nightmares and fear were new and inexplicable.

We moved a lot back then and did not live in the house for more than 5 or 6 months, but I had the nightmares consistently the whole time we lived there. After we moved, they stopped immediately.

Years later we had moved (again) to another town 30 minutes or so, away. My mom stayed friendly with several people from the small town we'd moved from and was visiting with one of them. Somehow the topic turned to the house we rented and my mom mentioned how it hadn't been a great place to live for a lot of reasons, but she also happened to mention my nightmares.

The woman she was visiting was horrified and proceeded to tell my mom that the previous owner of the home had been a raging alcoholic who had either accidentally or intentionally set himself on fire after building a campfire in the side yard. He had died from his injuries.

The place where he had burned to death was the same place I pointed to every time I had the nightmare. I wasn't terrified of fire**men** I was terrified of the fire**man** - the one I somehow saw outside the house every night, self-immolating.

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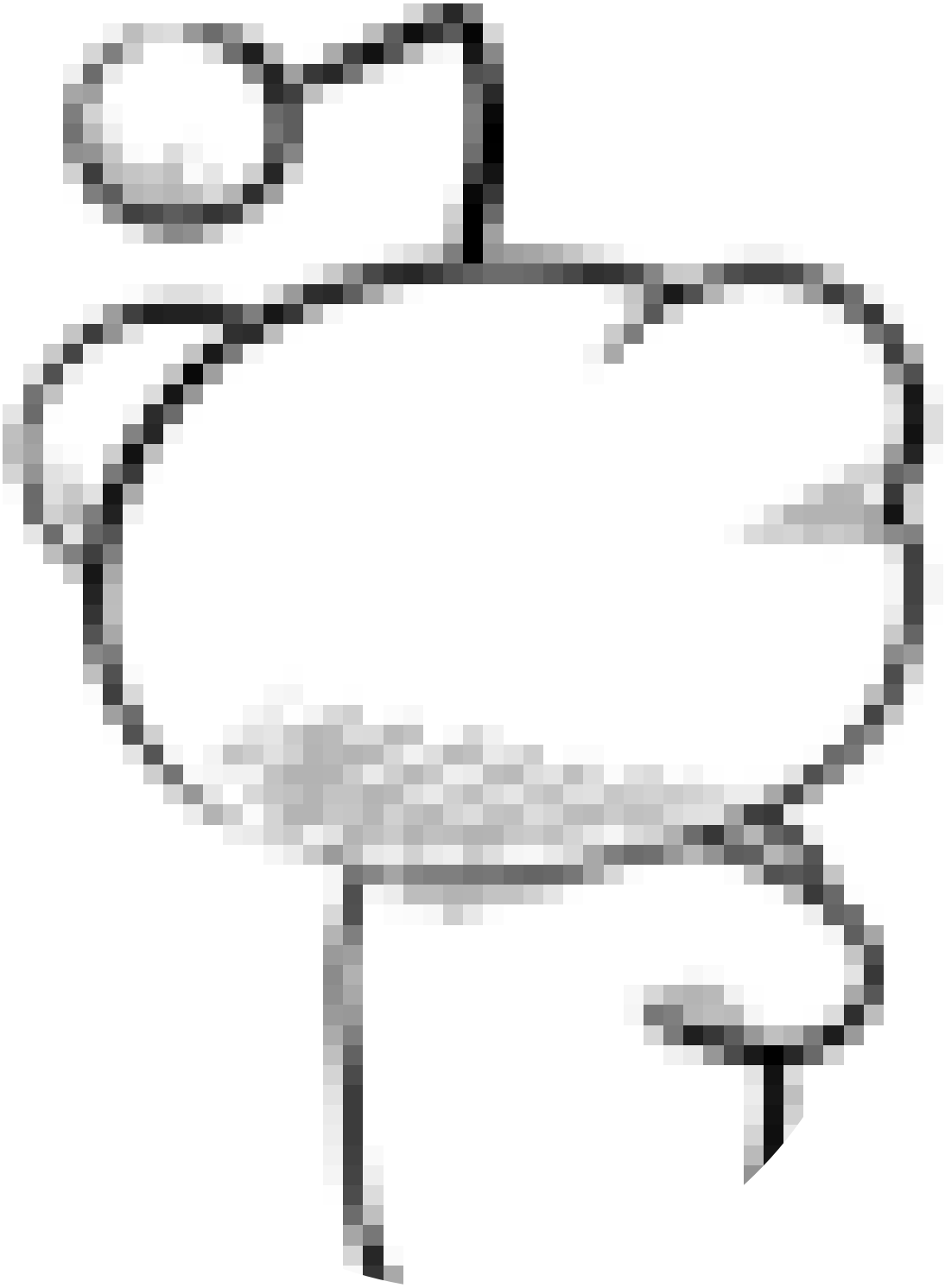

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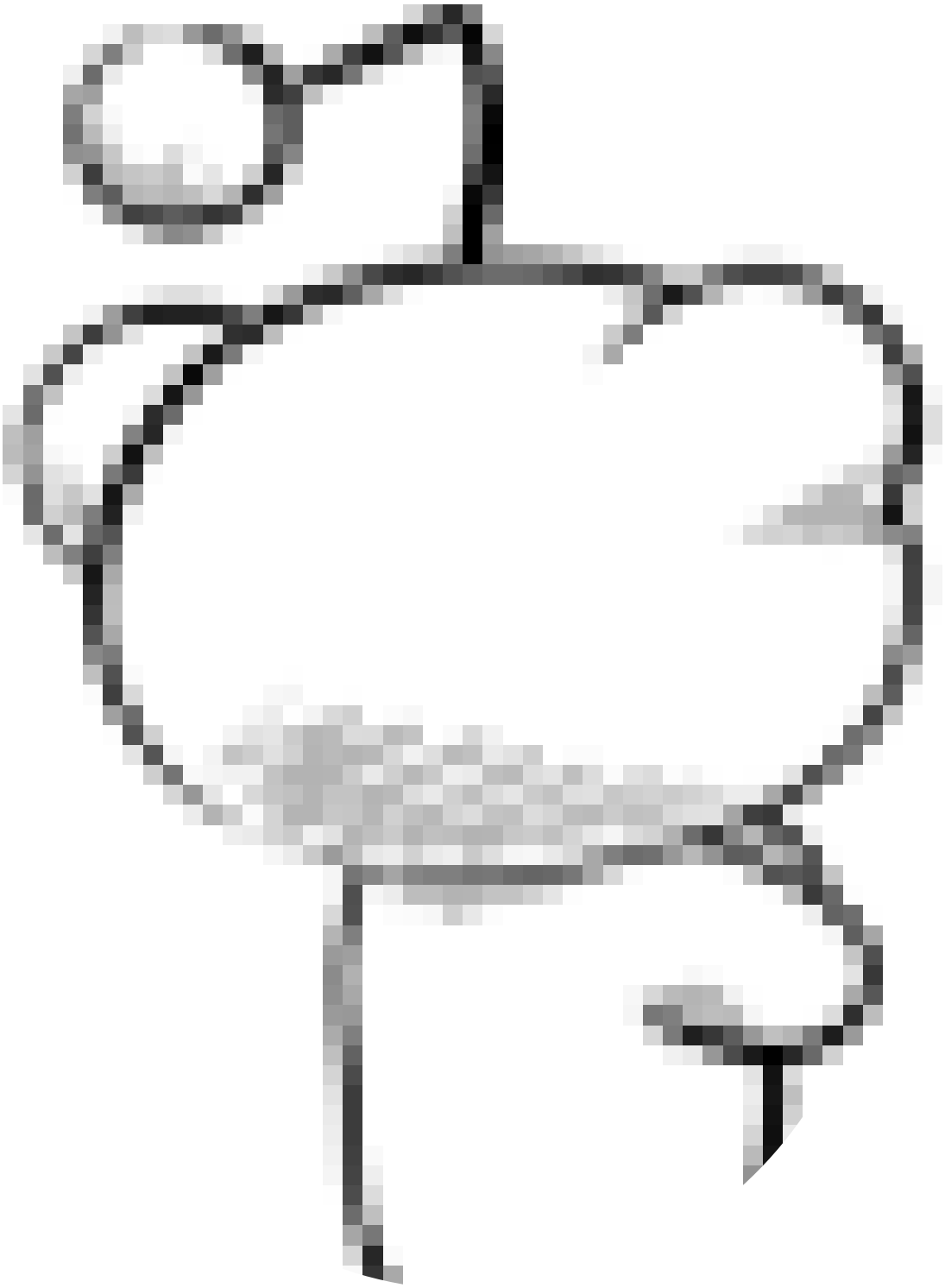

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â€¢ 14y ago

I have two interesting stories, and they are both almost the same. I had this really intense and vivid dream that involved hills of broken red rock, and a cabin. I ran to the cabin because there were zombies everywhere. I get into the cabin and find my best friend in there with a trunk full of guns. He wordlessly hands me a shotgun and the rest of my dream is a total zombie kill-fest. I woke up and ran over to my buddies' place just like most school free days. I was so totally pumped from my awesome dream that I couldn't wait to tell him about it. well, when I get to his place, he's all shaken up and looks like hell. He told me that he had this horrible nightmare about being trapped in a little shack in this place all made of broken red rock and he had to fight off zombies all night long with me until we were back to back unloading with shotguns like crazy...

I had never heard of "Dream-sharing" until that day.

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RavarSC
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 10 I went swimming in a a river and when I looked to my right I saw an arm just floating there without a body in sight. I screamed and got my ass out of that damn river. To this day no one believes that it happened.

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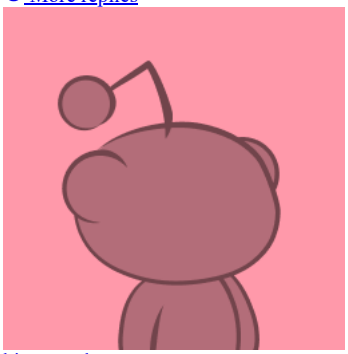

bittermanhatt
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

This happened a few years ago, maybe 4 or 5. I was watching Lost in the living room of my house, home alone with just my dog. Suddenly, I hear the back door open and then close in the kitchen. My dog lifts her head up and stares into the hallway. From where I was sitting, I couldn't see into the kitchen, neither could my dog. I paused Lost and said "hey, who's home?" With no reply. Then, I heard footsteps moving towards the living room, stopping just outside in the hall. I got up and slowly poked my head around the corner and nobody was there. Friends and family would tell me about other creepy things that happened to them in that house, too.

My aunt was sleeping in the basement living room when she woke up and opened her eyes and screamed. She claimed she saw a kid just sitting on her chest staring into her eyes, then she closed her eyes and he was gone.

I had several friends over another time, in the same room my aunt slept in. Everyone passed out wherever they could, so several people were all laying on the floor. One of my friends told me he was laying down on the floor trying to sleep when he heard the door open and small footsteps running towards him. He looked up and saw nothing.

My mom has weird stories too, she says she woke up one morning and saw an old woman sitting at the end of her bed talking to herself.

I have a few more but I'm too tired to write them now, and I doubt they'll get read anyway.

EDIT: I asked my family for some more of these, since they all grew up in the same house seeing weird stuff. Should have more shortly.

EDIT 2: These are from my Mother. The first is a more detailed version of the last one I shared:

My friend was spending the night one night in the room my sister and I shared. My grandmother used to sleep in that room when she stayed with us, but she had died several years ago. My friend woke up in the middle of the night, and an old woman was standing at the foot of her bed, staring at her. She screamed and woke me up. When she described her to me, I showed her my grandmother's picture. It was her.

I walked in the back door when I was about 11, and started walking down the stairs. There was an old man all dressed in black with a black hat on, and white hair, standing on the bottom step, staring at me. I ran up the stairs to get someone, and when I went back, he was gone. But there was a BIG arrow, in white, drawn on the wall behind where he was, pointing to the haunted side of the basement.

A few months later, I was in church with my family. The seat behind me was empty. When it was time to shake hands with the people around us (sign of peace) I turned around, and the same old man, dressed the same, was behind me. He put his hand out, and I shook it. Cold as ice. When I turned around again, he was gone.

My brother (her brother, my uncle) saw a little girl in an old fashioned sweater, standing in the upstairs hall. He tried to talk to her, but she would just stand there and stare.

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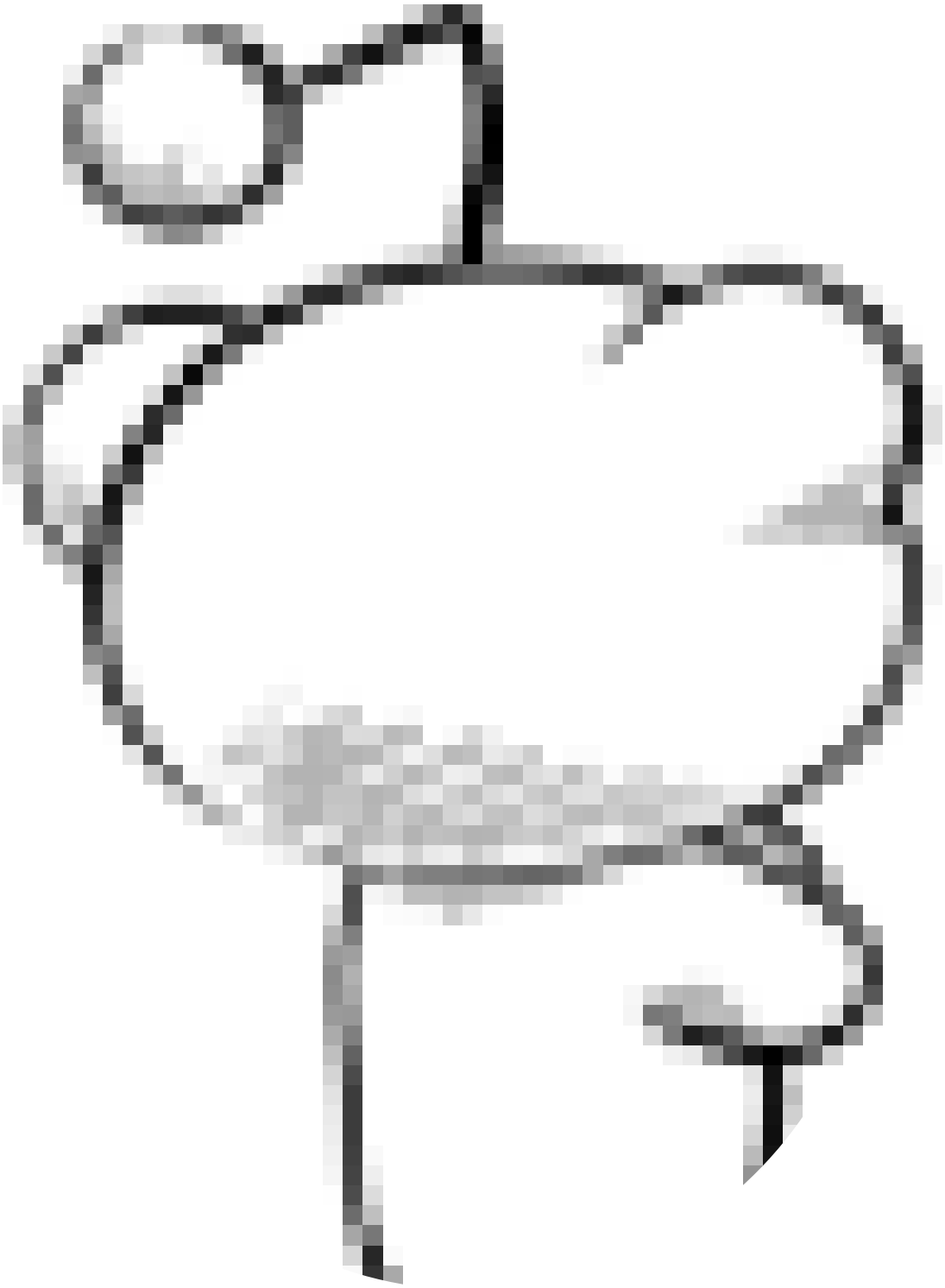

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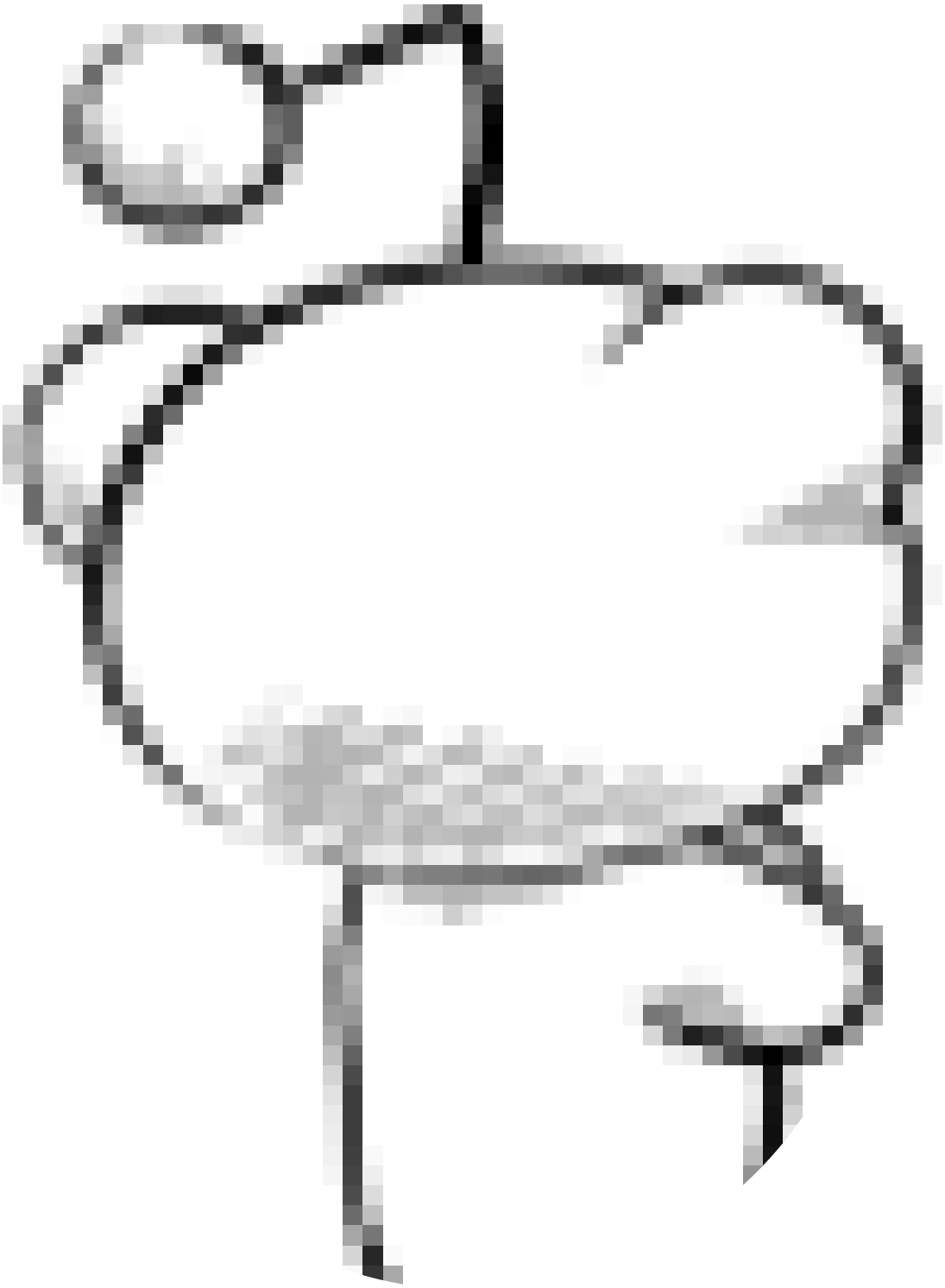

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â€¢ 14y ago

One day my sister was scratching at her arm and had a little bump about 5cm up from her elbow. She kept scratching at it and we asked her what it was and she replied that she didn't know and she had just woken up with it. She sat down and we were all curious by this time so I asked her what she was going to do about it. She said she wanted to cut it out.
So she got a scalpel (she's a nurse, pretty handy) and some gauze and asked me to hold the gauze in case it started bleeding. She only had to make a tiny little cut because she was going to squeeze out the pus. When she squeezed no blood came out, just a tiny little bit of metal.
It was about 1/5 of the size of a grain of rice, she said it was itching her like crazy. We were all pretty confused. We put it in a container that she had in her med bag, a little clear one with a yellow lid, so we could have a look at it and she could take it to work and ask people what it was.
A few days later I asked her whatever happened to the bit of metal. She had no idea what I was talking about. She did have a tiny little mark on her arm, but nobody that was there remembers it except me. There were about 5 of us there at the time.

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Ikhtionikos
â€¢ 14y ago

You're the only one who remembers it because you were taking a leak when the MiB came.

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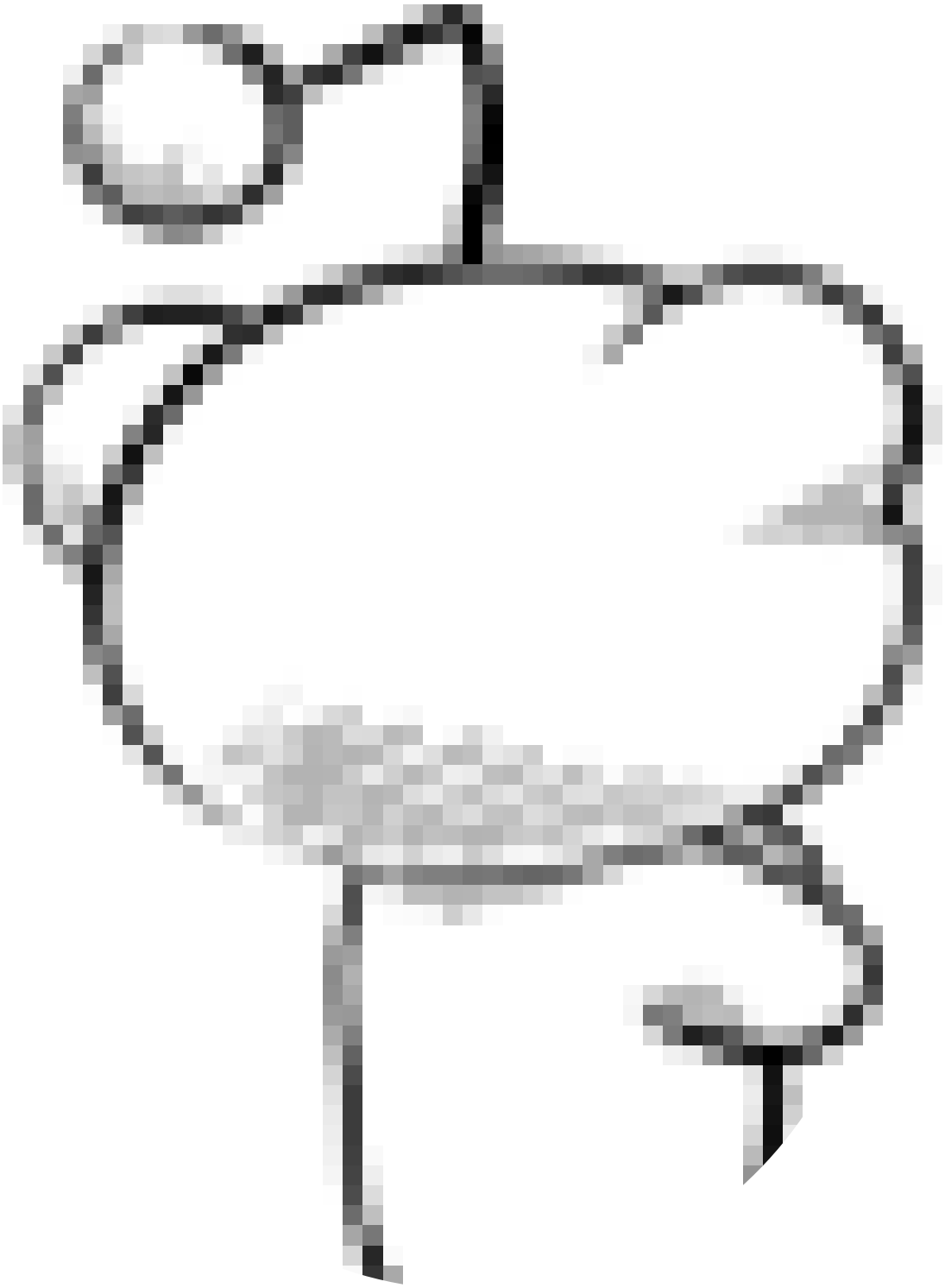

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â€¢ 14y ago

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ItsGotToMakeSense
â€¢ 14y ago

I have one of those creepy toy monkeys that plays the cymbals. My roommates went out to eat and I put it at the top of the stairs. On a stool. Under a spotlight. With all the other lights off.

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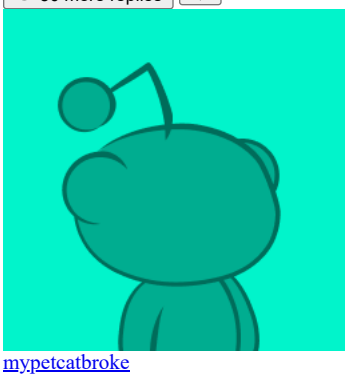

mypetcatbroke
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was maybe 11, or so, I was spending some quality time with my brother. Him and I were close, but it was rare that we ever just sit around and talk about life. We have a swing set that my father had constructed for us. My brother and I sat on the swings and spoke to each other. We didn't swing, we just rested and enjoyed the weather. It was very nice, until the peacefulness was interrupted by a (indescribable) noise. The best interpretation I could give to you all is a blood-curdling, human-feline hybrid-sounding, scream. It had torn the silence and calm chatter in a split second. Him and I shot up and turned around to try to figure out what it had been. We found our German Shepard barking like crazy at something in a tree. I had never seen her in so much defense. Seconds later whatever she was growling at had lost its grip and fallen from said tree. At this moment, my heart had dropped. Unable to get a good look at the thing, I depicted it to look like a large, hairy, black, feline. Nothing native to central Ohio. The one attribute that stuck out most? It was the exact size of our full-grown German Shepard. It stumbled upward and darted down the woods, yelping and screeching, thus climbing up another tree. My brother and I, in unison, glared at each other, wide-eyed and -sprinted- to our home. We returned 5 minutes or so later and nothing was there. To this day I haven't been able to figure out what the hell that creature was. It most certainly was nothing I've ever seen. Or my brother.

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FlamingWeasels
â€¢ 14y ago

Maybe someone near you was keeping a panther or something else they shouldn't have been as a pet, and released it when it got too big. That would explain a cat the size of a german shepherd that also can't take one in a fight.

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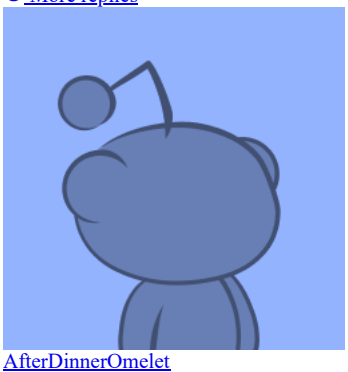

AfterDinnerOmelet
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm sure this will get buried, but I really never have a chance to tell this story, and when I think back on it my mind is still blown. Let me start by saying I've been an atheist for years now (what? On reddit? Get out of hereâ€¦) so when this happened I firmly did not believe in god.

The Story

When I was little, I always treated my slightly older cousin like my sister. I didn't have a sister and K was the funniest and smartest person I knew. So, we've been close for a long while. Around when I was 14, K disappeared for a long time. My crazy aunt started rumors involving a cult or an accidental pregnancy, but the truth was that nobody really knew where she was. Fast forward to me being almost 18, about to graduate high school, and one night I have this weird dream. It starts off with my parents (who are divorced and have been for a long time) and my brother and I walking around Disney world. I'm lagging behind a little as I always did at that age. I glance to a little shop on the street, and there's K. I check to make sure nobody sees me, and I run over to K. I begin to bombard her with questions, and all she says is, "I'm working at Disney in Orlando. Please let the family know I'm safe". I give her a weird look, and run back to join my family. I wake up from the dream, remembering it like it actually happened (I never remember dreams). A few months go by, I'm finally 18, and have graduated. I come home from working late one night and dad says, "they found k. She's working in Orlando at Disney." I was absolutely floored. I hadn't told a single person. I've since talked to K about it and she said she was praying for god to send someone a message at that time, but I'm an atheist. I have a logical explanation for everything, but this is beyond logic. I'm still baffled to this day.

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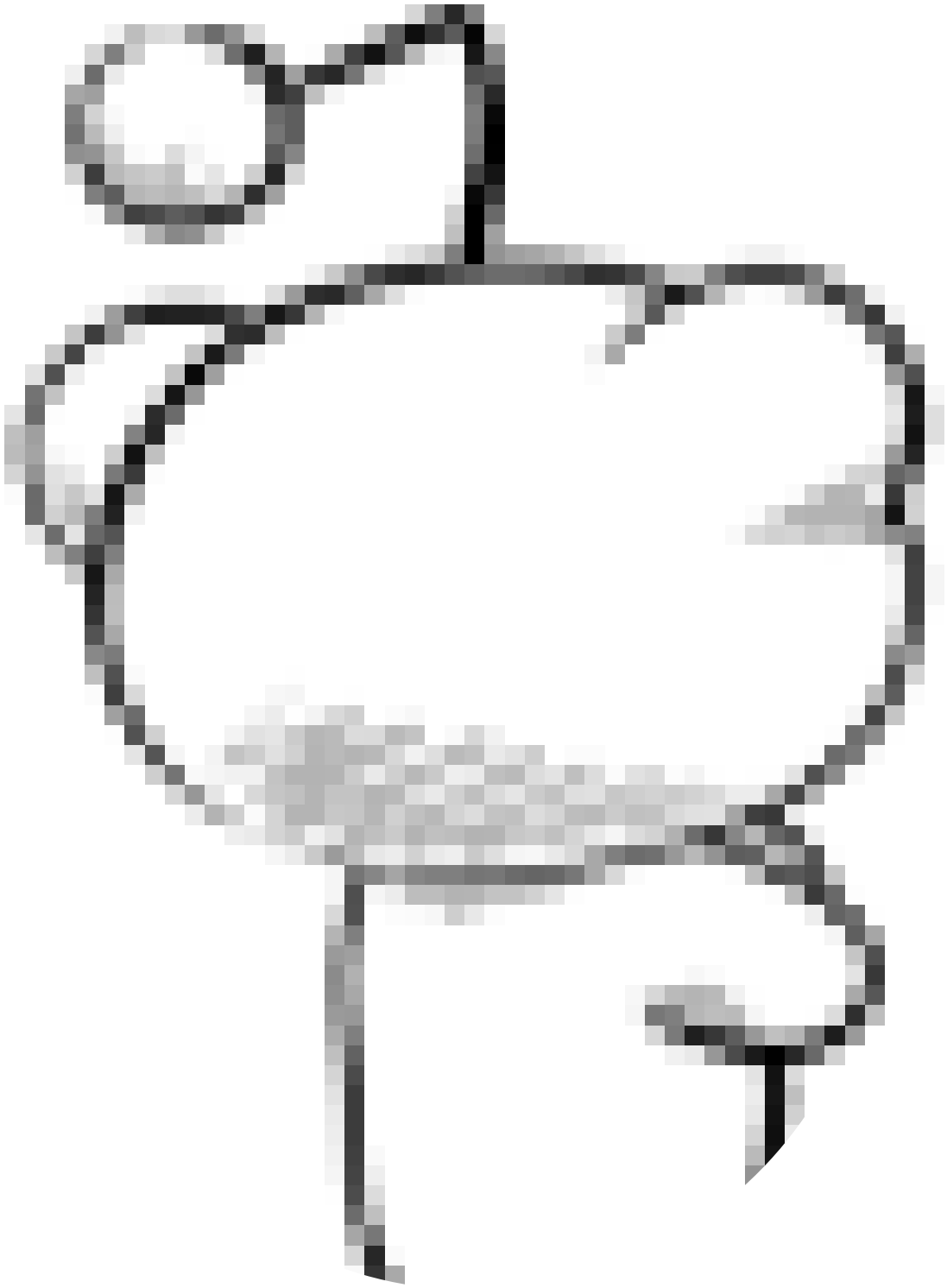

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â€¢ 14y ago

My grandmother would always fuss at my grandfather for not closing the miniblinds in the formal living room the right way. Apparently the "right way" doesn't let sunlight reach the carpet. Grandmother was unable to use the stairs in her final days so a bed was setup in the formal living room as it was the biggest room and allowed room for the medical equipment and was closest to the kitchen and front door as she had many visitors. Several years after she passed away I was house sitting by myself while gramps was out of town. After arming the alarm system, which covered every entrance and exit and would chime any time a door was opened to verify it was working, I closed the blinds *the wrong way* and closed the curtains. The next morning I came downstairs to find all the curtains open and the blinds turned the "right way". Alarm still armed. All exterior doors have the deadbolts which do not have an external key, you can only open them from inside the house, so yeah that freaked me out alright.

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pateyhfx
â€¢ 14y ago

This isn't a spooky story and has nothing to do with aliens, but there's something that happened to me when I was younger that I've never really been able to explain. I was in the countryside with a friend of mine, and we thought it would be a good idea to climb a fence into what looked like an empty field. When we reached the middle of this field, we saw a huge bull and it charged at us. Needless to say we immediately panicked. We started running back to the fence, I tripped, but my friend didn't notice and he kept running. I got up, and this fucking bull was still charging, and I ran full sprint to the fence and literally jumped over it, without even touching it. I had to climb this fence to get in earlier, it was at least 6 feet and I was maybe 13 years old.. but somehow I managed to clear the whole thing in one jump. My friend said it was the craziest thing he'd ever seen, I still have no idea how I did that. I guess when you think your life is on the line you can do some crazy shit.

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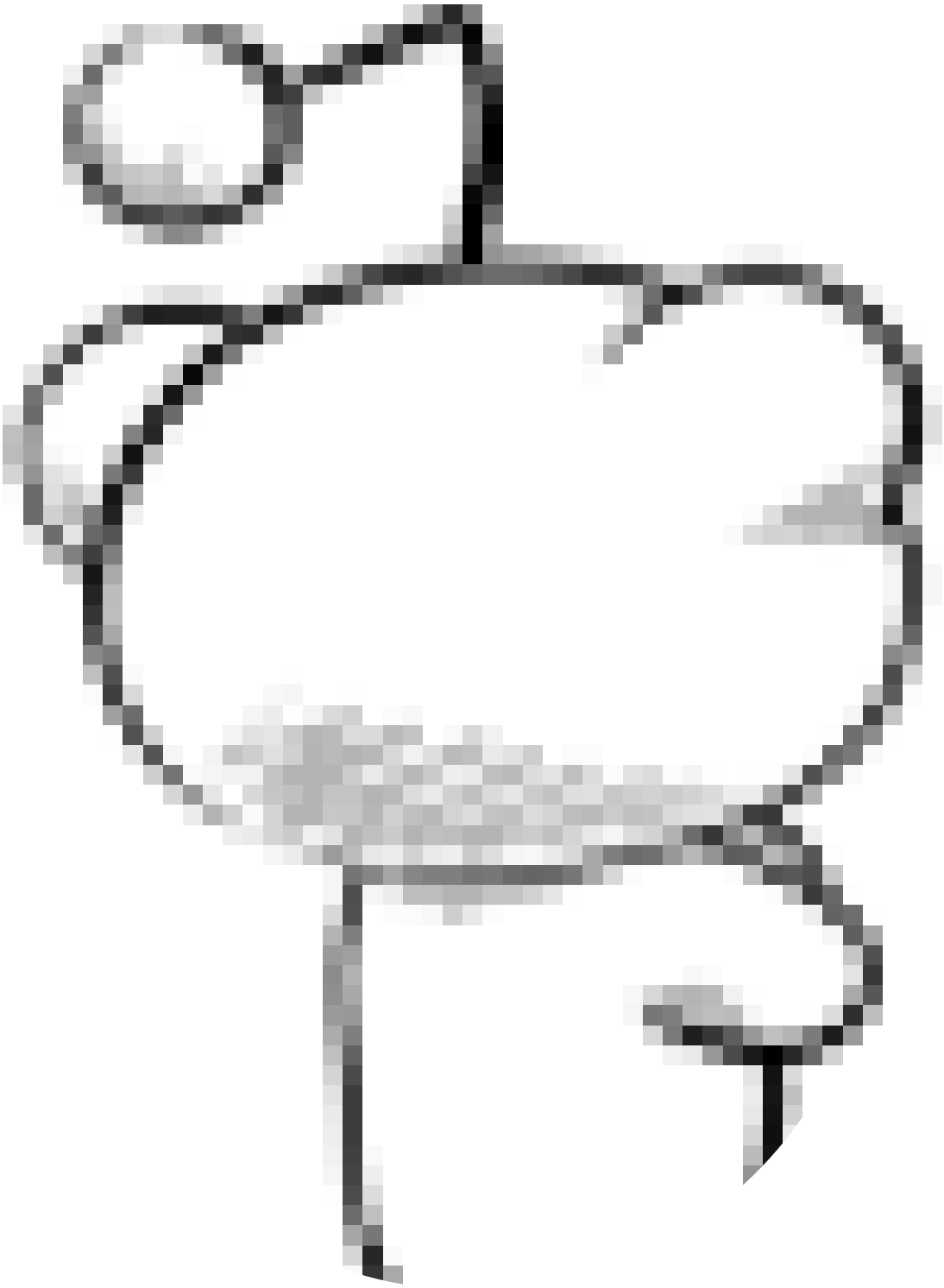

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Every summer my family goes to the Irish festival on Harriet Island in St. Paul. In order to buy food at the festival, you have to go to a tent and buy food tickets. My sister and I were standing a good 50 ft away from the tent, talking and waiting for my parents to come back with the tickets.

I randomly felt some one lightly scratching my back. Normally my sister and I will do this to eachother from time to time because we both like it. But about five seconds later, the scratching had stopped. I immediately turned around to ask my sister to continue. Only she was at the tent, standing next to my mother. 50 feet away.

There was no one else within at least 30 feet of me.

I had turned around too quickly for anyone to run that far away from me that quickly. The scratching continued to happen randomly throughout the rest of our time at the festival that day. Scared me shitless each time it happened.

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TheOctoberMan
â€¢ 14y ago

you're supposed to take the price tag of your shirt man.

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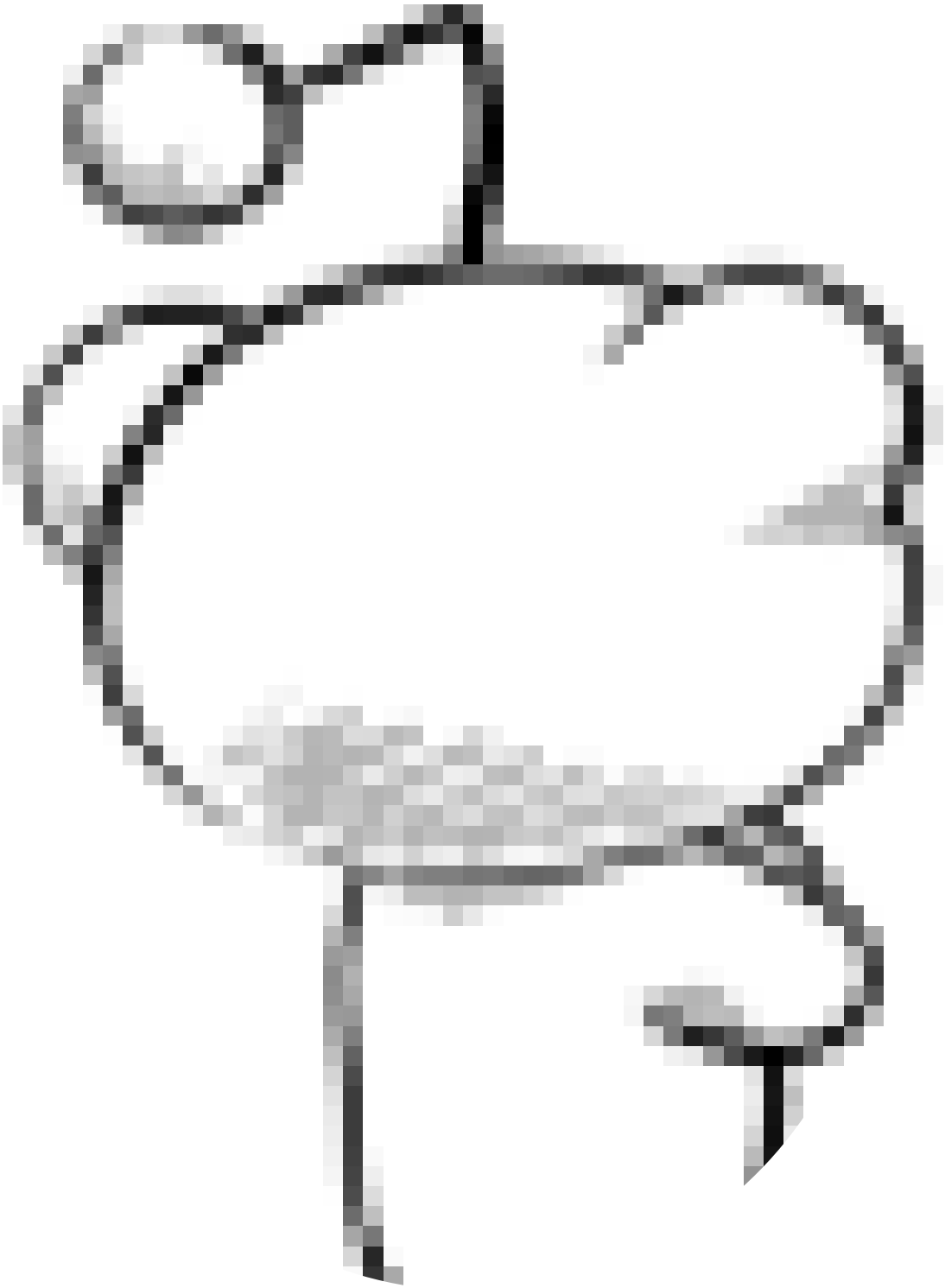

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â€¢ 14y ago

I got struck by lightning in my sleep once. maybe.

i was about 14 years old and i was asleep. I was dreaming that my sister, my friend sarah, and i were playing in the woods out back of our house. all of a sudden, storm clouds started to roll in and the sky turned dark. I looked up at the clouds, and lightning began crashing all around us. i yelled to my sister and sarah to run back to the house(about a mile). we're running as fast as we can. jumping over rocks and constantly dodging lightning. i see my house and then, all of a sudden, lightning hits me and holds me inside the beam of light. i'm trapped in a shell of electricity, and it's very painful. i am trying to pull my self out...

suddenly i wake up. the overhead light bulb in my room is on(it was off when i went to sleep), but the outer shell/case that houses the lightbulbs was shattered. all over me and the bed. i tried to get out of bed and as i did, i immediately fell on the floor, unable to get my legs underneath me. i crawled into my sister's room, terrified and tried to wake her up, but i was unable to. eventually i fell asleep on the floor of her closet. in the morning, i was fine, the glass was still shattered on the bed, and no one believed me.

Reply Share

quintessadragon
â€¢ 14y ago

Its important to remember that the things that happen in dreams take place far more quickly than we think they do. While I cannot explain why the glass covering for your light broke, it is likely that as soon as it did two things happened: first is that you automatically incorporated the loud sound and sudden light into your peaceful dream. Your brain needed an explanation, so it chose lightning (since you were outside). Although it seems like there was build up to the lightning in your dream (the clouds, you running) that was actually "retro-fitted" into the dream. The second thing that happened is that your brain sent an emergency signal to wake up because it interpreted the sound, the sensation of glass falling (which the dream interpreted as pain) and decided to abort sleep. Unfortunately, you woke so quickly that your brain didn't have time to completely stop the muscle atonia that prevents you from acting out dreams. This is why you couldn't move your legs. Your sister is a heavy sleeper.

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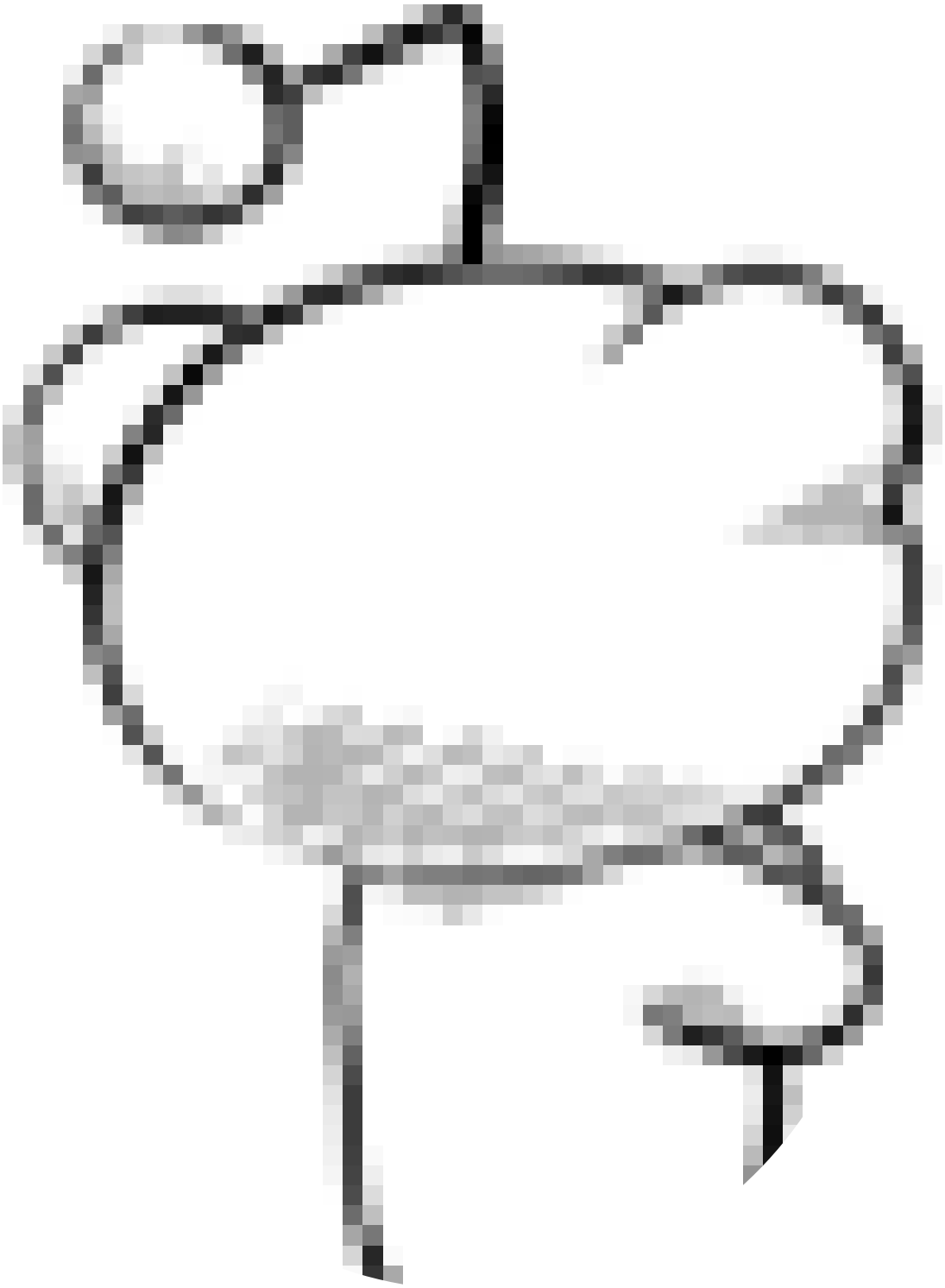

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â€¢ 14y ago

Weirdest event... I knew a friend was going to die at least a year before she did. Three months ago I told another friend about this premonition and then didn't think much of it until three weeks ago when I learned that my friend had actually died. I don't know how or why I knew it and it torments me almost daily.

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Sstingle
â€¢ 14y ago

A friend of mine was hearing weird noises underneath his house. He said he also was creeped the hell out by it and felt weird vibes from the house (they had just moved in), but I ignored that part like a skeptic boss. I was over one time during the day (which hampers the horror movie quality of the story I guess) and he stopped me mid sentence and alerted me to a tapping noise, then a slam.

You can access underneath the house from outside as there is a door underneath the back porch, so we go down to find it sitting wide open. There was no significant wind at all, we just stared at the door for a while, mild urination occuring as we were alone. Nothing happened for a good 15 seconds until to our complete and utter horror, we watched as the door swung closed and locked itself. The lock is a bolt that has to be pushed really firmly through a bracket on the door frame. He tells me it still happens all the time.

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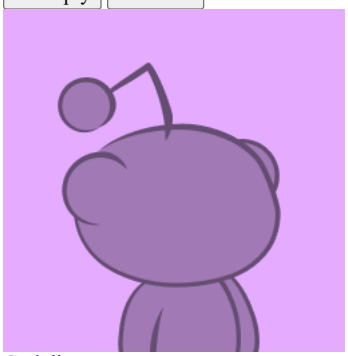

Godolin
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Weld the fucker shut. I don't care if it's made of wood, you find a way to weld the fucker shut. None of that nope shit in *my* house.

Edit: And now I have to upvote all the Doctor Who references.

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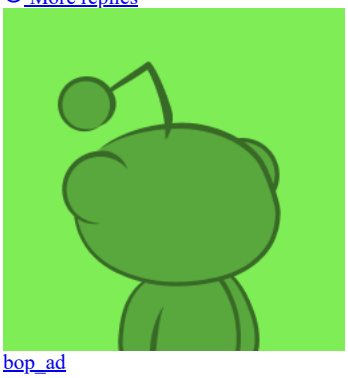

bop_ad
â€¢ 14y ago

So get video of it. This is why these stories are completely unbelievable, it'd be so easy to document.

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QuietLotus
â€¢ 14y ago

One night I had friends coming over, but I didn't know exactly what time (it was between 5-7 or something.) I'm sitting at a table next to the door with another friend just chatting, then suddenly I decide to get up and open the door. I really could not explain why, I was just compelled to. Our other friend was outside the door and had his hand raised to knock, frozen in shock that I'd opened the door just like one second before he was going to knock without any prompting.

Later that evening, we were at dinner sharing some appetizers. At one point, again I really couldn't say what compelled me, I grabbed the bottle of ketchup and handed it to my friend (same one that I opened the door on) literally one second before he starts saying "Please pass the...wait how did you know I was going to need that?" It was super creepy.

FlamingWeasels
â€¢ 14y ago

You two are obviously soul mates. Your respective sexualities and relationship status are irrelevant.

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Oo0o8o0oO
â€¢ 14y ago

One time I was hanging out with two friends and completely out of nowhere one of the friends and I said in unison "I smell bologna."

After a few moments of confusion, the third person confirmed no bologna smell in the room and neither of us have eaten bologna since childhood.

This moment has haunted me for years.

Reply Share

ppffft
â€¢ 14y ago

the third person farted

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Buttsnacks
â€¢ 14y ago

This is my favorite story by far.

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chowychow
â€¢ 14y ago

Reminds me of a trigger phrase (ala Dollhouse)

"There are three flowers in a vase. The third flower is green."

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cactus_gram
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was maybe 14 I was riding my bike and I thought it would be cool to go between the two posts on a sign. As I got close to it, I realized that my handlebars were not going to fit, but it was too late to stop or turn. I wasn't wearing a helmet, either. The next thing I knew, I was standing on the ground the other side of the sign safely on both feet, and my bike was just leaning against the sign. I really don't know what happened.

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ANAL_QUEEN
â€¢ 14y ago

A woman, when I was six, came up to me, hugged me, and claimed to be my mother. She was able to tell me my name, and my dad's name. I've always been suspicious of this, but as far as I know, I am the child of my parents. One thing that's always made me wonder is that she had blonde hair like I do.

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windowpanez
â€¢ 14y ago

where is ANAL_QUEEN's_MOTHER

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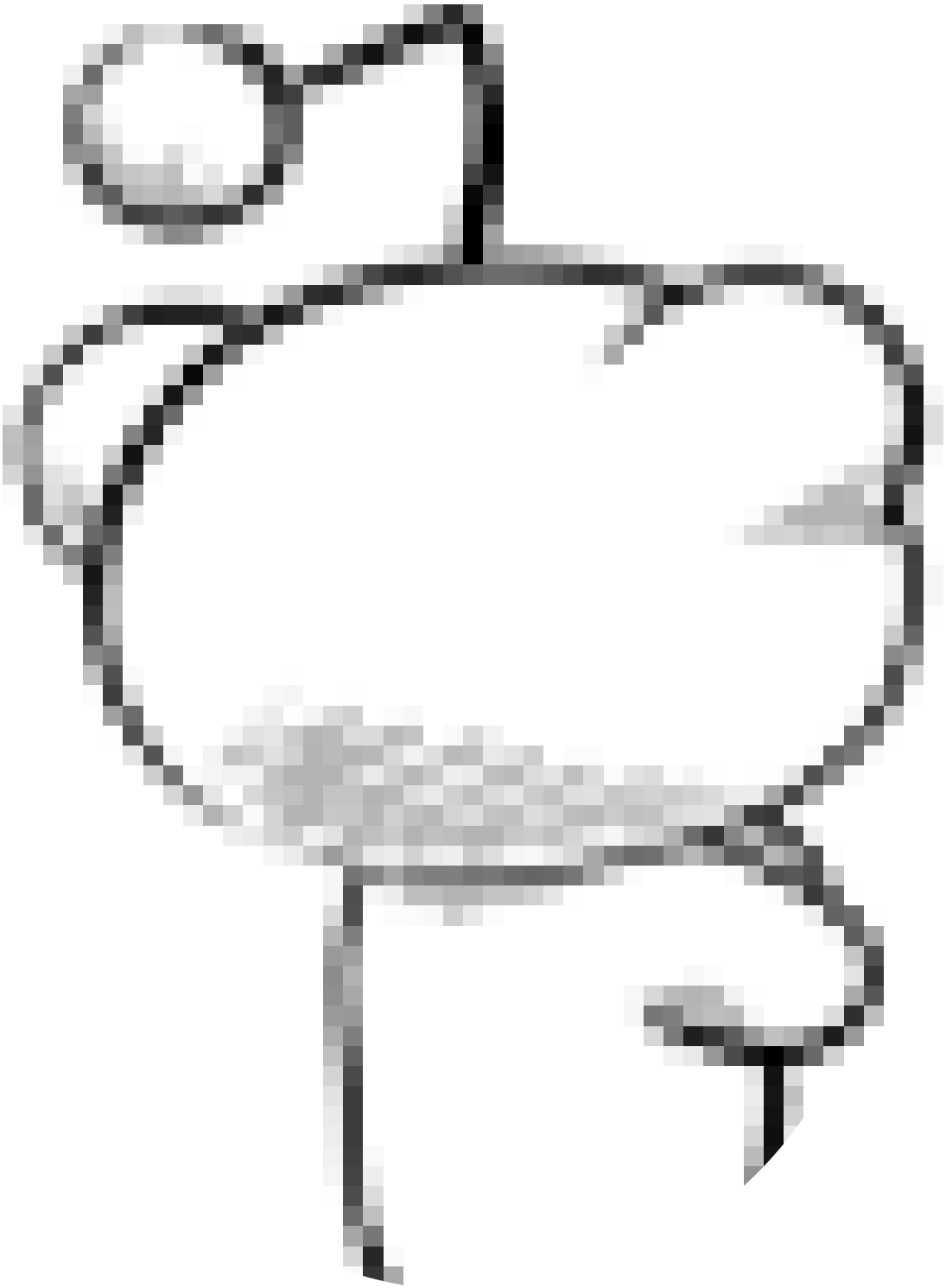

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â€¢ 14y ago

That is disturbing on so many levels. Either she is your actual parent or she researched you because she wanted to kidnap you, and she changed her mind.

Creepy.

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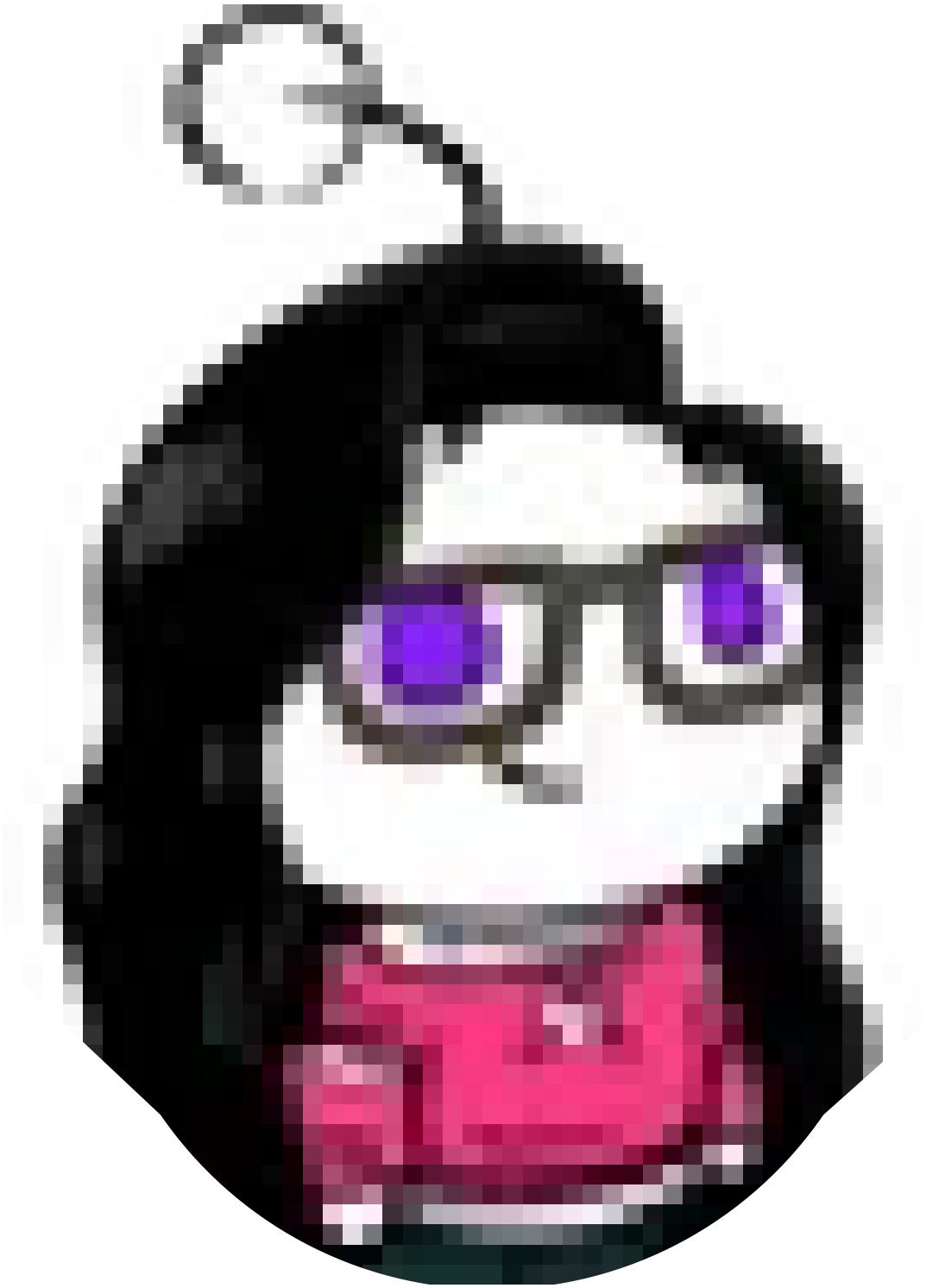
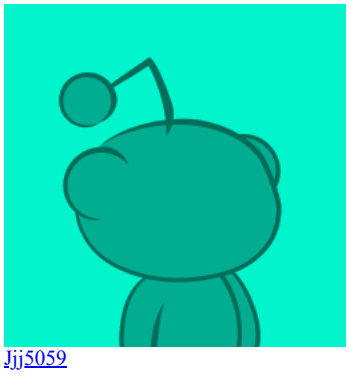


awkward_peach
â€¢ 14y ago

My dad had lung cancer and I had a trip scheduled with my boyfriend. I decided to take the trip because dad seemed fine, he was going to the doctor etc. Day 6 of my trip and its 3AM, I wake up in tears, I'm sobbing. I have never once cried in my sleep, not even when I was a little child. My boyfriend keeps asking what's wrong but I don't know? Morning, I call my mom to check in, little brother answers the phone and tells me that dad is dead, he died at 3AM.

The weird thing is that I was never extremely close to my dad, there was always a strange bitterness behind our relationship because I could remember all the shitty things he did to my mom.

I still don't even fucking know.



Jjj5059
â€¢ 14y ago

My uncle bought a house about 10 years ago. One night in the autumn he kept hearing a knock on his door and when he went to answer nobody was there. After the forth time he answered the door he looked down and saw a small dog with a womans head resting on its back. He slammed the door shut and ran to his room. He was in complete shock and told no one about the story. He always assumed he was hallucinating or just going crazy.

Then a few years later he was at a neighbors Christmas party when the women that owned my uncle's house prior to the man my uncle bought the house from approached him. They made small talk for a few minutes when the woman said to him, "I have to ask you, have you ever seen the dog"

Everytime I hear my uncle tell the story it gives me the chills.

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EnsignObvious
â€¢ 14y ago

This thread has turned into a creep show, but I have a lighter hearted story I like to tell. It's less a matter of not knowing what happened and more a matter of not knowing why it did. It's still, at least to me, just as strange.

I was on a Midwest baseball trip with my dad when I was 15. We went to Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and more. Along the way we stopped at a diner off the highway for lunch. Nothing particular noteworthy about the diner or the food, but on the way out there was a giant gumball machine. I decided I wanted a gumball for the road, so I put a quarter in. Instead of a gumball, a plastic container like the ones you find in those 25 cent vending machines in the grocery store dropped. Inside of this little container was a $2 bill folded up. I was flabbergasted. Who would expect such a thing to happen? The concept of stuffing a $2 bill in a tiny plastic container and hiding it amongst hundreds of gumballs still bewilders me to this day. I still have that $2 bill, it's been in my wallet ever since, and I always have this story to go with it. It's not eerie or creepy, but it certainly is strange, and it's not something I can really explain. Someone just decided to put it in there. The best part, however, was that with the bill came another quarter, which meant I could get the gumball I was trying to get in the first place. Needless to say that was a pretty good day.

TL;DR I received a $2 bill from a gumball machine

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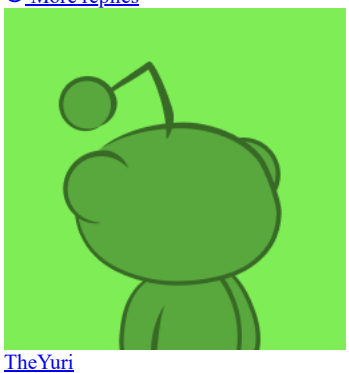

TheYuri
â€¢ 14y ago

1996 had been a bad year. My first marriage ended, my father died, my job had taken a turn for the worse. So after dealing with all that, when I finally had a few days with nothing to do, I gave myself a present: a Greek cruise.

It was my 31st birthday and I found myself in the middle of the night walking around the sleeping cruise ship. I found my way outside and was taking in the moon, the distant lights of un-named islands and other cruise ships, the cool breeze of the ocean. It was a nice moment, thinking about what I had been through, and getting ready to start again in so many ways.

Then I saw it. A light at the horizon, seemingly following one of the other cruise ships. As I looked at it, trying to identify what it was, it moved across the ocean, faster than any boat I'd ever seen. It went to the next cruise ship and hovered beside it for a few minutes. Then it started growing, and before I could realize that it was actually coming toward the ship I was on, it was already there.

It matched my ship's speed and seemed to hover just a few feet away from the handrails, and just a few feet above the ocean. We were going at a fairly fast clip and I could feel the ship move up and now with the waves under my feet. Whatever it was, it looked like a fat pillar, a tower of some sort. A cylinder of maybe 10 feet radius and taller than the ship, my guess would be 50 feet tall.

It had bright colored lights, almost like flood lights, all around its top, middle, and bottom. The lights were so bright that they made it difficult to see the body of the thing, but I could almost guess circular openings or portholes in places.

I realized that the thing didn't just pick any spot beside my ship to stop. It had stopped directly in front of me, the only person standing there. I didn't think this was a coincidence. Then, it started moving again, very fast toward the next ship ahead of us. Only then I remembered that I had a camera hanging from my neck, but by the time I got it up to my eye, the object was far away, indistinguishable from any other of the lights on the ocean.

I have no explanation at all for this. I am a skeptic and I try to base my life on facts and logic. This event is the one thing in my life that I never could explain. Or understand.

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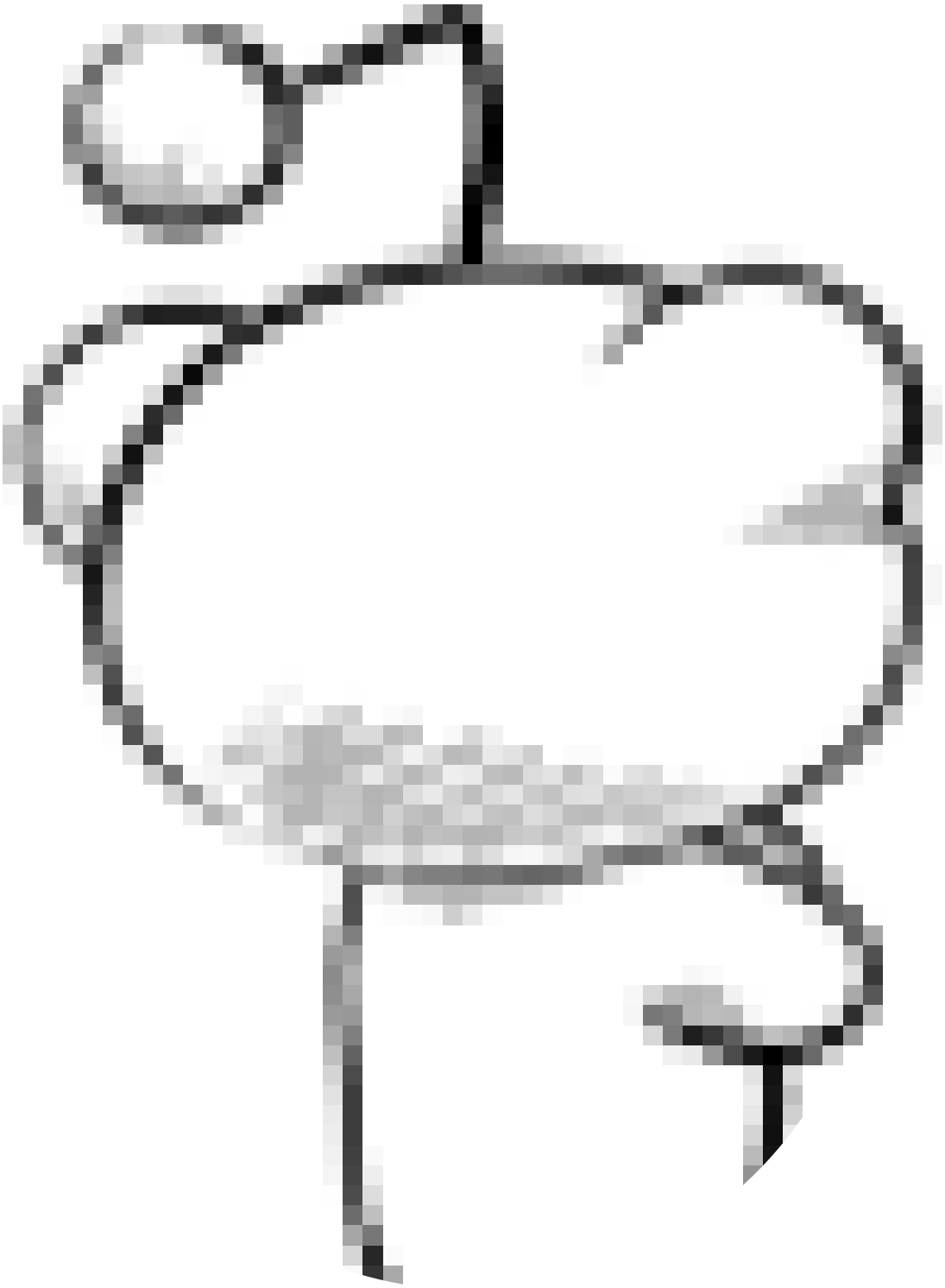

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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 19, I got rear ended by an 18 wheeler. The responding officer said the truck hit me at about 30mph, I was stopped. The force of the impact broke my seat in two at the hinge point between the base and back, pushed my bumper through my gas tank, and bent the body and frame of the truck so bad neither door would open. The kicker? I walked away. No earthly explanation, at all.

The cops said I should have been dead. The EMTs and ER staff said I should have been dead.

TL;DR- I got in what should have been a fatal accident and walked away.

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ResRevolution
â€¢ 14y ago

Copying and pasting this from a previous post:

Here's the story. So, where I live in VA is on the edge of city and country. 5 minutes one way: cows. 5 minutes the other way: one of the biggest cities in VA. My neighborhood was built in 20 years later than the neighborhood behind us--which is a bunch of shacks on a dirt road basically. The people behind there were nuts when I was first born in my house. I'm talking they were extreme redneck to the point where it was unbearable. They would drive their four-wheelers through our property (with little me running around), they left junk everywhere, they were drunk constantly... every negative anything associated with "rednecks" were these guys in the neighborhood. There was one in particular who was just bat shit insane. He abused his family and animals to the point where bruises could be seen on everyone. These dogs are important. They died before I was even born, but the dad was kind of a cult leader. He had one of his get togethers and his dog was barking like crazy. So what did he do? Go around back, bring the dog to his get together and slit its throat, drained it of blood, and cut off its head. Yeeeep. My mom hears this story from his daughter (who was her hairdresser, they started talking because she realized they lived only 100 meters from us).

So then I'm born after crazy father leaves the neighborhood behind us (can't remember why. running from the police? He was never caught on anything...) and at the age of 2 I began having horrific night terrors. It was of this dog (that had only a head and no body) and it would be sticking out of a window at the top of my front door. He would try and take the bodies of other people because he had no body and he was just horrifying. I was terrified of my front door, I mean, at 2 I would point at the front door and cry "dog-eee" (I couldn't even realy speak at this age). This went on for 10 years. I constantly refused to go up our stairs alone (it was right next to the front door) until I was 12.

I had horrible night terrors from age 2 to 12 of this one dog. Every night. Different dream, same dog, same ordeal. Then one day when I was 12 we "made up" (he apologized for terrorizing me for years) and he became my protector in my dreams. Literally. I have some nightmare syndrome where I have nightmares at least 5/7 times a week and in about 10 of those since age 12 he has been there to knock down the baddies. This bodiless dog.

Only after telling my mother about this did she connect the story and, well, I think it's weird for a 2 year old to have a nightmare about a bodiless dog and have this continue for a decade. The dog breed was the same as the dog that was brutally murdered too, by the way.

I'm horrific at telling stories, so if something is confusing sorry.

TL;DR: Bodiless dog haunts my dreams for a decade. Later learned that the same breed of dog was brutally treated and murdered by cutting off its head on the street behind my home.

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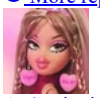

A_Study_in_Orange
â€¢ 14y ago

Earlier this summer my husband and I spent two weeks house sitting for my aunt. One night, I was startled awake at three a.m. by a voice shouting 'YOU!' Now, I know about parasomnias and I have had bouts with Exploding Head Syndrome so I assumed it was nothing and went back to sleep.

Around six in the morning, the husband and I suddenly woke up sweating buckets. All the animals in the house were going nuts, barking, meowing, climbing on the bed. We realized the air conditioner had turned off. In addition, all the clocks were blinking. The power had gone out at some time during the night, and we now had no idea what time it was. My husband checked his phone, but the time was synchronized with what was on the blinking clocks. Odd, right? It hadn't been plugged in and cell phones keep time automatically.

So we got up, figured shit out and got ready for work. I didn't think about the power outage again until late that night. I was on Facebook and I noticed my aunt had uploaded a photo of my grandfather's grave. It was the 12th anniversary of his death.

I got a weird, tingling feeling. I ran up the stairs to the bedroom where I had not reset any of the clocks. It was about 10 at night, but all the clocks were about four and a half hours behind. Which meant that they had been reset at around 4:30 in the morning. That was the exact time of my grandfathers death 12 years ago.

Let me reiterate: on the anniversary of his death, the power went off at the exact time my grandpa died 12 years prior. My husbands phone clock had also been reset at that exact moment. At the time that it happened, I wasn't aware that it was the anniversary of his death. I didn't realize the significance until late in the evening.

My grandpa is badass.

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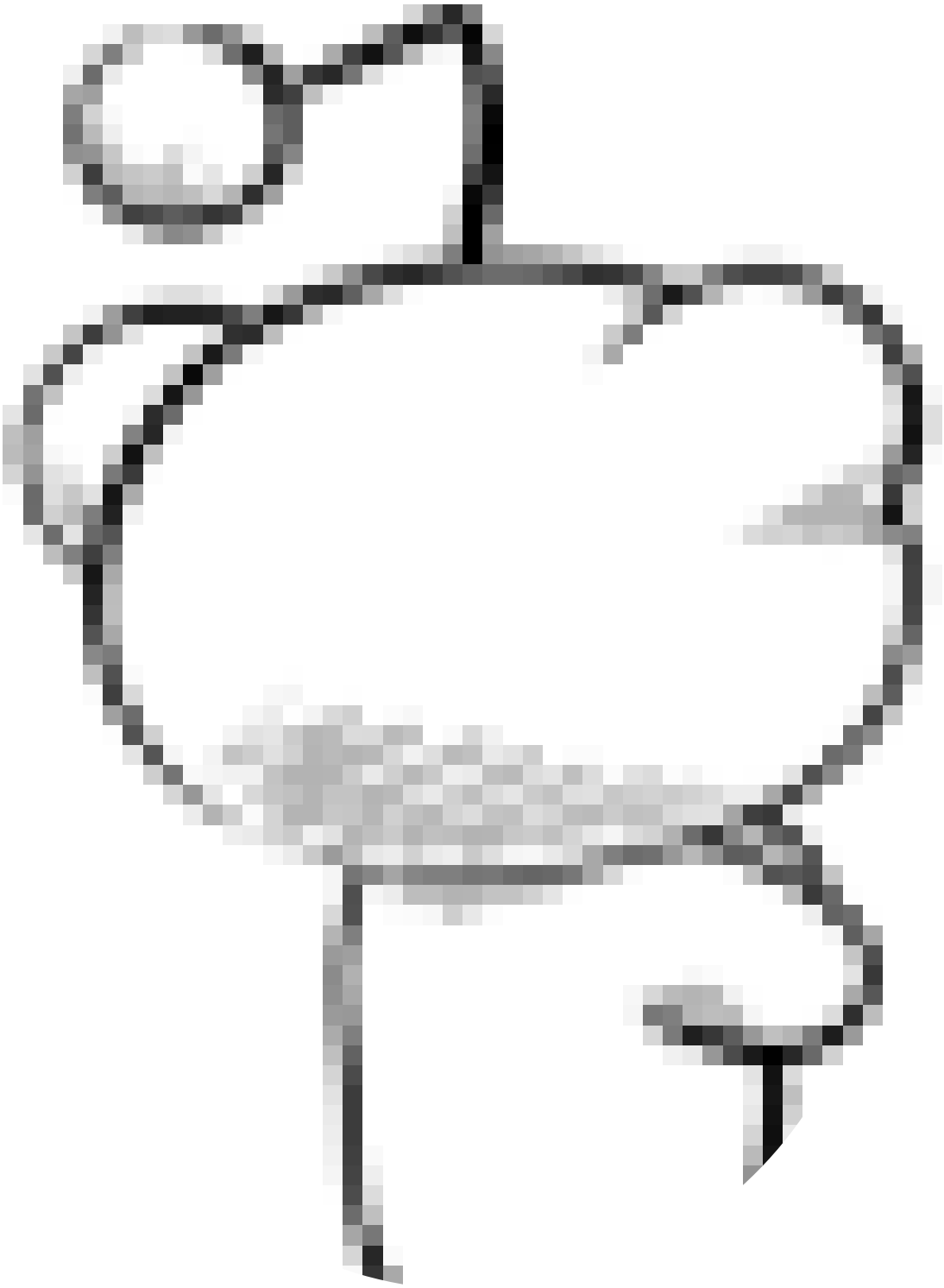

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I am a nurse that works in a nursing home for over 2 years. I have worked graveyard shift the whole time I have been a nurse there and I usually get the most deaths on my shift. I have gotten used to people dying due to seeing so many people die during my time there and it is not a big deal to me anymore. I have heard all the ghost stories that run through the facility at the time I have been there. For the most part I have learned to block most of the chills of the job out but there are some times that you just cannot do that. I had one night when we had a new admission. The lady kept asking for pain pill and I was a bit too busy to get it for her immediately. After her third time asking the CNA to tell me about her pain pill I saw her standing outside her designated room in which I looked at her and pointed for her to go inside her room. She slowly went back in. I ended up giving a Valium to the CNA and told her to give it to the lady. I was too busy to check on her until about 2 hours later and she was soundly asleep. The next morning during report where the morning nurse comes in and I go home I reported she got a PRN pain pill after she got up. It was not till the later that day that I came in again for my shift that the nurse told me that why had I told her she can walk when she is bed bound. I told her again what I saw and she told me she is a hoyer lift due to her age and weakness and has not walked in 7 years. I then tried to replay what happened in my head to see if maybe it was someone else I saw but nobody in the entire end of that hallway can walk....they all use their wheelchair.

Reply Share

pain_reliever_pm
â€¢ 14y ago

Your story borders on creepy yet mine is just like...how? A few years ago I was sitting down with my grandmother for dinner in the nursing home she used to live in. At this particular table it was only her and another wheelchair ridden old lady. We start to eat and my grandma drops her spoon on the ground. Instead of walking to the kitchen to help myself to another spoon I figured I'd flag down one of the nurses and not get in their way while they were cooking. Before I caught the attention of the nurse the older lady in the wheelchair looked right at me and held out a spoon. I said thank you and thought nothing of it. I then began to try to spark a conversation with the lady for a solid 10 minutes or so but she seemed to just ignore me. Finally one of the nurses came by and said "she's over 100 years old and she's def and blind that's why she's not responding". If she's def and blind how the hell did she know I needed a spoon?

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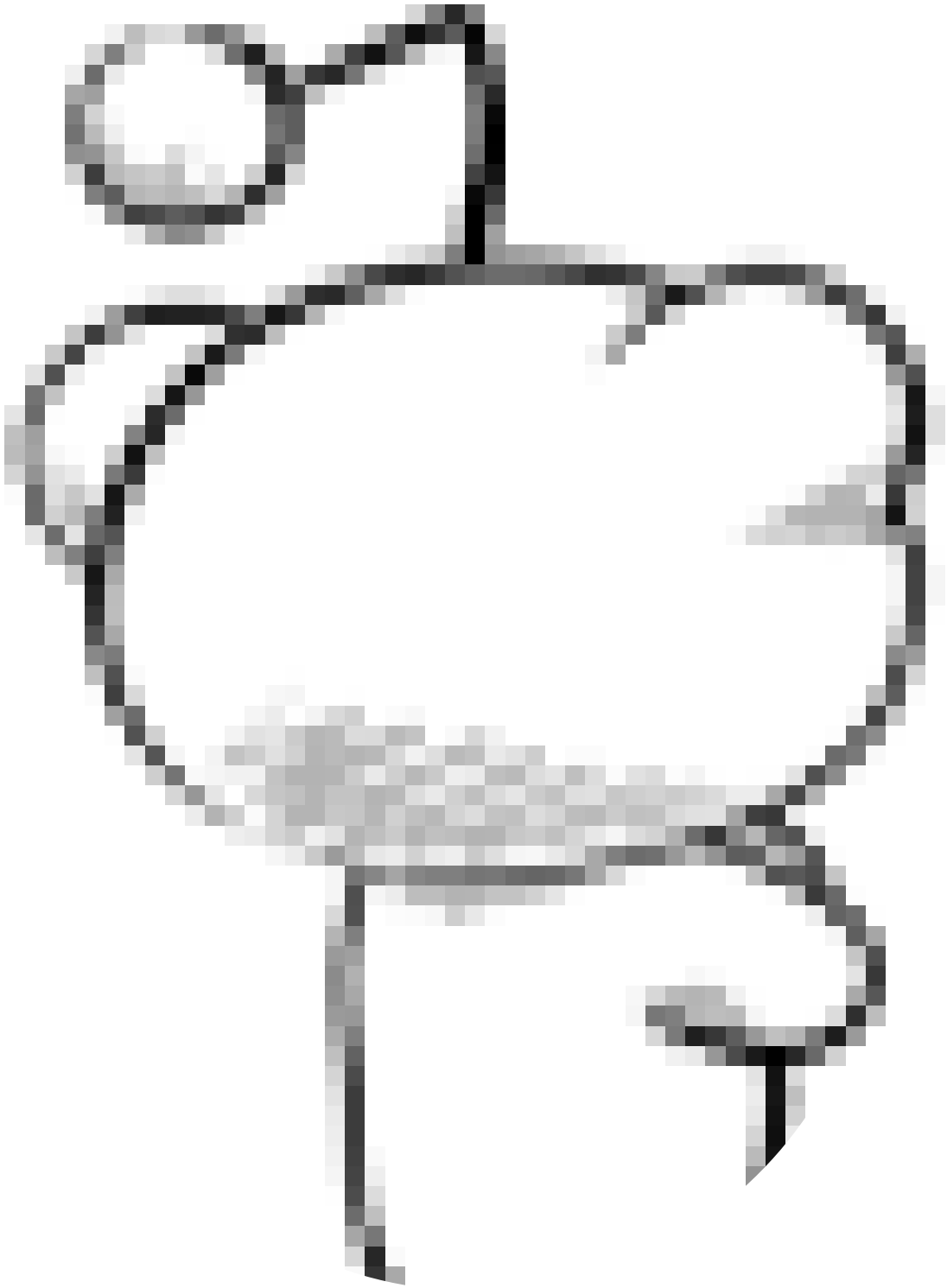

lacienega
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Nurses tell the creepiest stories.

One I can remember that really creeped me out was from a nurse who used to work at a trauma center in Texas. The hospital was old. She was working the night shift as a floor tech while she was going to nursing school. One night, there was this young lady on her floor dying of AIDS. She had contracted HIV through her boyfriend who had been using IV drugs. She was bleeding and was receiving countless blood transfusions but she was losing her battle. At about 2 am, this nurse heard her yelling out for someone, anyone. She went to her room and the woman said, â€œWhose kids are those?" She had been an alert and oriented patient so the nurse was concerned. She asked â€œWhat kids?" â€œThe little kids with the blue jean shorts, the blonde kids." She informed her that it was 2 in the morning and that there were no children allowed on that floor at night. She appeared confused, staring at an empty space on the wall and pointed at what she said were the children. She died a few hours later.

A few nights later, there was an older black lady on the floor who had been admitted earlier that shift with a possible seizure. She had been lucid. At around 2 am, she hit the call light and this nurse want to her room. The woman was crouching with her body in the fetal position, crying. She asked her what was wrong. She replied, "Get those kids outta here!" â€œWhat kids?" â€œThose little blonde kids! I dont want them in my bed, theyâ€™re trying to take me.â€ The nurse told her to calm down, that there were no children in her room. This did not calm her, in fact it made her worse. She began screaming hysterically. â€œOH MY GOD, WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH ME, GET THEM OFF MY BED!" She was slapping at air, screaming. â€œDon't you see them?" The nurse told her no and this made her scream even louder. While another nurse called the doctor, she finally convinced her that she would be okay if she closed her eyes, which she did. Then she told the nurse that she needed to pee. She offered her a

bedpan which she refused, as she had problems using one. So she got her up to the bedside commode and stood beside her waiting for her to finish. She still had her eyes closed. She then asked the nurse to wait right outside the door, and that she would call her when she finished. She kept the door cracked so she could see and hear her in case of a seizure. All of a sudden, she began seizing. She yelled for the other nurses as she ran to her side. She was slumped on the bedside commode having a grand mal seizure. It took the entire floor to get her back to the bed (she was obese). She went into respiratory arrest, was coded, and died that night. That is when this nurse said she started wondering about those blonde children and what they might be there for.

Soon the other nurses had heard rumors about the blonde children from other patients and had begun getting kind of paranoid about it. It seemed like people that were dying or just plain sick were seeing children, some of them described them as blonde and some just didnâ€™t want to describe them. They just wanted them to go away. There was a young trauma patient who had a gunshot wound to the abdomen and had gone septic. He was febrile and was delusional however he shared a commonality with other patients in that he described the blonde children in his room. He told them that, â€œthe kids are so cute, whose are they?" When they asked what kids he replied, "The cute little blonde boy and girl right over there." He was pointing to an empty space in his room. He said their eyes were piercing him. He begged the nurse not to leave him. She stayed with him for awhile talking about things just to comfort him just having someone with him. The nurse jokingly asked him if he'd ever seen the movie, Children Of The Corn. He said he had never seen the movie. He had to be transferred to ICU that night and died a few days later. She said at this point nurses started refusing to take patients in report that were knowingly seeing children.

She left that hospital soon after that, so she doesn't know what happened to these kids or if they were ever seen or heard from again.

But that story has always given me chills.

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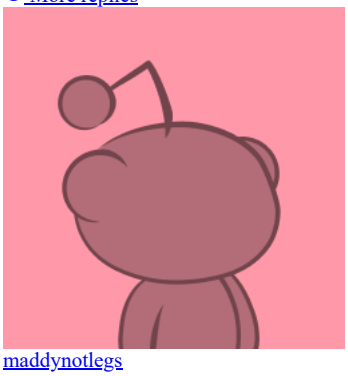

maddynotlegs
â€¢ 14y ago

"I ended up giving a Valium to the CNA and told her to give it to the lady."

Um, what? You kind of suck at your job. CNAs cannot pass medicine, not even Tylenol. Also, really, a new resident gets up and you have no idea how they transfer and you just point them back to their room instead of seeing if they need assistance?

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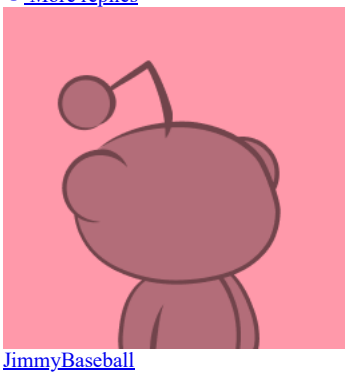

JimmyBaseball
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

When I was in high school I was in a band with two of my friends. We primarily played Christian music, so it was seen as acceptable by the higher-ups of the church for us to have access to the large, empty building at night to practice. We took full advantage of that and held practice in the church about one night a week. Late one night during one of our practices, we decided to stop for a break because we'd been practicing for a while. We joked around a bit before reaching a point in our conversation where we all got quiet. As we were sitting there in the silence, we started hearing a faint voice somewhere in the distance. Since we were supposed to be the only people in the church and the doors were locked, we were a little surprised. The church had a history of being broken in to, so our minds immediately went in that direction. We decided to look around the church (this was a big church) to see if someone had come in. The church was dark and empty. We came back to the stage we were practicing on with a weird feeling. We sat quietly to see if we could hear the voice again. After about a minute, we began to hear it again. My friend then walked over and put his ear next to one of our speakers. Sure enough, there was a woman's voice coming through the speaker saying things such as "He will return to us". It reminded me of some freaky, dramatic line you'd hear in a movie. That's when we started to flip out a bit. We unplugged all the microphones and amps from our system to see what would happen, but the woman's voice kept

coming faintly through our speakers. We had set up our own system separately from the church's PA system, so every source of sound hooked up to our speakers was accounted for and had been turned off. We had already searched the church for the noise to make sure we weren't somehow picking up on someone talking or a tape playing (which was unlikely anyway), but as I mentioned the church was completely empty and dead quiet. We decided to call it a night at that point. Even though I've gotten away from the whole Christianity thing, I can't help but get chills when I think about that night. We practiced in that church many times after that, but we never heard the voice again. I can't explain it. It was strange.

TL;DR - Heard unexplainable voice through my band's sound system while we had practice one night in a large, empty building.

EDIT: TIL several people have encountered this problem due to radio frequency interference. Regardless, it's still strange that we picked up on a frequency of a creepy sounding woman discussing the rapture as we sat in a large empty church late at night.

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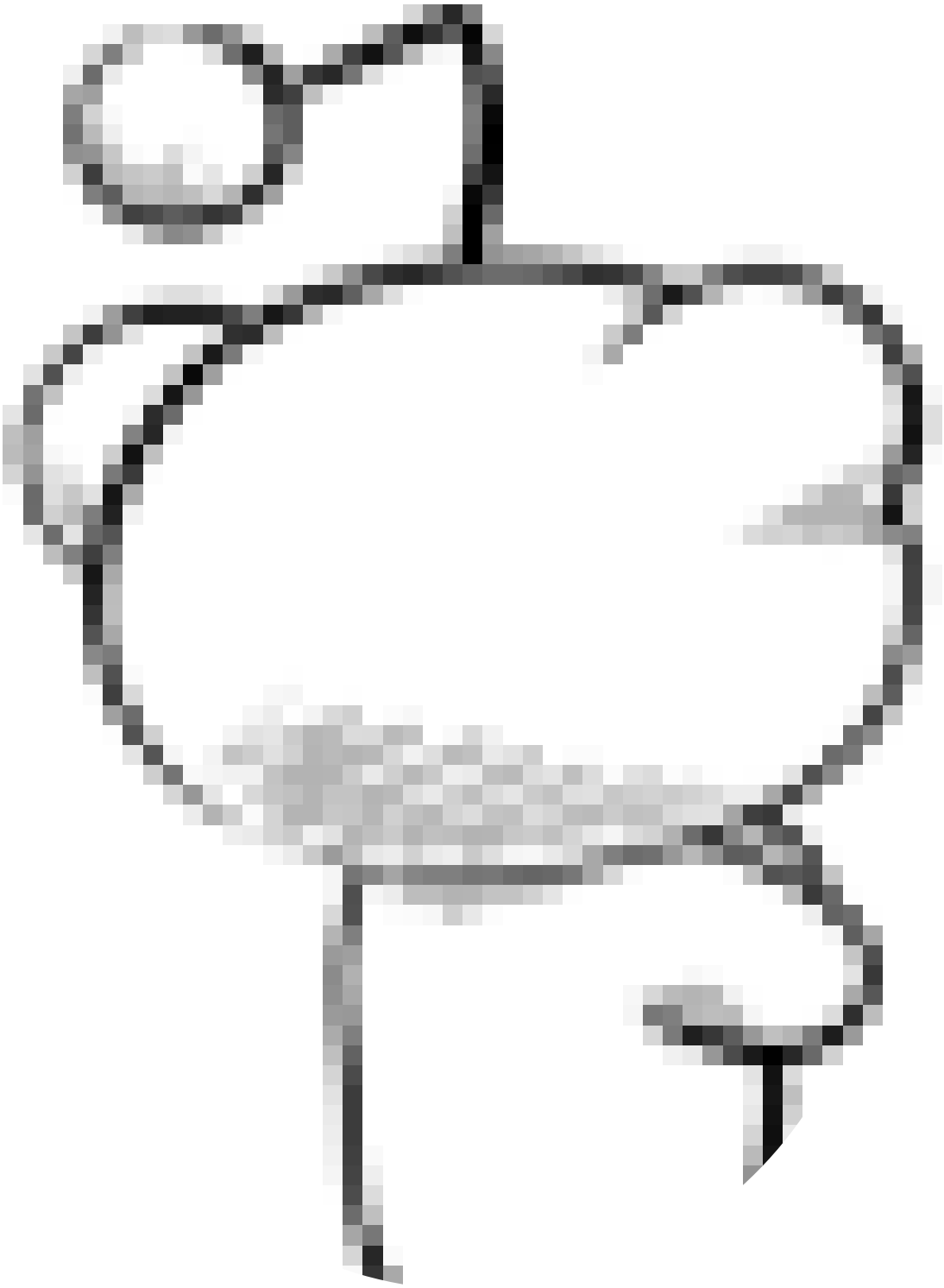

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

It's shit like this that makes me want to delve more into radios. Just to make people shit themselves while using inductance to generate audio signals into their speaker wires.

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MeltedOzark

â€¢ 14y ago

This is almost certainly radio interference from improperly shielded cables. Don't panic!

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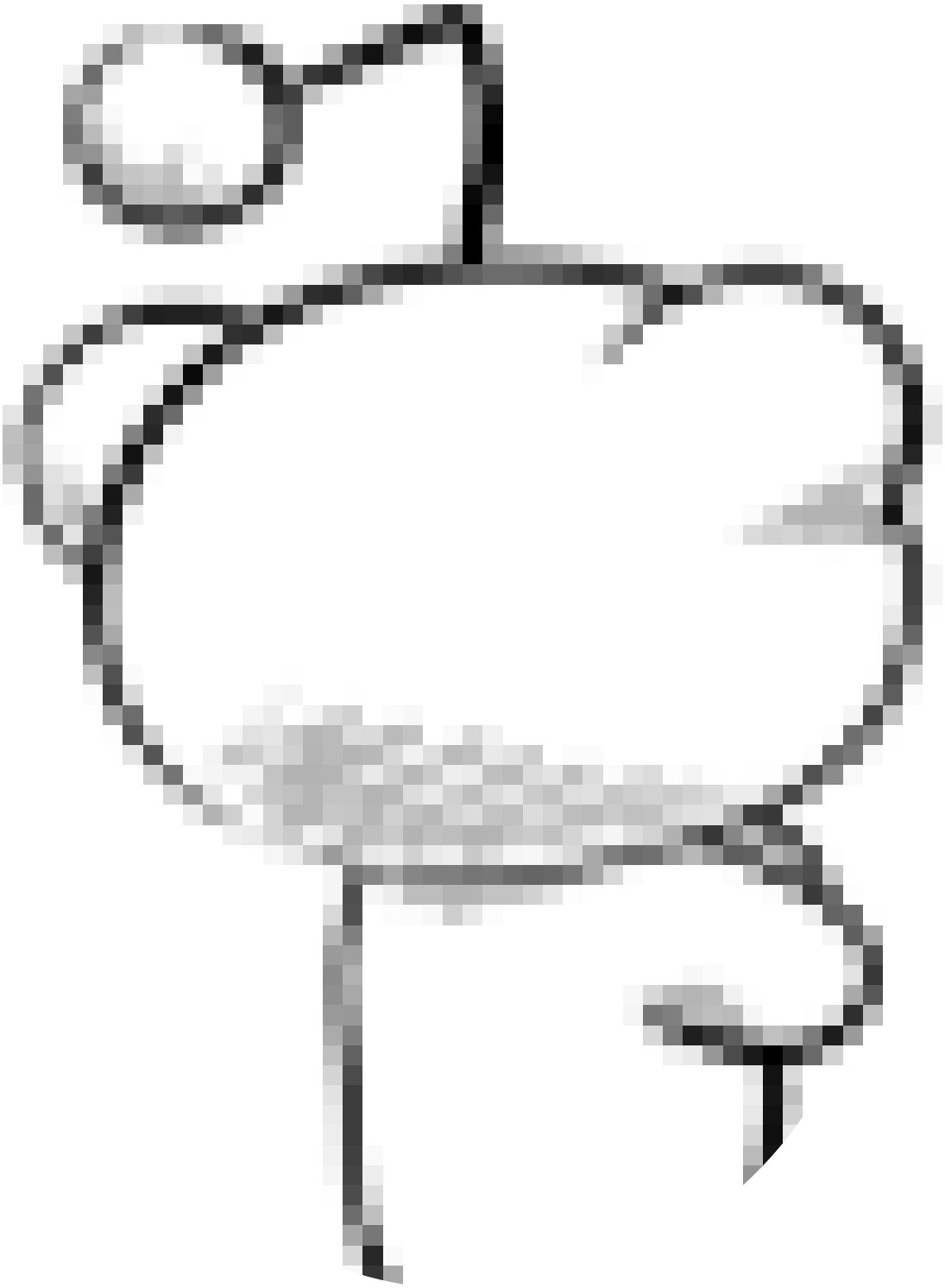

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â€¢ 14y ago

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Tonyjay54
â€¢ 14y ago

I was a Police officer in London Uk back in the 80s. I was on protection work guarding a government ministers home. It was 0200 in the morning and I opened the front door to check the perimeter and I saw a young boy standing in the street. He was dressed in Edwardian clothes of a flat bakers boy cap, a jumper and knickerbockers, he was also bouncing a football. He smiled at me and at first I thought that there was a film crew nearby as this part of town had many Victorian mansion type properties in the area. I said " Hi what are you doing around here " he just carried on smiling and bouncing the ball, then I noticed that the ball was making no sound. I then noticed a lady stand about 10 yards behind him, she also was dressed in an Edwardian style dress. She waved at the boy indicating to him as to follow her, he turned and looked at her then turned again to smile and wave goodbye to me and they both vanished . It was as if I had walked into a time slip , I know that I was awake as I asked my control for a time and radio check. Did I see a ghost, I don't know ????

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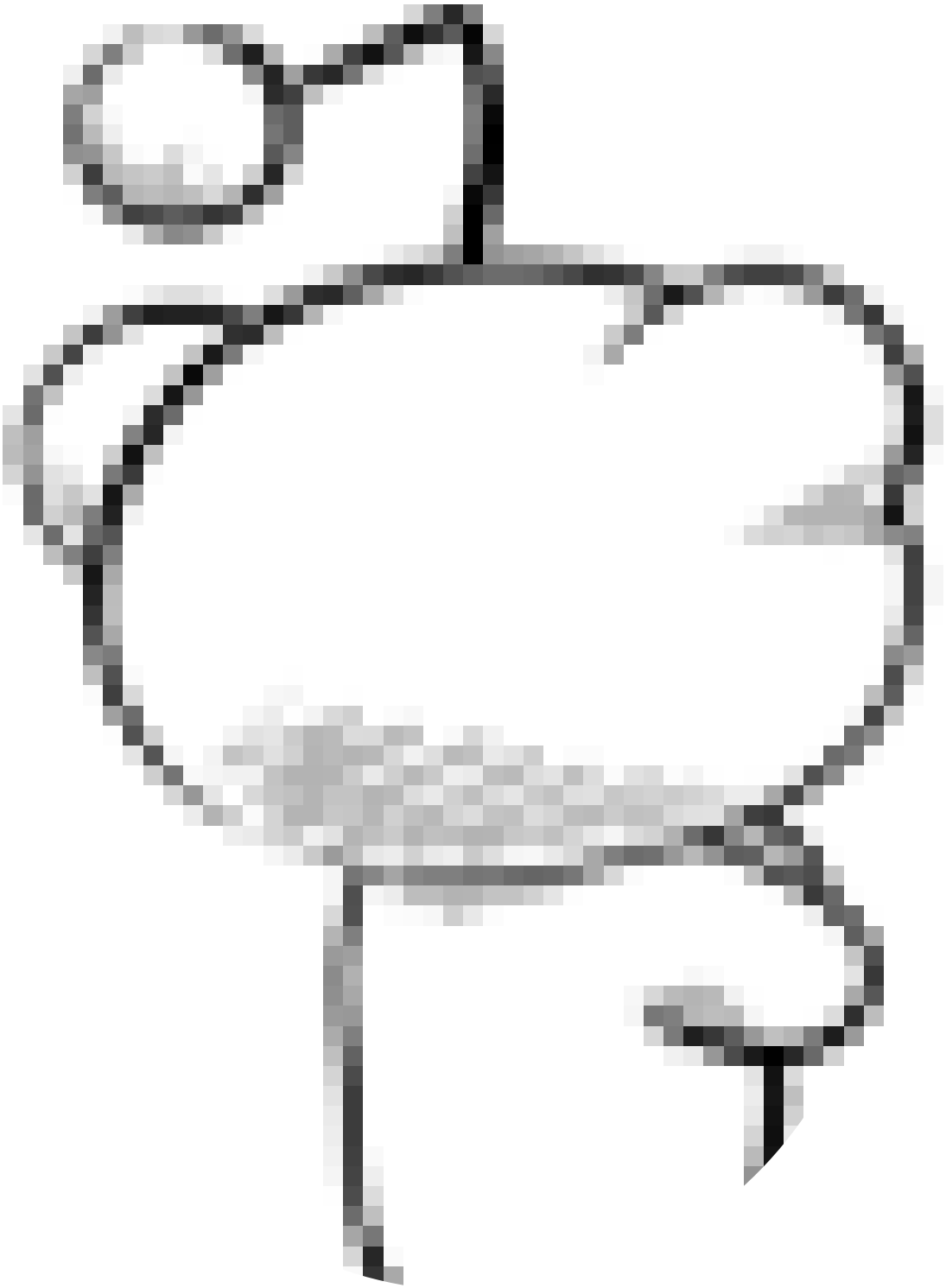

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â€¢ 14y ago

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Lifebyryan_filmmaker
â€¢ 14y ago

I used to work at a hotel as a porter, one of my jobs was to set up conference rooms for the next day.

There was one room i absolutely hated setting up, it was on a basement level and far away from any other hotel area, soon as you walked down to this area you could feel this chill in the air like something wasn't right. I manned up and just sped though the set up everytime i had to do it but then one day i started feeling like something was seriously watching me from the other side of the room and when i left in my mind but so damn clear, i kept having this voice saying, 'what are you doing here', 'get out get out get out!', then also in my mind i had this picture of this hunched over thing running me out of there.

From then on i changed my shifts so i never had to go down there and if for some reason i did, i would have people with me always. I never told them why.

NOW heres the kicker, one day standing out outside saying goodbye to a Polish colleague who was leaving his job that day, we're all talking about what he's gonna miss etc..... he pipes up and says, 'well atleast i won't have to go down to Wesses Suite ever again, there's something down there' i ask him to explain, he says the exact same thing as i felt. EXACT

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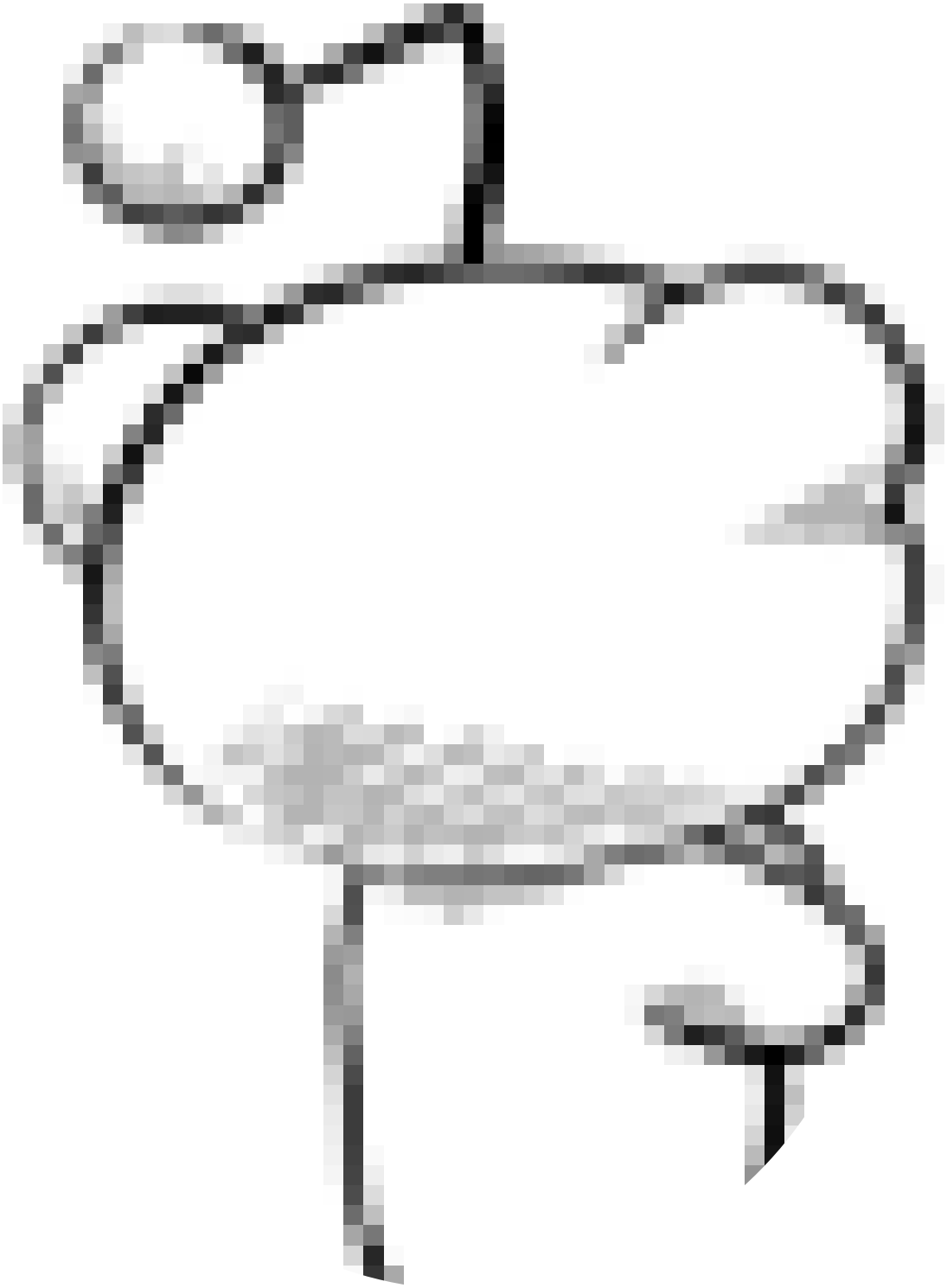
Giantfreakinpanda
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I was driving west while in the Nevada desert (not Area 51) and I saw someone laying down on the side of the road. So I pulled over, got out, and went over to him. When I got there the person was actually a mannequin. All of a sudden, I blacked out, I woke up the next morning in the hotel I was going to in California, about 80 miles away from where I was. My gps company says I did drive all the way from my house to the hotel. I know I wasn't drunk, and there was nothing missing, not even my car. EDIT: I forgot to mention the hotel manager says I wasn't the one who checked me in, i looked asleep, it was a very tall man. In raggy clothes.



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â€¢ 14y ago

what. what. what. WHAT.

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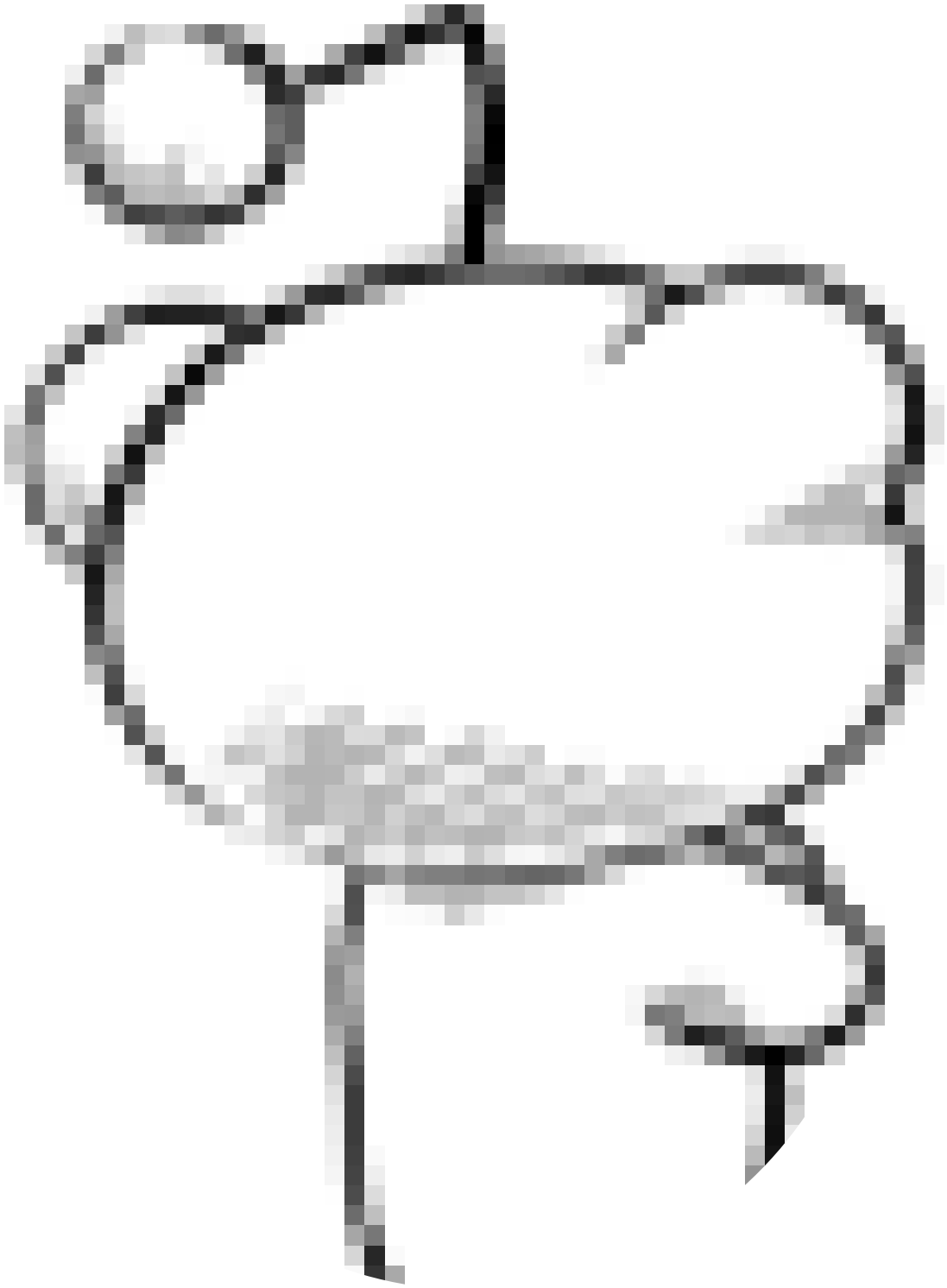

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â€¢ 14y ago

A close friend of mine used to explore abandoned houses back in high school. We found one on the grounds of a isolated limestone quarry, and decided to check it out right after dusk. We started walking a lap around the house to look for a point of entry. The grass/weeds around the house were very almost to our waist, so we were slow moving and very quiet. As we turned a corner around the back of the house, about 15 feet in front of us, something seemed to stand straight up from the grass, as if it had been laying, and pulled upright by string, or like a vampire from a movie. It was pretty dark, but I remember the figure as about 6 foot or more, with a large chest, blood red eyes, with an overall humanoid feel, despite the fact it had antlers like a deer. My buddy was walking ahead by a step, he jumped back and grabbed my hand. We turned and ran, as whatever it was just stood there watching us leave, never made a noise. To this day when I tell the story I can tell people think I'm crazy, and rightly so.

TL;DR found a monster at an abandoned house

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somethink_different
â€¢ 14y ago

Sounds to me like you startled a deer, who rose up on its hind legs out of the grass. I probably would have shat myself and died, right there.

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natetan1234321
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I'm an only child who grew up on a farm with my parents. Nobody lived within 10 miles. There was a gas station up the road but other than that... Nothing.

Around age 6-8 I used to play with my dog Bailey outside a lot and begged my parents to allow me to camp outside in a tent overnight. At first my dad would stay with me and bailey but I wanted to camp out there so much that it got tiring for him and he let me do it alone eventually. I remember many nights out in a hayfield alone with bailey stargazing. I remember waking up one night and noticing Bailey was missing. He never left my side around the tent so it was odd. I went looking for him and saw him laying down alone under a large tree about 30 feet from my tent. I called for him but he didn't move. I started walking over to him while calling his name but he just lay there motionless. As I got closer I realized there was another kid over there with him. The kid said "go Bailey" and smacked him on his stomach. Bailey suddenly sprung up and started barking at the kid like fucking crazy. This scared the kid who started running away. I remember yelling for him to comeback because I thought he looked familiar like a kid from my school named Ryan. All the barking and screaming woke my parents who made me come inside. I told them about Bailey and the kid from school and I just remember them not believing me and kept asking for the truth. As a kid I didn't seem to grasp how unlikely it was for one of my classmates to be hanging out 10 miles in the middle of fucking NOWHERE with my unconscious dog under a tree.

They stopped letting bailey and me camp out.

My parents tell me now that I got therapy for having "bad dreams" after that night. In the dreams I would wake up in the middle of the night and sneak outside to play with Ryan. Ryan and I would go out in the woods to meet his brothers who looked exactly like him. My parents tell me that I said in the dreams his brothers wrestled and "played doctor" with me and Ryan.

I tell my parents to this day I don't remember any of it so the therapy must have worked. That's bullshit. I remember everything. They weren't dreams. I never called them dreams. At least once every couple weeks I would wake up at night and see Ryan outside my window. I used to hope to see him there because we had so much fun sneaking out. I would try to talk to Ryan at school about it but got frustrated that he didn't know what I was talking about. At the time I thought it was because he was afraid of getting caught, but looking back now I realize he must have thought I was crazy.

We moved to a different state for my dads work around age 12 and I never saw "Ryan" again or his "brothers"

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the_scriptic
â€¢ 14y ago

This story happened to my sister a few years ago.

She was in northern California going on a hiking trip with her then boyfriend. They would often go camping/backpacking and this was just another one of those weekend trips. They got started late after work on Friday and were driving on the way to an area not often traveled and it was night time (I don't believe they had even been to this area before). The road was very hilly as it was around mountain area and they were driving up to higher elevation.

Her boyfriend was driving and it was extremely foggy. So much so, it was hard to see just in front of them. With the road being so hilly, coupled with the fog, my sister said she wanted to stop and camp for the night. He didn't want to stop and just wanted to get to their planned destination. She felt adamant about stopping said "stop this car right now, I don't feel safe". He continued to drive. She opened her car door and said, "I'm getting out right now if you don't stop".

They were screaming at each other by now, and he finally reluctantly stopped the car, yelling about it the whole time. They set up camp for the night right off the side of the road.

In the light of day, when they got up, they saw the road, not 100 feet in front of them was completely missing. It was a complete drop off, at least 50 feet or more. There were cars at the bottom all crunched (she never said they looked like new accidents so I assume the cars had been down there a while).

If they had not stopped at that moment they would have surely went off the cliff as they couldn't see two feet in front of them due to the fog. My sister said she just got this sense of urgency that she was in danger and needed to get out of that car, so much so that she was going to jump from the moving vehicle.

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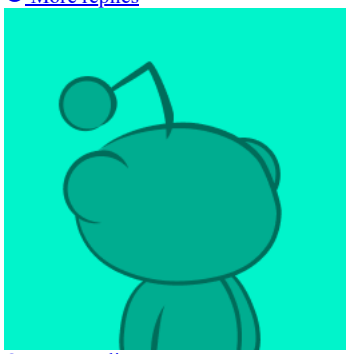

Oxytetracycline
â€¢ 14y ago

When my mother was in boarding school at the age of about 16, she was in a dorm room with 6 other girls. They were all fairly normal, nice girls but nothing special. Except for this one girl, called Meridian of all things. Now, my mom always told me Meridian was extraordinarily beautiful, as well as being very clever and to top it all off a wonderful person. Funny, light-hearted, and loved easily. But apparently she had nightmares a lot and a couple of her closer friends told my mom years later that she'd suffered from intense manic depression at the time, which accounted for long absences away from class she sometimes took.

Meridian was a fashion-conscious girl, and stored all her dresses in an enormous, solid carved oak dresser, one of three in the dormitory sort of room the girls shared.

So Meridian, my mom, and these 4 other girls were all fast asleep in the dead of night. My mother describes what happened next as "The reason human beings find themselves afraid at night."

The girls all wake up to the most blood-curdling scream they'd ever heard. Meridian is screaming like a fucking banshee, and everyone, note everyone, is tucked into their beds, no-one was awake. The giant oak wardrobe/dresser had smashed down on top of Meridian's legs, and they were absolutely crushed.

After a lot more screaming from everyone, the firemen turn up and ambulances with them. It takes them 6 guys, all firefighters mind, and one old schoolteacher, to lift this oak dresser off Meridian.

Everyone was asleep when the dresser fell. The dresser was not close enough to Meridian's bed to have simply overbalanced. No, she did not pull it down on herself while sleepwalking, it was about 4 meters away and would have only hit the floor. It had no fingerprints that indicated it had been lifted by someone in the room. There was never an explanation. If that's not one hell of a creepy reality glitch, I don't know what is.

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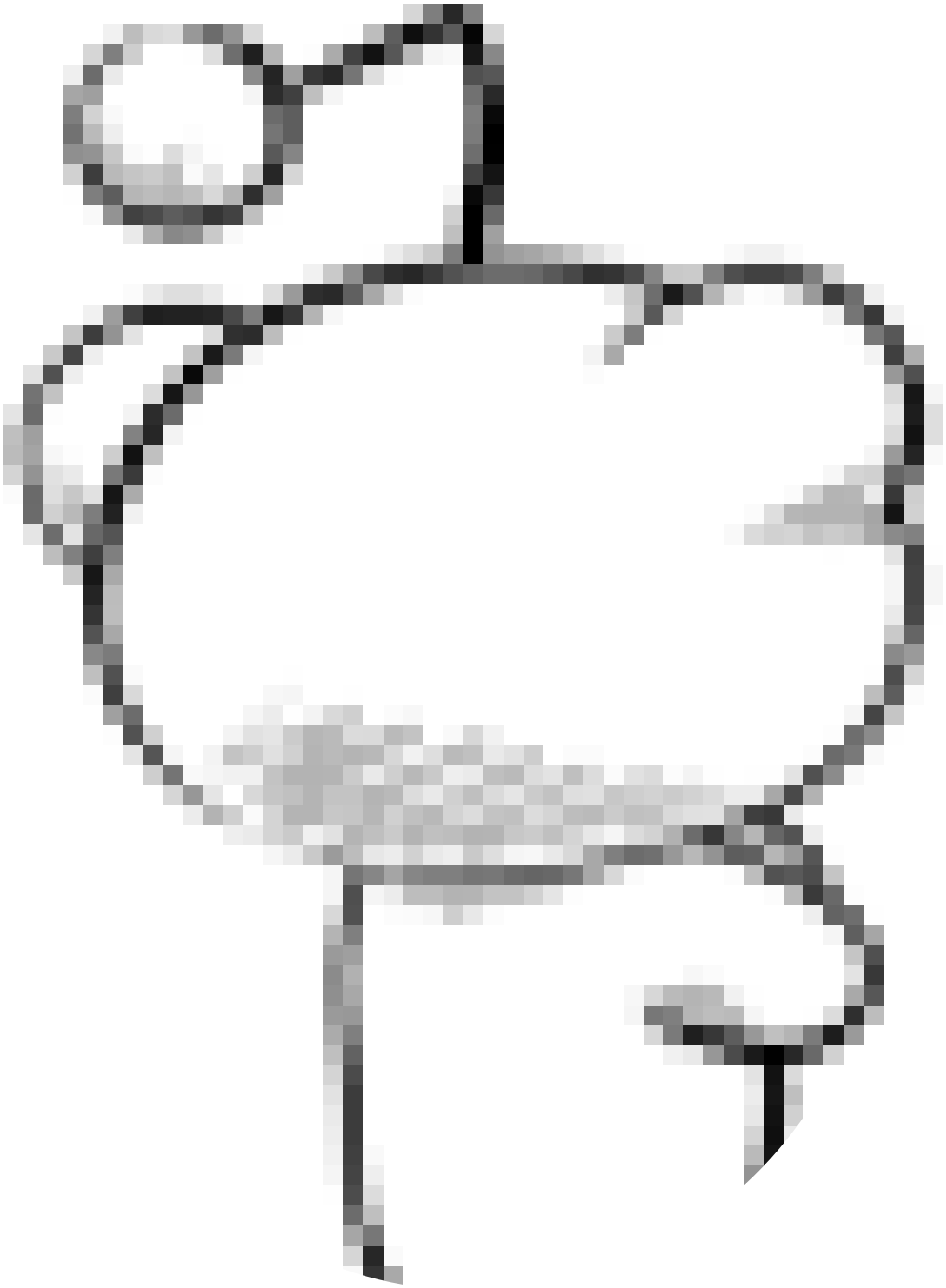

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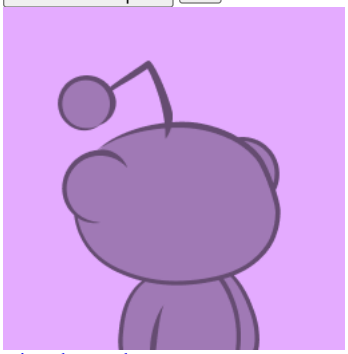

misunderstood_corpse
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Had a very strange experience on a camping trip in a national forest area in Colorado last summer. It wasn't an official campground, but there were about 6 groups of campers along the edge of the forest, all within about 1000 feet of our site. The other campers all had guns with them, and they were shooting them all day long. We didn't bring guns.

About 15 friends aged 18-25 were sitting around a campfire late at night, drinking heavily. Some of the group had done some drugs. We started telling ghost stories (kind of childish, but older kids say scarier shit). We were all scared shitless around the camp fire at 3 am when we heard a pack of coyotes howling pretty far off in the distance. We didn't think anything of it because it happens pretty often in CO, they usually howl after they kill a rabbit or something. After about 10 minutes we heard the coyotes again, but a little bit closer. This time though, immediately after the coyotes started howling we heard about a solid minute of rapid gun fire. We were freaking out a bit at that point because we thought the other people had killed the coyotes (at 3 am). But then after another 10 minutes or so, we heard the howling again, this time even closer than before. Then we heard several gun shots again. It seemed like the coyotes were moving between each of the camp sites and massacring them, and they were slowly getting closer to ours! We couldn't see any of the other camp sites since they were all in the forest, but after this happened a few more times (howling, then gun shots), we all decided to run and hide in the camper. In our drunken state, we left out all of our burgers, brats, smores and beer. We all passed out pretty soon and nobody heard anything, but the next morning the entire camp site was trashed. All the food was gone, some of the chairs had been torn, and the trailer had a flat tire. The worst part is not knowing whether we were actually in danger, or the whole thing was alcohol and drug induced paranoia.

TL:DR was attacked by a pack of man eating coyotes while camping in the woods.

EDIT: The next day some of the other campers had left early but everything seemed fine. Also i forgot that we had determined the flat tire came from a drunk driving adventure earlier that night.

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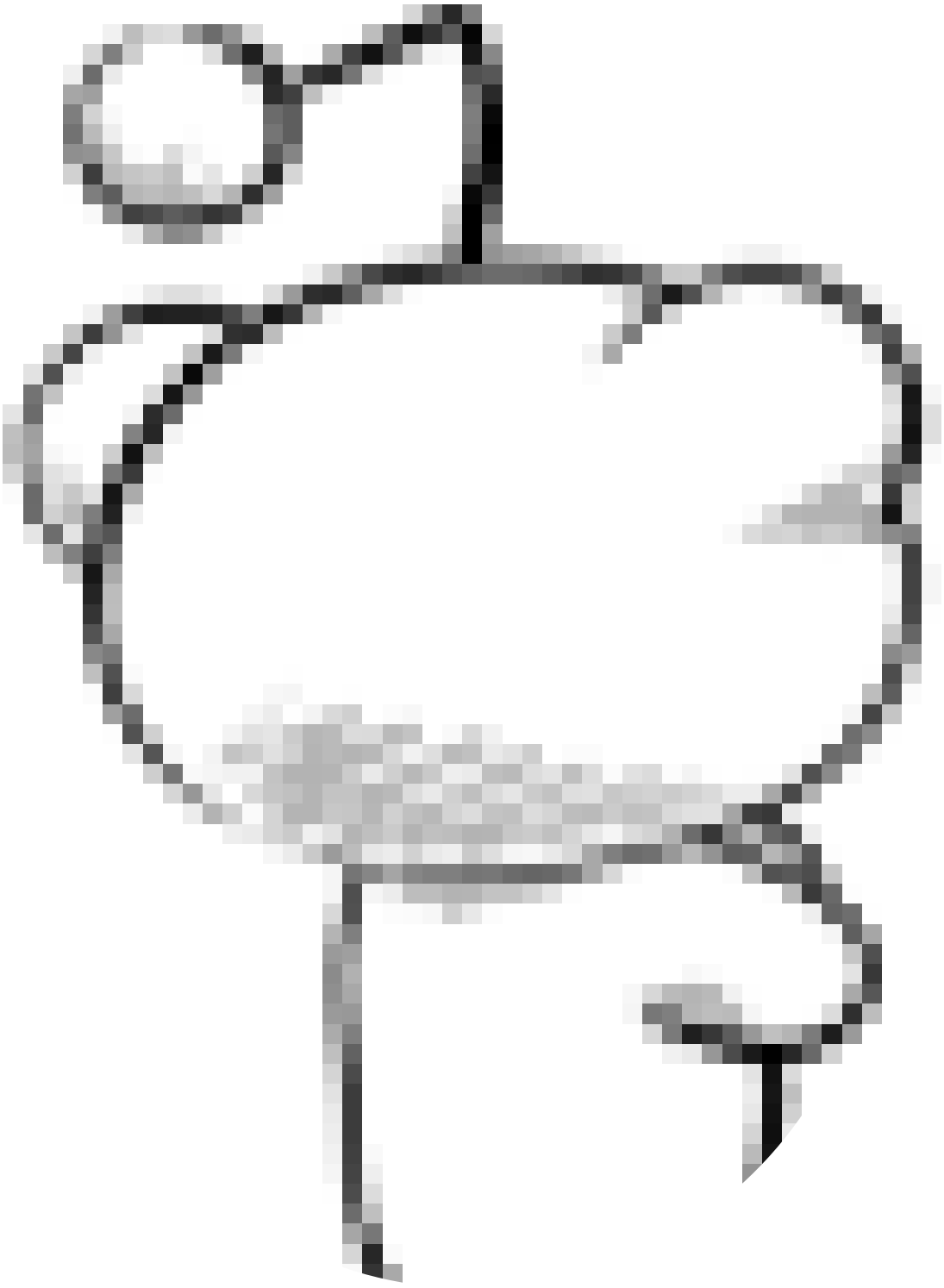

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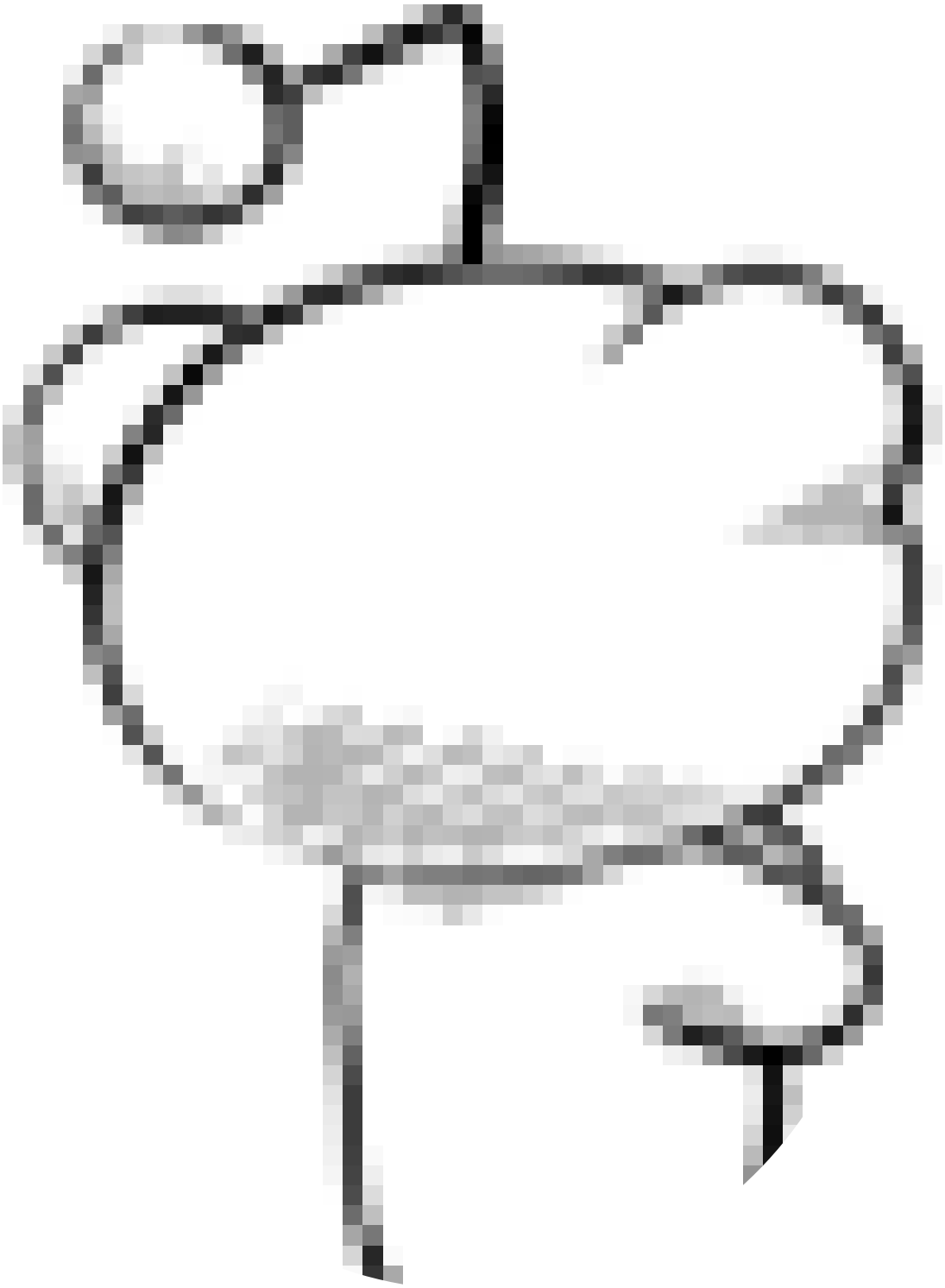

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â€¢ 14y ago

Long read: In August of 2009, I climbed Mt. Fuji with my family. I was 12 at the time. Well we had the whole family which included my 2 younger sisters one of which was 9 years old, which caused us to take practically all day to reach the summit. We reached the summit at about 5 pm and it was getting pretty dark. Well 2 hrs later, it was nearly pitch black and we were making horrible time back down the mountain when our flashlights went out. All 3 of the them in the same 2 minute period. Creepy, but we just thought it was a coincidence. At about this time we saw a couple of lights bobbing down the trail, and within a matter of minutes 2 young Japanese guys, probably 20-25, came down and realized we were lost and needed help and told us to follow them. We made AMAZING time down the mountain and stopped, at what turned out to be 30 yards from the main trail with lots of people somehow hidden, so they could smoke. They told us to just follow the trail and and we would be out and they gave us a flashlight. My older sister and I followed them down, and they took an immediate right onto the trail, when we turned the corner, there was no one. Literally. No one was there. The closest people were about 100 feet behind us going the other way, or 150 feet in front of us. To this day, no one in the family has any idea what happened to them. Also, the flash light has yet to have its batteries die. **teel;durr: Get lost climbing Japanese mountain, guys help us down, turn out to be ghosts, give us flashlight with invincible batteries.**

Ninja edit, wanted to turn it into nessie post but didn't want to ruin the story.

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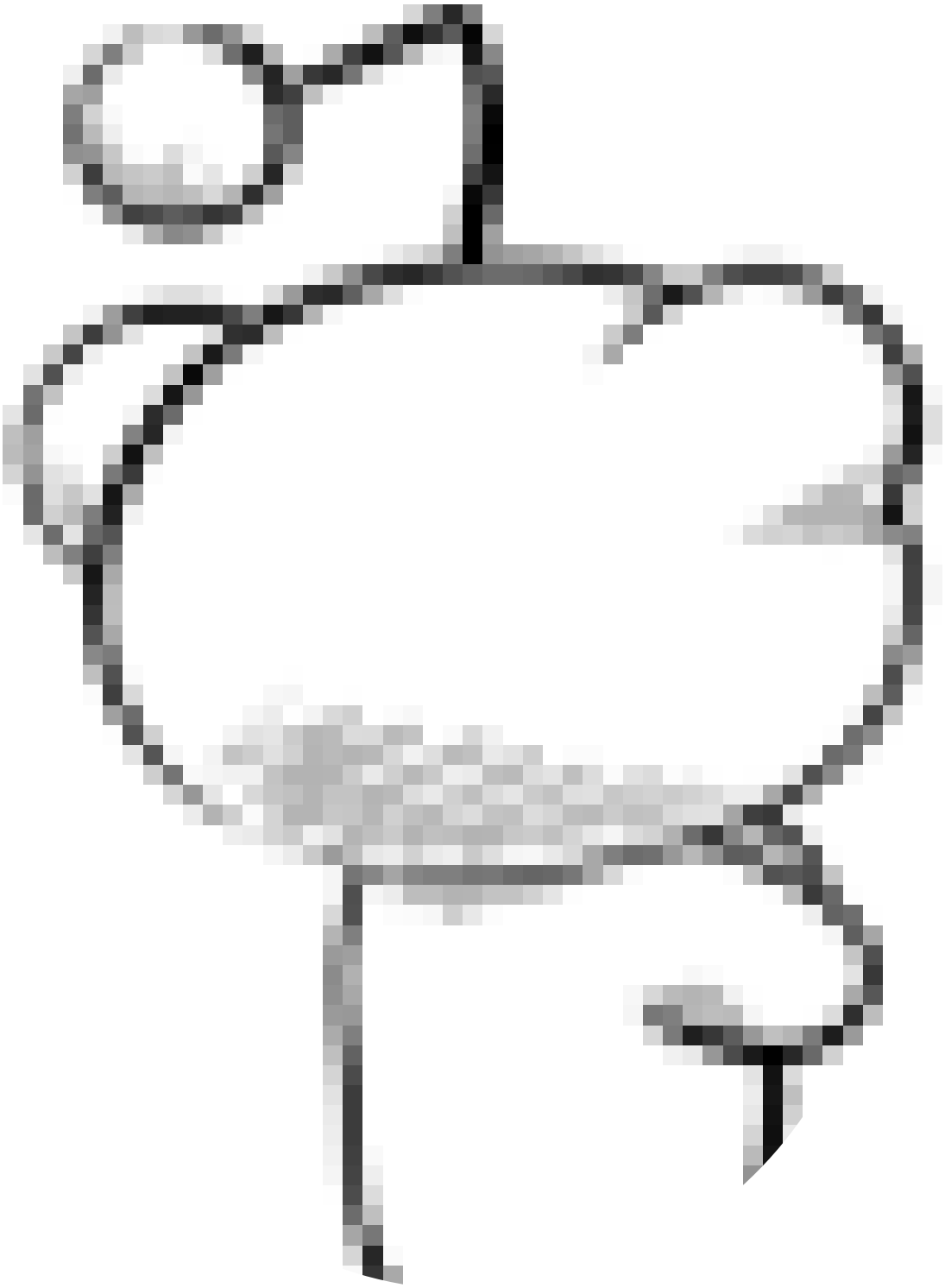

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â€¢ 14y ago

Are you aware that Aokigahara, or the suicide forest, rests at the base of Mount Fuji? Just a fun fact.

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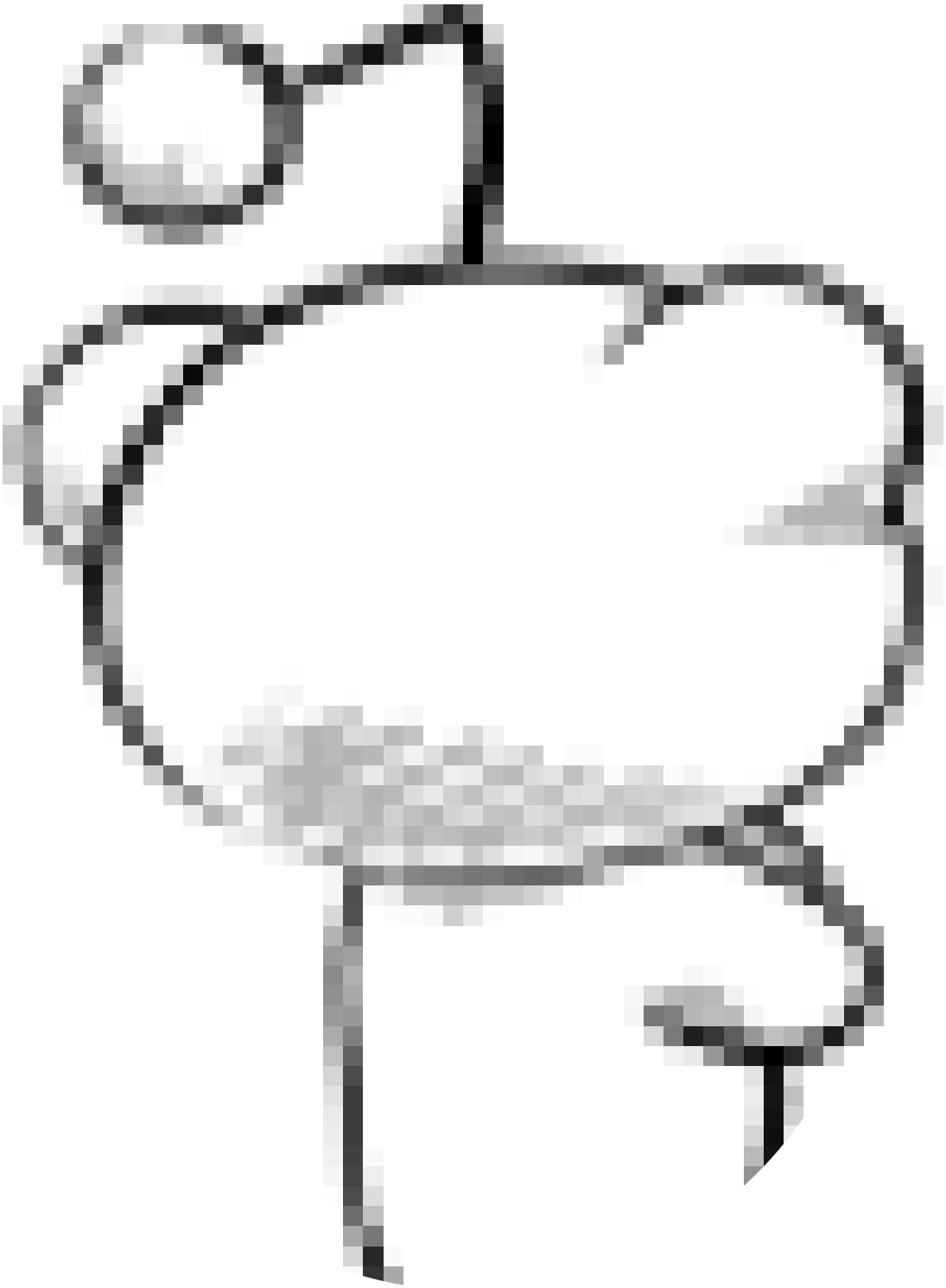

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mobzoe
â€¢ 14y ago

So I was a home birth. My father delivered me with the help of a midwife. I was born in a residential address outside of Dallas, Texas. I was born in the middle of the afternoon. My parents claim that right when I was born the power went out on our block. But here's the weird thing. It wasn't the transformer or anything that they could figure out. It was our house and a few others. Not the house right next to us. Not the houses connected to the same power line or anything that they could ever figure out. It went out for a little bit then came back on. Huh.

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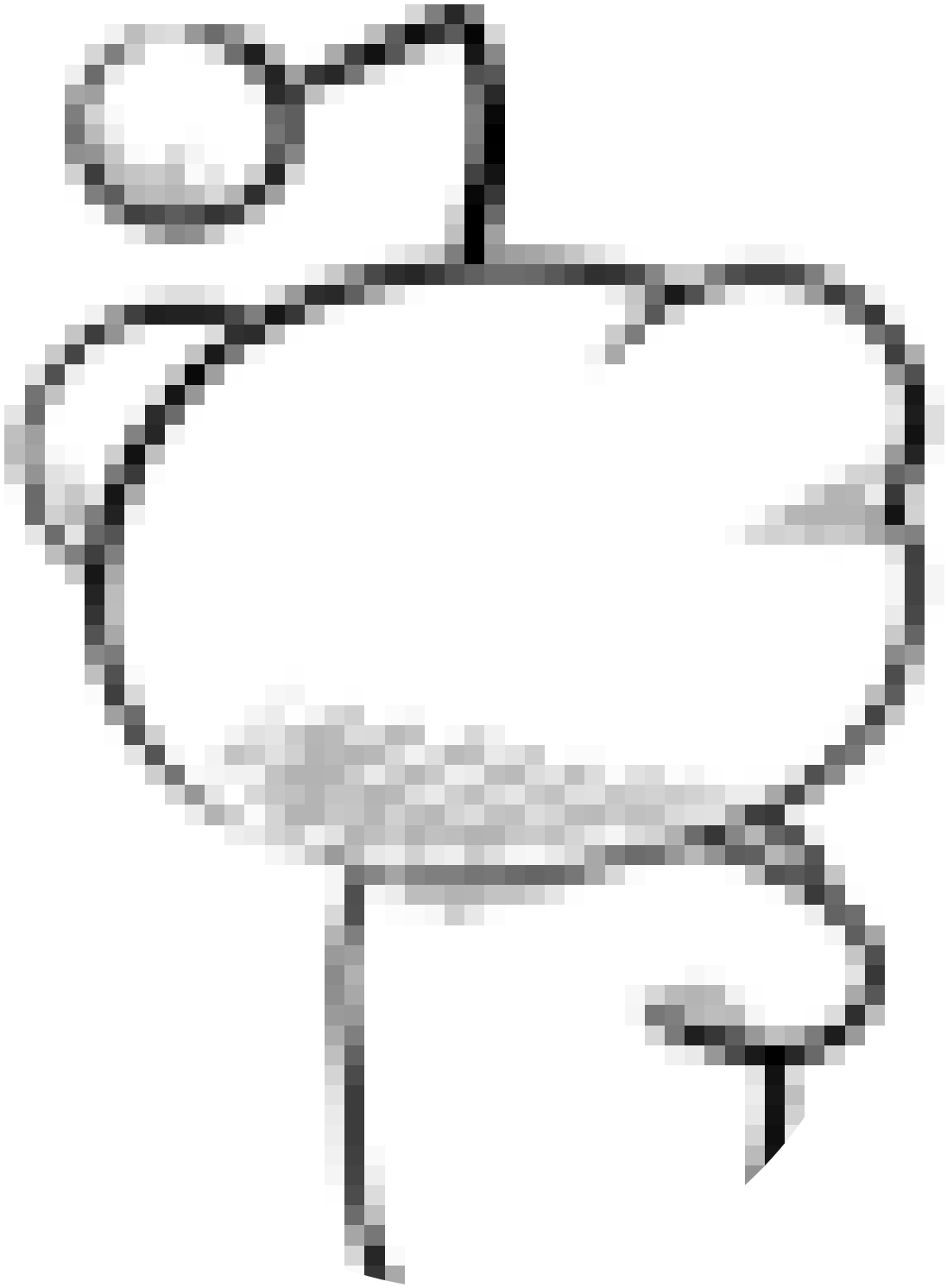

dannydrak
â€¢ 14y ago

My grandfather passed away when I was young, maybe around 7-8 years old. We all traveled up to Ohio for the funeral and subsequent reception at my grandparent's house.

The house was pretty unremarkable. From the street it looked like a single story but had a basement. The backyard was a decent size, was fenced in and didn't face the any streets.

The basement was unfinished other than a bathroom. My grandpa had his own sort of man cave area down there with an old TV, a huge collection of National Geographics, some crappy section of thin carpet, and various bric-a-brac on what looked like old kitchen cabinets.

The whole family and friends are all together at the reception eating, drinking(as we Irish are wont to do), etc. The bathroom on the main floor was occupied so I think nothing of it and head for the basement door. Being a kid I was up and down those stairs enough to drive my grandparents nuts.

I open the door and step through while turning to close it behind me. I believe the light switch was actually located at the bottom of the stairs and naturally all the lights are off.

I take a few steps down, my view clearing the overhang above the stairs, and I freeze dead in my tracks. Over in my grandfather's area there's a silvery diamond shape that looks like chaotic water floating around in the general area. The shape was probably about a foot off the ground, four feet tall, 2 feet wide, and 2 dimensional.

I stand there frozen for several seconds, knowing that something is there. Breaking my freeze I fly up the stairs, throw the door closed behind me, find my sister, and proceed to hide under a table with a tablecloth. After calming down after a few minutes we go back to check.

Not a thing. Everything is as it should be in the basement.

When writing this I reflect back on a few things. Whenever I tell this story I get goose bumps and chills, as it was that profound of an experience. The spot where I saw the form was pretty much under the room my grandfather died in. There were some small windows(1' x 0.5') that faced the backyard at ground level, but this was not a cast light.

The form itself did not shed any light, but was light. It was not the same effect as staring into a light bulb and then looking away. While my gaze was static it was clearly moving and had a surface motion that I can only best describe as white caps on the ocean.

This will be burned in my memory until death.

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CausesSlaughter
â€¢ 14y ago

Well, the least explainable thing I have, me and my sister moved to this apartment, it is old but newly renovated, I sleep in the living-room area and the sister gets the other room with the door, so she can sleep in complete silence. So, this room she gets, it smells awful at first, we use a lot of soap and fragrance thingies to make it livable, the smell returns. We wash it from floor to roof, all the cupboards and walls with the strongest washing materials we can find. The smell returns. The room smells like a rotting corpse, so it's nasty. My sister gives up, and moves out. Suddenly the room smells like nothing. Basically, the room hated my sister, so it forced her out... I think..

A few months after she moves out, a friend moves in, the smell stays gone, but now, the room is cold and feels 'wrong' I sometimes she a shadow moving about in the whole apartment, it takes 3 months, and then the room is warm and nice. and we blame it all on faulty wiring. But still, something isn't quite right. I have two cats, when I only have one... As in there is a second cat that only exists at night, she sleeps in my bed, she likes my cat, so they sorta have purr-championships.

I've checked, there is nothing wrong, no leaks nothing that should make me hallucinate this, there just is two cats in my bed at night

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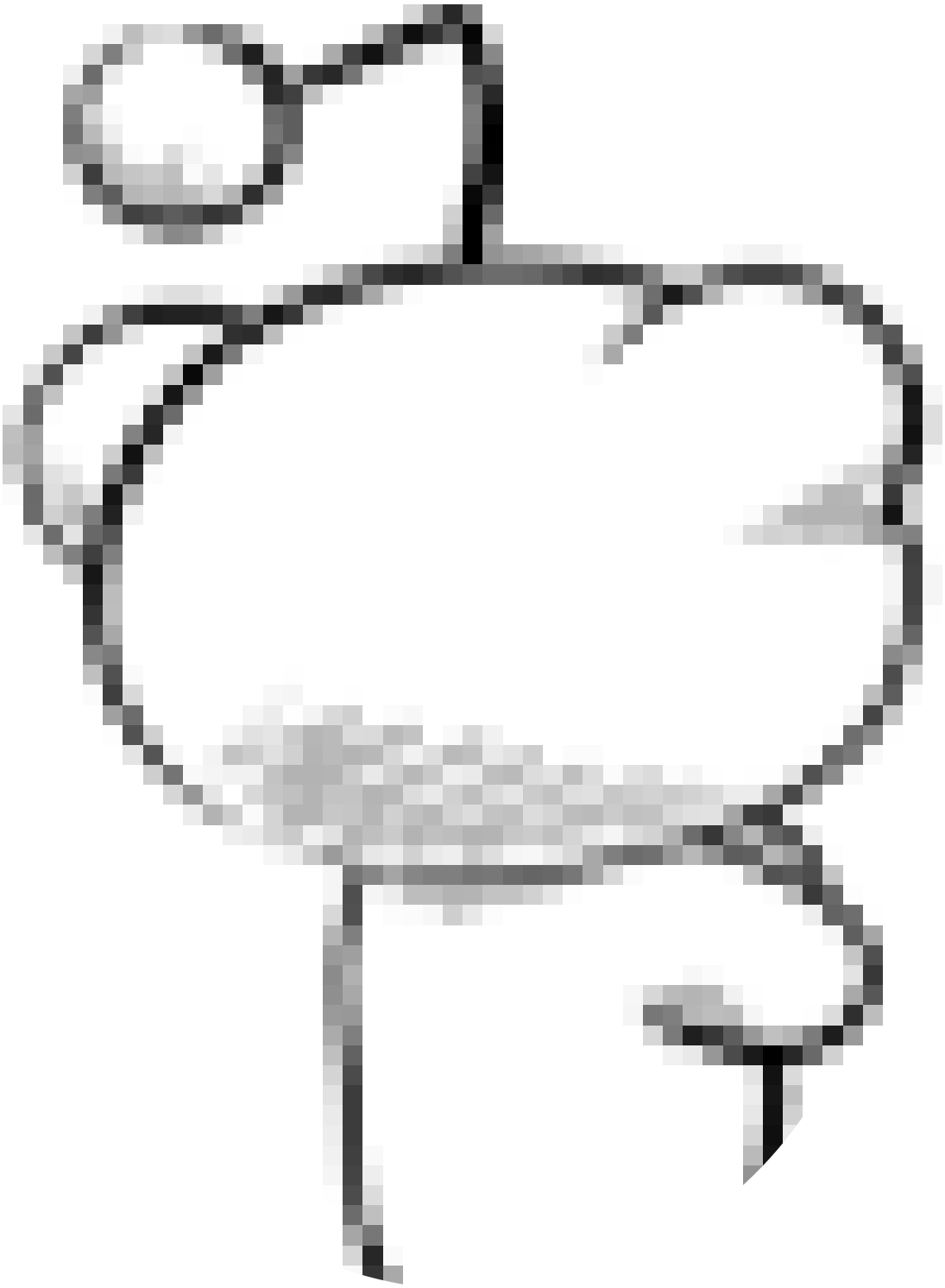

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â€¢ 14y ago

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alexxerth
â€¢ 14y ago

Not mine, but a story my dad used to tell me for quite a while.

The story begins with him and a friend from his high school in a truck, my dad driving. This thing, that could best be described as the rake (look it up, not safe for sleep) pretty much jumped in front of the truck, and was hit fairly badly. They both get out and look at the hood, a good deal of blood on it, as well as a tuft of fur or tiny feathers (he couldn't quite tell) stuck nicely in the grill. He had no idea what the fuck it was and still doesn't, and there was no blood trail leading anywhere or body.

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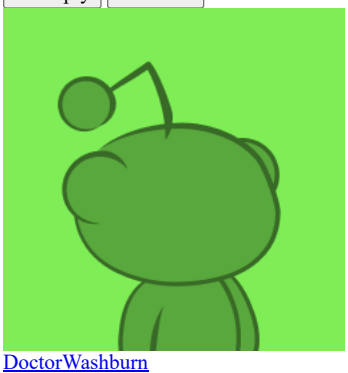

DoctorWashburn
â€¢ 14y ago

Your dad ran over a furry

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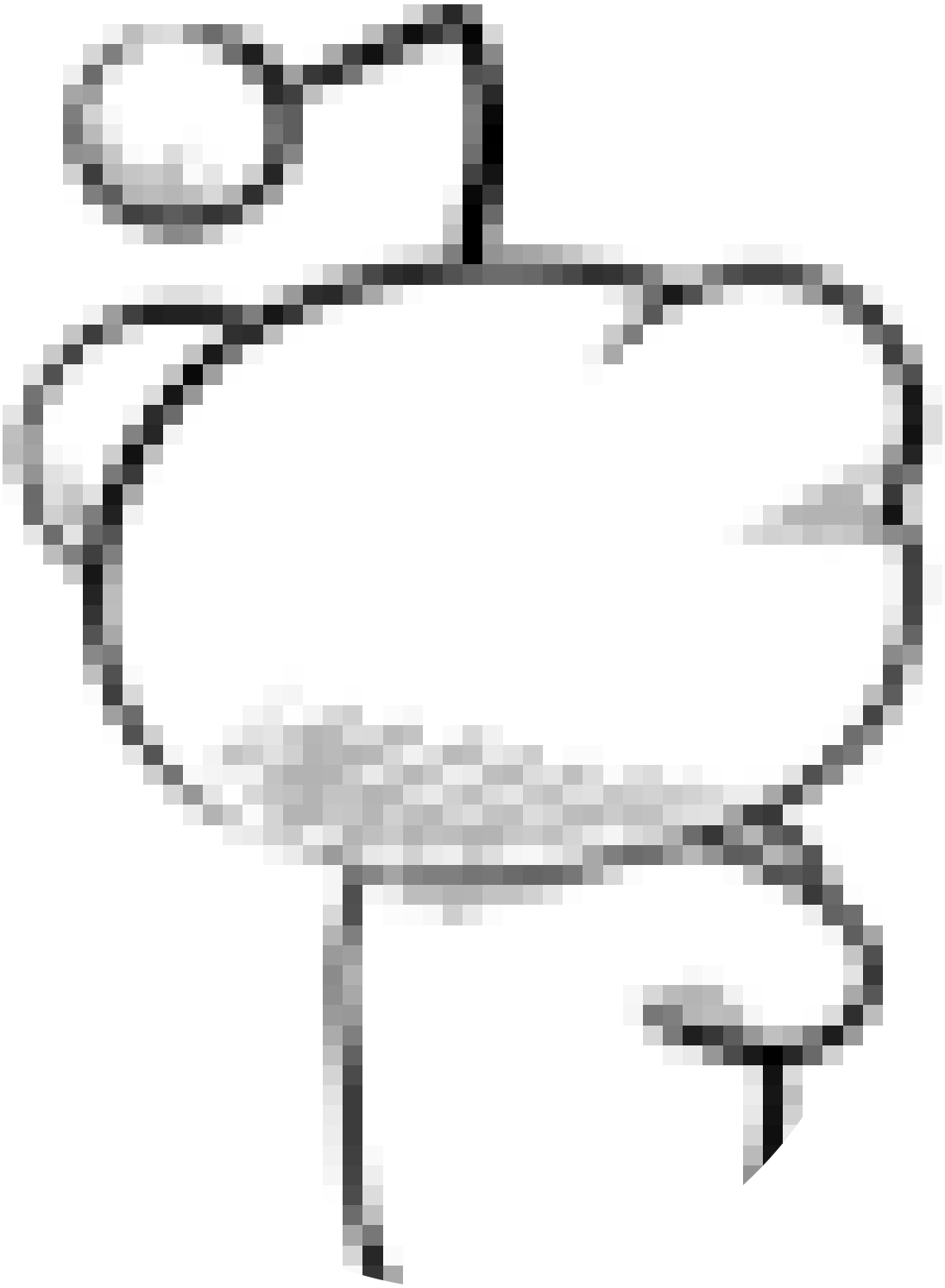

Aarondhp24
â€¢ 14y ago

Changed a tire on my way home for the weekend from Ft.Benning. I was near Atlanta and it was pouring rain and I see this car pulled to the *center* of the highway with a flat tire. I pull in front and decide to help them, and it turns out this is an entire family complete with baby in the back seat in grandmas arms.

As I'm changing this tire, the jack slipped and the rim came right down on top of my hand with the full weight of the car. I put my shoulder into the car and pulled my hand out. It hurt like a son of a gun and was pretty swollen. Nothing broken though. Didn't even bruise.

I've also never broken a bone in my life but I have plenty of scars from bad accidents. Bones of steel? Maybe. Anyways I could never understand how I didn't lose a finger or something.

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razorbladez2112
â€¢ 14y ago

Back when I was very young 7 or 8, or somewhere around there I used to have this recurring dream of walking through a clearing in the middle of a wooded area. It was a very clear image in my mind, especially a log that was almost dead center in the clearly. I think I was 13 or 14, when visiting some relatives of my brothers that I had never met before. They lived out in a rural area near the coast, and I decided to go wandering in the woods behind their house/farm. I swear, I found the exact same clearing that I had dreamt about those many years before. every detail was the same, especially the log in the center of the clearing.

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hamdinger
â€¢ 14y ago

I ate Taco Bell four times in two days, and yet I had a solid stool.

I still remain baffled.

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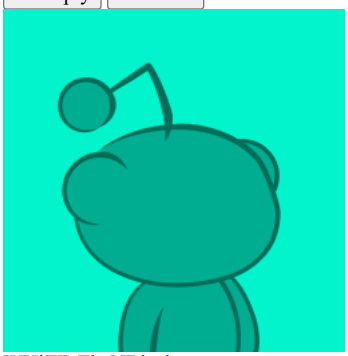

WHiTErTheNBlack
â€¢ 14y ago

Please repost to r/nosleep

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raccooneyes
â€¢ 14y ago

Once I woke up in the middle of the night to some very loud and oddly circus-like music. I searched for the sound and found that it was coming from my laptop, which was off when I went to sleep. I opened it up and the screen was filled with what looked like white noise with bits of color fuzzed in it. Needless to say I was extremely freaked out, so I tried to shut it off. Nothing. I tried for what seemed like forever to no avail until I finally pulled out the battery and tried to get back to sleep. The next day I turned it back on and all was fine, and when I checked the sample music and my own, there was nothing that sounded even remotely similar. Never had an issue with it after that point.

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defectiveburger
â€¢ 14y ago

back in high school, my parents went out of town for the weekend, and left me with one of their cars to drive instead of my junky beater. The night before they left, I had a dream I was driving their car, and got t-boned. When my parents left, my dad says jokingly "Don't wreck the car, or we'll kill you!". He'd had a dream the same night that I'd gotten in a car accident in said car.

Things are getting a little odd at this point. I think nothing of it, drive around, and get t-boned by a drunk driver who ran a red light. So my dad and I both have dreams I wreck their car in the same fashion, then it happens. This is freaky and weirds me out. THEN the really weird thing happens...

Monday morning, go back to school. In first period, my super crush (now husband) rushes up to me and says "Defectiveburger, are you ok? I had a nightmare you got in a car wreck." Then proceeds to tell me all about his dream - which he'd dreamt the night before the wreck. He got the location, car make/model/year/color correct, manner of impact, impacting vehicle, everything correct. This is weird - he and I knew each other for ~3 months at the time, were friendly at best, and he had no knowledge I even owned a car similar to the one involved in the accident.

Tl;dr: Myself, my father, and my (now) husband all had dreams about a car wreck that happened the very next day. All dreams and details within the dreams were eerily similar and accurate.

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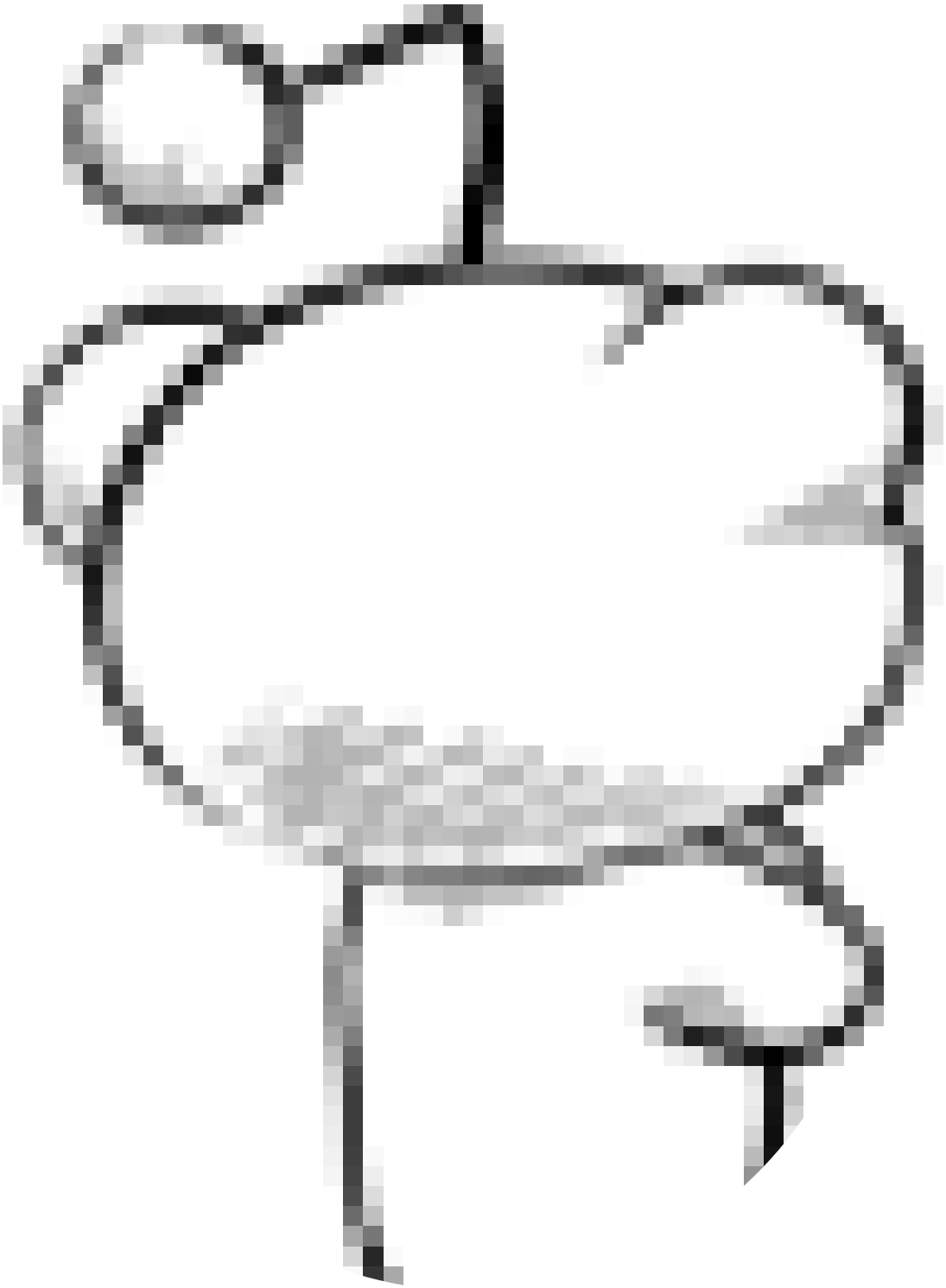

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Megadeth619
â€¢ 14y ago

It was just Gary Busey

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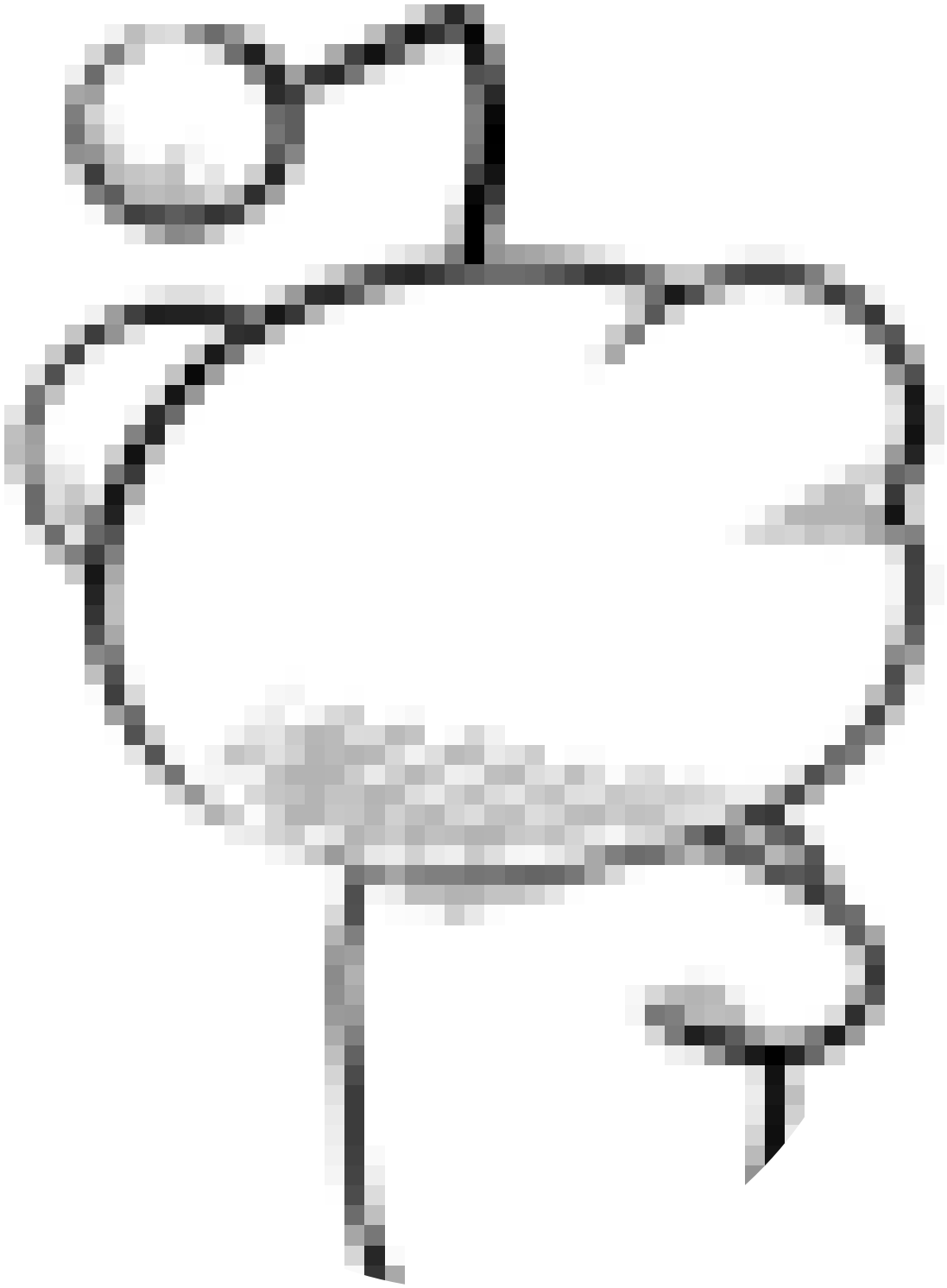

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BubbaFunk
â€¢ 14y ago

Had it just come out of the fridge or something? If it was well sealed and cooler than the air around it then pressure could have been building up while it heated. Might have been enough to pop it open.

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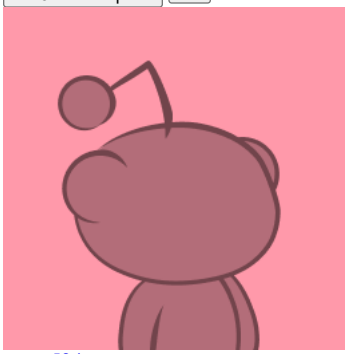

gman524
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm a little late to the party, but this story fits perfectly.

When I was younger my dad would often come into my room when he got home from work, usually late at night, and tuck me into bed. I would sometimes be asleep, but the sound of the door usually woke me up enough to acknowledge him before falling back to bed. One night, I remember hearing the door open and looked up over the covers at my dad. He wad standing at the edge of my bed as he always does, and would soon be moving to kneel next to me. Only this time, something was off...he didn't move, just stood there watching me from the foot of the bed. Now my first thought was that it wasn't my dad, but I knew for certain is was by the shape of his shoulders and the cap on his head. I called his name like he was just messing with me. Instead of responding, he closed the door and sat down on the couch across the room. At this point I was pretty annoyed and just wanted some sleep, so called his name again, only more forcefully. Irritably I got out if bed and walked over to him. Now from the time I put my foot on the floor to the time I got within 6 inches of his face, I had not taken my eyes off him. Yet, there I was, staring at a blank couch. I couldn't move for a moment, as if my brain had shut off. I was alone in that room. I quickly crawled back into bed and fell asleep, but chill I got from realizing I was staring at nothing stayed with me on through the next day.

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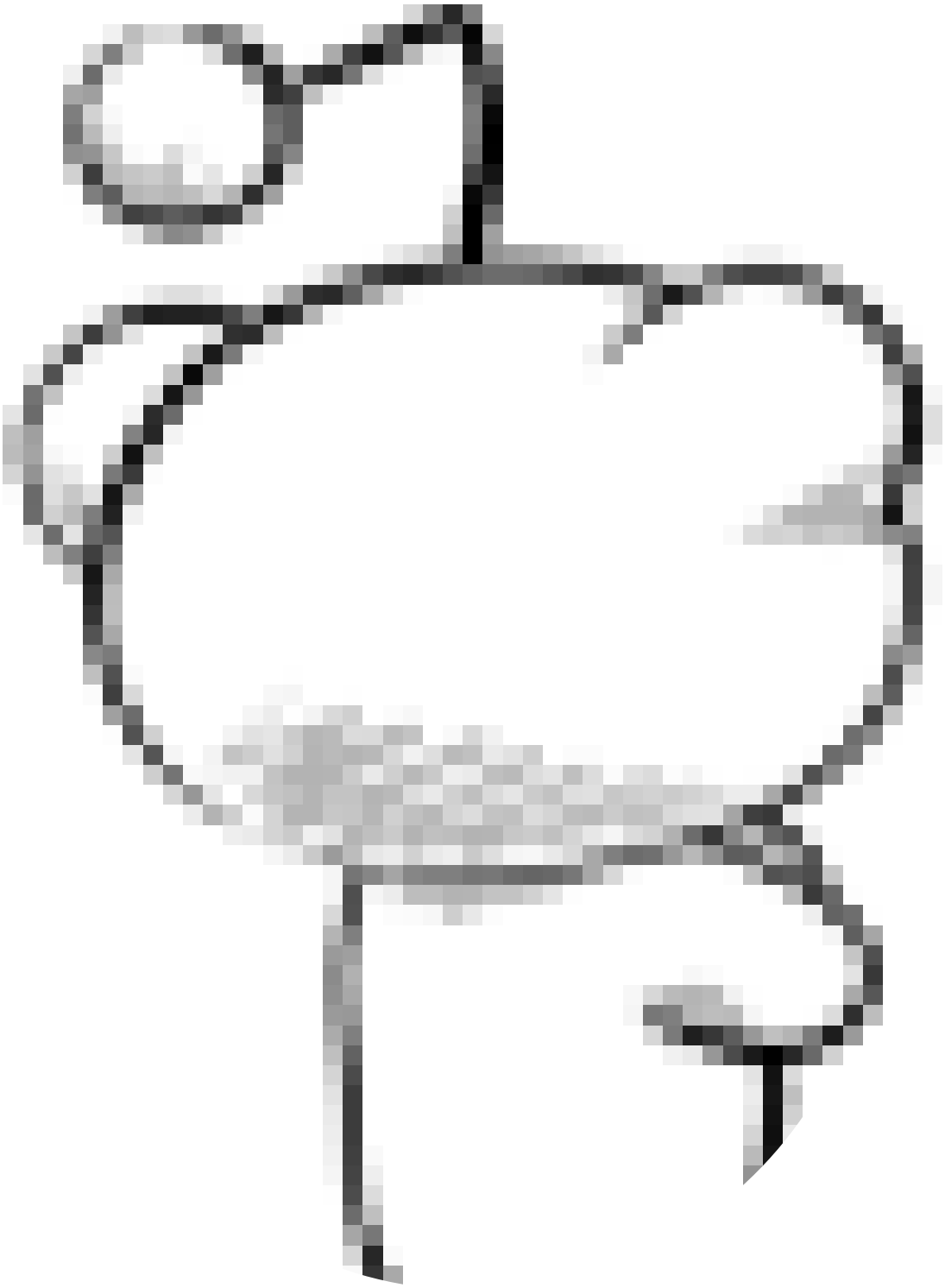

sinnamongirl
â€¢ 14y ago

Once when I was about 12 or so, I walked up the stairs and glanced in the mirror at the head of the stairs, and the reflection wasn't me.

It was a lady with her hair up in a big puffy bun wearing a high lace collar that emphasized her chin and jawline. When she smiled, she had way too many teeth, and they were all jagged and jumbled together, too many to fit in a 'normal' jaw.

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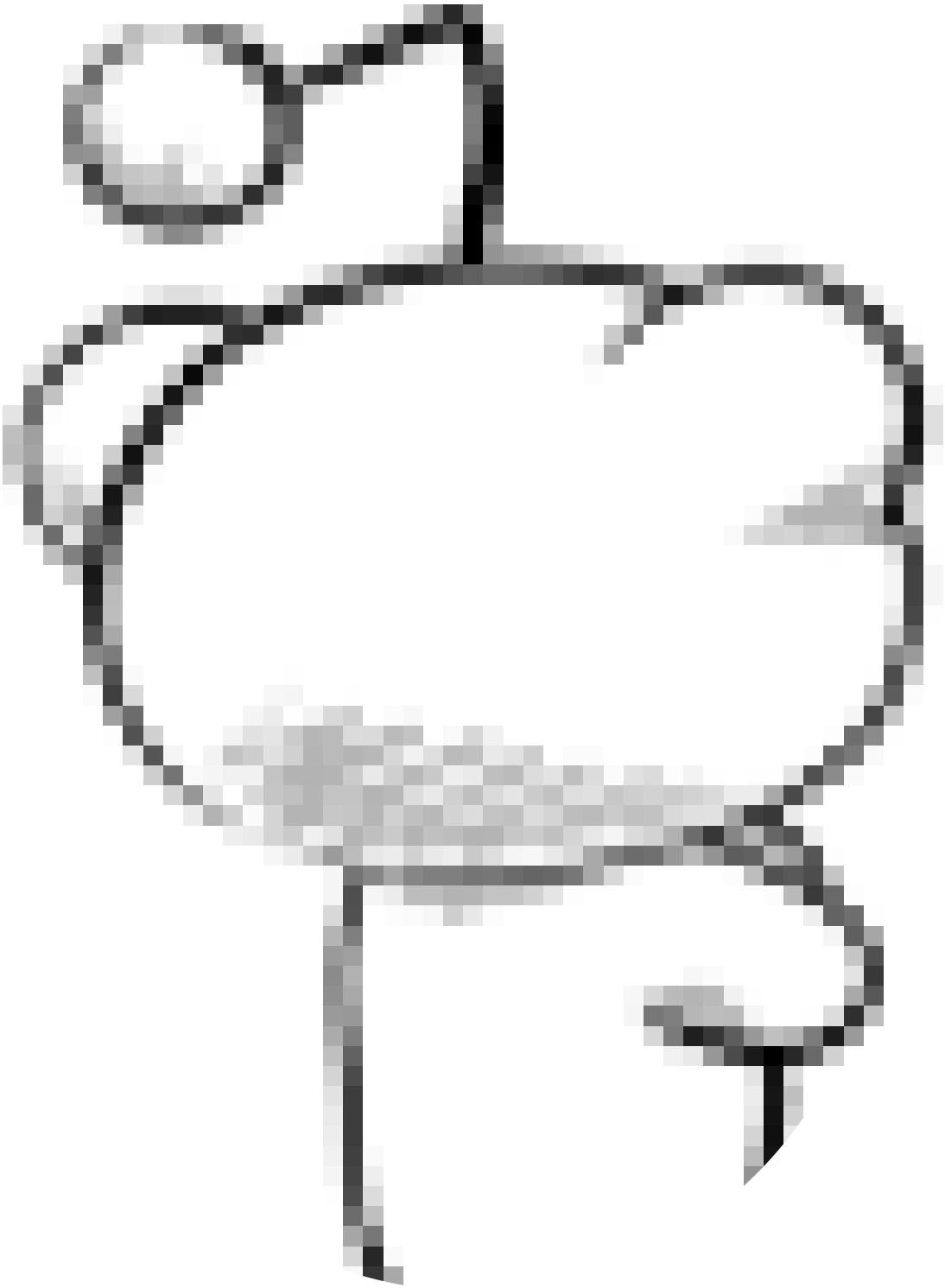

Yangin-Atep
â€¢ 14y ago

Only ever experienced two things I could not explain.

When I was a kid me and my friend used to go on bike rides down by the river fairly often. In retrospect I'm surprised at the amount of freedom we had in terms of curfew given how late some of them went and I wonder if kids nowadays could get away with that.

One night during summer we were riding along the same familiar bike path as always. For much of its length this bike path winds through a sprawling park with lots of trees, creeks, etc.

Near the end of our bike ride we came to a fork in the road that we knew from experience joined up again a couple hundred meters ahead.

So my friend took the left path, and I took the right one, which was the primary one.

I continued on until I noticed something on the path up ahead, silhouetted against the street lights and nearby houses that signaled the end of our bike ride and a return to a more urban environment.

At first I thought it was my friend having got there ahead of me playing a trick on me but as I got closer more detail resolved.

It was, to the best of my recollection, about 2-3 feet tall. Apparently bipedal, and quite hairy, like an ape, it was just standing there in the middle of the bike path facing me.

Still not quite understanding what I was seeing I nervously called out my friend's name. The thing did not react. It seemed to stare at me for a few more moments, then it jumped into the trees on the left that divided the bike path.

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't really go back, as that would mean going all the way back, alone, and potentially encountering other wildlife.

I just wanted to get out of there, so I decided to pedal as fast as I could past the point where the thing had been standing in the path to reach the comparative safety of the streetlights and my friend.

Thankfully I didn't see anything else as I passed that spot.

I joined up with my friend and immediately asked him if that was him, or if he saw anything. It wasn't and he didn't. We were pretty terrified at this point so we decided to ride home as fast as we could.

Now I should be clear. I'm a highly skeptical, scientific person. I don't believe in ghosts or magic or the supernatural. And although I *do* think UFOs are real, just given all the sightings and video evidence, not to mention people I trust claim to have seen them, I don't think they're aliens or whatever. They're *U*FOs, as in, *unidentified*. I figure they're probably experimental military aircraft or something.

Similarly I don't think that whatever I saw was supernatural, but I don't claim to know what it was.

As the years passed I tried to convince myself it was just a rabbit, that I had imagined the whole thing, but I really don't think so.

It just wasn't the right shape/size for a rabbit or a hare, and although I had a healthy imagination as a kid, I don't think I could have manufactured something like that whole cloth and not realize I was doing it. For all my day dreaming I had a firm grasp on reality.

I've thought perhaps it was a monkey that escaped from the zoo; the bike path isn't *too* far from the zoo, but it would have had to cross the river to get there.

The *other* weird thing I've experienced was one night I was sitting in my room watching TV and I heard a deep cat growl. It sounded like it was inside my room, originating from the corner. I went over to check to see if my cat was there but I couldn't see anything. I went upstairs and my cat was sleeping on a chair, obviously having been there for a while.

I suppose the sound *could* have just been a cat outside, but it *sounded* like it came from from inside.

I always try to remember these incidents whenever someone claims to have experienced something strange, and realize that my stories would sound just as loopy to them.

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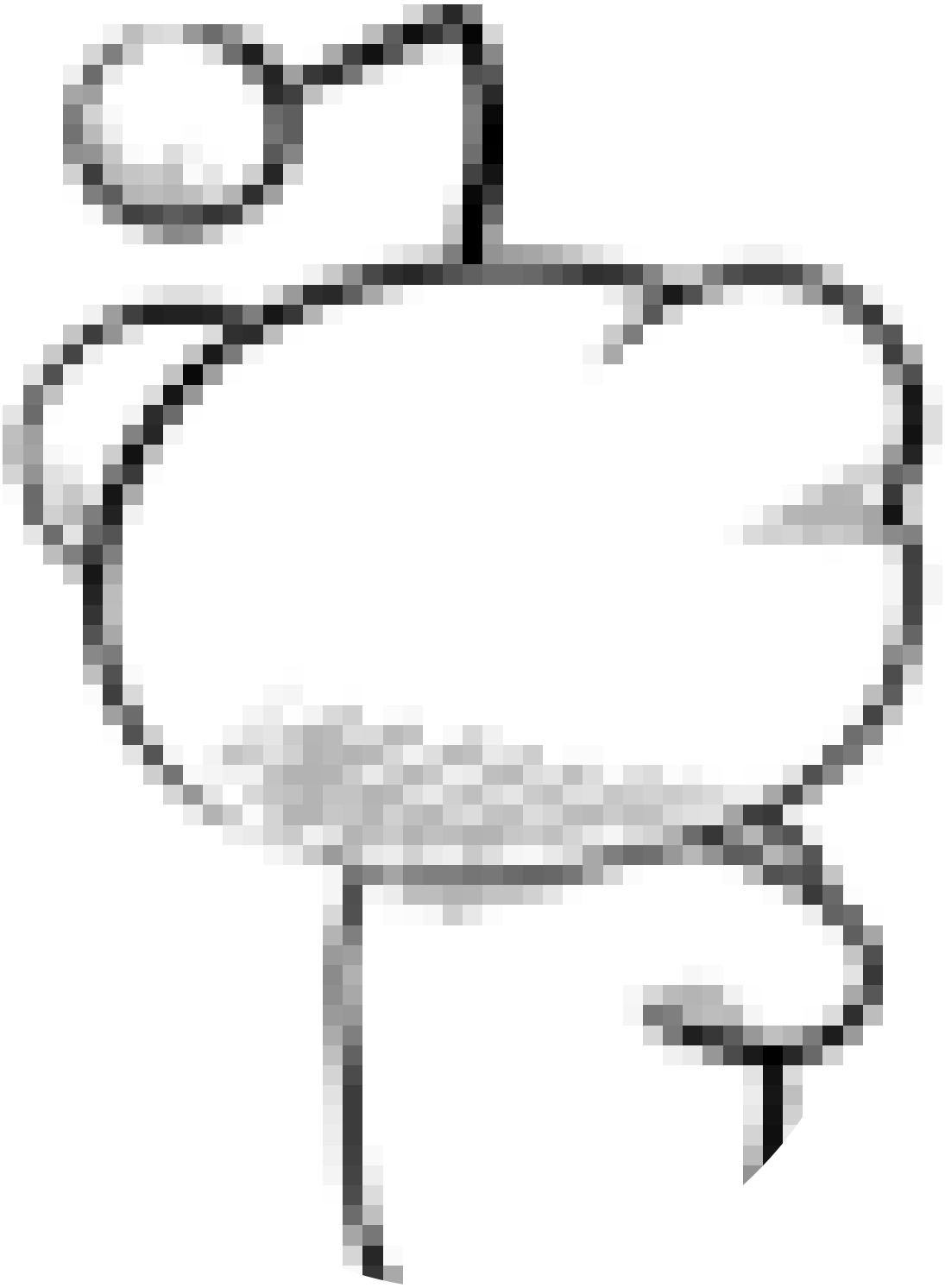

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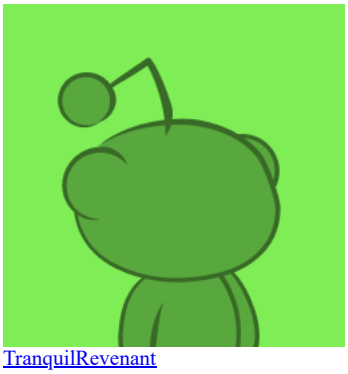
â€¢ 14y ago

Not so much unexplainable as incredible timing. Me and my mates were playing on the Fifa and the such and at one point I just yelled "Oh fuck this" and slapped my chair perfect timing for the power to cut out. We all just sat there contemplating this immense coincidence and then we start arguing about who should flip the fuse box(we assumed that is what went) and I eventually agreed just as I said "fine, i'll fix it" power on again. Timing was brilliant that night.



TranquilRevenant
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in the bath one day when I was about 12, so this was roughly 14 years ago. Anyway, I was chilling in the bath making tsunamis as you do and I realised it was time to hop on out and go play on my brothers Commodore 64 with him and my now brother in law, but I soon realised I had forgot a towel.

So I shout down to my mother to bring one up and directly my brothers room, thinking he was hilarious he starts repeating everything I say but in a childish voice, basically taking the piss out of me. This went on for roughly 5 - 10mins. Eventually my mother hears my plights for help, and comes up stairs with a towel where I tell her to politely tell my brother to 'shut the fuck up' she then tells me that my brother and brother-in law left the house about 5 mins after I got in the bath and she was the only other person in the house.

Needless to say strange shit has occured and does occur to this day, not just to me but other people as well. Used to it though.

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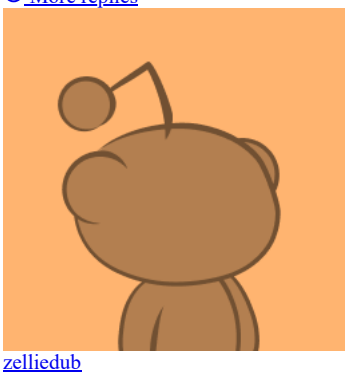

zelliedub
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I'm going to preface this by saying that everything I am writing here is stone cold true. My best friend and I were driving home from a trip to a house my family owns that's about 3 hours away from our house. It's about 1:30 in the morning, and I have school at 11:00, so I'm driving, and one minute I'm driving, and the next minute (or so I thought) I'm going the opposite way, it's 3:45, and I'm pulled over to the side of the road. My best friend and I didn't say anything as I turned around, and got home about an hour later. About three weeks later, I get a text from my friend asking if I remember turning around. I don't, and he was awake the entire time. We aren't speculating or anything, but we think the aliens accidentally turned us around.

Edit for wrong word

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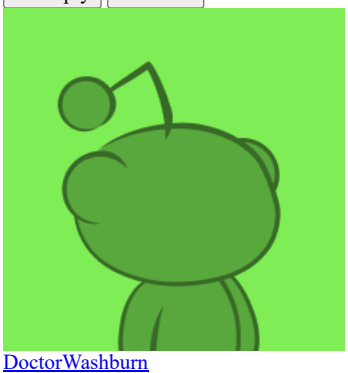

DoctorWashburn
â€¢ 14y ago

> We aren't speculating or anything, but we think the aliens accidentally turned us around.

I kind of feel like you're speculating

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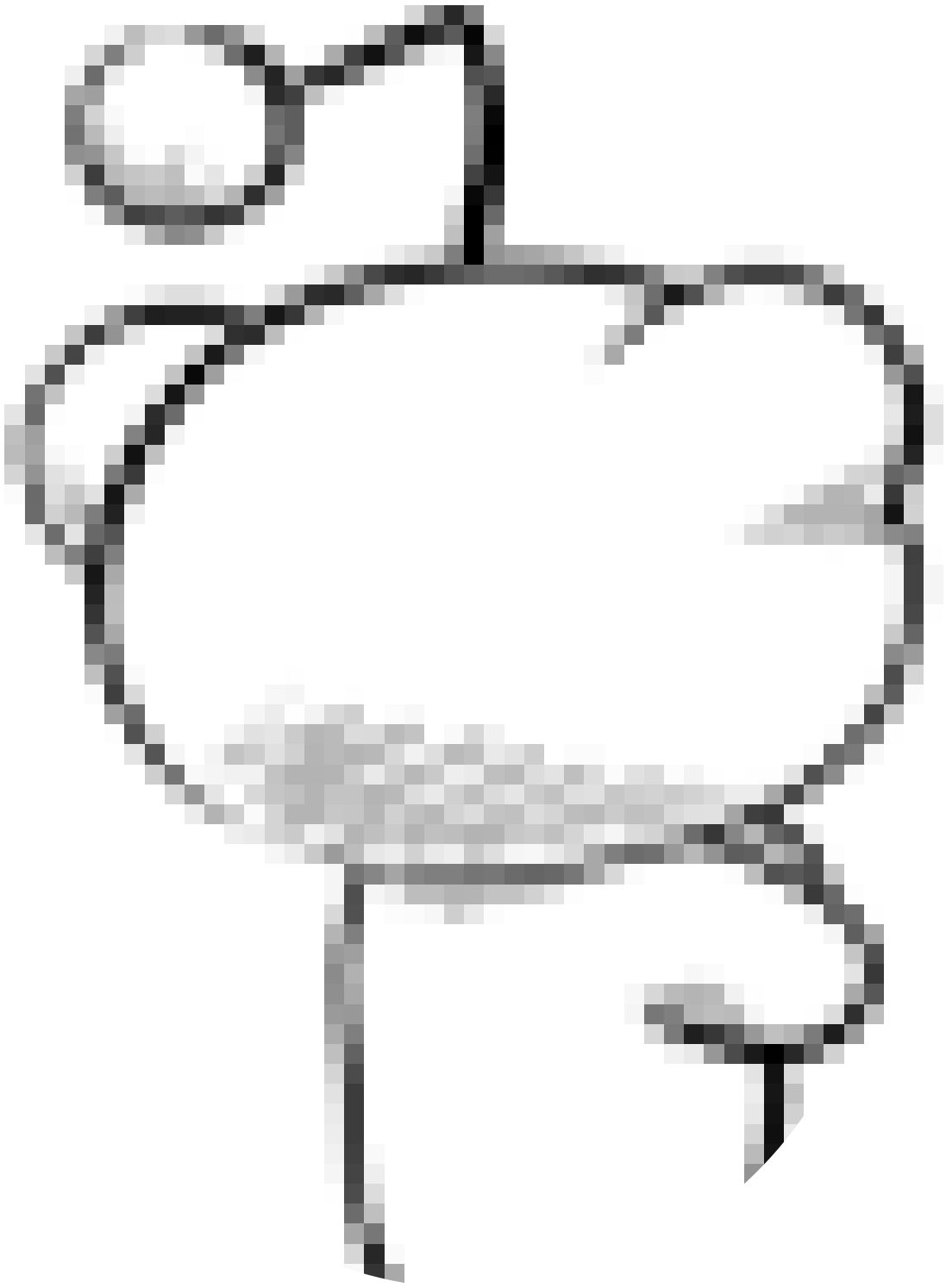

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â€¢ 14y ago

This happened to my mom when she was pregnant with me! She used the phrase 'lost time' but I'm not sure if it's a real thing. Basically, she remembers driving into a city 30 minutes away from our hometown to do some shopping and what seems like minutes but was really 3 hours later, she's leaving it. It freaks her out to talk about to this day. I'm not bullshitting you. In fact, I was hoping to see a story similar to hers on here. So thank you.

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SparkitusRex
â€¢ 14y ago

This happened to my parents. Dead of night on a long highway stretch, nobody in sight. Dad checks the clock, it's about 11. Both parents are awake and 100% sober. All of a sudden, something seems strange and dad looks back down at the clock assuming maybe only a second has passed. It's about 2.30 am.

At least they were still facing the same direction.

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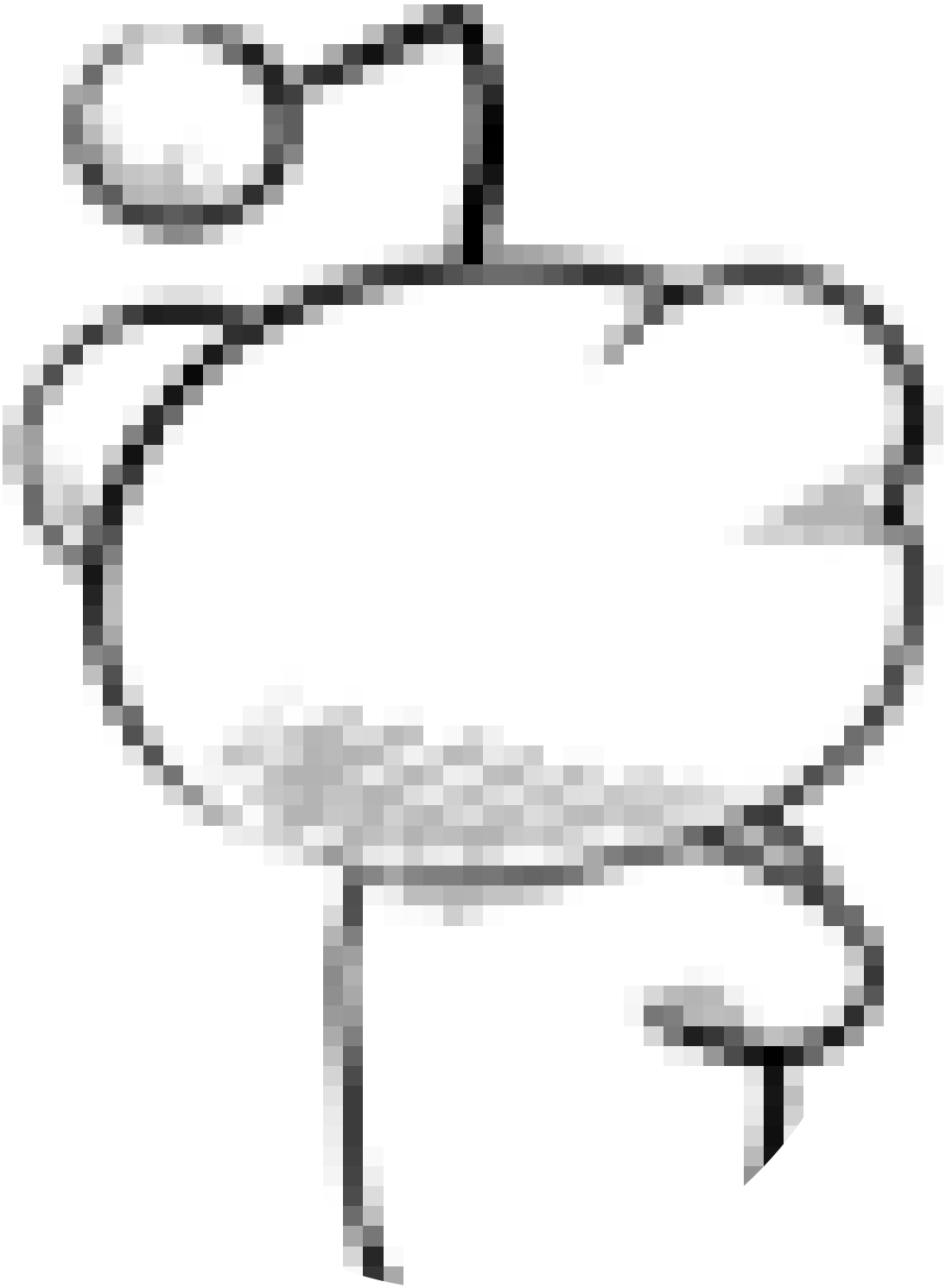

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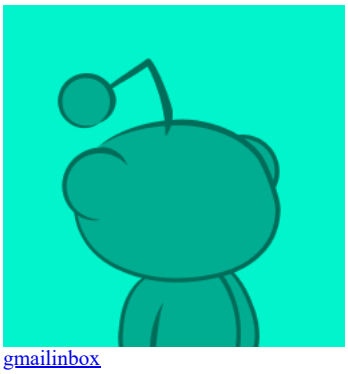

gmailinbox
â€¢ 14y ago

What do you mean famous angels?

Please tell me you bought the book

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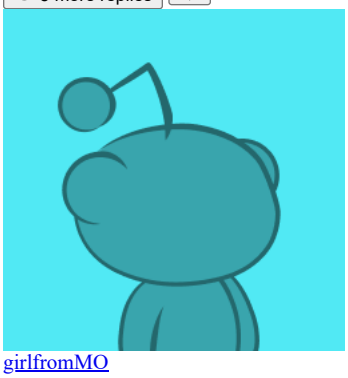

girlfromMO
â€¢ 14y ago

I live in a house built in 1930, one of the first outside my town. It has had quite a history. As a child I would sit in my closet (larger walk in) and talk to a woman in black and a little girl in a checkered dress. My family at first thought they were my imaginary friends until they became weirded out by how real the conversation was on my side. Odd occurrences such as foot steps, lights being turned on and off, and things being moved have always happened. I think back now and remember the woman and little girl so clearly...I just know they weren't imaginary. Only thing I can think of is spirits....

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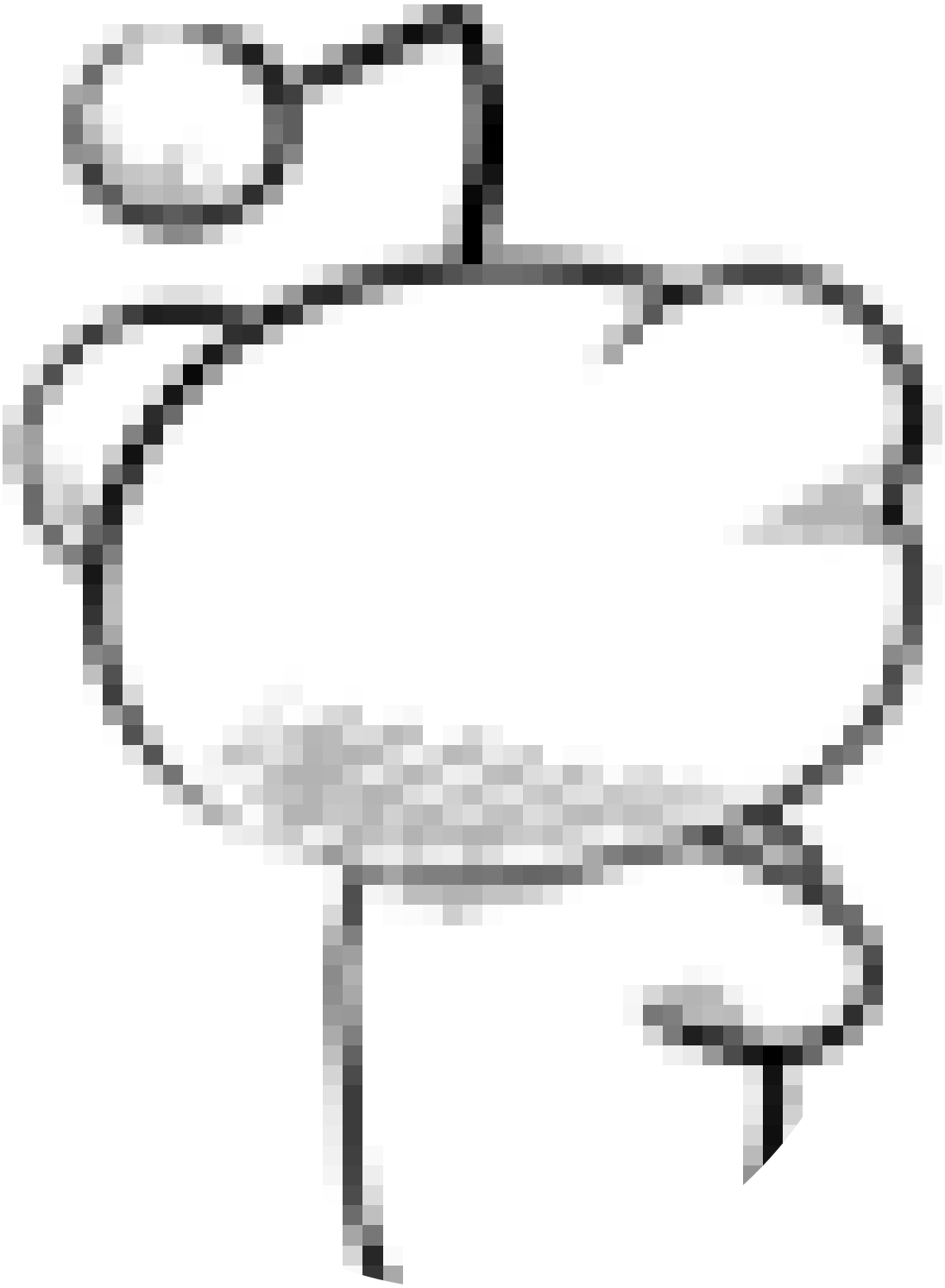

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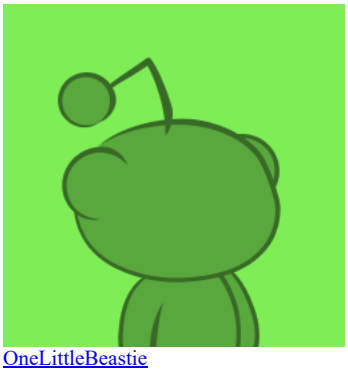
â€¢ 14y ago

Why do I do this to myself? Why do I come to this thread and scare myself shitless!? Now I'm going to stay up late freaking out. Fuck.



OneLittleBeastie
â€¢ 14y ago

Kind of late, but worth telling my husband's story. Note, it took him years to ever tell me this, he hasn't brought it up since, and he got very upset the one time I started to repeat it when we were out drinking with friends. (I am allowed to post it here with no identifying details, though). A pretty big skeptic, I have tried tripping him up on this story frequently. While drinking, just after waking up, during sex... story still stays the same.

Years ago, before even Google Maps, he helped a friend move from Colorado to Florida. It was my husband's turn to drive one night in the middle of buttfuck nowhere Louisiana. Like, drive for hours without seeing another soul and you can see for miles and miles ahead and behind you.

So, he's driving and his friend is asleep in the passenger seat, and all of the sudden from behind the trailer attached to their truck there is suddenly the brightest light ever. Like a monster semi with super-brights is tailgating him, but he's on a long stretch of road and would have definitely seen someone approaching. So, he freaks a little, wakes up his friend, and pulls over. So does the light. He opens his door to get out, and...

The next thing he and his friend remember is getting gas about 100 miles away. Like, just a normal stop. Neither thought about, or even remembered the bright light at the time. They were hanging out drinking a few months later when one brings it up, and neither can remember what happened between pulling over and that seemingly normal stop to get gas. Neither have ever been able to remember more details.

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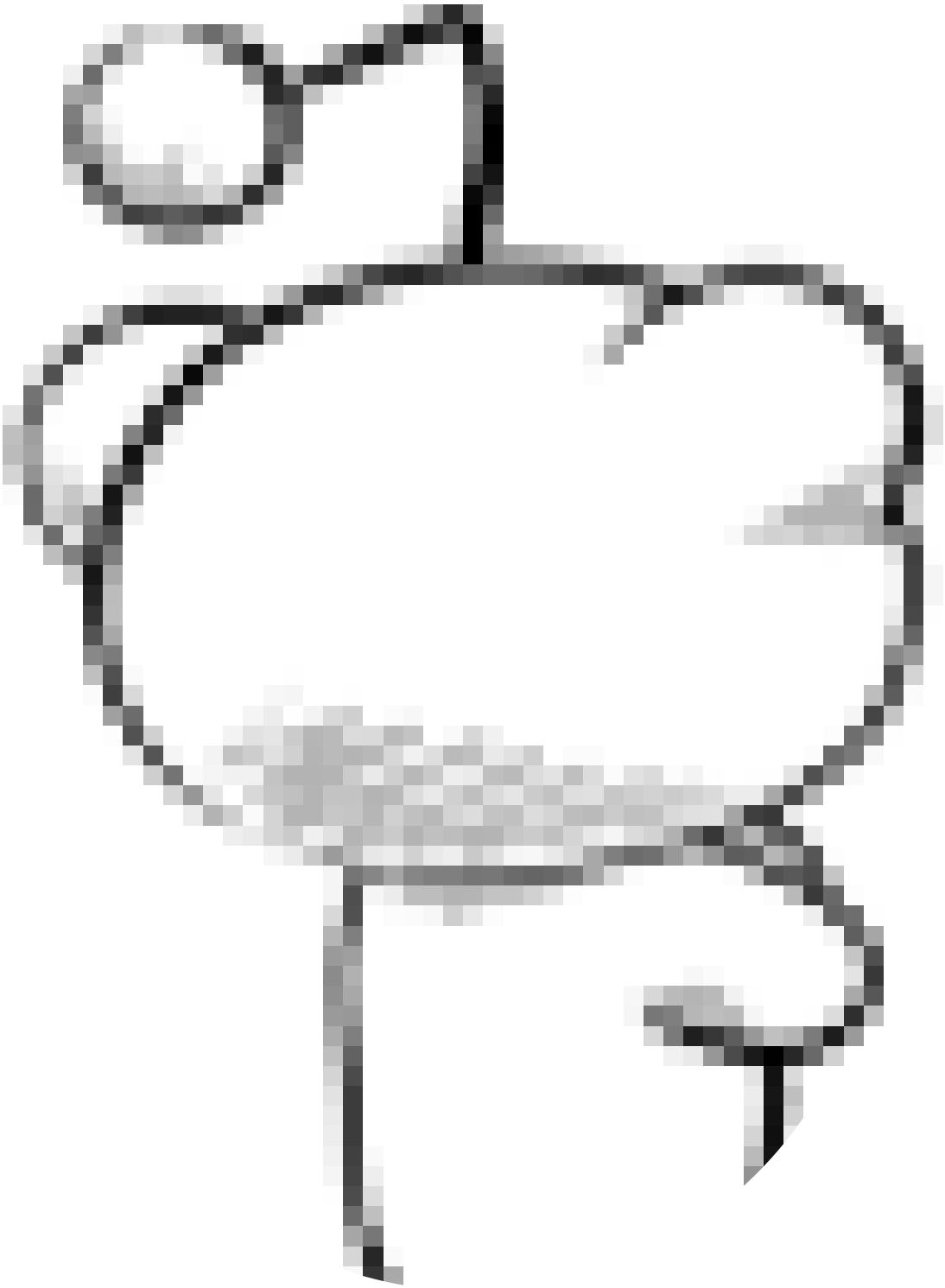

blackcactuswes
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Wish I would have seen this yesterday. Oh well here is my story. Hope somebody gets to read it.

This was about 6 months ago. I had just gotten home from work and was pulling into my driveway. If I remember right, it was about 7 o'clock, maybe a little later. I had just opened the door, and zooming passed me was my brother and sister yelling for me to follow. They pulled me into our driveway and told me to look up. Directly above our house was this floating red orb, I mean this thing was so close at first I felt like I could get on my roof and touch it.

We sat there staring at it for a good while and then it started to move. It began moving upward in a diagonal motion and stopped right above our local High School. We sat there in awe for about 5 mins. when the damn thing starts to free-fall towards the ground. My family and were pretty scared at that moment, we didn't know if it was a bomb or not. It finally hit the ground in the distance and nothing happened at all.

THIS is where the actual weirdness comes into play.

My sister catches this whole thing on tape.

We began watching and notice something zoom up to this floating red orb and zoom off. I don't know what the hell it is, maybe you all can figure it out.

The unknown object flies in from 0:05 to 0:12 and back in around 0:27

The big red orb in the middle is what we saw, the little red orb above it is a dead pixel

VIDEO

TL;DR Caught a UFO on video

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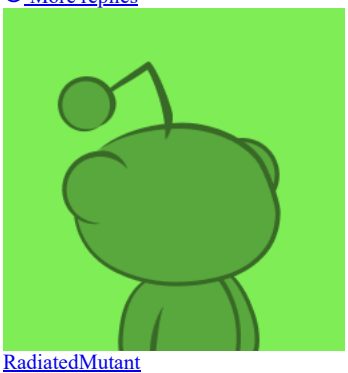

RadiatedMutant
â€¢ 14y ago

A lot of these stories have a creepy turn for the worse, so I'd like to add one of my own that has a lighter end.

I was a suicidal teen and angry at the world. I had a girlfriend and I hung out with her and her mom a lot. My girlfriend's mom could see how bad a mental state I was in and told me she had a friend at one time that was a lot like me, but had fixed himself up and became a good guy. She said I could have learned a lot from him, but she was friends with him when they lived in Las Vegas, but weren't anymore (I presumed because they moved to Pennsylvania). She had shown me a picture of him, he was a tough looking, very large black man, and under his picture was the name "Jonathan".

A few weeks later I was in bad shape. I was having a breakdown and I was close to just saying "fuck it" and killing myself. I was in my room looking for my knife (I wasn't fully prepared to do anything with it, I just liked to know where it was when I was angry) I bent over to look on the floor for it and I clearly heard "It's Joe Nathan". I stopped dead. I moved around, tried to squeak the floor boards or the bed to recreate this haunting sound, but to no avail. I didn't know any Joe Nathan, and this voice was male, but very effeminate. I was so shocked I lost all my anger and sadness.

I was into Wicca and Paganism and ghosts at the time and so was my girlfriend and her mother so I told them about it. My girlfriend's mother burst into tears. Apparently, Jonathan was pronounced Joe Nathan, she met him in a gay bar in Vegas, and they lost touch because he died. I went pale and they had to sit my ass down before I fell over. She said his voice never fit his image because he looked like he'd have a major deep voice, but he was one of the biggest cupcakes you could meet.

I don't know if anyone believes in ghosts and spirits and things, but this has sort of pushed me into believing it.

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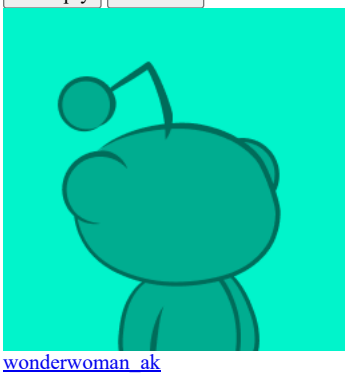

wonderwoman_ak
â€¢ 14y ago

This will get hidden most likely, but if you want to read something and not go to sleep any time soon.. Read this.

This is a story a biology teacher of mine told me. It happened to her while she was getting her Master's degree at a university, which will remain unnamed. Now, at the university she was attending there were just acres and acres of overgrown and unused land which many of the science majors went and did obvservations or experiments on. In the middle of this man made forest were some old military bunkers and hangars. These of course were just as overgrown as the field, and if you did not know ay better, you would presume they were just some badly misshapen hills. Normally they were locked and everyone was told they stored old desks and chairs, so no one bothered taking a close look at them.

Well, one day, my teacher was out with some classmates studying some moss and such, when they found one of these old bunkers unlocked and opened. Seeing as this never occurs, they go in of course. At first all they see is piles of desks and chairs, but then they notice that the bookshelves formed a little hallway which led into the back. Due to the decrease of light and increase of years of filth, they immediately turned on their flashlights and proceeded to the far end of the bunker. After just a few second walk, they notice that the bookshelves were set up like a library, and they seemed to have jars just lined up on the shelf.

My teachers shines her light on the first jar, jumps back, and screams. Inside it was a calcified fetus, about the size of a newborn babe. She shines her light on the next jar, and the next. Inside each was a different fetus, at different phases. After that, the jars held deformed body parts and animals. Farther back, after she thought she saw the worst, she notices a jar about four feet high, just sitting by itself in the corner. Its covered in about an inch of dust so she brushes its off before she takes an actual look at what the contents held.

Inside of the fermaldehyde filled jar, held a toddler. Roughly two years old. But that wasnt the most peculiar part. Instead of two eyes, this child had one. Only one. Where my teacher looked and expected to see two, she only saw one gaping hole staring back at her. Underneath it a slightly crooked nose a smile that looked faintly like the Jokers.

After that my teacher and her classmates had enough and ran out. A few days later they returned to find the bunker locked and secured, and they decided to never speak of it at that school. Why the jars of mutated and abnormal mishaps, they never found out. Why they were located in a bunker on school grounds, they never found out. Why that child will spend all of eternity in that jar? Maybe her parents never found out..

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SpinSnipeAndWheel
â€¢ 14y ago

Please bear with me. As this is quite the read.

A couple weeks ago I had two nightmares in a row. The first night was fairly insignificant until I had the second dream. Night 1: sprinting full speed down the street of an empty and desolate New York City street. I turn my head back and meet this thing right in the eyes. It was about 6'3", and had glowing blood red eyes. The *thing* was just standing there watching me sprint away. Then, it grinned a large, toothy smile at me. I looked ahead and took a left down the street and meet a newspaper stand. I look back. Nothing. Then I look down at the newspaper, and just wake up. Now at the time this seemed extremely insignificant to anything. Night 2... Night 2 is when it starts getting real. Literally... Night: My dream picks up exactly where it left off. Looking down at the newspaper on the street. I can't quite remember what the newspaper said, but it was nothing important. I then look up, to see *it* standing a few feet in front of me. Now that its closer I can get a better look at it. The *thing* is 6'3", it's wearing ragged and ripped old clothes, with glowing red eyes, long, sharp claws, and enormous razor sharp teeth. Except this isn't just a man. It's completely black, almost like a shadow but 100% opaque. This shadow looks me straight in the eyes, and says in a low demonic voice, "This is a nightmare... THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!!!" I yell back in reply "NO IT'S NOT A NIGHTMARE! IT'S A DREAM!" Then the shadow replies, "It's not a dream, it's a nightmare." Those words echo over in my head. Over and over and over. In the demonic voice. Then, I wake up. There's only one problem though. The words... they're still going. Then this sensation flows over my body. I'm frozen. It feels like I'm being pinned to my bed. I can't move a muscle. My eyes are wide open, and I'm freaking the fuck out. It's getting hard to breath like something is choking me. My eyes dart around the room until they meet a pair of glowing blood red eyes, and the outline of a tall, 6'3" demonic creature. Then suddenly everything stops. The feeling is over. I can move! It's over. I blink. My eyes get sealed shut. The freezing sensation flows over my body. I'm stuck. I can barely open my eyes, and see the shadow in my room again. Staring at me. I try to cry out for my mom, but nothing will come out. I feel hopeless. Then my eyes finally open all the way and it just stops. Everything stops. I lay there with my eyes open. Too scared to even blink. I blink... Nothing happens. It's over. It's all over. This really creeped me out, until I started recalling memories of this thing from when I was younger. I used to see it staring at me in my room when I was 7 or 8. I used to hear it walking around in my room at night. This is by far the creepiest and most unexplained thing that's every happened to me.

TL; DR: Had two nightmares in a row. Gets attacked by a demon that's been following me my whole life.

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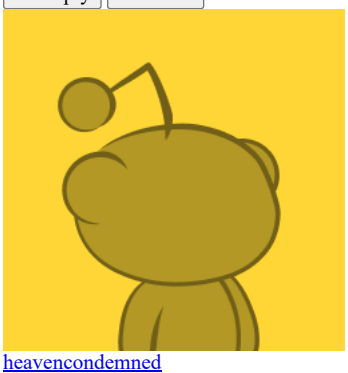

heavencondemned
â€¢ 14y ago

Assuming you aren't making this up, it's probably just sleep paralysis. I get it too. Horrible nightmares that seem real, because you recognize your surroundings as your bedroom, but they're still just nightmares. Your brain kind of red flags, and you go into fight or flight mode, but aren't conscious enough to move, thus the feeling of being stuck or paralyzed. Chances are the first nightmare with the creature bothered you enough subconsciously that you dreamed of it again, and prior dreams often effect what 'intruder' you sense during sleep paralysis. Over time our brains also re-write an invent memories of things that never happened to try to make sense of what we're currently experiencing, or things we've forgotten, so chances are you never experienced this as a kid.

Do you have a strange sleep schedule, have any sleep disorders, or sleep on your back?

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ppffft
â€¢ 14y ago

i had something similar happen once as a child and it scared me for years, until i learned about sleep paralysis. i could explain it, but you can just google it.

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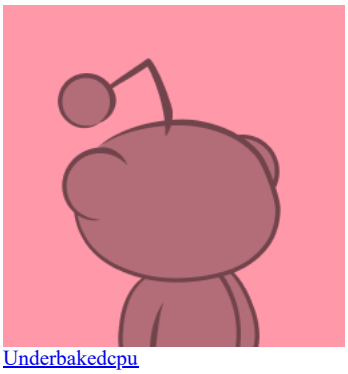
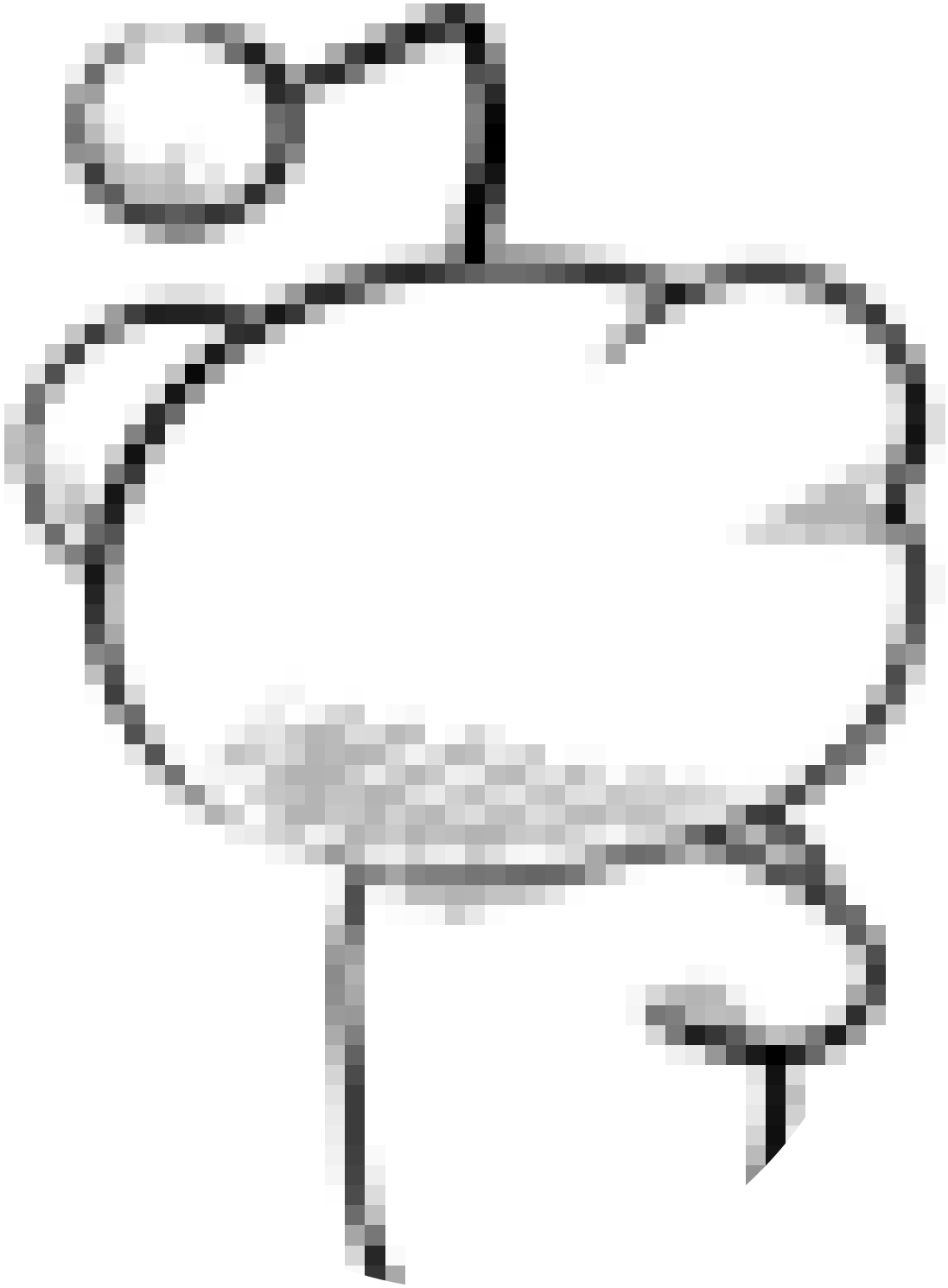


Underbakedcpu
â€¢ 14y ago

I live in the Arizona desert. One day, I was walking home from middle school. During a dry stretch, with no rain in sight, I come across a puddle, with a lotus blossom in it. Came back to it to show my mom and my brother, and it was gone. Still have no explanation for that one.



Backwell
â€¢ 14y ago

Someone else took it.

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laleyenda
â€¢ 14y ago

I am one of those people who has a seemingly-irrational fear of porcelain dolls. When I was younger, my sisters and I had several, but they were the kind you set on a stand on a shelf and never played with.

For whatever reason, I grew up completely convinced that I needed to apologize anytime I put them away in my closet, because they wouldn't like it there. I did this consistently until I was about ten and then they stayed there permanently.

Well one night I cleaned out my closet, but before falling asleep I knew I had to get that doll the hell out of my room. There was a TV stand just outside my bedroom door, so I set her there. I made sure to turn her away from the door, so I wouldn't scare myself in the morning.

So what happens next? I wake up the next morning, open the door, and come face-to-face with that goddamn porcelain doll. I still remember how frightened I was, because there was no way it could have been turned back around.

TL;DR Porcelain dolls, man.

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scunion
â€¢ 14y ago

One summer two friends and I went camping in the boonies in Oregon. We spent our days going on trail runs and enjoyed the lakes and scenery. After one long run a friend and I decided to swim in the lake which was probably half a mile across and freezing.

We got half way and were treading water shouting back at our friend on shore. My friend and I looked into the water between us and an American flag was floating about 8" under the water. We got really creeped out and swam back to shore as quickly as possible and could never explain why a 2' American flag in great shape was floating in the middle of a lake in the middle of nowhere.

Tl;dr went swimming w a friend in a remote lake and found an American flag floating between us.

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timeforfuntime
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 10 or 11, I was living in Western Michigan, I was out in the woods walking around in the snow by myself because no friends lived close. I thought it felt really slippery then i realized I walked into the middle of a really deep pond, and as I was walking to the other side i fell through the ice, I could not get out of the water as my body went numb, then something grabbed me and dragged me through the ice, until i could touch ground. I never saw what grabbed me and pushed me through all that ice, I have no clue as to how I did not drown in the bottom of that pond. I ran home, as fast as I could because I was so cold. I still do not know what saved my life. I wen't back to that spot, and there were no footprints besides mine. That pond is 14 feet deep.

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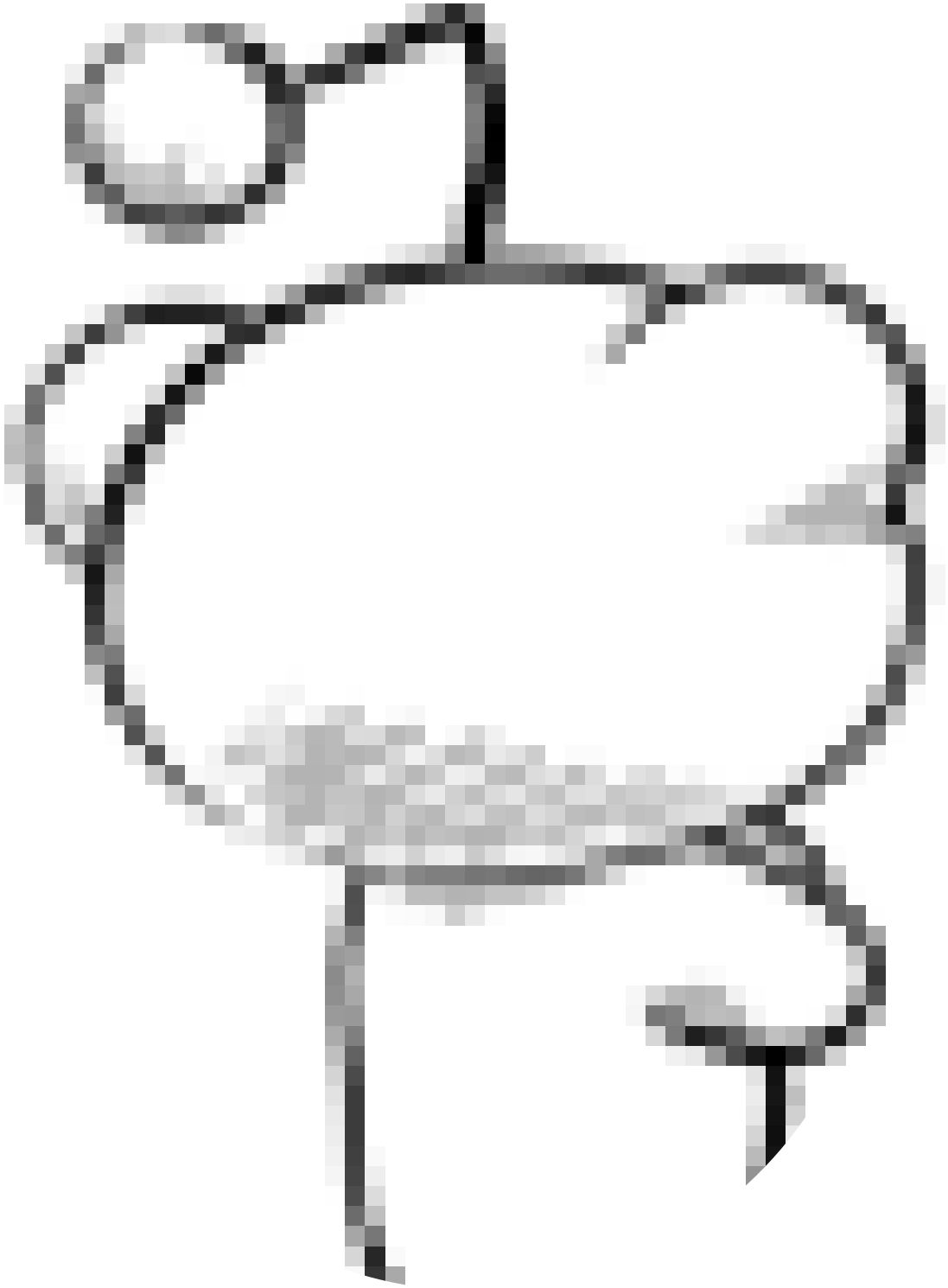
Psychoconuts
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

A few months ago I had this dream that I was running on a beach with a sword, and I end up killing a bunch of people, I don't wanna get into details, but anyway I have to write down my dreams for my psychiatrist because I've been known to have Night Terrors, so I wrote down the dream and drew a picture of the sword for reference, a few days later I was browsing eBay looking for a sword and I came across the exact same one from my dream, a sword I had never seen before in my life other than that dream,

so of course I had to buy it, it was weird, I have no explanation it just seemed like fate to me. EDIT: here's some pictures of the drawing I did the morning after the dream, and the sword itself http://imgur.com/a/Lm6pU



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

.. I think it's only fair that you leave your sword at home anytime you feel like visiting the beach..

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EuropeanLady
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

We were vacationing at a resort village with a small sandy beach. Midway through our stay there, I dropped our room key (a metal one) in the sand and it sank instantly. We spent hours rifling through the sand around where it dropped but couldn't find it. Got a spare key from the management and continued our vacation. On our last day (a full week after we lost the key at the beach), we were sunbathing when I glimpsed something shiny on top of the sand a few feet away. It was our room key which had somehow materialized.

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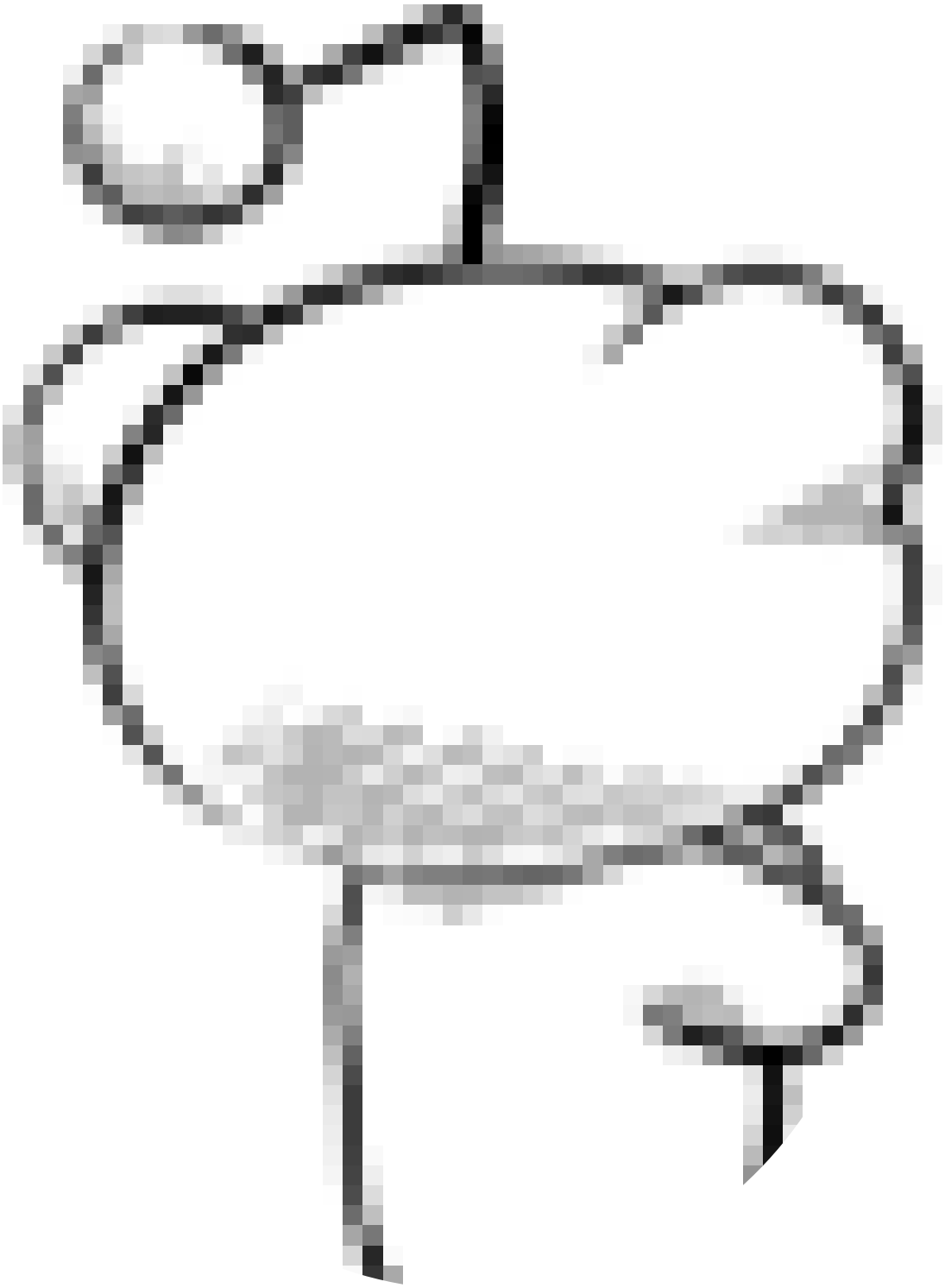

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â€¢ 14y ago

Beaches are often combed by people with metal detectors. It is likely someone with a metal detector had a hit, dug it up, and tossed it there once they realized it had no value.

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SpyderCompany
â€¢ 14y ago

Warning: This story is long, true, unexaggerated, and could possibly prevent you from ever going camping. Ok, so this past summer I was employed in a youth wilderness/outdoor skills camp in the middle of a state park. When I say in the middle of a park I mean the middle of a forest. And by that I meant the closest establishment was 19 miles away. Now a forest may seem pretty normal, an they are. The thing is that approximately 30 years before there was a huge uprising of hippies in the bordering towns trying to ursurp the government or whatnot. There people refused to wear shoes, used and abused all sorts of drugs, and eventually fled to live in this same forest. They became known as the rainbow people and had multiple instances of raping, mugging, performing crazy experiments, and killing people passing by. So being the redneck that I am, one day my friends and I decided to go trail riding for the day since we were off of work. It was around 6 when we left with sunset being at 7. We both knew most of these trails but I was less familiar than him so I went in his truck. We drove around for sometime and communicated to the other truck with a CB radio mounted in his car. Now the thing with these radios is if someone here's you talking on that channel, they can talk too. We heard some weird static but didn't think anything of it because ya know, it happens. We continue and find a little clearing with a mattress laying on the ground. Literally, a perfectly fine fucking mattress on the ground in the middle of the forest. It was a dead end but there were paths to the right and left. The one to right we noticed first but it looked sketchy as hell so we went to turn around to leave and saw the other path "why don't we drive down it a bit?" We though. Bad idea. The radio was still making murmuring occasionally and it was louder but were didn't notice. I shit you not, the moment our vehicle passed the tree line of the path we heard the most ear piercing and painful pig squel I've ever heard, but it sounds human almost. It make three whines and we freaked, started to back up, and the same voice screamed "get out" but still sounded like a pig. At this point were yelling and the other truck had already turned around. We start to leave and, here's the kicker, we get stuck in the sand. So as we scream and yell the voice keeps making these squeals and yelling get out and I have not to this day seen 3 grown men cry at once except then. It was horrible. We manage to get a decent distance away and pulled up next to our friend. We yelled asking if he heard all that shit, our radio ring turned off now, and it came through his once more. We went 95 mph down dirt trails to the nearest road, went back to our CABINS IN THE SAME FOREST, gathered weapons and slept in the same cabin. Nex day we went back with 10 people and guns. No mattress, no voices, and the trail we went down was blocked off with trees. Scariest moment of my life. That day was dubbed pigmalian

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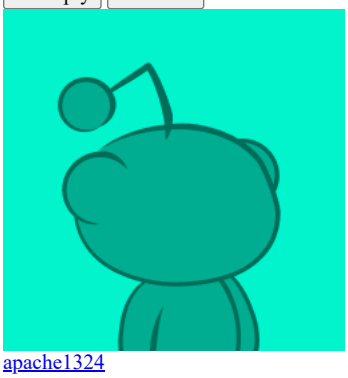

apache1324
â€¢ 14y ago

"Nex day we went back with 10 people and guns."

finally some one that knows how to handle something like this lol

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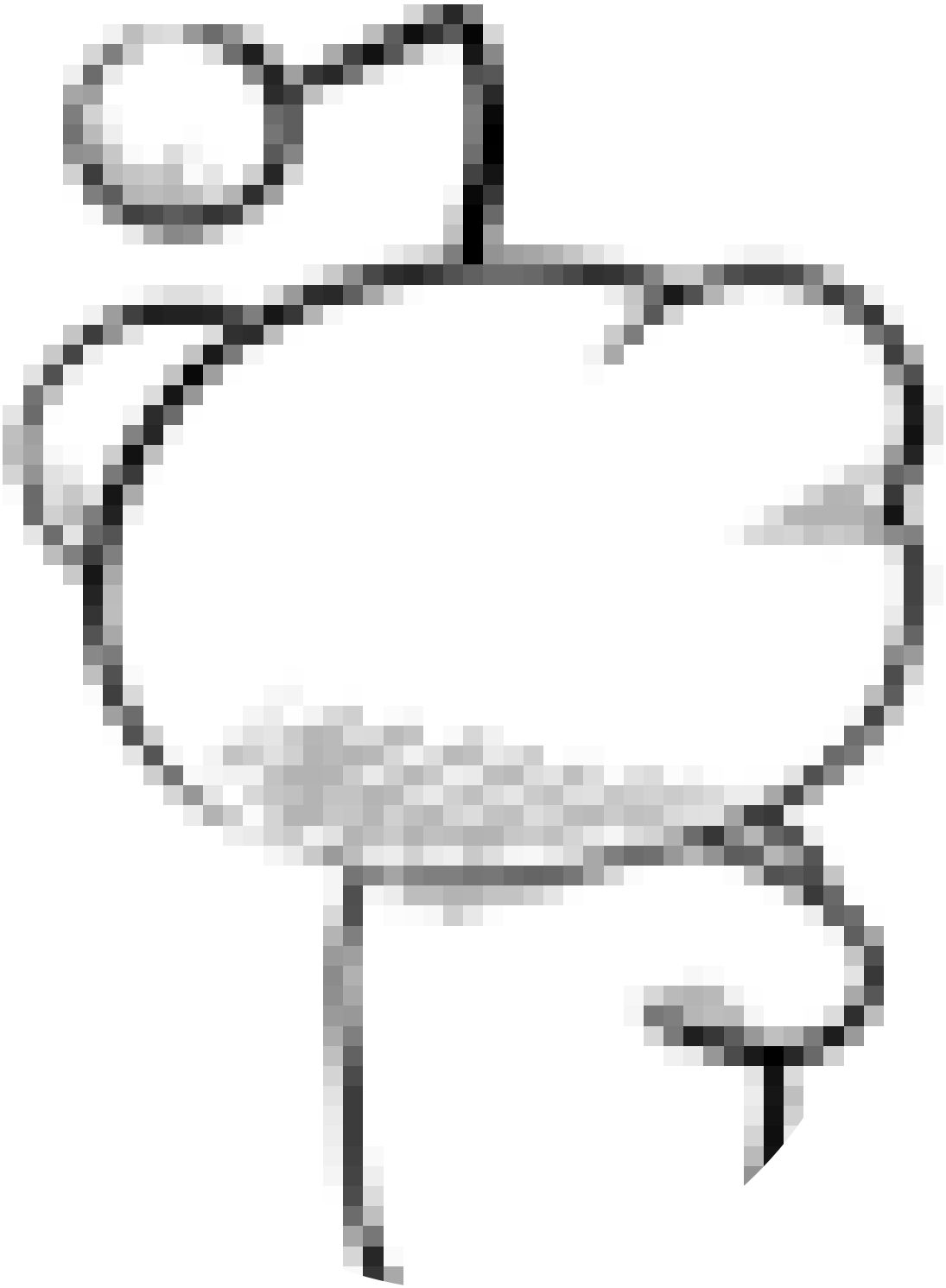

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â€¢ 14y ago

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Rocknocker
â€¢ 14y ago

I was out is Eastern Siberia doing recon for the oil company for which I worked (back around 1991 or 1992) on the Yenesi River, about 500 km north of Krasnoyarsk.

There were 5 in our party, and we choppered into some really remote area to set up base camp. We tented, sorted out the site and started our recon for our 5 day mission (â€œto seek out new ancient life and new oil and gas collectorsâ€). We were looking for fossils of diagnostic age (since the area has a population density of about 0.0003 and hadn't been mapped previously) in the outcrops along the river.

Achingly beautiful, quiet and still. Just the tremolo of the river as it gurgles northward (it was still fairly wide and placid at this point; but up-river, it goes to Goldâ€™s Gym and gets really tall and seriously pumped), the rustling of the surrounding (damn nigh impenetrable) forest and the occasional languid splash of a grayling or lenok splashing after its dinner.

We were obviously alone in the wilderness. As noted before, we choppered in and saw no lights, roads, power poles, huts, compounds, villes, towers (there was an extensive series of geodetic towers built in Siberia during the early 1900â€™s, but they never got to this neck of the woods); no signs of humans nor their civilizationâ€™s spoor. Truly unique, for once (with the exception of my camp mates); utterly, utterly alone. (We did have radio in case of emergency).

We found some beautiful outcrops and (Hooray!) some gorgeous stromatolites, some brachiopods (early *Lingula*-like creatures), an SSF (â€˜small shelly faunaâ€™) and *Archeocyathids*. Very nice for helping to date the location smack in the Lower Cambrian.

Oh, happy day.

We returned to camp with our booty, and washed, collated and curated the specimens. We left them out on camp tables to dry and after a quick vodka or 8, all turned in for the night.

Bright and early the next day, we stumble out of our sacks to the smell of freshly brewed coffee and bacon and eggs (thatâ€™ll rouse any field crew that isnâ€™t deadâ€¦).

Over coffee and blinis (Yuri made the *best* camp blinisâ€¦smoked sturgeon and a hint of vinegarâ€¦), we noticed all the samples from the previous day were gone. Each assuming the other had sacked them away, we saddled up for another day in the field.

Latherâ€¦rinseâ€¦repeat. Until the last day.

We had sacks and sacks of rocks, all lovingly cataloged, curated, numbered, photographed and entered in our â€˜Rite-in-the-Rainâ€™ field books. I made a point of thanking Dima (our camp gopher and all around good fella) for his extra-tidy care and packaging of our invaluable samples.

All I got in return was a puzzled look.

Well, OK, I *was* still learning Russian.

The chopper is due in 4 or so hours, and we begin to break camp. The samples we took probably ranged from 2.5 up to 10 kg each, and we were very happy to only have to collect them and lugâ€™em to camp. Weâ€™d let others hump those heavy bags to the chopper (a converted, recently-from-Afghanistan Hind 50Aâ€¦huge bird, short legsâ€¦), weâ€™d pack it all in and return to Novosibirsk to bask in the accolades of our peers.

Chopper arrives (still in the control of the Russian Air Force, they did all the flying then in-country); campâ€™s down and things are getting stowed. Tents? Check. Food crates? Check. Garbage bags (â€˜pack out your trashâ€™)? Check. Samples?

Samples?

â€œDima, whereâ€™s the samples?â€

Heâ€™s just standing over by the pile of gunny sacks and shaking his head.

We all wander over and figure heâ€™s just shamminâ€™ a bit, so we all grab a sack and, figure weâ€™re lifting upwards of 50 kg of rocks, give a mighty pull.

And everyone collectively goes on their collective asses.

Every bag was stuffed with grass, twigs, leaves: forest-taiga detritus.

But no samples.

Tempers flare: â€œThis is no time for jokes. The damn chopperâ€™s already hereâ€¦ whereâ€™s the fucking samples?â€

No one knows.

After a brief bit of American-Russian high-volume argument, we all decide to:

1. Shut down the chopper,
2. Make sure thereâ€™s no problem in translation,
3. Do some Hercules Poirot impressions (fire up the little gray cells), and
4. Search the area.

To this day (I still keep tabs with most of the field party); we searched from camp to the outcrops (even the Russian pilots helped out) and since we only used one path, we covered that extremely well.

Found zip. Everyone, under pain of, well, if not death, possibly the Gulag (well, this was serious government business, the first joint venture in East Siberia after the wall came down, not just a day in the park) swears (and has signed affidavits) to the effect that they saw no one take the samples (in fact, saw no one save for our crew), did not find any of the paper and packing materials nor did they secret our little stash somewhere.

The rocks just plain disappeared.

POOF Gone without a trace.

And not one of our crew, Russian or American, saw, heard, felt, sensed in any way any intruder to our camp.

The Russians say it was Baba Yaga, but after returning to the site several times in the intervening years and finding no one living within 100 km and not a single scrap of our collection, Iâ€™m still at a loss.

And occasionally, I get the retroactive jibblies, particularly late at night, trying to think who or what might have been prowling around the taiga back then, and what they did with our samples.

And why.

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Moofassa
â€¢ 14y ago

I have been hovering on Reddit forever, but this subreddit brought me out of my cave, so this is my first time posting.

I am in the USAF and a couple years ago I was was working as a postal clerk in Germany (was a special duty). The main base (will be left anonymous) was about 20 mins from an older, soon to be closed down base. Everyday this "old" base, which only consisted of schools, a Base Exchange, a commissary, and a Post Office, because everything else had been moved to the main base, but the buildings were still there.

Now, the building the PO resides in is incredibly old, like pre WWII old. Rumors say that it was used as one of Hitler's personnel buildings in WWII, but those are just rumors, and I have no idea if they are true. The PO only occupies the 1st floor, but there is a creepy basement (with containment cells), a 2nd floor, and a 3rd floor. To my knowledge these other floors have not been used for decades, except for storage and Halloween activities.

The PO had been an active PO for many years and had just been reduced to a place to drop mail in the mail-boxes everyday and I was the only person in charge off performing this delivery, except for my back-up. I usually enjoyed this duty, because it gave me time to get away and enjoy the beautiful drive between the two bases, but the PO had always kind of unnerved me. There were two guys that used to work there full-time before it was reduced to a drop-point. They told me crazy stories about things they heard or saw, but I thought they were either just being assholes or sissies.

One day, like any other, I walk in the PO to make my drop. To get in you open a locked door, which puts you in a stairwell with access to all 4 levels, but you need a key to unlock each door at the corresponding floor. I performed my mail drop and wait until 12 pm and grab all the outgoing mail to head back to the main base. I exit the door corresponding to the 1st floor, after setting the alarm system, and close it. As soon as I close the door, and start making my way down the only set of stairs between me and the outside world, I start hearing a loud banging noise. The noise sounded like a PO mail-bucket being slammed up against a wall, but it was coming from straight above me, behind the door of either the 2nd or 3rd floor.

I stood dumbfounded at what was happening, but it didn't register at how this was impossible. There was only one key other than mine into those floors, and they would also need to have the key just to get in the building. Those keys belonged to Security Forces in case the keys were lost. I stood listening for what felt like minutes trying to figure out what the noise was. Then the sound started getting louder, like it was getting closer, then I got the fuck out of there fast as possible got in my van and drove back to base.

I know some of you will be thinking that it was the pipes or wind was blowing in through the windows or something, but I spent the next weeks ruling those out. Pipes did not travel through that part of the building, there is no AC, and if the windows opened it would set off the alarm system.

To this day I still try to explain this experience away, but I never can and it gives me shudders to think about it. Lets just say the next few months I had to do the mail run I moved very quickly and efficiently.

TL'DR - Possible Nazi ghost wanted me out of his building.

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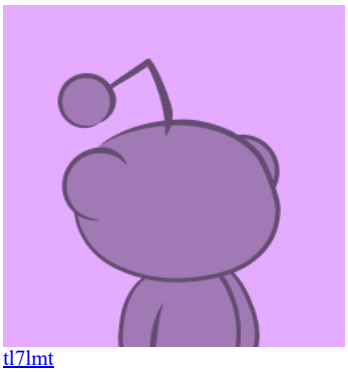

tl7lmt
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in my car in my bank's parking lot, getting ready to drive away when I saw the most beautiful pearly white car I have ever seen at the entrance of the bank. I am not a car person, and could care less if a car is clean, but every surface on this car seemed to sparkle with cleanliness. I watched it for a moment, and noticed that it seemed to be rolling forward, slowly, but there was no one in the driver's seat. I kept looking, and couldn't see anyone - I decided I was just not in a good enough spot to see the drive (though I could see directly through the passenger side front window to the steering wheel). Like I said, I am not a car person, but this vehicle was elegant and I just enjoyed the beauty of it for a minute or so before starting my car up and driving away. I turned onto the street behind the bank, and saw a power pole suddenly splinter and crash to down to the road directly ahead of me. Took a second for the reality to hit me - have you ever seen something that shouldn't happen, and so your mind just doesn't accept it? I mean, how often have you seen a power pole splinter and crash in broad daylight, on a clear day? Anyway, the transformer is throwing sparks all over the ground, and the power wires have been dragged down, and I realize that if I hadn't seen that amazing, pristine, driverless car I would've been under that pole when it came crashing down. I am an agnostic, but I thank the energies that saved me that day. Just wasn't my time to leave this world yet.

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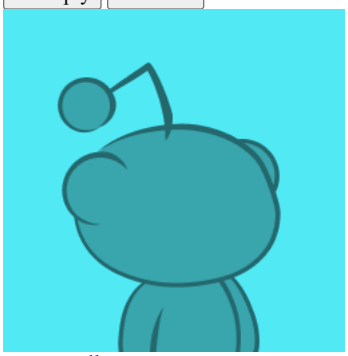

nonamesally
â€¢ 14y ago

Dude...Jesus saved your ass using his sweet, pearly-white ride

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EmbarrasingResume
â€¢ 14y ago

OP: Did your story take place near Ellensburg or Yakima? It's very likely that what you saw were suspended flares being moved around during exercises at the Yakima Training Center, an Army facility where they often do night training and use flares to light up large areas of land. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yakima_Training_Center

Source: I grew up very close to this facility and saw what you described on a near monthly basis.

Reply Share

katerinarose
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was around 13 I kept a small, solid metal bobble head that I had gotten from cheerleading in my closet on a shelf at about eye level. One day I went to get something out of my closet, saw it, and thought "How funny would it be for a bobble head's head to fall off and hit someone on the head". I bent down to get what I went in the closet to retrieve and something hit me on the head, sure enough there was the head of the bobble head, not just as if it had fallen off, the neck was cracked. Definitely one of the weirder things to happen to me thus far.

Reply Share

lionessinwinter
â€¢ 14y ago

Logged in at work to tell my story. I was an avid cyclist as a little kid, I still am today. When I was 12, I was biking from the local Wendy's to my house, and waiting to turn right at a busy intersection with no light. When I was waiting in the middle of the street, waiting, I suddenly felt this sharp buzzing and pain completely filling my head, along with a feeling of almost overwhelming panic. Move out of the road, the feeling told me, move now. I don't remember how those words came to be in my head. I moved about five feet to the right, almost on the sidewalk. As soon as I moved, the feeling stopped and I didn't feel weird anymore. Not one minute later, a huge green SUV went careening into the place where I had just been standing with my bike. A woman shouted from the car, "Oh, honey, are you okay, I wasn't looking and didn't see you there." "I'm fine," I shouted back, looking at the spot between her tires where I would have been. Then I biked home, and never told my parents or anybody about that instant. Until now. I'm an atheist, and I believe in free will, but that incident has always haunted me.

TL;DR: Possible premonition of my own death, averted.

wafflehorse
â€¢ 14y ago

One time in fifth grade a girl was walking by her desk when an eraser came up from the desk and hit her in the face. No one threw it, it just flew up from the desk and hit her. I still have no idea why.

4 more replies

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Baronhoseley
â€¢ 14y ago

Two slightly disconcerting things that have happened in my life:

1. In a taxi on the way home on a small Greek island we came over the brow of a hill and the taxi driver swore in Greek and dimmed his headlights. One side of the road was quite a sheer cliff face, and the other side a hill sliding down towards a beach. In front of us, sitting in the middle of the road and staring directly at us, was a animal; a big cat of some sort. It looked directly at the car and took two or three steps towards us. Taxi driver, a native of the island, absolutely shit it, he had no idea what it was and had never seen anything like it before. The cat got to about ten yards away and then bounded up the steep side of the cliff, disappearing.

2. Looking through pictures at a family funeral and find one of me. Well, not of me, but the absolute spitting image of me right down to a funny kink I have in my eyebrow. Not one person there had any idea who the person in the photograph was, but knew that it wasn't a relative.

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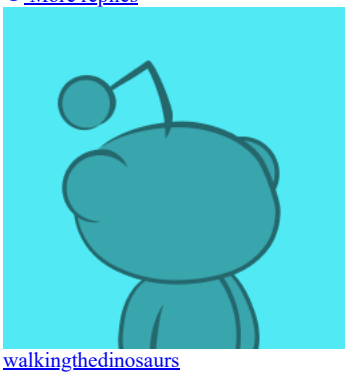
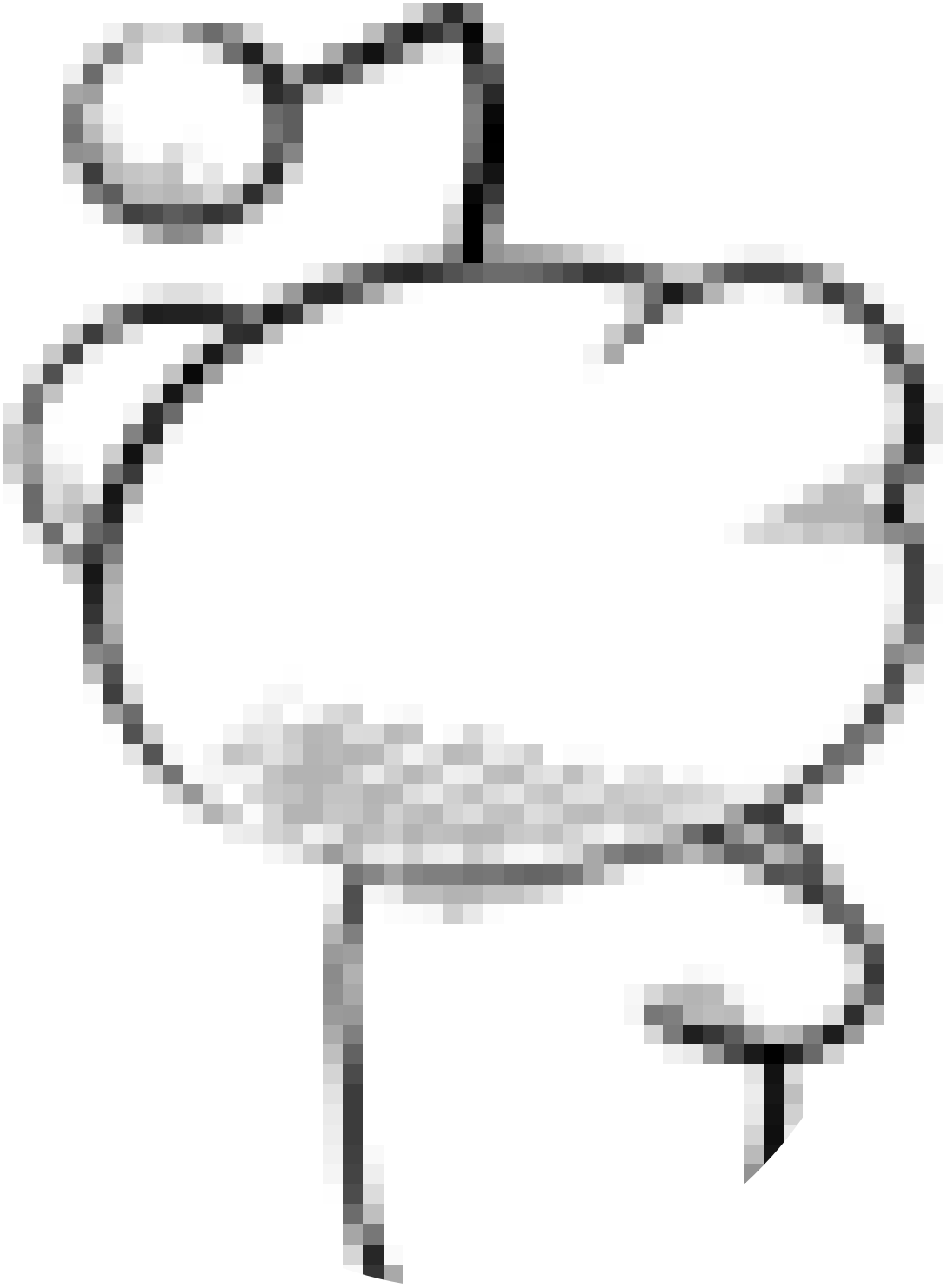


walkingthedinosaurs
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 14 I went to JCPenny's with my mom to get some shoes. As I was trying some on some random kid about 3 years old starts beating me with fuzzy Elmo slippers then just walks away.

Snuggletotem
â€¢ 14y ago

The spawn of satan, no doubt.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I keep forgetting this thread isn't just about paranormal stuff.

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jtrdrew
â€¢ 14y ago

This past spring I had been with some friends and we'd walked down the road with one of my friends back to his house to grab something. Apparently his parents didn't know that he was out that night and he was not supposed to be at all, so he told us to wait down the road while he snuck back into his house. We waited for about 5 minutes before we heard it. The sounds of heavy drums pounding, and chanting off in the distance just down over the "cliff" of a small hill and what seemed deeper into the woods. Keep in mind that I live way out of town in the middle of nowhere in a small community towards the coast, so this was definitely strange. At first I was the only one to hear the noises. Then the others. We got frightened and wanted to leave asap. It literally sounded like a small KKK rally was going on less than a km away. And the sounds were getting closer.

I've never been able to explain it properly, or provide full detail... This was the most random/terrifying thing that has ever happened to me. Ever.

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DTM303909
â€¢ 14y ago

OP's story sounds exactly like something my friend and I saw when we were about 12. We had that "holy shit, did you see that?!" moment also. It started flying right for us and we shit bricks. Turned out to be a police helicopter with the spotlight pointed in our direction. Hehe.. Now although I believe that there is a rational explanation for almost everything I've seen here so far, I'll tell you about something my Mother told me growing up. I was always skeptical as a child and was always quick to laugh at psychic shows etc. on TV, and one day my Mum pulls me aside and tells me that she was never interested in the paranormal either when she was young. What changed it all for her was something I did as a toddler. I had a cousin, named Jimmy, who my Mum would babysit while my aunt was working. When he was 12 and I was about 4, we were apparently inseparable, although I have no memory of him. Anyway one day he and two of my aunties were playing cowboys and indians in the back yard of my grandmother's house. Both my aunties came inside from playing with Jimmy, but after a while it started getting late and everyone starts looking for him. He had been standing on a pile of bricks behind my grandmother's shed, and he had tied an old rope that was hanging from the shed around his neck. Apparently he was pretending to be hung by the cowboys, and the pile of bricks came out from under him and he hung himself. When my mother found out she was obviously devastated, but didn't know how to tell me and was worried that I was too young to understand, or it would be too upsetting to me. About a week later she was vacuuming and saw that I was talking to someone at the front door through the fly screen. She hurried over thinking someone was at the door, like the postman, and I was dribbling toddler shit to them. Now I have zero recall of this, but I know my Mother is not one to bullshit or exaggerate. She says she got to the door, saw that nobody was there, and asked me who I was talking to. She says she will never forget when I looked up at her and said "It's Jimmy". She was already freaking out by this stage, but she asked me "what does he want?" and apparently my exact words were "he says sorry. He didn't mean to put the string on his neck. But he promise he's gonna come back to play with me another day" and my Mum says "when?!", and I replied "when I'm big like him". I have thought of every logical way I could have overheard what happened to him, but my Mum is adamant she she was careful not to mention it around me or my sister, and was even too traumatised to attended his funeral. What got her the most was that she had gone past my Grandmother's earlier the day he died, and he was bugging her to let him come to our house with her to sleep over that night, and she had shrugged him off and told him "next week Jimmy, not tonight". TLDR: My Mum believes in ghosts because she said I saw dead people as a child :-P

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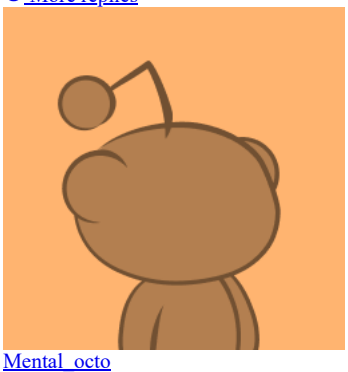

Mental_octo
â€¢ 14y ago

I was a boy scout and we were having this big campfire where different districts would come over and be merry. I volunteered to be an usher as, you know, i could check out them girl scouts.

but i was assigned to usher cub scouts from this small gate back out in the yonder, flanked by dilapidated houses/unused storerooms.(this was in an old school camp ground). My mind said nope but my buddy usher said it was our responsibility, that prick. so we went on doing our job,ushering the kids to and fro the gate to the ground.

When suddenly we realize that one of the storerooms were lighted. It definitely wasn't lighted before, as now it beamed like a beacon. we walked up to it, because we were afraid a kid was inside or even worse lost. we went in and found nobody. It was just stacks of chairs and tables. shrugging, we switched off the light. (it was one of those old ones with flicks.) we didn't take more than five steps away to our path when we heard the click on the switch and the room lighted up again. We were shocked! but somehow i did turn behind and clicked it off again. then, right in my face, the switch slowly clicked itself on. now, it would definitely take some sort of pressure to flip that switch, and to do it so deliberate...

i just noped the fuck out of there and ran all the way back.(my buddy saw my face and ran away too.) we didnt usher them kids back.we switched with another duo for the night.

tl;dr : Unknown apparition wanted the lights on in a dilapidated storeroom, i obliged.

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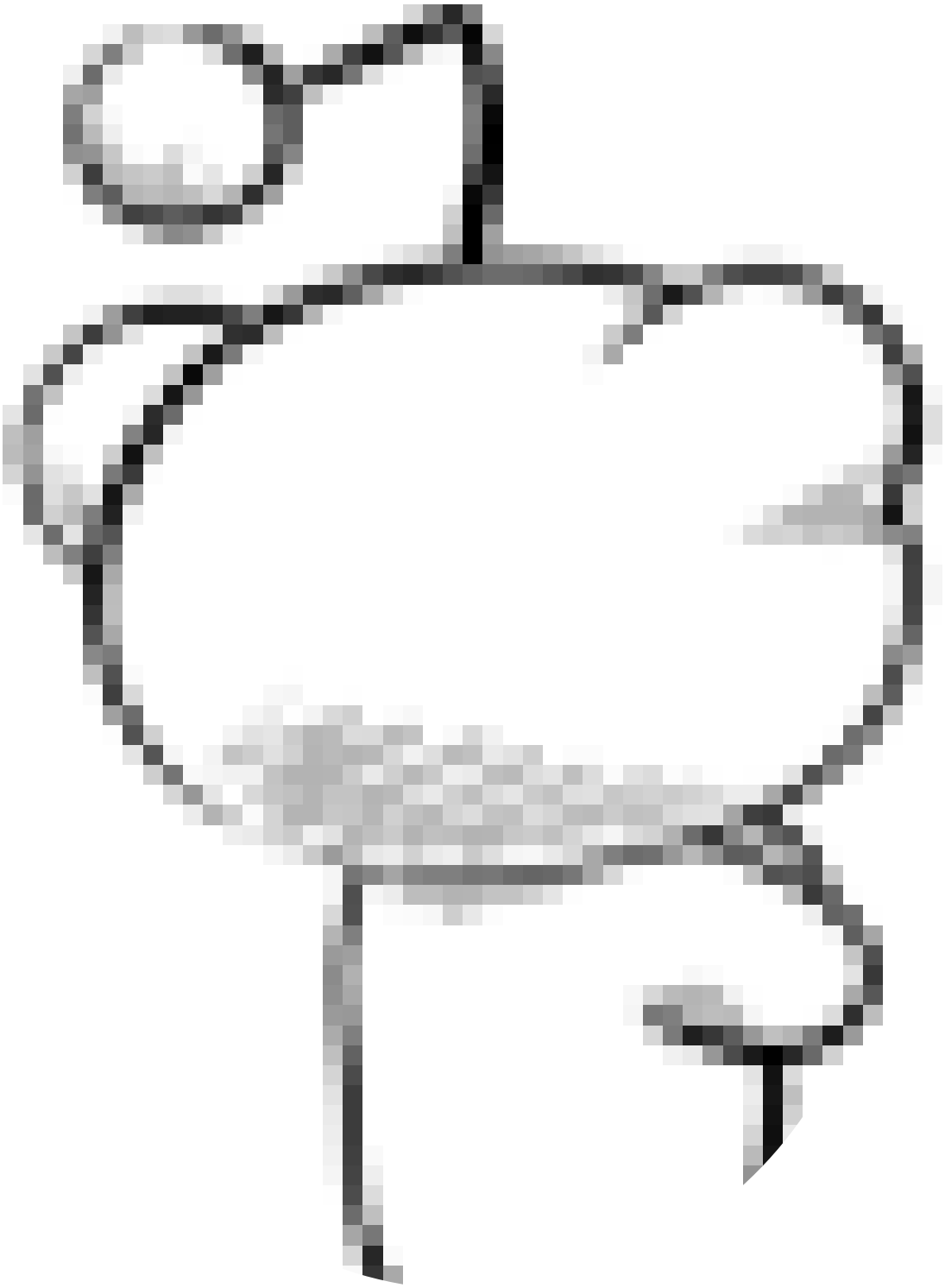

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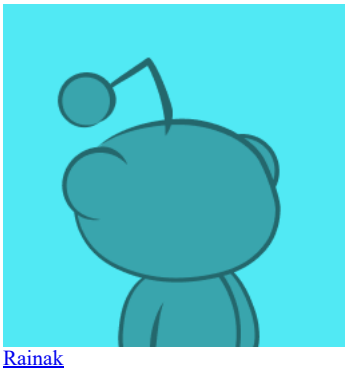
â€¢ 14y ago

Thank fucking god the sun is coming up as I'm reading this. Why do I torture myself in an empty quiet dark house?



Rainak
â€¢ 14y ago

I got in a car wreck with a semi at 75mph. Semi sideswiped us and we spun out and hit the wall cables on the road, yet neither the driver or i (in the suicide seat of a Saturn VUE) managed to sustain any bit of an injury whatsoever. When we got out of the car, my side door was completely shredded, the front of the car looked exactly like those drunk driver or texting driver stories, no airbags deployed (because we later found out that they, on both the front and the side) because the sensors were completely sheared off before they could deploy. We stepped out completely unscathed, yet the headlights from the car were in the other lane of the interstate (when we hit the cables head-on, the headlights shot out). Neither I nor my friend, to this day, have ANY idea how either of us walked out of that accident without as much as a scratch on our bodies. It's haunted me for about two years or so since then.

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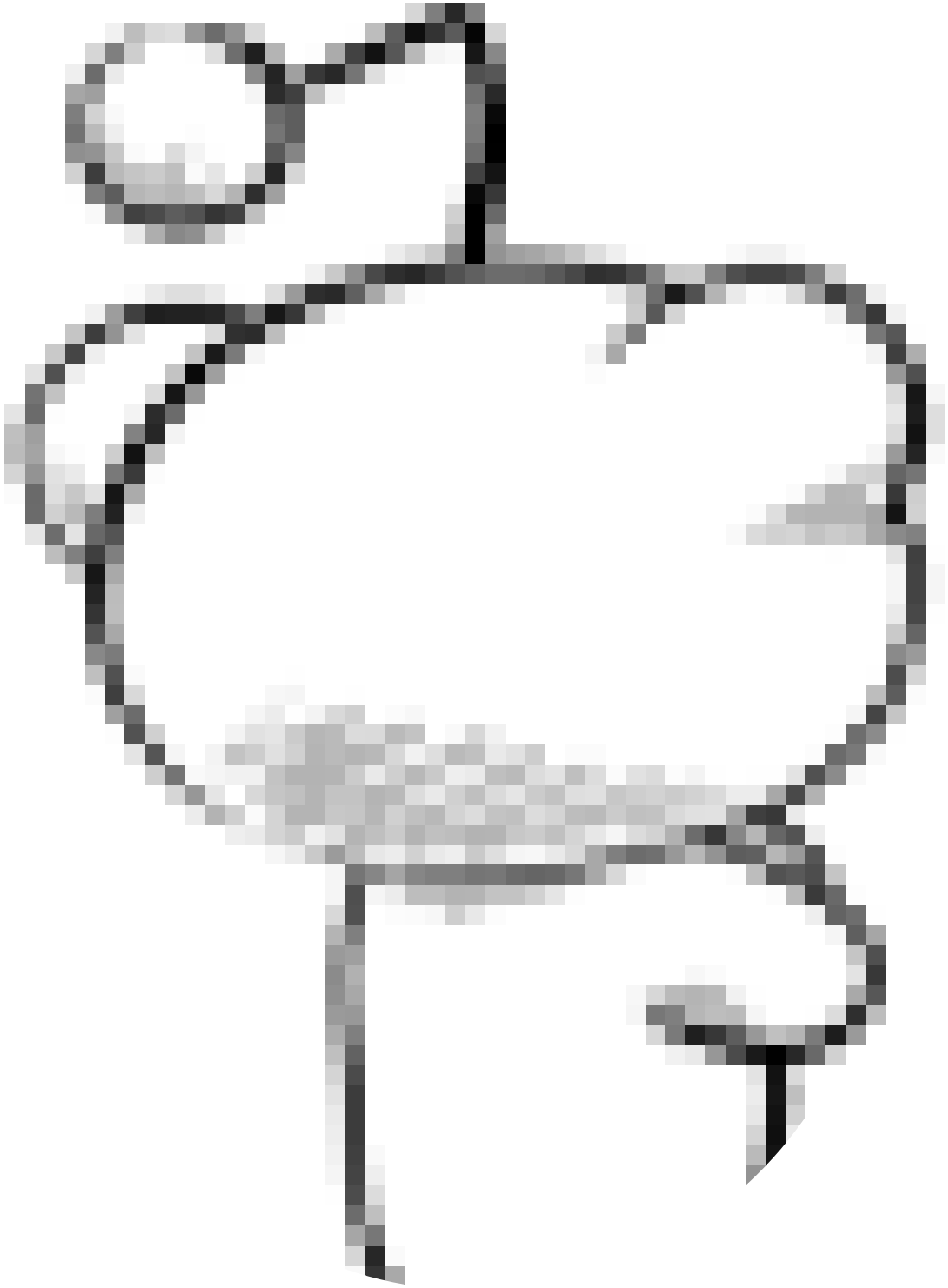

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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger, my stepsister was really into Wicca and would play around with Tarot cards and an Ouija board.

I never really believed in that stuff, and I was 12.

One day, she convinced me to mess around with her in the creepy downstairs bathroom. (Our house was built like a beach house due to the excessive flooding in the area. So the kitchen, living room, and main bathroom and bedrooms were upstairs. The downstairs was a guest room/game room so we weren't down there as much.)

I agreed, and we were "talking" to a ghost named Manny. Well we both knew the other was pushing it, so we thought nothing of it when the bathroom light went out.

We were both kind of spooked, but we shrugged it off and forgot about it.

The next week, I had a sleepover, so me and all my friends were downstairs sleeping. I woke up first and went upstairs in the kitchen where my mom was making us breakfast.

I went down the hallway to my room, and my stepsister walked out of her bedroom, brushed past me, and went in the bathroom (that was right across my room) without saying a word to me.

I thought nothing of it, considering she wasn't a morning person.

I got dressed, and knocked on the bathroom door.

"Someone's in here." I heard her growl (she was always grumpy in the morning.

I went back in my bedroom to grab something, came out, and saw the bathroom door wide open and no one was in there.

I looked around and went to the kitchen.

"Hey mom," I said,"where did my stepsister go?"

"I dropped her off at her mom's house an hour ago," she said.

TL;DR Someone who looked mysteriously like my stepsister, brushed past me, spoke to me, and suddenly disappeared.

Several more incidents like that happened in my house, but if you want to know those stories, let me know!

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circusboy
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm sure it will get buried as I am always late to these parties, but here goes.

About a year and a half ago now, I'm working a closing shift at Pizza hut on a Saturday night. It is midnight thirty, and I have the last two runs in my hand and leaving out of the store. Delivery 1 is in a nice neighborhood, delivery 2, not so nice but I have delivered there before and he tips $5 everytime.

I go to delivery one, the house is midway through a dead end street, you have to take two left turns to get there, smack dab in a fairly large neighborhood, so while i am in the middle of a nice place, it is pretty quiet and what feels to be middle of nowhere although there are houses up and down the street.

Anyway. I round the last corner to get to the street with the house I'm delivering to, and i see a bunch of bodies/animals, whatever it is scurrying around the street, crossing the street, rolling in the grass, etc. I'm like WTF, but not really, as upon further inspection I see a teenager run out across the road, in front of my car... when he makes it to the other side he does some soldier, McGuyver shit ducking into a roll and pressing himself bodily against the grass like he is has a full set of cammo on and I couldn't possibly see him. as I drive by him (my windows are down) I yell, "you aren't hiding very well!". I continue looking for the address. then i see another couple of teens doing the same thing darting across the road, running through bushes. Imagine scared deer in headlights trying to cross the highway.

So as I notice these kids playing what seems to be commando in their neighborhood at midnight thirty on a Saturday night, I also notice, they are about 17-ish, there are about 10 of them, and everyone of them is completely naked.

yes, that is correct, about 10 17 year old boys, completely naked, playing commando in the front lawns of the neighborhood.

so as I'm driving I realize I have passed up the house, I turn around, go to the house I need to deliver to, which happens to be the place where the first kid balled up on the grass trying to hide from me. or hide from whatever.

I get out of the car (4 pizzas to deliver) and make my way to the front door. ring, knock, ring, knock.. no one has answered. walk around to the door under the open garage, ring the doorbell, knock again... no answer (there is a clothed teen playing on the computer as I can see him through the open window in the door so he is clearly ignoring me.

so I hear some noise to my right, one of the naked teens is walking through the backyard into the carport, says one second, and goes inside the house. He comes out about 5 minutes later with a pair of shorts on, hands me the money, takes the pizza, and I jet.

As I'm driving out of the neighborhood street, making the right, there is one last naked dude, sitting in the middle of the road staring at my car as I drive past. I hold out my hand and give him a high five as i drive off to delivery number 2.

To this day I cant explain why I high-fived a naked teen boy at midnight thirty while driving in my car.

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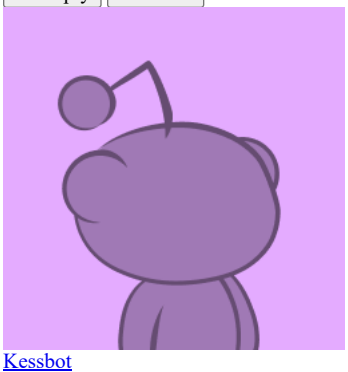

Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

They were *high as fuck*

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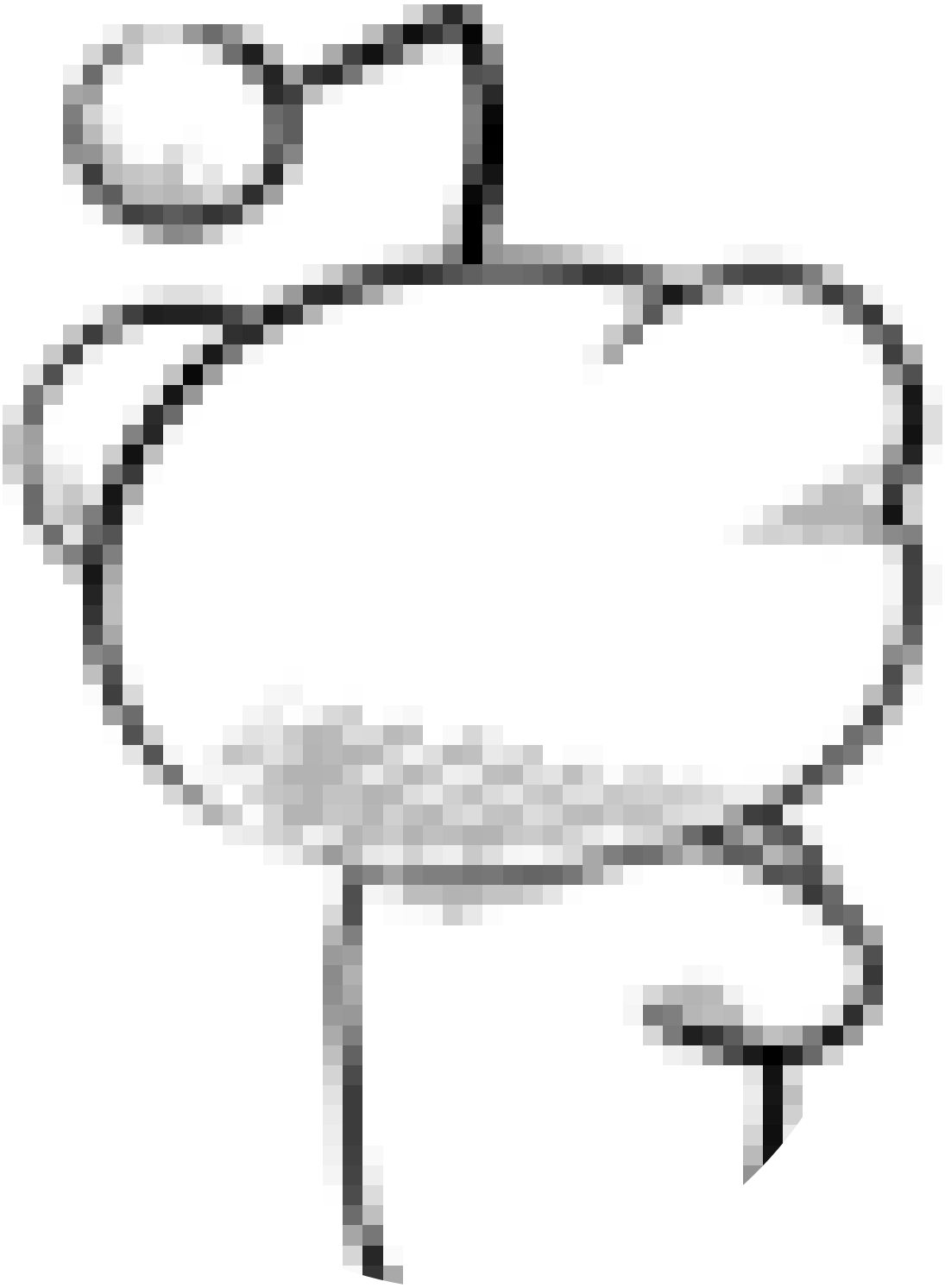

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Not mine but a friend of mines because it's far cooler than anything I have to offer.

He told me about a trip in mid-October in which him and his buddy were hiking Longs Peak (A Colorado 14er). October is late in the season for such a hike, and the weather conditions apparently weren't exactly permitting. A blanket of fog shrouded the valley from dawn until they made it down. He saw about 50+ people on the mountain that day, and some of them were in possession of climbing gear that was way out of style (Pitons, Old leather boots). They tried talking to some of the people but nobody ever said a word, or even looked their way.. and there were only 3 cars in the parking lot when they descended...

64 people have died on long's peak. One of the most bad ass stories I've ever been told.

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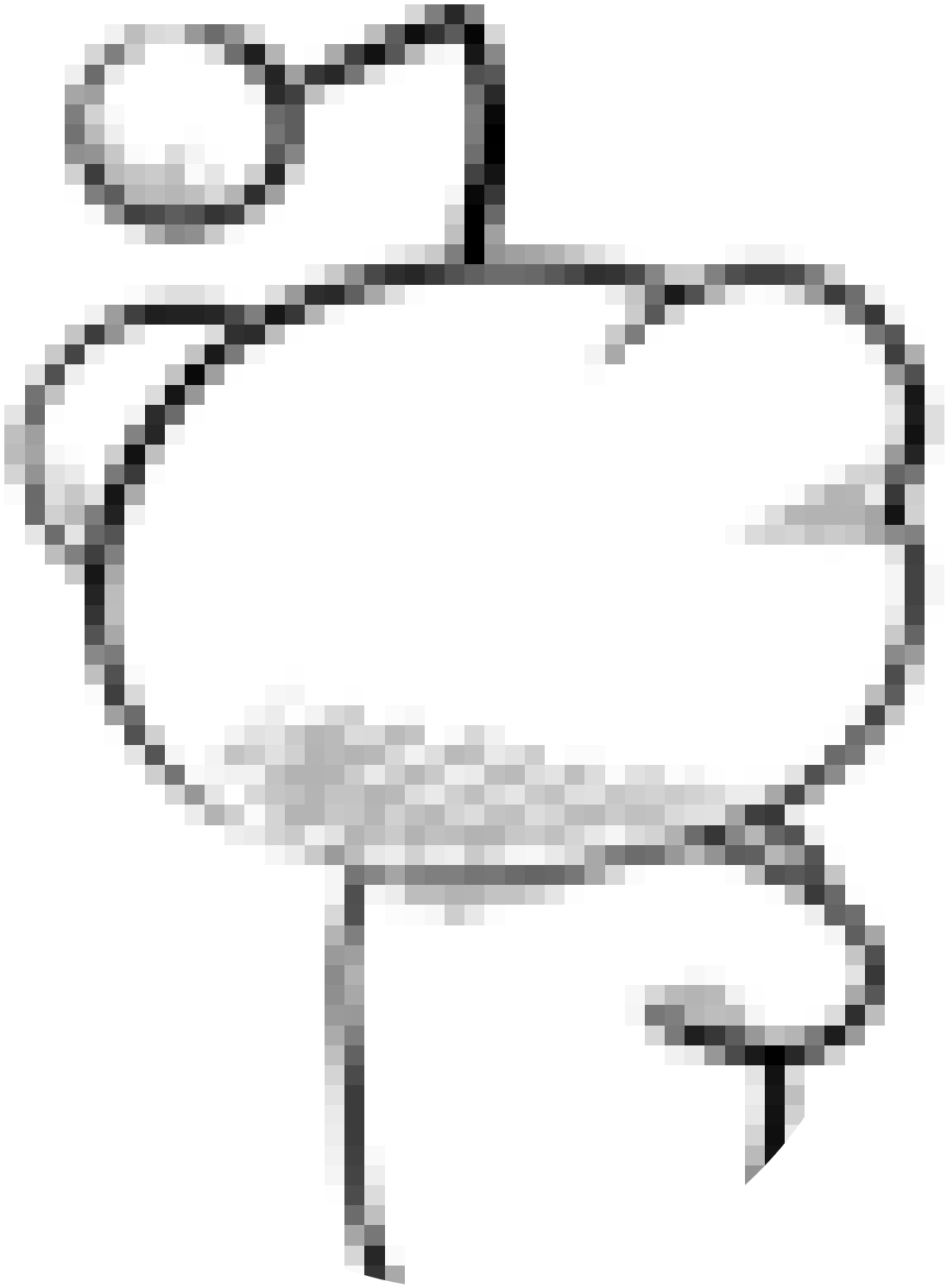

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â€¢ 14y ago

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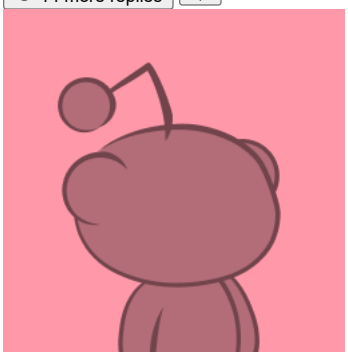

twannerson
â€¢ 14y ago

So I had been working in the entertainment department at my local target store for years. We carry a substantial amount of cd's but nowhere near as much as a legit record store so I had always been nearly 100 percent confident in knowing if we carried a certain album when asked. One day walking past the back end caps, for no reason at all I looked down and to the right and my eyes locked onto "The Essential Leonard Cohen". I thought "Wow. I had no idea we had that. I don't know who Leonard Cohen is, and if anyone would have asked me I would have confidently told them no and would have been wrong." No one had ever asked me before though (4 years or so). 4 or 5 footsteps later a dude asked me if we had any Leonard Cohen. I know it's just a coincidence but sometimes like to toy with the notion of being on the same wavelength as people sometimes or some nonsense like that.

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elleyia
â€¢ 14y ago

when i was in elementary school, i was one of the first stops to be picked up for the bus. one day, a bus that was different than our usual one stopped. being a kid, i didn't think anything of it--we'd had substitutes before, so i hopped on. it had been a little early, so a few stops didn't have all their kids. that was just luck of the draw. after the last stop, there were maybe about half the usual kids. again, i'm in like, third grade. i don't really question it, i just continue playing a little game with some friends. when we get to school, the driver hands one of the fifth graders the substitute note (basically a checklist of the route's stop, confirming the bus went past them all.) later, everyone who rode that bus got called done and questioned at the principal's office. there were police officers and somebody from the school board, there, too. apparently, the bus we got on was not registered with the anyone and no one knew who the driver was. (literally, the police could not find a record of the name.) however, the usual bus HAD gone on its route, and had picked up the other half of the kids. they were sitting towards the back half of the bus (typical--that's where everyone always wanted to be.) however, the bus had suffered brake failure and had been struck by a second bus at an intersection. the front half of both buses were pretty mangled, and both drivers had to be airlifted to the hospital. however, because there weren't students at the front of the bus, no child suffered major injury...we still don't know where that first bus came from...

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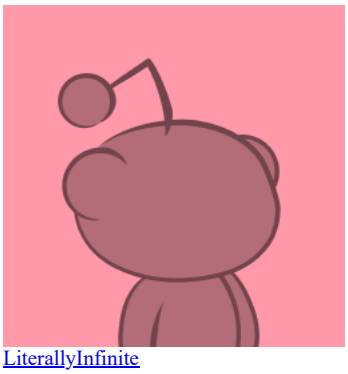

LiterallyInfinite
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 9 years old I had stayed home sick from school and I was taking a shower when my mom went to pick up my brother from school. Since I was home alone, I left the bathroom door open a crack and we had this kinda opaque, sliding glass door on the shower. At one point I looked over towards the door and saw what looked like a hand reach in and turn the light off. I tried telling myself maybe the light burned out(but there were multiple lights) or a fuse went out(but the switch was turned to off and the lights still worked). The house was all locked up, no one had broken in...one of the scariest moments of my life.

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curiousjaws
â€¢ 14y ago

yesterday, my girlfriend farted at the exact same time as the hallway light went out

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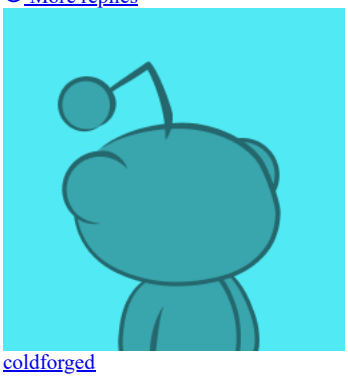

coldforged
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Not mine but my wife's (she's displeased... "you're using my story for points? Nice.").

She was walking near her house when she was around 9 years old. Their house was off a very busy road with fast traffic. She waited and crossed the road during a lull and something made her turn around and look. Pepper, a neighborhood dog that usually followed the kids around bouncing and getting attention, had followed her to the road and was just starting to cross to follow her across. She yelled at the dog to turn around and go back -- of course a car was coming at about 55 -- but the dog wouldn't listen. She shrieked at the dog to go back. She says the dog acted like it heard something, cocked its head and "pointed", the best way she can describe it.

My now wife did the only thing a kid can do... she ran out to grab the dog. Her arms flew out, her legs felt like they were off the ground (her words), her head slung forward: someone had grabbed her from behind around the waist, physically preventing her from running out into traffic where the dog got hit a second later. She screamed and her mother -- down the block and inside the house -- heard her and came out. That was the only person there. No one was remotely close enough to have grabbed her and kept her out of traffic.

TL;DR - a child saved from being hit by a car by a phantom hand

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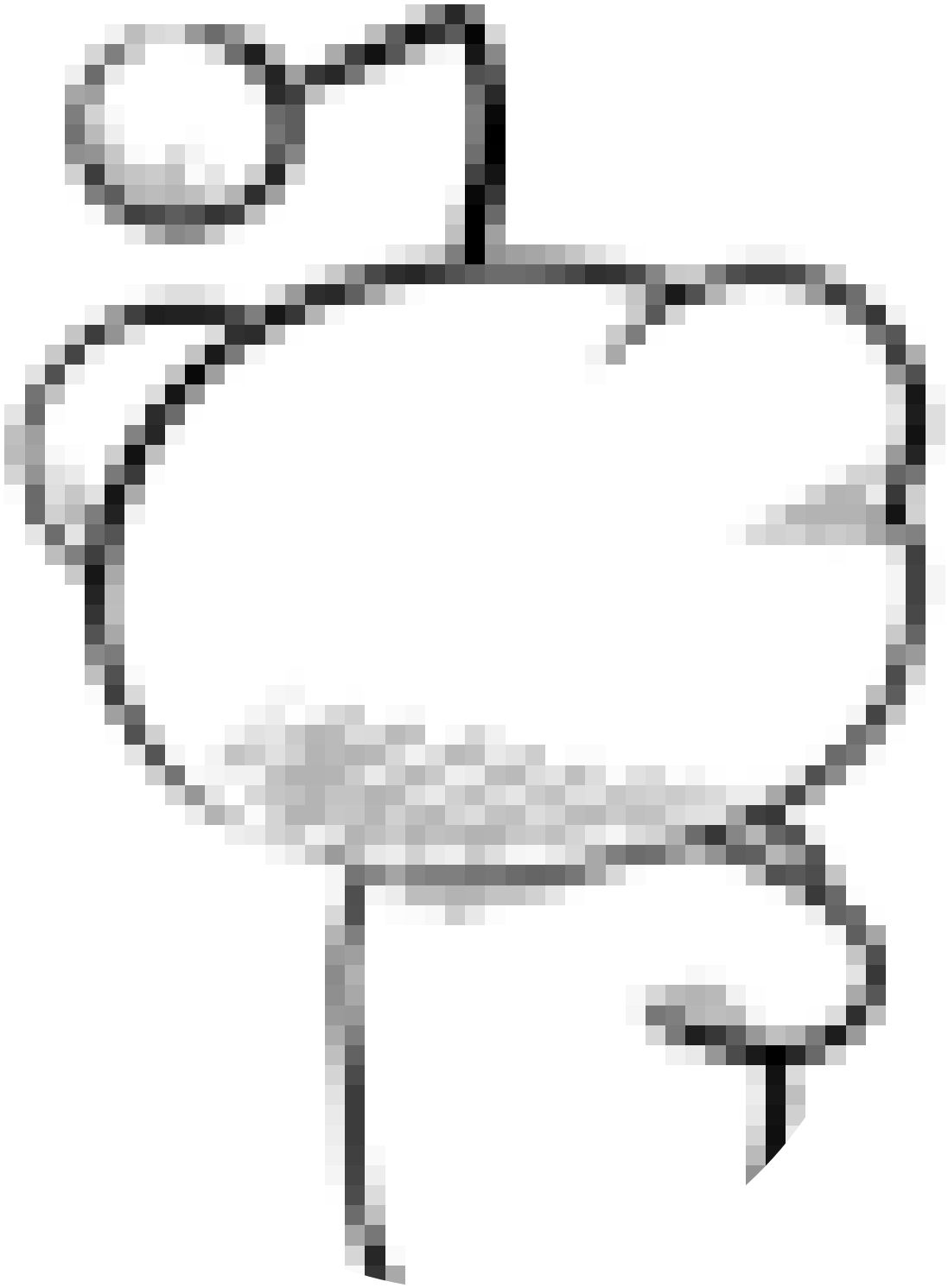

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â€¢ 14y ago

It's to late and this is buried but . When I was probably in 6th or 7th grade, my mom gave me a few bucks to go to a nearby grocery store to pick something up. It was dark out and it was probably about a 10-15 min walk.

So I started walking and not even a minute into this walk there was a light maybe 15-20 ft in the air. It looked like if someone shined a flashlight on the smoke over a fire. Do as I'm walking this "smoky ball" would just go in small circles and hover in the are in front of me. At first I though someone was fucking with me but at every corner it would stop and once I turned or continued it would go in front of me again. I was pretty freaked out so once I got in the store I kind of wondered for a bit thinking it'd go away.

So I probably left 15 minutes later and of course I look into the sky and I see no sign of it. Relieved I start walking home but then I see it. Waiting for me at the first corner. I'm horrified but I keep walking... I finally get close enough to my home where I can sprint the whole way. I run the fastest I have ever run in my life get home slam the door lock it. My parents are concerned they ask me what happened. I'm out of breath, scared and confused by what I saw so I just tell them I seen a ghost. They burst out laughing. I was humiliated.

Now that was at least 10 years ago. I still think about it. I can't explain it and I've never seen it again but it did leave one thing. Shortly after it happened I went to get my haircut the woman cutting my hair noticed I had a tiny patch of hair that was completely white. I never had this before and was kinda surprised and she went on to say that " They say when you have one of these you've seen an angel".

Now I don't believe I seen an angel, and I'm not sure I seen a ghost. But I do know what I seen wasn't normal.

Reply Share

Pojodan
â€¢ 14y ago

Was driving down the road in northern Idaho about a decade ago. Not a cloud in the sky, no trees, no buildings, just a long stretch of open plains ahead and around me. Suddenly something about the size of a cantaloupe landed on my windshield that had the consisency of snot and was mostly a dark green color. I nearly retched at the sight and it took quite some time for my windshield wipers to let go of all of it. My only guess is that it was waste dropped from an airplane, but this was central Idaho and there's not a lot of air traffic in that area.

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AmpEater
â€¢ 14y ago

Dragon turd

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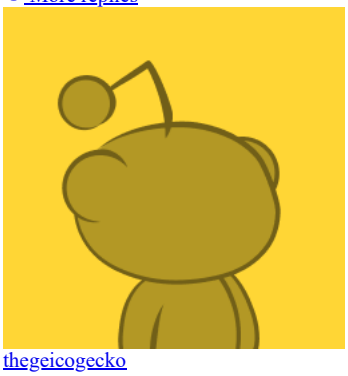

thegeicogecko
â€¢ 14y ago

Some friends of mine and I were hanging out at this rock quarry in the woods by my house, on top of this huge pile of gravel in the middle of the open area. We had a fire, and were having a good time drinking and talking. There were maybe 8 of us. Suddenly there was this scream like nothing I have ever heard before. We all refer to it as the witch scream, and to this day I have no idea what made it. At this point most of us have convinced ourselves it was a cougar scream to make ourselves feel better about it, which might tell you something.

We all went silent immediately, and stared into the woods behind us where it had come from. Five seconds later, it sounded again, in the opposite direction, on top of a large cliff. Barely controlled panic ensued, we packed up our popup tent as fast as we could and practically ran the mile through the woods back to my house, all the while a few of us were trying to calm everyone down by saying it was a screech owl or something.

I have never heard it since, but to this day I don't go out there at night alone anymore.

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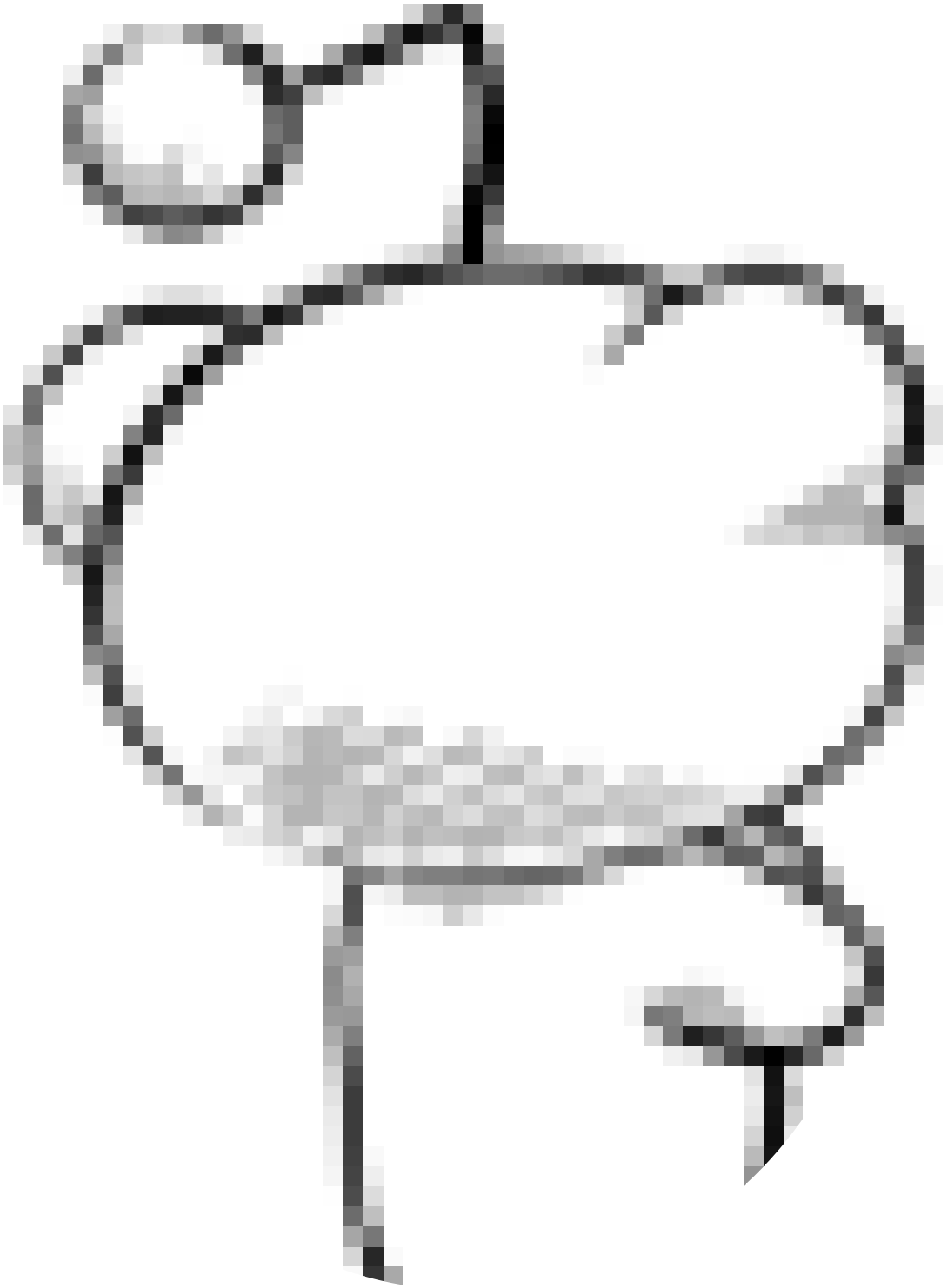

iambookus
â€¢ 14y ago

Driving home one day, I saw a big cargo plane sitting completely still in the sky. It wasn't all that far off, maybe 500 meters at most. When I got home, I called the Airport's control tower, and they didn't have any answers.

Reply Share

iamnull
â€¢ 14y ago

There's a common optical illusion with landing planes. When they're coming in low and slow and you're driving in the opposite direction at roughly highway speeds, it looks like they're standing still. Otherwise, I've seen multiple phantom planes.

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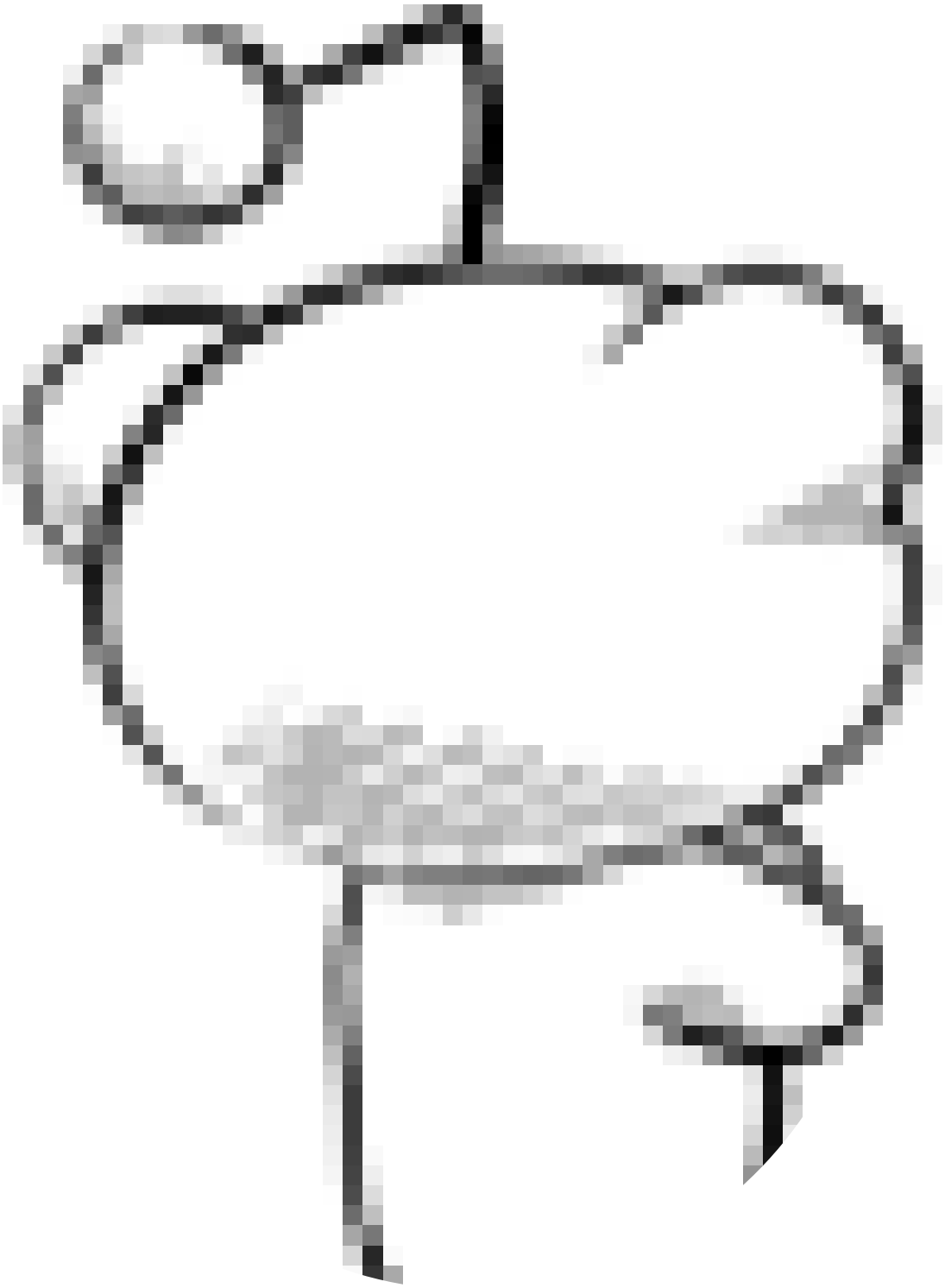

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â€¢ 14y ago

ITT; Australians who realise they will not be sleeping tonight.

practicalbatman
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay so my son had this stuffed Junior Asparagus doll thingy (from the kids show Veggie Tales) when he was very very little. His mom had bought it for him because she found the songs on the show funny and because the doll had eyes that lit up dimly and it said, in a cute high voice, "I'm not scared," and then would proceed to sing this little la-la-la confidence-type song. Well as the battery ran out the singing grew slower and slower and thus the voice got deeper and deeper. One night after checking on him already sound asleep in bed the thing was on a shelf and went off by itself in the dark in this deep, deep, slow voice with glowing eyes: "I'M NOT SCARED. LA LAA LAA LA LAAA LAAA LAAAAA LAAAA LAAAAAA." Sure that I had previously done so I went to pull out the old, worn batteries that wasn't giving the doll enough juice and causing it to short out or whatever and sure enough the battery box within was already empty. Then it went off one more time in my hand.

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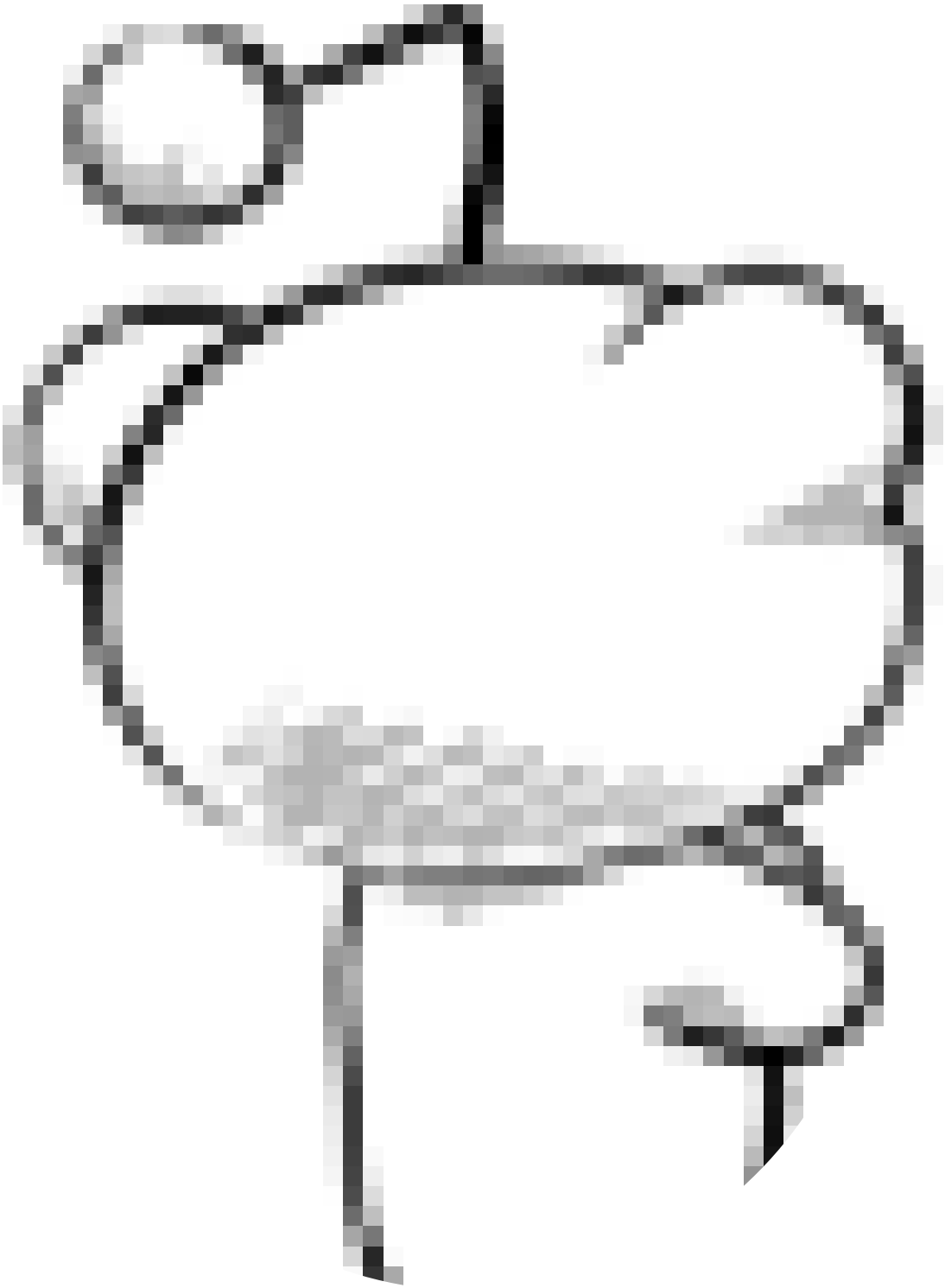

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 11y ago

Former USMC member here

On one afternoon sometime in July or August of 2006, a few of my squadmates and I were performing a fairly routine 'patrol', if you would call it that. Basically, the type of patrol that we were conducting primarily involved walking around an empty stretch of highway to make sure that noone planted an IED on it.

Anyhow, we were having a pretty good time, just walking around and joking, talking, etc. Suddenly, one of the guys I was with pointed out about six people some 200-300 yards away from us, dressed in camouflage; basically, they looked exactly like us. I waved to them; the person directly congruent to me waved back. Every time we moved, it seemed as if they would mimic the action. After about five minutes or so, I fired off a warning shot, mainly because there's only a very small period of time in which you can fuck around in a warzone before you get shot/killed/blown up. Of course, the action was copied and that's when I came to the realization that I was looking into a giant mirror.

After walking up to it, we found that it was, in fact, a giant mirror. For some reason, someone had found the time and motivation to construct an almost mile long mirror in the middle of the desert. It had several Arabic symbols scribbled on the back of it; I think that I saved the pictures I took of them, if anyone's interested in trying to translate.

Disclaimer: This entire post is role playing. I have never served in the USMC or any branch of the military.

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Lovemewithmath

â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 19 I spent a month at my grandfathers house in southern Georgia. He's about 65 and an avid hunter. Anyways he takes me out to a 500 acre clear cut and puts me in a 20 foot high tree trash pile to at about 4 PM to stay all night. I sit there with my shotgun and wait. It gets about 6:30 and starts turning dark. Not wanting to fire hunt I grab my blanket and pillow and lay down in a cubby in the trash pile. About 5 minutes later I hear a scream like a fucking banshee and feel the trash pile just start shaking. I jump up grab my gun, and take off the safety. I see 3 deer in front of the trash pile and they all just start running. I shoot one behind some small saplings but don't see him drop. So I wait for him to bleed out. About an hour later I take my flashlight and gun, jump from the trash pile and start walking towards where the deer was. I turn on the flashlight at where I think it fell and see blood everywhere but no deer. I turn around the way I came and point the flashlight and see a trail with blood leading right back to my trashpile. So I NOPENOPENOPE. Ended up walking nearly 25 miles in the middle of the night back to the closest house. Went back the next day and my backpack, blanket, and pillow were ripped to fucking shreds. We looked for tracks and couldnt find anything except the blood trail. We ended up setting fire to the trash pile. After it had burned down we found a tunnel/hole about 3 feet across an d who knows how deep. Went and got some stones and blocked it up. That was the end of that.

TLDR: Camp out on 500 acre clearcut, hear weird screaming, shoot deer, blood drag trail leads back to my trashpile, burn trash pile, find weird hole under it.

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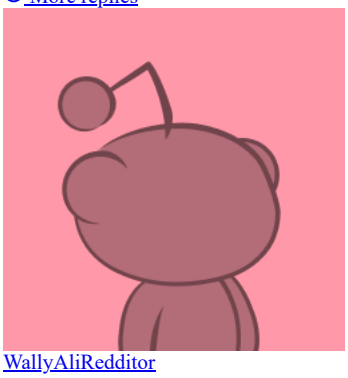
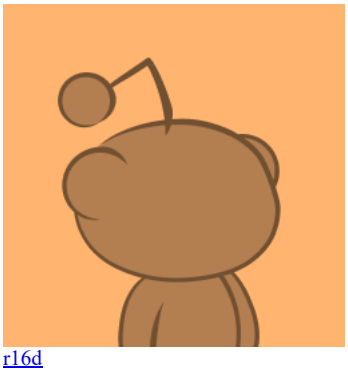


WallyAliRedditor

â€¢ 14y ago

My sister once saw a normal car full of clowns, I shit you not, *clowns*, stop next to her at a stoplight. It was not Halloween, and the circus was not in town. Clowns, I tell you. *Clowns*.



r16d
â€¢ 14y ago

my dad and his friend were in a canoe when they were kids, and they each had their hand hanging over the opposite side of the boat. at the exact same time, they felt someone grab their hand.

my dad also had a dream that he was institutionalized, and went to the window and saw his friend driving by, and they made eye contact. he talked to his friend the next day, and he had a dream where he drove past a mental institution and made eye contact with my dad while driving by.

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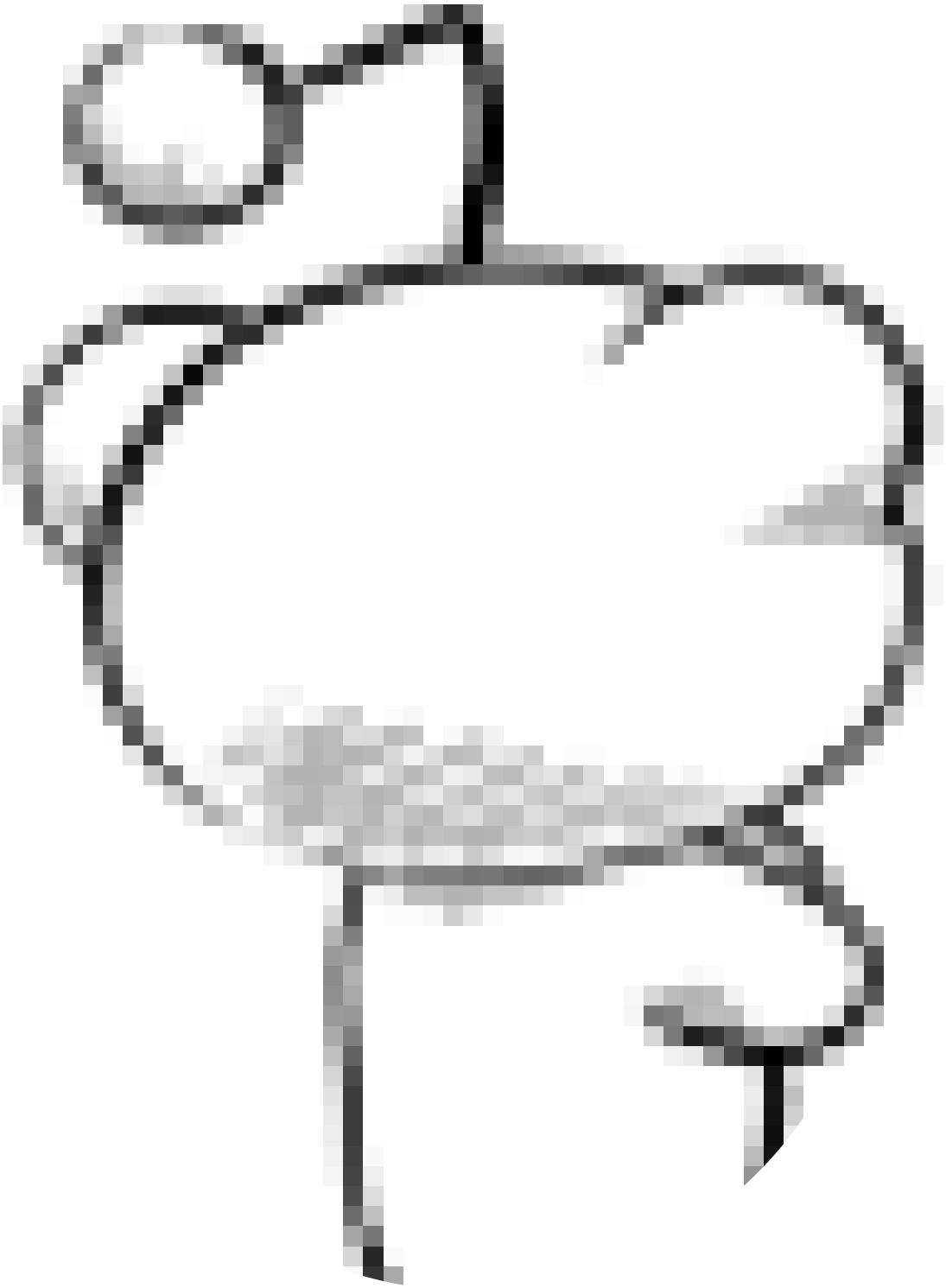

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â€¢ 14y ago

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tacoenthusiast
â€¢ 14y ago

In summer 2009 (may have been 2010) the wife and I went upstairs for a little adult entertainment. Once in the bedroom, we looked at each other strangely.

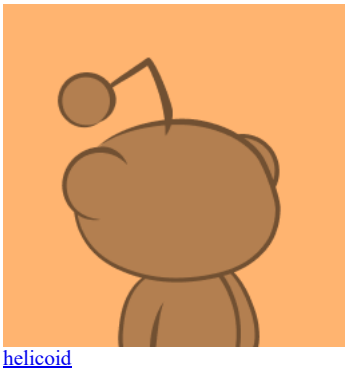
She asks "do you hear that?"

"Mariachi?" I reply.

"Oh good I thought I was going crazy"

No windows were open, but I opened them to see if it got louder or was obviously coming from the neighbor's house. It wasn't. Walking around the room, it seemed to be coming from the larger of two closets. Going in the closet didn't help pinpoint the source any further, it seemed to be the closet itself. Couldn't hear it in the room on the floor below, anywhere else in the house or even outside. Half an hour later it stopped.

TL;DR: Invisible Mexican band in my closet



helicoid
â€¢ 14y ago

I posted this in another thread once, but I don't think anyone read it.

I have a friend I met at a job I had a few years ago. He lives in a completely different town and we're years apart in age. No mutual friends or contacts at all. One summer I'm at his house with his at the time girlfriend and a friend of hers named Mell. I don't really think it was meant to be a double date type scenario but we got to talking and I got her number. When I put her number in my phone it was alphabetically sorted right next to a contact named melanie. This made me do a double take because I had no idea I had a melanie in my phonebook and didn't know even a single melanie if I wanted to attempt to guess who it could be.

I shrugged it off and decided to text mell a few days later. When I hit send my phone told me it was being sent to melanie. I made the awful mistake of texting the wrong person, and even worse it was a person whose identity was a complete mystery to me. This could be really bad/awkward. I was pretty confident I correctly selected mell though, so I started doing some investigating. I checked the phone numbers of both mell and melanie, and they matched perfectly. Mell was short for melanie... they were the same exact person.

We ended up going out that weekend and I told her the whole story. She told me I didn't look at all familiar and she doesn't think she ever met me before. The same was true on my side. We spent a little while trying to figure out some mutual friend we could have had or something but came up with nothing. It still bugs me to this day.

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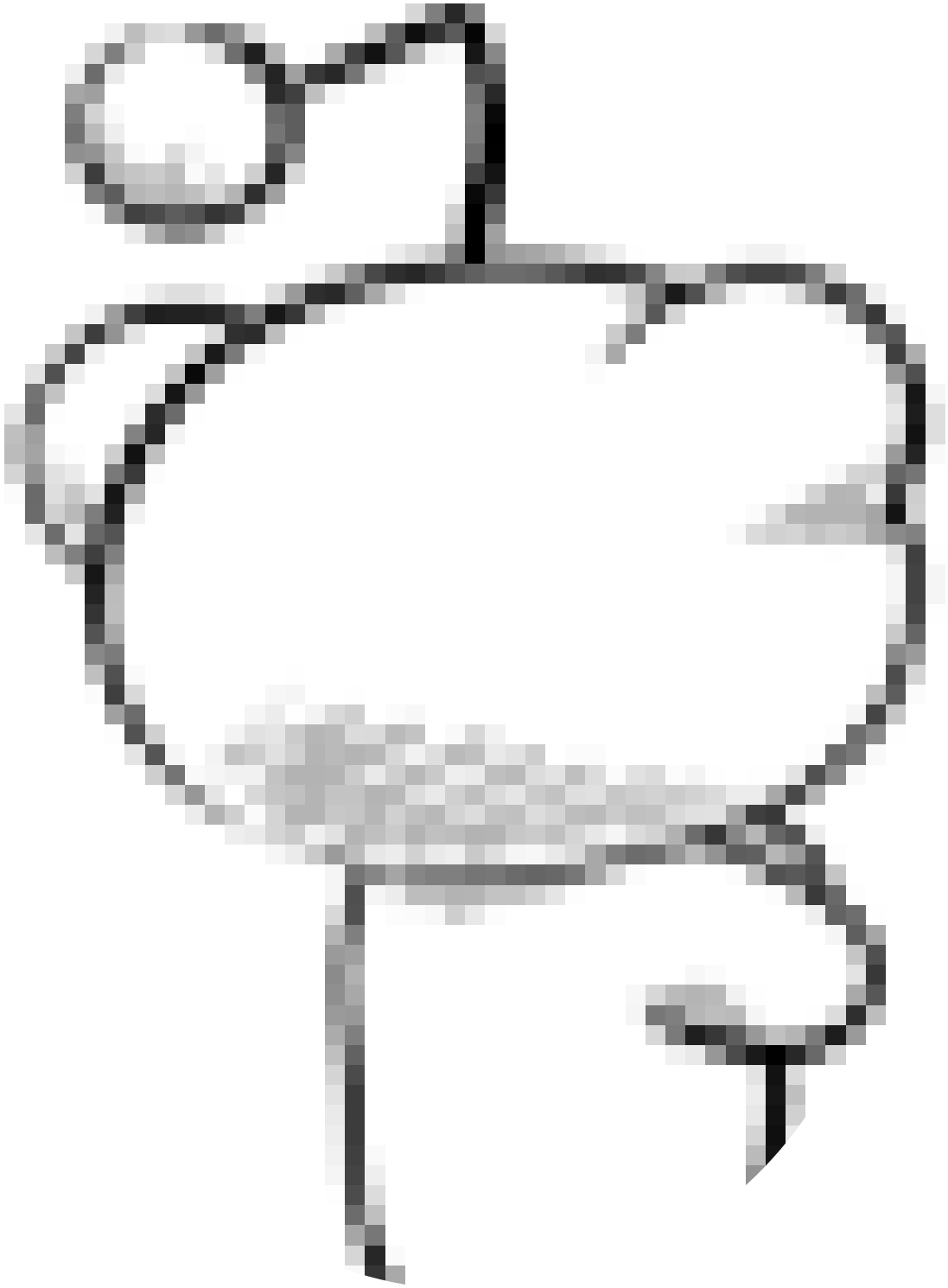

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â€¢ 14y ago

I'm very late to this thread, but just in case someone reads this, I am going to post it.

My most memorable story is that one time I was eating with my family and a bunch of other people some years ago at a local cafe. I was probably 16 or 17, so this must've been six years ago. We were there for some kind of social meeting for my parents' church.

I was sitting there, eating my food when I suddenly feel a horrible, itching, painful burning all over my thighs, legs, and even my groin and I start sweating horribly. I itch at my legs and just feel uncomfortable pain. I can't stand sitting there anymore and get up and go outside, telling my parents I feel "hot".

I go outside into the chilly air and feel loads better. It was probably the most refreshing feeling I've ever felt in my life as I literally felt as if I was burning up. I go back inside a few minutes later to find that the waitress spilled a mug of fresh, hot coffee all over where I would have been sitting. At first I was just glad I wasn't sitting there. Then I made the connection, and was really creeped out by what I guess could be seen as a coincidence or a premonition. Regardless, it was definitely a strange story I cannot explain.

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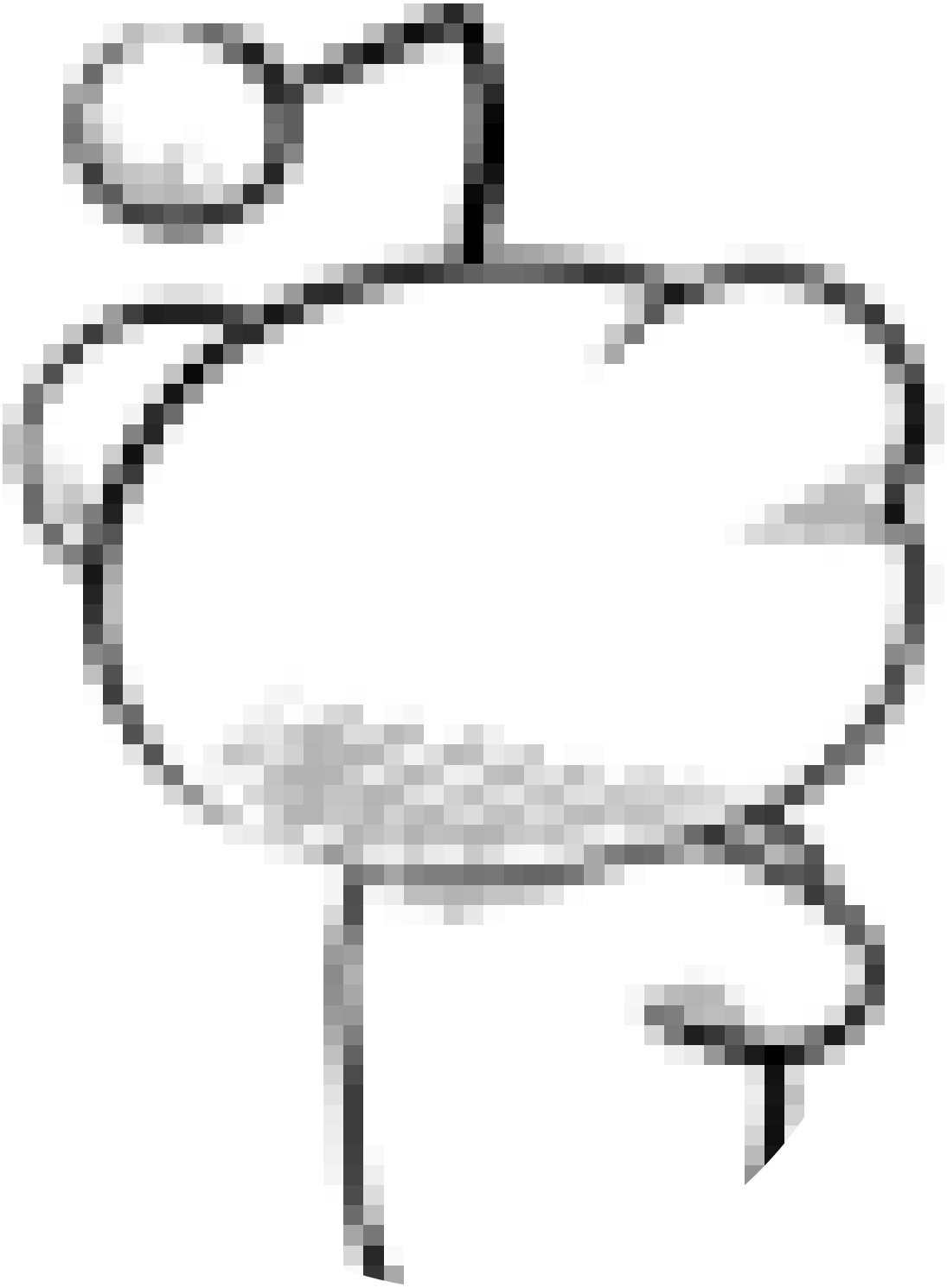

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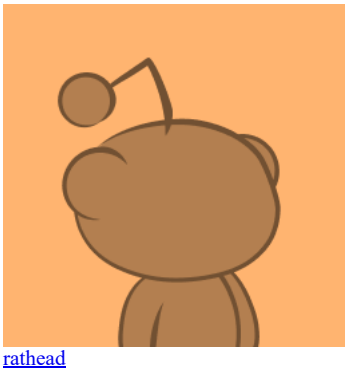
â€¢ 14y ago

Knew an old lady who could tell you things that were on the news. She'd be sitting outside, on a chair and tell us about the latest news and the weather. It was weird until she admitted she was picking up a radio staion on one of her fillings. That was pretty weird too, but I could hear it when I got real close.



rathead
â€¢ 14y ago

nobody's ever picked up a radio station on one of their fillings... ask mythbusters.

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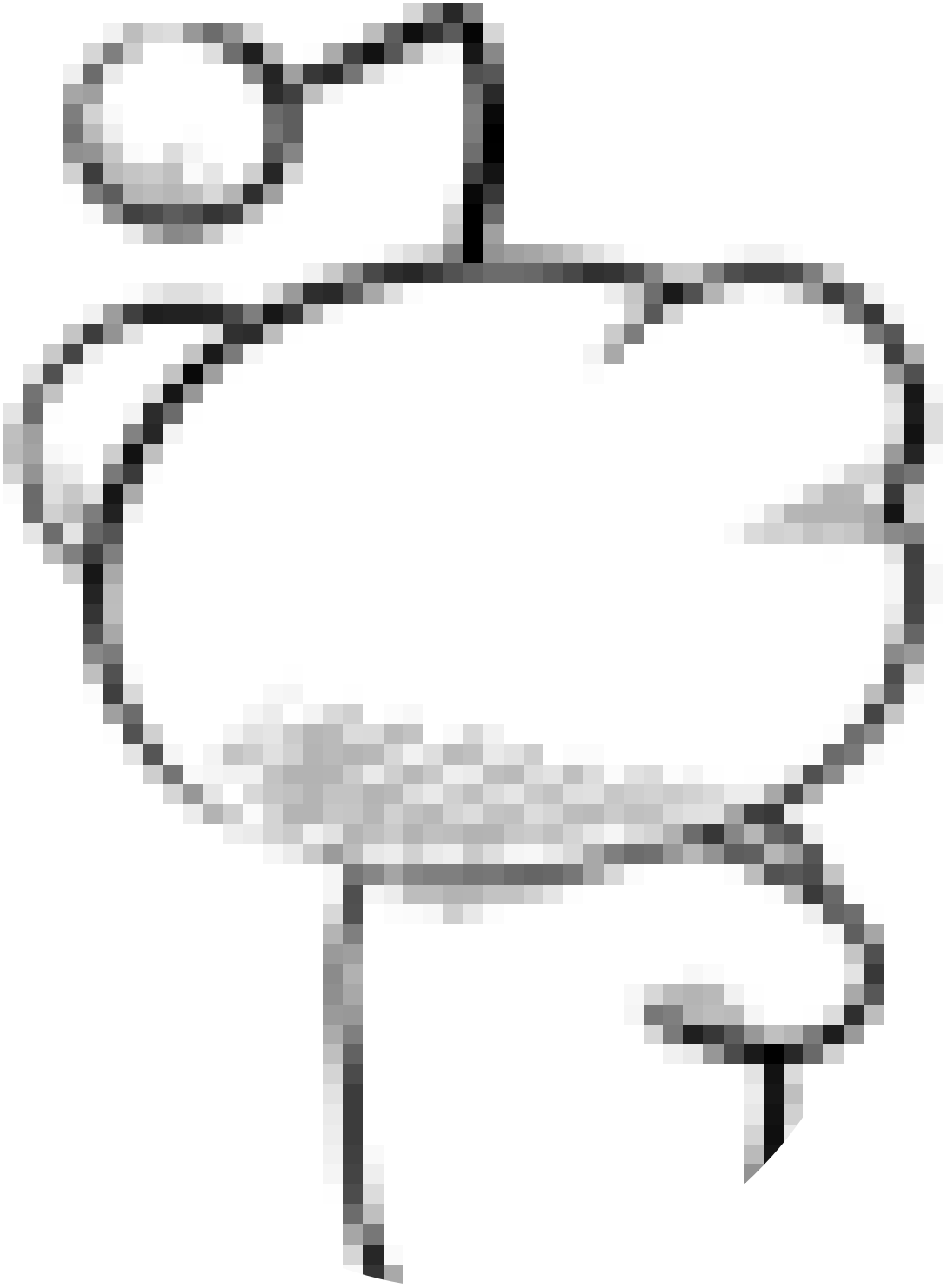
ridingshotgun
â€¢ 14y ago

Why am I reading this before going to bed?



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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Mine is short but sweet. At 3000 comments deep no one will read it but I genuinely believe it's the creepiest one here.

I was sitting in my bed just typing on my laptop. Alone in the house and basically perfectly still other than my hands typing.

A penny hit me square in the face.

I have no explanation. Oh, and this was only about a year ago. Not when I was some superstitious 10 year old or anything.

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paroxysm77
â€¢ 14y ago

The first night my ex-girlfriend stayed at my house, it was about 2am and we were sleeping, when I woke up and heard people singing Happy Birthday. Like a bunch of people, as if a cake was about to be cut.

I was half-asleep so I just shrugged it off as nothing, something still hanging around from my dream, and went to roll over. When my girlfriend dug her nails into my arm and held me tight. She has heard it to.

It's the only thing that has happened in my life that I couldn't really explain. My ex told me later that it happens to her often, and the first time I stayed at her house, she woke up to find a man standing over our bed...something you think you would mention earlier, but anyway.

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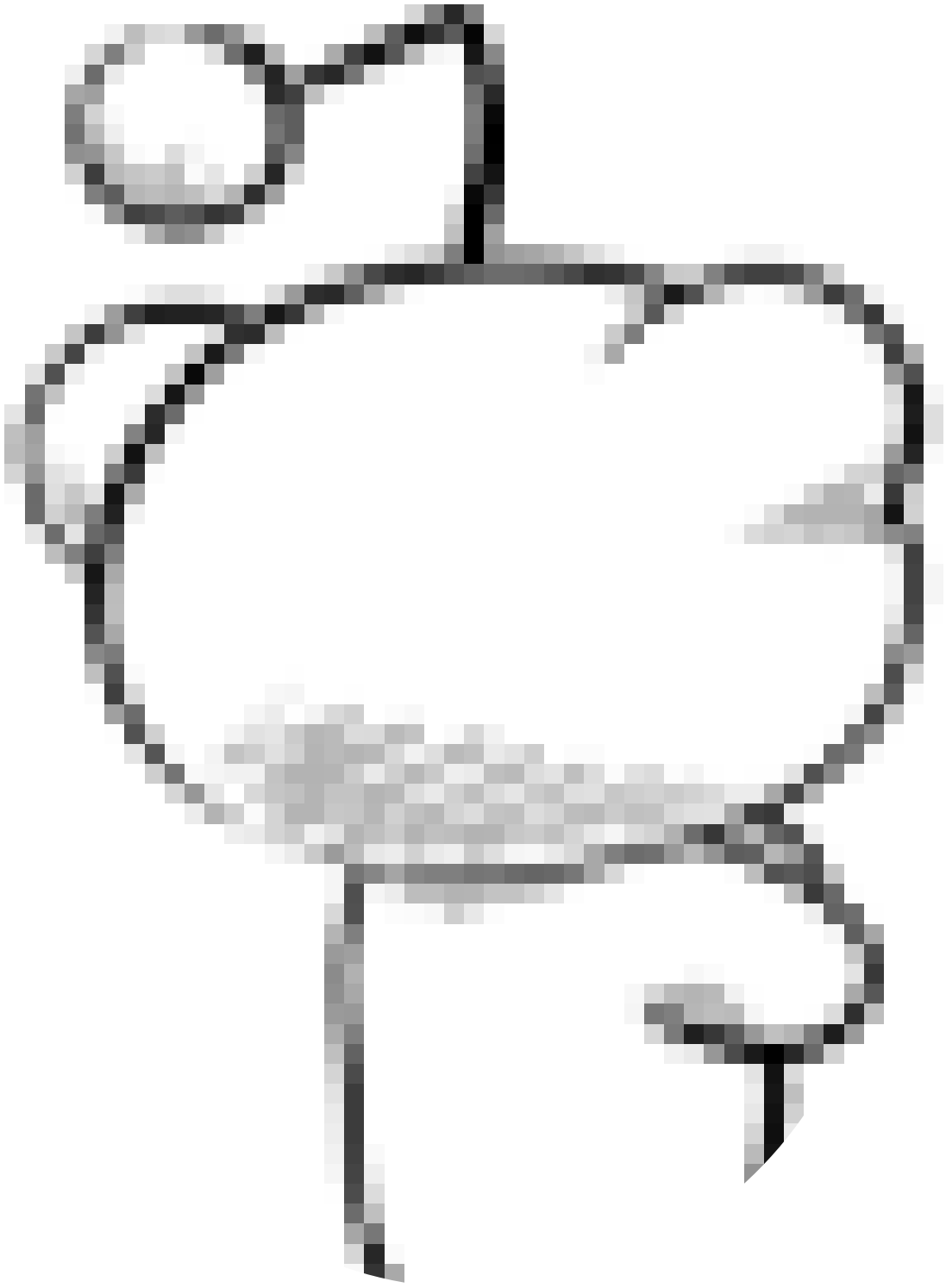

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

This happened when I was in college. In between classes, my friend Jen and I decided to take a pee, so we rushed to the ladies' room. There was a long line for each of the two cubicles. I joined the left line while Jen joined the right.

Jen and I talked while waiting for our turns. In the middle of a hilarious story, I was gesturing wildly with my hands, and so I accidentally hit the back of the head of the girl in front of me. It barely grazed her, but I did mess up her smooth hair. She turned around and gave me a pissed-off look. Of course, I said I was sorry.

The lines were slowly moving as people came in and out of the cubicles, and after a few minutes, I was standing in front of the left door, finally next in line. In the other line, Jen was still two people away from the front, so I told her that I would wait for her outside in the hallway after I was done. I remember trying to hold on to my pee by then, so when the girl in front of me entered the cubicle, I leaned on the wall beside the door.

But after waiting like forever, it still wasn't my turn. The two people in front of Jen had already come and gone. After Jen finished doing her business, I decided to speak against the door and ask the girl inside to hurry up. I got no answer.

I knocked lightly, and when I did, the door swung back a bit. It wasn't locked. I bent down and looked at the space under the door to see if someone was there (I was looking for feet), but there was nothing.

I wasn't feeling too good about the whole thing, but I decided to push the door open, only to see that the cubicle was empty. The rusty window near the ceiling was closed shut, and even if it were open, it was tiny.

There was no space under the wall between the cubicles, so she couldn't have crawled to the right side and leave through the other door. Also, she couldn't have left the cubicle without me knowing about it because I was leaning just beside the door.

I was sure that she had gone in because I saw that happen. I even hoped that she wouldn't take too long.

And I wasn't the only one who saw her. The girls in my line, especially the one behind me, were spooked, too. Even the girls in the other line saw her. We all left the toilet after that because we were too freaked out.

I still remember what she looked like. She was shorter than I am and had straight, chin-length hair. She was wearing a white top. She was also opaque and solid -- none of that translucent and misty ghostly shit. She looked normal, really. It was just so weird.

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Knotwood
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 12, I went to summer camp...my parents went on a tour of Napa Valley that sane time.

They dropped me off at camp and in a week came and picked me up. When we got back home, on top if my bed, right in the middle of the blanket was a coin from the "Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan".

We have NO idea where that coin came from. We had no one stay or come to our house while we were gone. I still have possession of the coin and wonder how a coin from halfway around the world materialized on my bed.

Miss-Indigo
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was seventeen I went out with my boyfriend and got drunk. Not just a little bit drunk, but really drunk. So at 3 am we decided to sit outside to have a glass of water and try and clear our heads a little bit before going home on our bicycles (the only way at the time). After a while we decided to give it a go. At one point we are riding through a long quiet and dark street and out of nowhere a ping pong ball comes at us. No one to be seen in front of us, just a long empty road and that little ball. I caught it in mid air while riding my bike and being drunk. We couldn't figure out how that happened, but I kept it for over ten years now.

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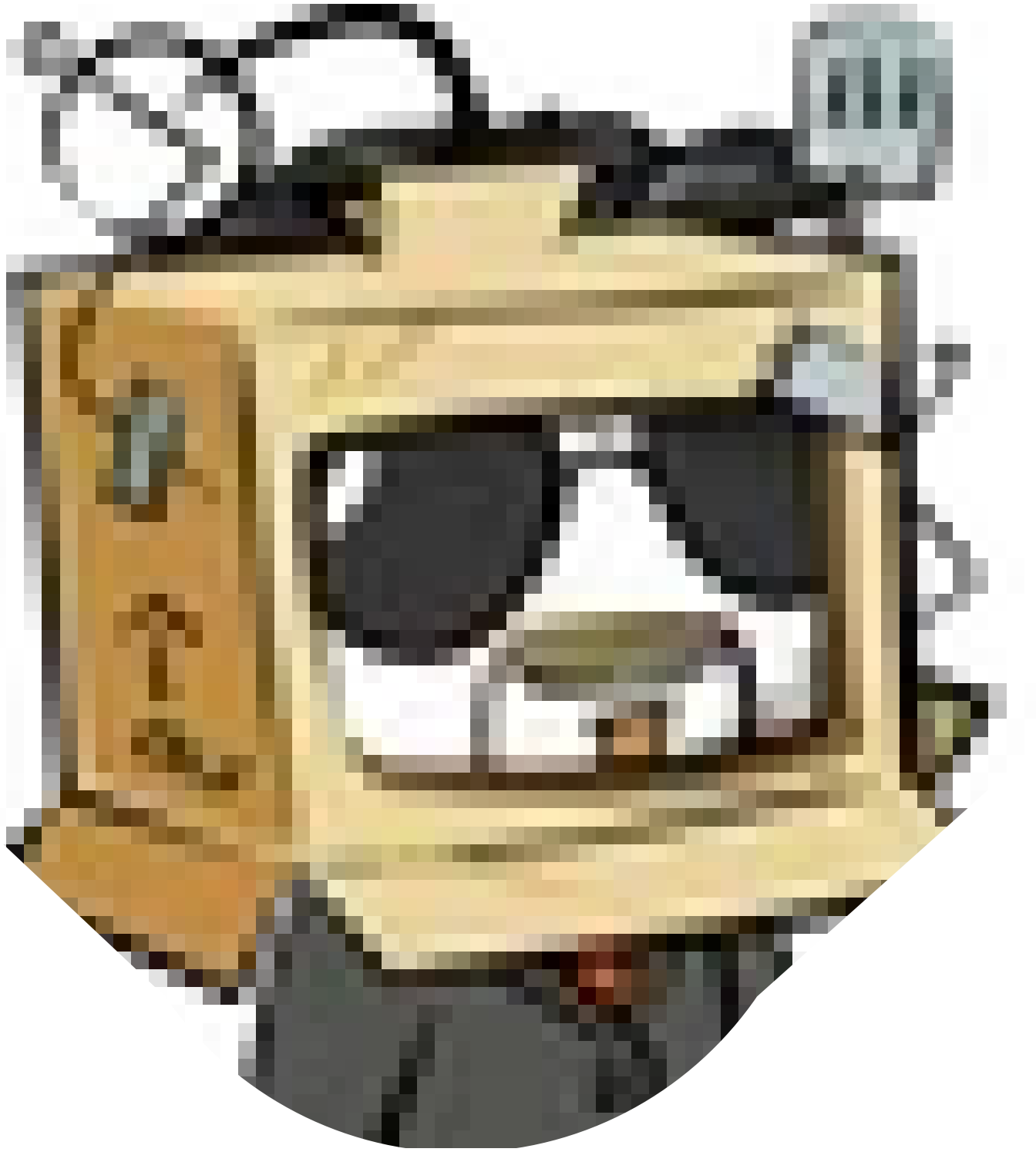

daddyohoh
â€¢ 14y ago

Ok here is my story. It happened twice. Once under the influence of MDMA and once after a weekend festival of excess and debauchery. I know a lot of ye will discount this because of the presence of drugs in my system and that's fine. All I know is it happened twice. I must explain I am not religious or superstitious, nor do I believe in ghosts spirits an afterlife or any of that mumbojumbo. The first was about fifteen years ago when three of my friends and myself were camping on top of a local small mountain/big hill. The hill contains an ancient Celtic burial mound and a panoramic view of the surrounding area. We all consumed a gram of MDMA, this being the reason for our camping trip. Things were going great until the batteries died on our radio. Being on top of a hill we could see the closest gas station about 3 or 4 miles away. Being full of MDMA myself and my mate decide to jog to the station. Not a good idea but it felt logical at the time. So off we set. It starts off as a jog but being on steep hill we are soon sprinting down hill through a thick pine forest in pitch black. When I glance across at my friend its not him. It is a casper type apparition or ghost of myself.Like a holagram or smoke replica of myself. Seeing my ghostly reflection I speed up to and change direction to try get away.I was fully aware I was under the influence of drugs but I was freaked. The ghosty thing never leaves my side or takes it eyes off me. Im running full pelt glancing across at ghost me who's expression is blank and staring and its keeping pace. I start to scream FUCK OFF YA CUNT, JUST FUCK OFF, when it speeds up, overtakes me, stops in front of me and raises its hand for me to stop(traffic cop style). I freeze, shut my eyes in total fear and drop to the ground waiting to be fucking eaten or something. A few seconds pass and I look up. Nothing there. I gather my thoughts and stand up. I look around realizing I am no longer in the woods but standing on top of a cliff about 40ft high overlooking a river. A fall from this hight would have certainly killed me.I had to walk miles to get back the road. Once at the road I decided I was now closer to home then the party on top of the mountain. Also my high was gone and so were the drugs so off home I hiked. I arrived home about 5am and went into bed. The following morning my mates called to the house to make sure I wasn't still tripping lost on a mountain. After explaining I got lost on the way to get the batteries and just went home(keeping my ghosty thing story to myself) the real weird shit was told to me. The

lad I had started running down the hill with told me I had got ahead of him somewhere in the thick woods and he lost sight of me. He stopped and started calling out for me. No answer. Now he was lost as well. He walked for a bit until he came across a fire trail. Looking back up the hill he could see me at a bend in the trail looking down at him.He started screaming at me to come down to him but I just turned without a word and walked up around the bend. He ran up after me, turned the bend only to see he had not gained any ground. I was walking, he was running but not getting any closer. Mad as hell he kept this up until he found himself back at our camp site where the other two friends were still drinking and buzzing around a little fire.He explained what happened but the other two said they had not seen me and not to worry as I often went wandering when buzzing. The next story begins after a drug-fest wekend music festival two years ago. I have attended many of these festivals and they are usually the highlight of my year. The monday morning after the festival I pack up my shit and load up on coffee preparing for the 3 hour drive home. I smoke a few spliff's and wait until about lunchtime before I drive to the closest town. There I park up and go for food. I am feeling a little delicate from the excess's of the weekend and want to make sure I'm going to able to drive safely so really take my time and relax a little in a cafe. About 6pm when the traffic rush has died I set off again. I am driving a slightly shorter route than the one I took to get there, through back roads I have never drove before to get home. About 10 mins into the journey I notice this ghost type thing(same as the last story) outside the drivers window. He is me. He is staring in the window at me while running at the speed I am driving. He never attempts to talk or communicate in anyway, just run's and stares. This freaks me but I keep driving and concentrating on the road. I can almost make it disappear from my peripheral vision by not looking at it but when I glance over it is plain as day. I am a little stoned but not under the influence of anything else. I feel this is just residue from the weekend and try not to panic. In no other way is my vision impaired.After about thirty mins of this he veers left onto a smaller road and instead of sticking to my route I follow him, I dont know why I did this and I know if I thought about it at the time I would certainly not have. As soon as I turn on to the new road he is gone. I stop for a while to gather my thoughts and then continue on to the next village where I have to stop and ask for directions. The guy I ask directs me back to the road I turned off to follow the ghosty yoke, but tells me I will be a waiting a while as there was a bad accident on the road. Turns out I was a three car crash.Two people died at the scene, one more in hospital. I have no idea if I would have been near the crash when it happened but I know I would not have been too far away. I really dont know what this apparition, this transparent replica of my self was. The two experiences happened many years apart and both times I was after taking drugs. Make your own mind up

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DoubleHawk4Life
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm a sonar technician in the US Navy.

I've heard some scary shit on our underwater telephone.

Creepiest: Mechanical and electronic garble, from who the fuck knows what. This was in the middle of the Atlantic. It wasn't self-generated, and we had no contacts within miles and miles. It was definitely from a machine or something, but we were blind to what it was.

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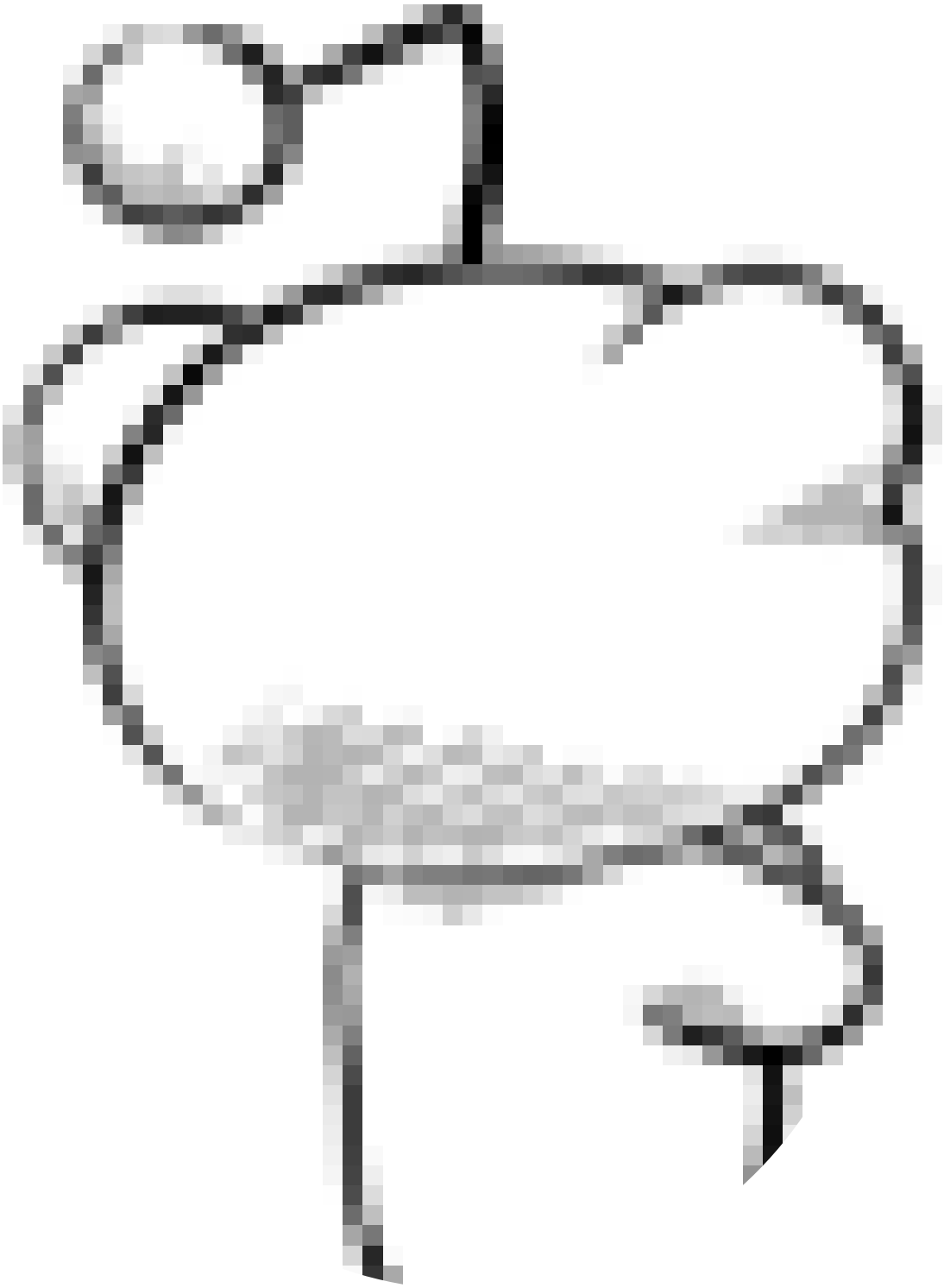

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â€¢ 14y ago

Sometime in either 2003 or 2004 I was outside smoking and looked up, and an Armada of alien warships were above LA. Like... thousands of them.

They were all shooting at eachother, and just generally fucking the planet up. Finally they fired a beam of light at where I was standing, and the second it hit me everthing was gone... like a global *reset* switch had flipped.

There was a beat, and then everything started up again like nothing had happened.

At the time I was pretty sure I wasn't hallucinating, cause the guys I was standing next to all kind of looked at each other for a split second. I asked "what the fuck was that?"

As they started answering they trailed off and kind of forgot about what we were talking about then went on with the shit they had to do that day.

It was fucking weird. Over time I came to the conclusion that I was just nuts, because no one else remembers it.

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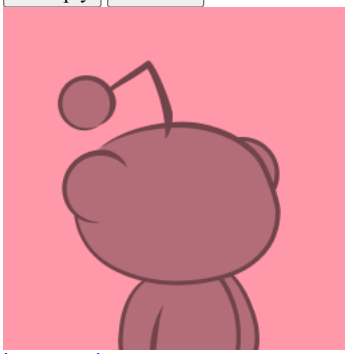

largestonedoors
â€¢ 14y ago

My grandfather died in 2005. His father (my great grandpa) was still alive but wasn't able to get out much. A few hours after my grandpa died my aunts went to his house to tell him the news. They said "we have bad news dad." He said, "I know, Tommy died." Nobody had called him or been to his house since he had passed, so they asked how he knew and he said, "he came here and told me. He was sitting right in that chair."

Reply Share

TeahMc
â€¢ 14y ago

Once, I was working the morning shift at an electronics retailer. Older gentleman came in and asked for help in blank disks. He asked me every question imaginable about blank cd's all the while touching my arm, making inappropriate jokes, and laughing loudly. I've had this type of customer before and usually the best bet is to inch away until you can end the conversation and leave. Not for this guy though he kept slapping my back and resting his had there. Then he farted so loud it shook me. other employees came to see what had happened. I was so shocked that i just stared at him. He smiled and left the store without another word. Weirdest thing that has ever happened to me. TLDR; One man in ohio can only fart while touching electronics employees.

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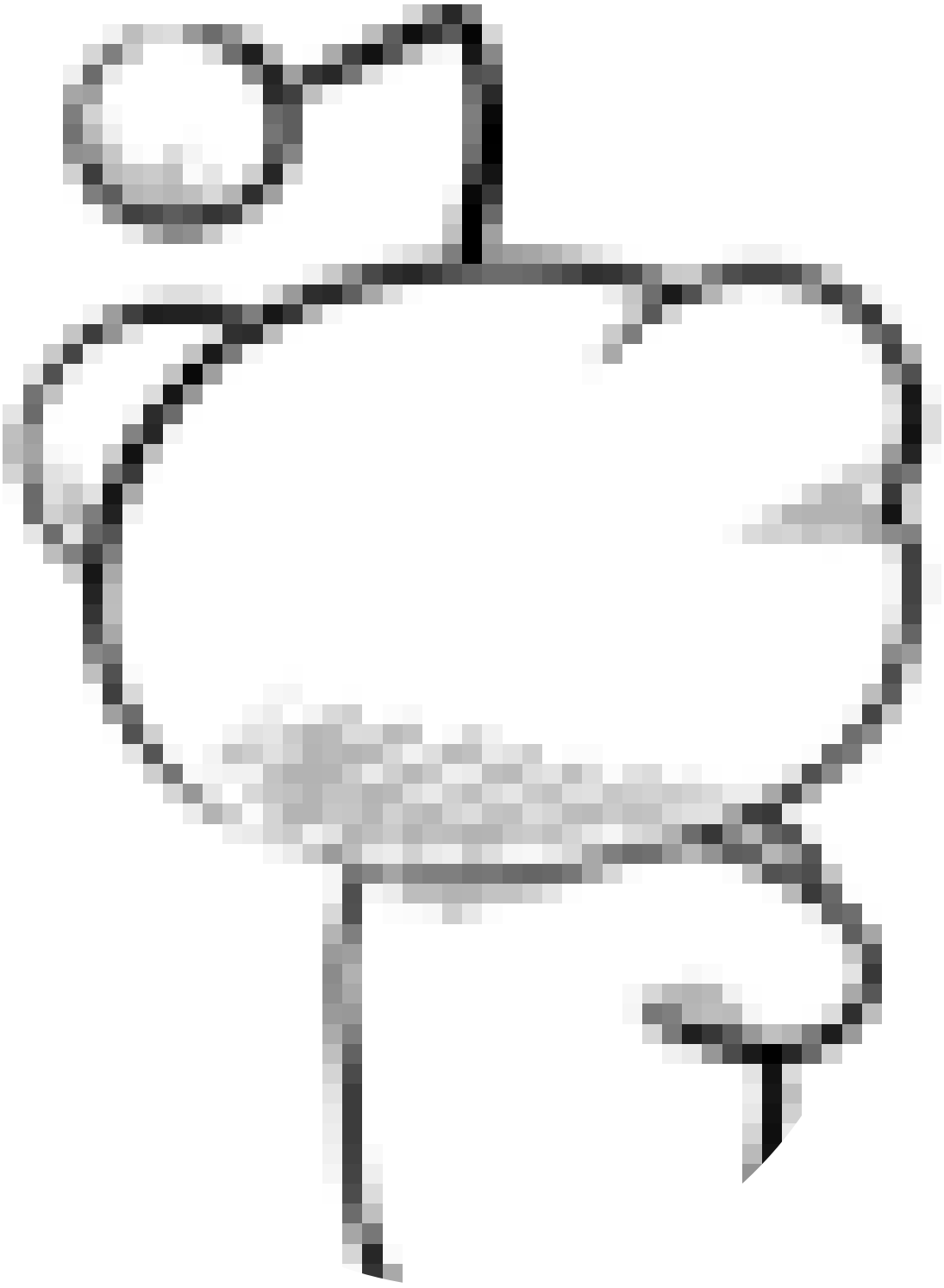

colegar
â€¢ 13y ago

Not supernatural, but still freaky :S

I was young (19) and had just got my first "performance" car. I had it jacked up so I could do an oil change. Being young and stupid I didn't think to put the car on Axel stands, I just left it on the jack and went under. I was lying under the car when I thought I heard a voice call out to me, so I rolled back out from under the car and called back to see if my parents maybe had arrived home and I hadn't noticed.

After 2min of quickly walking through the house and finding no-one I went back under the car, after another 5min I heard a much clearer voice call my name. It was almost loud enough that I thought someone was under the car with me. This scared the shit out of me and I got back out from under the car again.

Within 20 seconds of me being out from under the car, the jack gave way and broke and the car fell to the ground. I sat in the garage for about 10-15min totally stunned until my parents finally came home.

To this day I can't explain the voice, I know that no-one was home with me because my parents were the only other people living there and I watched them walk through the front door after this all happened.

I have never worked under a car again without Axel stands, and I have never heard a voice call out to me like that ever again.

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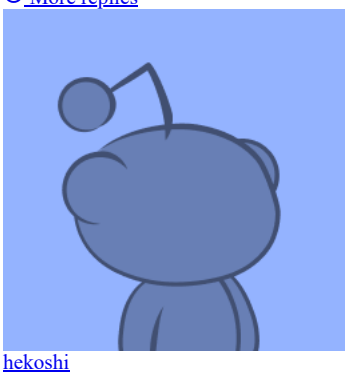

hekoshi
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I encountered a persistent and very active poltergeist. Sorry for all the text, but for anyone that wants to skip ahead to the really interesting, go to 12345. This story gives me the chills a little bit, but it's also fascinating. I moved into the basement of a friend's townhouse apartment back in January. When the room mate I was replacing moved out, I took her room. She was pretty messed up, not very intelligent, and always quick to become angry. I procrastinated the move from the basement into this room for a few weeks, but in the interim, both me and my best friend had spent time in this upstairs room... it was cold, and we both felt an uneasy presence in the room whenever we entered it.
Anyways, things started to get weird about a week before moving into that room. My phone's ring tone changed to a recording I made the night me and some friends caught an EVP. It wasn't the same EVP, but the same night. Not too scary, right? It wasn't on target and could easily pass as a glitch. Fast forward to the end of that week, I moved all of my things up to the new room and spent my first night sleeping in it. Two things happened then, both completely dismiss-able again. I had set a really freaky demonic sounding computer alarm clock sound consisting of spongebob laughing in an altered way along with demonic roaring (I've got a weird sense of humor, and I sleep like a brick.) And on this particular night, my alarm clock didn't go off. The file it was supposed to play became completely corrupt, and I had a very strange nightmare. I was at some school I didn't recognize, and I had killed someone and hidden their body in the ceiling of the school.
Fast forward another 7 days, and I had my friend over for the night. I told him about the strange events of the past 2 weeks and decided to show him my crazy alarm clock sound. The original file was corrupt, but I had gmailed it to my niece before the corruption occurred. I pulled up gmail on my laptop, got to the email, and just as it opened, poof! The laptop died, not just the battery, the motherboard somehow fried. I then tried to pull it up on my phone, and the battery drained from 40% to 0 in a matter of seconds. Determined to either have another chance event happen to further raise my suspicions or play this file, whichever came first, I plugged my phone in and dove into my gmail, found the file and downloaded it, just as the download finished, without any warning or clicking, the email and file vanished from my gmail account. It was deleted without any human interaction. I played the file, finally, and nothing else strange happened after that, at least nothing that night.
12345 This next part is where I drew the line from plausibly chance to holy HOLYCRAPSOMETHING'SGOINGONHERE. My room is structured so there are two doors, one to the bathroom, which feeds through to another door in the hallway, and the main door to my room from the same hallway. I usually have my door locked, and this time was no exception. I threw my phone down on my mattress, and it slid between the cracks between the mattress and my futon (both were just laying on the floor.) I went to the bathroom to shave while both of my room mates were downstairs; the walls in this apartment were very thin. So, I could hear everything that was going on. When I returned to my room, my phone had migrated from the crack between my futon and my mattress across the room neatly onto a pile of clothes, about 15 feet in total. This made me more excited than scared. It was something I couldn't explain. I had to know the mechanisms involved. So, immediately, I went downstairs to tell Roy, one of my room mates, what was going on. I wanted to see if I could catch some EVPs or something, so I borrowed a high gain microphone from him and hooked it up. I also wrote down on a piece of paper "You are fascinating. I want to learn about you, communicate with you. I have a pen here, but if a microphone makes things easier, one is attached to my computer." I recorded for about 2-3 hours, and reviewed the recording. There was static in the beginning, them several series of random loud pops, then nothing. The microphone port had fried. I hooked it up to the other microphone port, fried it too. The microphone itself worked. This friend is a musician. So he knows when his equipment is faulty.
As the night progressed, things got even weirder and closer together. About an hour and a half later, a box on the window sill started dragging itself across, slowly and loudly and right in front of me! It moved about 10 inches over a period of 3-4 seconds. I found it fascinating. So, I started openly and excitedly asking questions to whatever this thing was. "Are you confined to this room, or can you affect things outside of it?" Note my room mates had left by now. So, I was on my own. About 40 minutes later a weird noise came from the foot of the steps. The door was locked and hadn't been opened. The noise sounded a lot like mine and my room mate's greetings to one another, kind of a weird mythical creature sound that's hard to describe lol. I went down to investigate, checked every nook and cranny to make sure my room mates weren't playing some kind of trick on me, and concluded that it was indeed whatever this thing was. I was fascinated needless to say. About another 45 minutes go by, and I'm in a video chat room talking to some friends about what's going on. I jokingly mention that it's probably not a good idea to be playing "Come to Daddy" by Aphex Twin with the poltergeist around. Just as it finishes the first occurrence of "IIIIII WAAANT YOUR SOOOOOOUUUUL!", I hear a loud bang coming from downstairs in the kitchen. Upon investigation, I find that a cabinet door has been slammed open. That one spooked me a bit. I had been maintaining that the existence of poltergeists was probably just misunderstood fun from some strange being, not necessarily bad, but this part just spooked me a little, but wait, there's more! I raced back upstairs to tell my friends what had happened, and no more than 20 minutes later another creepy thing happened. I heard footsteps, heavy ones with a long, slow stride make their way up the steps and to my door. I heard breathing, large breaths. Needless to say, that one scared me a little. I just sat still and listened until it was over, assuring myself that most poltergeists never attack anyone. When the sound dissipated, I called up a friend of mine to see if I could come chill at his place. My car wasn't working at the time, so he had to come get me. For the 20 minutes he had to cover driving there, I decided to take a shower. Whatever this thing was didn't seem to like that idea. About 10 minutes into my shower, my towel violently jolted off of the towel hook and onto the floor a few feet away. 10 minutes later, my friend showed up, and we were off.
When I returned the next day, the uneasy feeling in my room had left. I still tried to communicate with it or with empty rooms. I never got a response after that, but I'll never forget that day and the weeks leading up to it.

TLDR poltergeist moved my phone across the room. Then it moved a box across my window sill right in front of me. Then it made a weird but friendly sound at the bottom of my steps. Then it blew open a cabinet while Aphex Twin screamed "IIII WAAANT YOUR SOOOUUUL!!" Then it walked it's fat ass up my steps and 10 minutes later launched a towel off of a towel hook.

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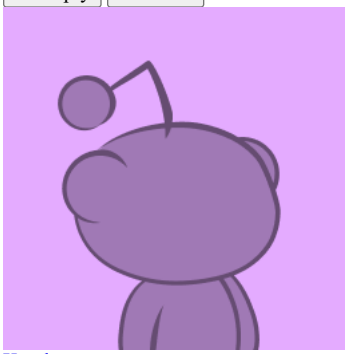

Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

Come to Daddy was recorded by Aphex Twin.

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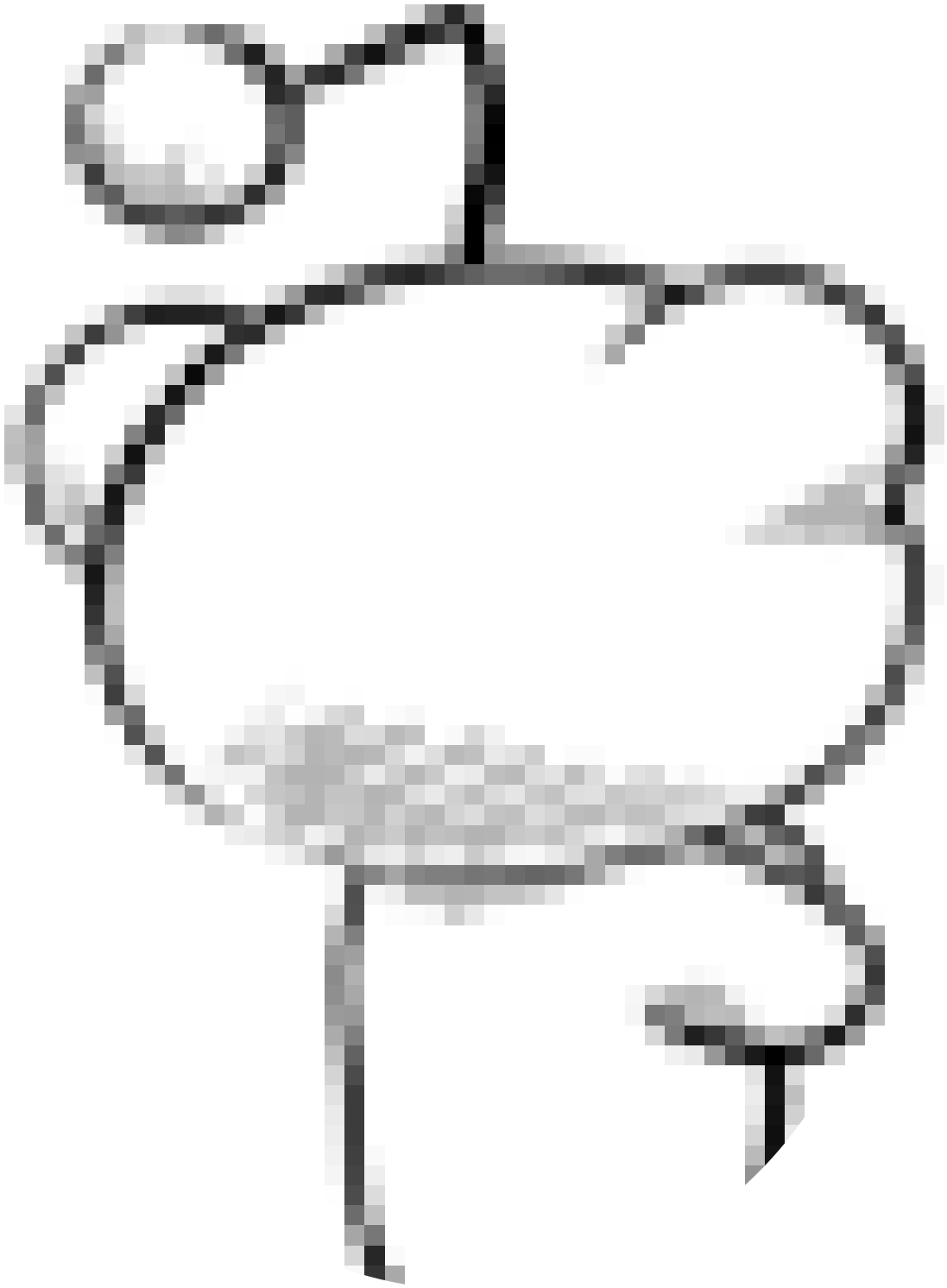


[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I'm extremely shy guy. I'm not unattractive, I've seen much uglier guys with attractive girls. I'm just useless with women. Never had a woman ever pay me a compliment so I tend to assume they're just not into me. Accordingly I never flirt either, lack of practice combined with lack of confidence. I'm perfectly fine chatting with women in a social situation, I can make a woman laugh and tell me I'm quirky/funny. It's just that I could be on fire but I am never the guy they decide to go out with. Sexually I am a non entity.

So having explained the back story, allow me to set the scene. I'm on a bus and a girl who some might call slightly chubby but I would call pleasingly plump sits next to me. I think she's pretty right from the start. Gorgeous face, round hips that look so soft and inviting. The kind of girl you just know would feel beyond amazing with your arms wrapped around her waist as you stand on a pier with the ocean breeze gently tussling her hair. So I can't remember how but I strike up a casual conversation. Just mundane small talk. I quickly realise she has this soft spoken manner and she laughed real easily. I think every guy loves a girl who laughs at most of your jokes. For me a girls who finds me funny is the holy grail. When I can make a girl burst into hysterics I feel like a God. This girl made me feel like Jesus x 19.

She's laughing and this is stroking my ego something fierce. I figure to hell with it. For once I'm going to act like a grown man, I've always gone so far as laughter then said goodbye. Today I'm going to try flirting. This was completely new territory to me but you'll never believe this. I'm as smooth as Clooney swimming in a pool of 21 year old scotch. Turns out when my confidence is way up, it must have been the way she was laughing at all my jokes, flirting isn't scary at all. I'm not cheesy like I feared, I'm just

complimenting her. Telling her she was the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen and how her top fitted so perfectly and I even went for the caress as I told her that her hips and those jeans, seriously to other guys she was ordinary but in my eyes her hips were a work of art.

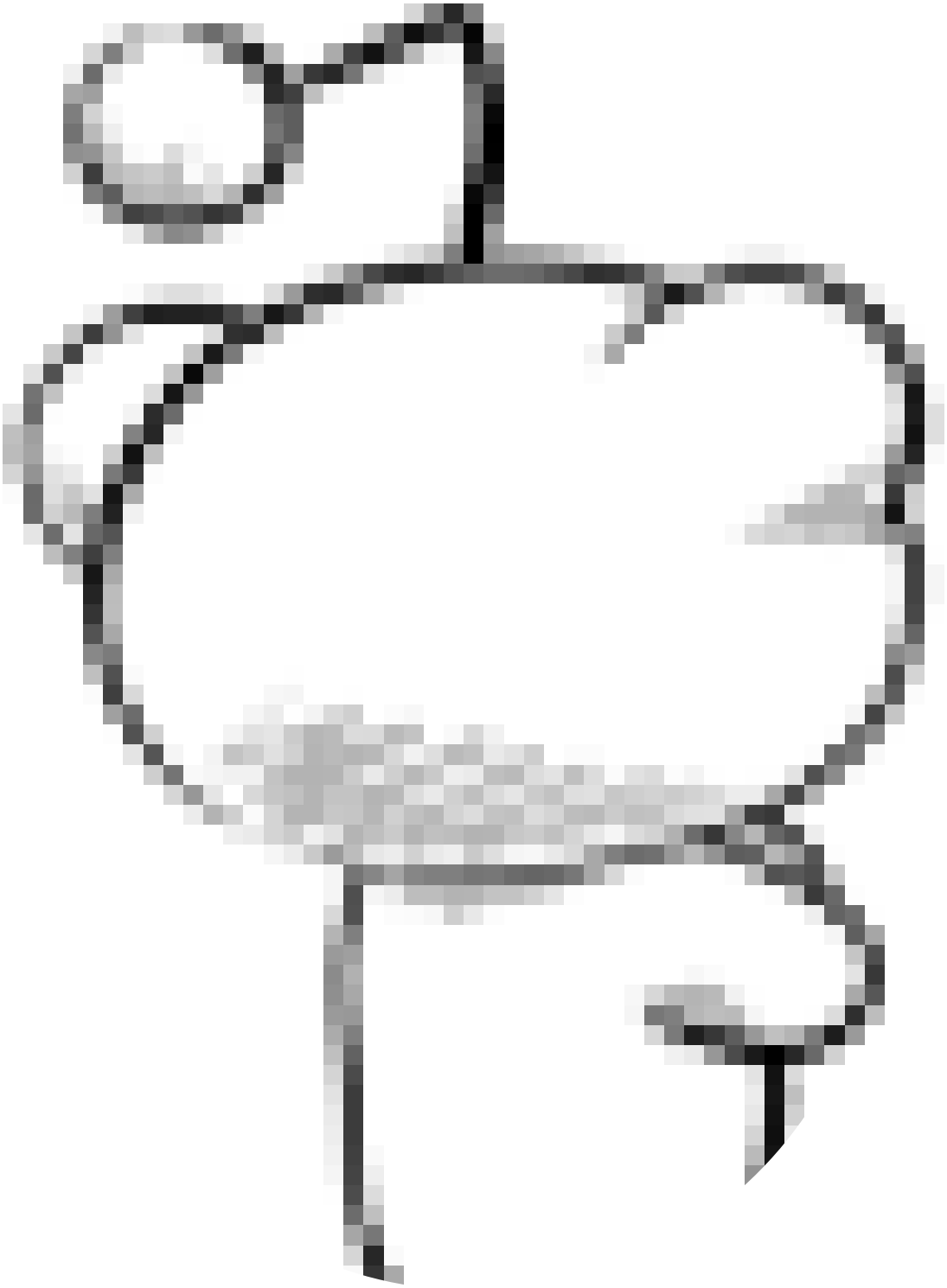
So by this point I feel like I am two people. The charmer and floating above the real me thinking "Holy fucking shit. Who is this guy and is this actually happening?" She is blushing red but maybe she could sense my sincerity because I really was viewing her as a goddess and she was utterly captivated. She told me that guys don't normally treat her like this. That's when I did it. Smoothest line I've ever delivered, smoothest line I will ever deliver. I leaned in and said "I don't normally pick up girls on buses either but I'd really like your number" that was when I crashed back to earth. I was frozen, I'm not that guy. I've never actually asked for a girls number. She was frozen too, then she just beamed and wrote her number for me on a piece of paper. Then her stop arrived and she just sort of floated off the bus. Pretty sure I'd just made her week.

None of that was the unbelievable bit. This is the unbelievable bit. I was on cloud 9. Think Joseph Gordon Levitt in 500 Days of Summer. I floated through that day, got home and tucked her number into my book shelf. Went to sleep and probably dreamt about her. Then promptly forgot about her the next morning. You heard me. That shouldn't have even been possible. She was my dream girl, the only girl who had ever clearly viewed me as an attractive male and been 'into' me in that sense. Yet I felt great that whole next day and *I had no idea why*. Total memory blank and I didn't even remember her for 3 or 4 months. Until one day I was with friends.

They were playfully ribbing me about my lack of a girlfriend. One was trying to get me to be more direct with women and try flirting. I said I could flirt and I proceeded to pull out the story I have just shared with you guys. He called bullshit and asked why he'd never met this girl. I said because I'd never called her back and then I froze. Honestly I cannot begin to describe how I felt at that moment. I had blown my only chance at the only girl who had ever told me she liked me and that I was cute. I was freaking out in a big way. I don't get many chances. In fact precisely one. The worst part was that she had seemed like me in that I don't think she got many guys asking her out. I got home later that day & tore my room apart but never found her number again. I don't even remember her name.

So there is my unbelievable story of totally forgetting the only girl who ever thought I was hot. Maybe breaking her heart and possibly changing my life completely in the process.

TL:DR - Met the girl of my dreams. Forgot about her for months. Then lost her number



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Hey. Hey hey hey... *check your book shelf*

pppfftt
â€¢ 14y ago

could you have fallen asleep on the bus and just dreamt this?

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Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

You dissociated dude. Like people with MPD, you totes didn't even remember until someone triggered the memory.

Also if some guy told me my hips looked good in pants I'd be creeped the fuck out

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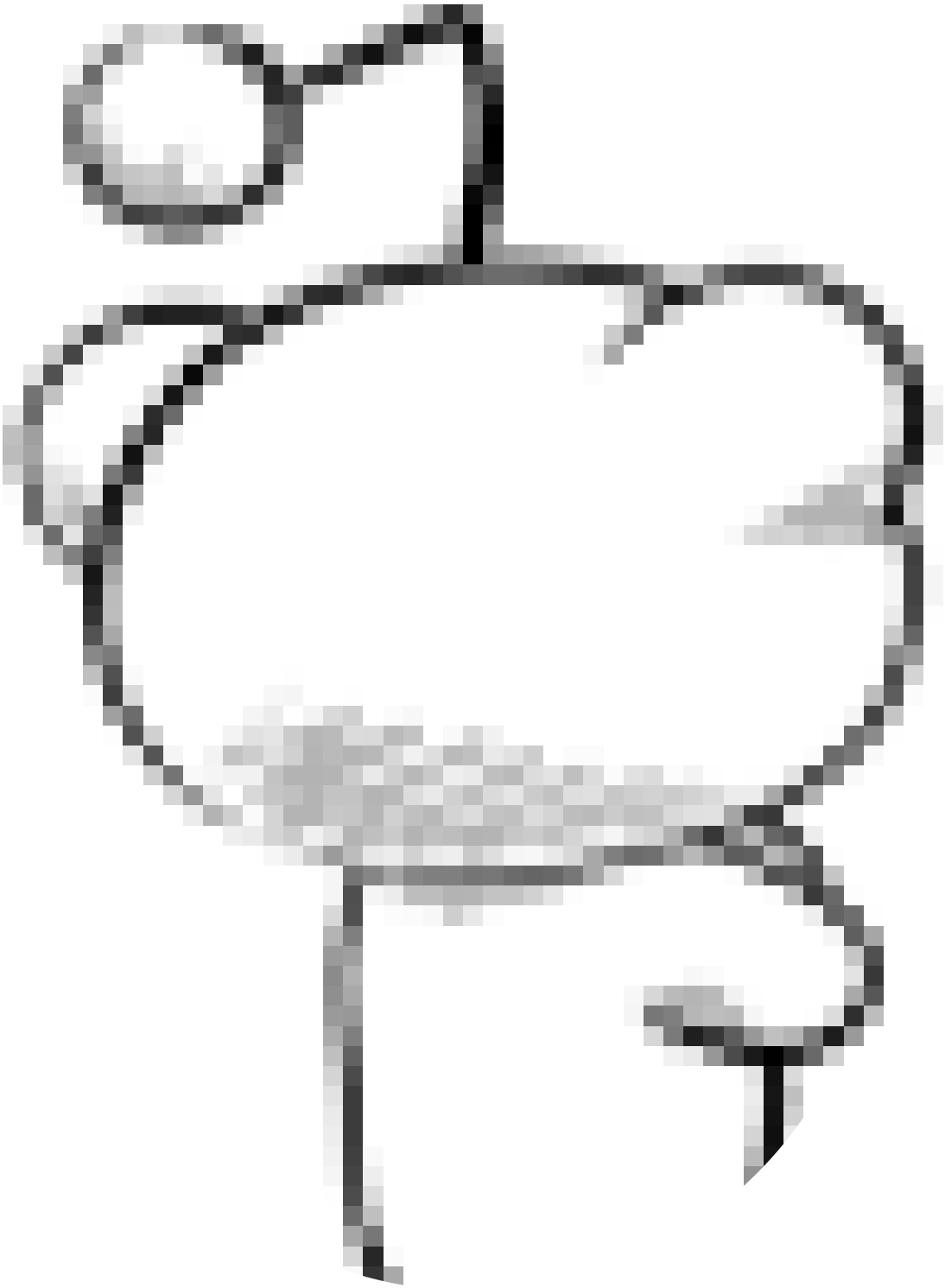

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

My friends and I used to sneak into abandoned "haunted" buildings every weekend that we could. There was never anything we found to be haunted, except for one night we were under the wrap around porch of an uninhabited building that used to be a plantation house, and we heard the sounds of very heavy boots walking on the porch very slowly. We all looked at each other and almost trampled each other to get out from under there first. We never saw anyone there as we were leaving, and everyone who came with us was under the porch. I still wonder what it was to this day. I still don't believe in ghosts.

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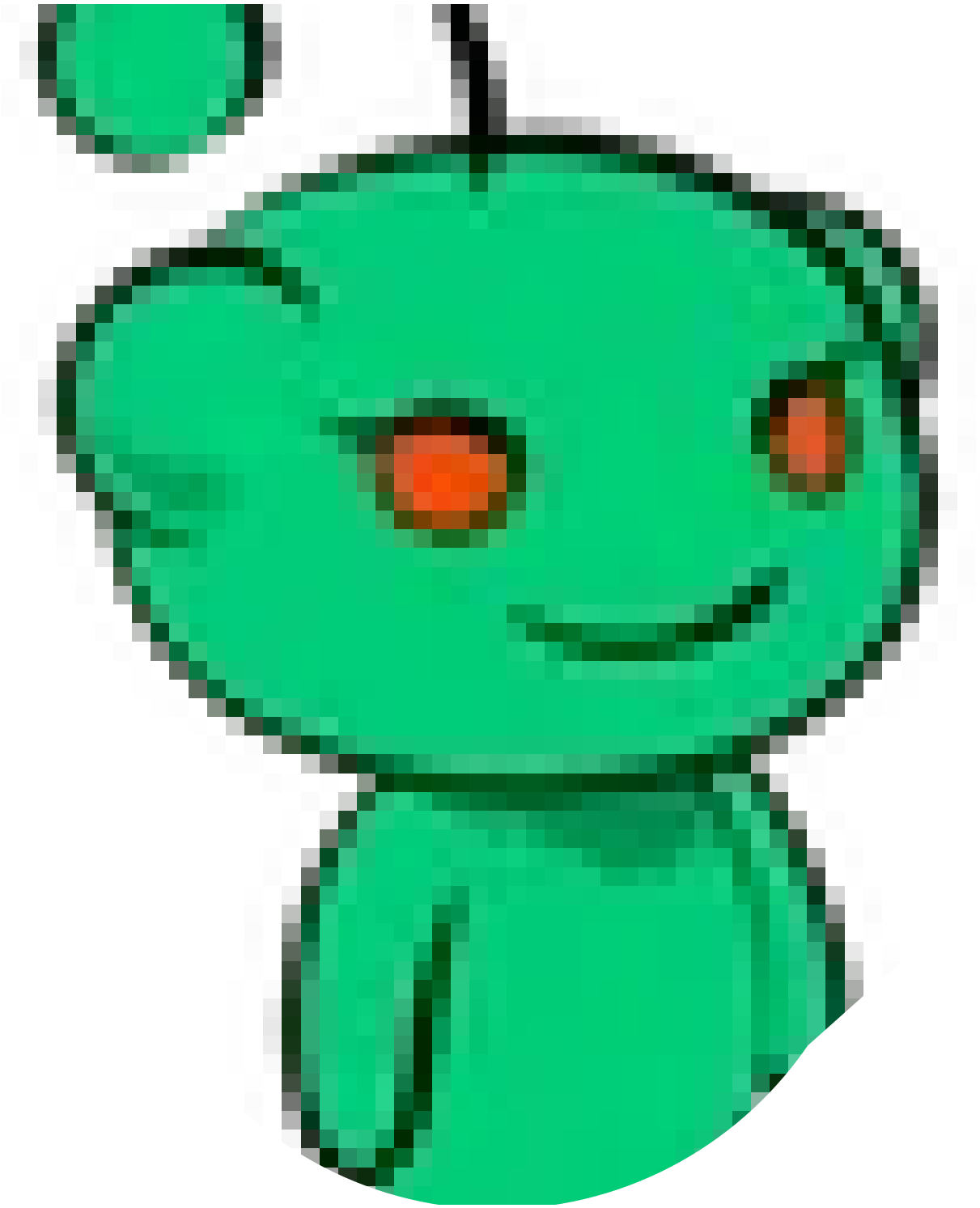

sirlanceb
â€¢ 14y ago

I thought it was Tues and then my mom said it was Friday. I looked at my watch and saw Tuesday. Then looked on my computer and saw Tues. I said it's Tuesday mom. Then she showed me it's friday on her computer and then I looked at my watch and it was Friday. I think I went full retard for like 2 minutes. Not sure what happened.

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minigoody
â€¢ 14y ago

i somehow pulled off a b- in multivariable calculus

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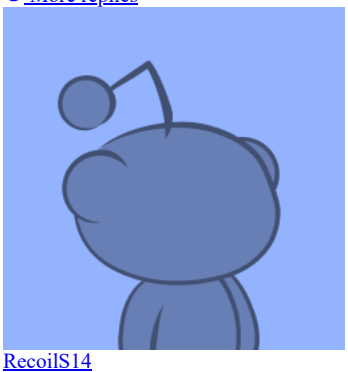


RecoilS14
â€¢ 14y ago

I have two of my own to share. The first was when I was about 12 years old.

My friend and I were walking home from school as per usual as we lived close to each other and this was the normal routine. I remember we were at about the half way mark walking and talking about the Power Rangers. I remember this because of what happened next. All of a sudden we were standing on the street corner waiting for the light to change so we could cross. The weird part is I don't remember the rest of the walk to that point. I just remember "waking up" and continuing the conversation from the point I "blacked out".

So as I continue the conversation, my friend stops me and asks me what the hell just happened. I asked him "what do you mean what happened?". He then proceeds to tell me that mid conversation I just stopped talking, locked eyes forward, and kept walking. He told me that he tried to get me to continue talking and when I wouldn't, he quickened his pace, got in front of me to block my path to find out what was up because he thought he said something that pissed me off. However, when he got in front of I just kept walking in to him. He thought I was playing around until this went on for a good 30 seconds until he got out of my way and I continues forward. He said I did not blink and my movements never changed.

So I continued to walk forward, neglecting to stop at street corners, almost getting ran over, and walking through other people coming in the opposite direction. It was only until that particular corner that I woke up on did I stop. It wasn't until he told me this that I realized that I had blanked out for a good 15mins.

I have no history of seizures and have never experienced this again to my knowledge. We both thought it was a good idea to tell my mom about this. At first she didn't believe us, until my friend looked at her and said that if she didn't start to believe us that he was going to call 9-1-1 and get me taken to the hospital. She takes me and i get batteries of tests, cat scan, MRI, etc. everything is fine.

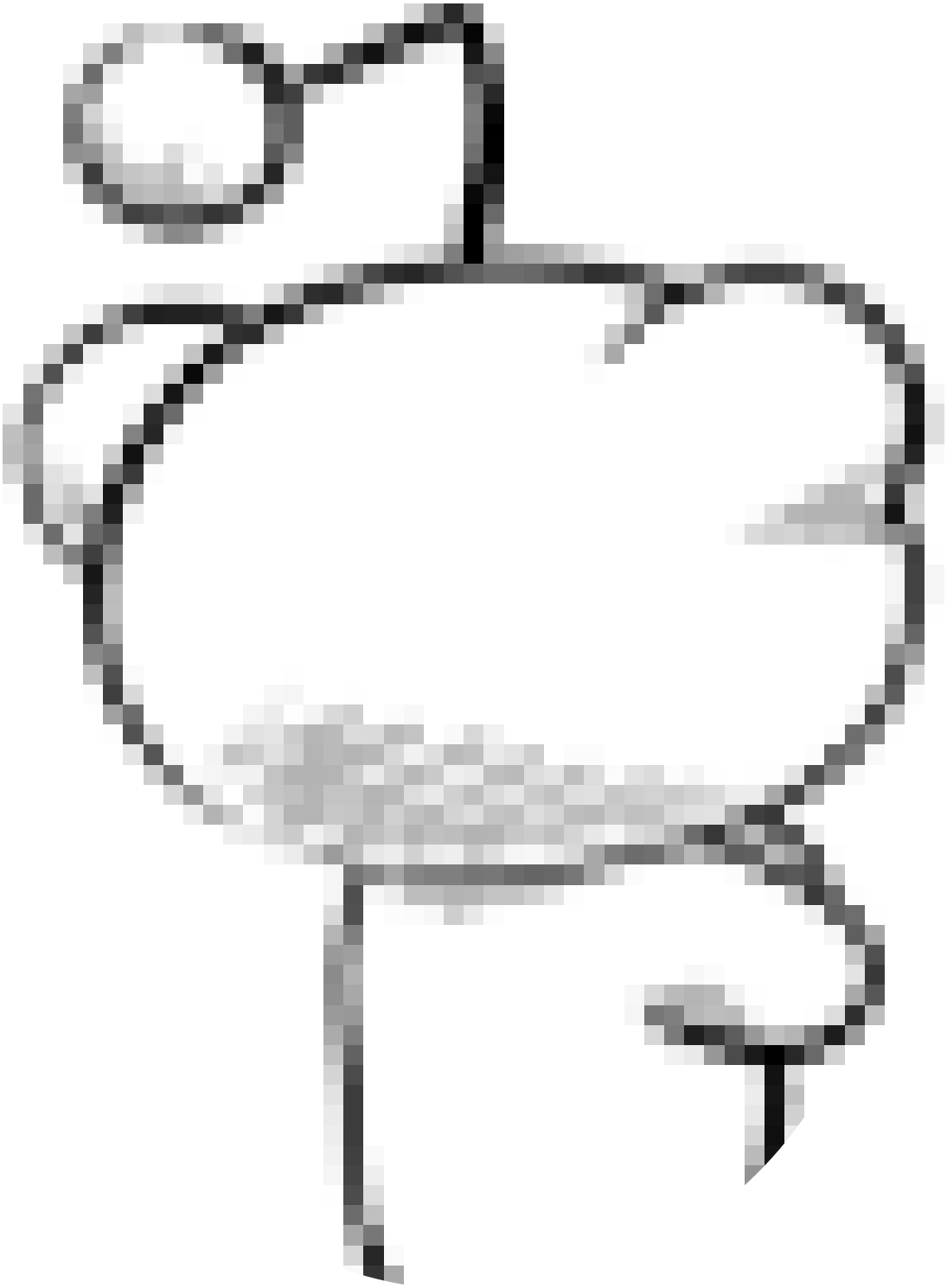
The second one was in 2004 and I was staying in an older, slightly run down motel. It was my first night of a scheduled week to be there. I'm in bed sleeping when I wake up at about 3am, groggy but alert. I turn on the lamp beside my bed, check my phone, and contemplate getting up and gong to the bathroom. I've been awake for few minutes now when the scariest thing I have experienced happens.

An opaque black figure starts to materialize in front of me, think the Death ghost from "The Frightners". I didn't waste any time, and like a big breasted woman from a horror movie, I ran straight to the bathroom, turned the lights on and locked the door. I was scared. I was freaking out. I was happy I was in the bathroom because I was sitting on the toilet peeing and not peeing my pants. As I was sitting there, I could feel the presence of this apparition. It was not a sensation I will forget, especially since it was a sensation I have never felt before or since. Once the feeling left my body I waited another 10 or so minutes I left the bathroom, packed my things, and never went back to that hotel.

As a guy who never really believed in this sort of thing too much prior to this event, I can say with certainty that if someone tells me felt or witnessed a ghost or paranormal event, I will believe them. Not many people believe me about this as it is.

I have had to explain to my bosses a few times now why I refuse to stay in that motel when they try to stick me there.

I have one other weird story, but this is one long post as it is, I'm tired, and I'm staying in a hotel so I have my nerves rattled a bit as that hotel is across the road from the one I'm in now. If anyone wants to hear the other, let me know, it's about Telekenisis.



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â€¢ 14y ago

Hell yea man I want to hear the telekenisis shit. Those were 2 damn good stories.

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sahba
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm currently living in an African village in the middle of nowhere. A few nights ago before going to bed I heard dogs outside suddenly starting to bark like crazy then running away frantically.

About twenty seconds later I heard something outside that I cannot explain. It sounded like the sound a large animal would make if it were walking around. The sound it was making was very loud/thumpy, indicating it was at least as large as the biggest gorilla in the world.

Here's the part I can't explain: it was moving unnaturally fast. I did the math and it could move at about 10-15 meters per second.

Even though I didn't even see it, the sounds I was hearing were very overwhelming. I thought that I could easily die if it felt like heading towards my home. I just lay in bed frozen until it left, about two minutes after it appeared.

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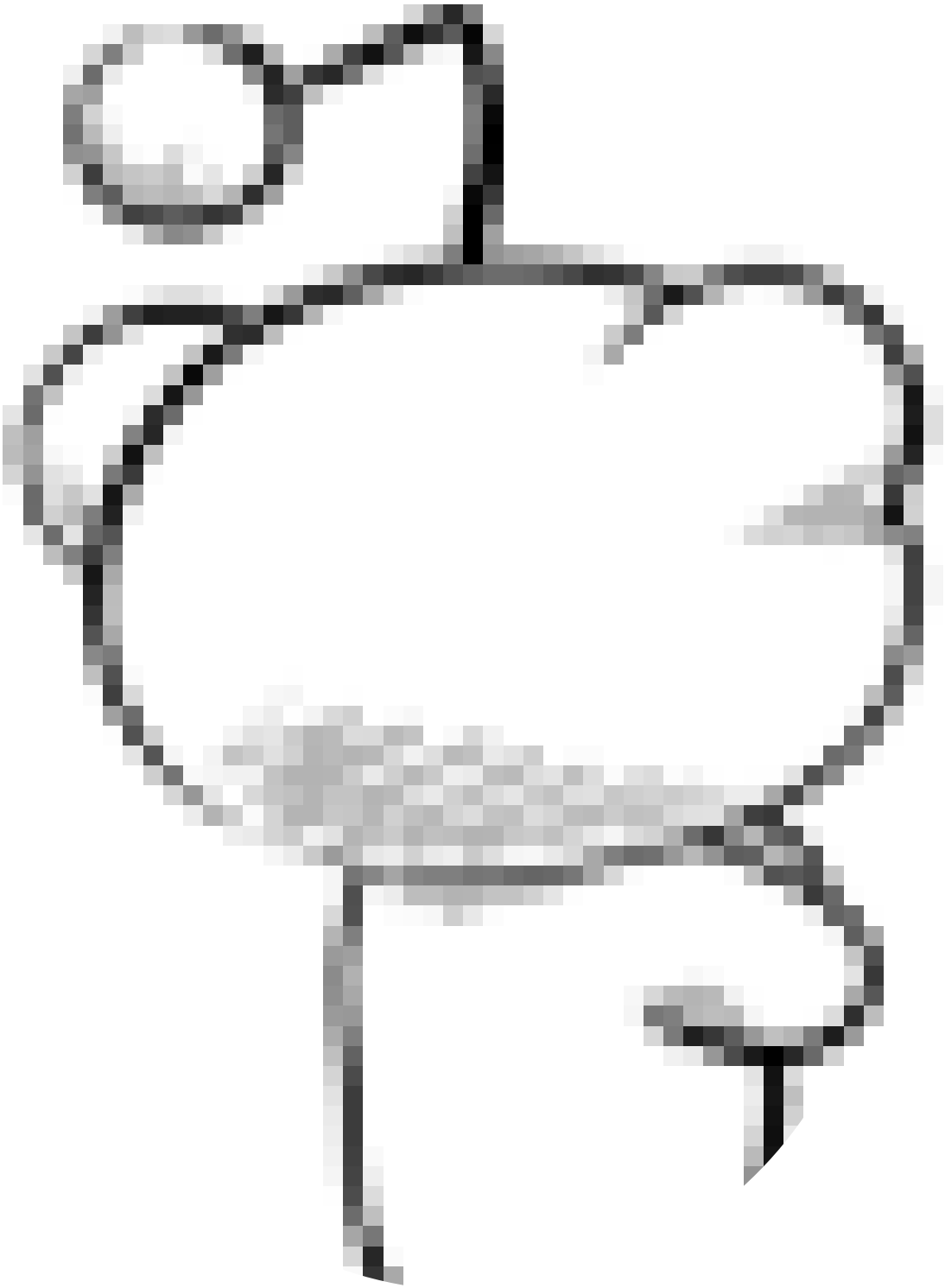

stickybunns
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was about 15 my parents and i went on a trip through Ireland. We spent one day at a certain lake...no major place, but very beautiful. We spent the day exploring the place then in the evening went back to our hotel about 1 mile from the lake.

After having dinner i went to bed and distinctly remember falling asleep only to wake up at the shore of the lake again with, what i assume to be a sylph/fae hovering over the water in front of me. I wasn't afraid. And we talked. A lot. It was the most pleasant time i can remember.

I guess i assumed it was a dream....except that when i woke up...i was at the shore of the lake in my pj's and had to hike back to the hotel.

I went back to sleep still half assuming it to be a dream. But i woke up with my feet dirty and scraped from the hike without shoes.

So yeah....i can't explain it scientifically. I have no proof. It may have all been a dream....except i choose to believe it wasn't. ;)

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geishagirlshuffle
â€¢ 14y ago

I moved into a share house & got a really strange vibe from my room - so strange that I spent almost every night of the 6 months I lived there, sleeping on the couch. One weekend my brother came to visit and was sleeping in the spare room, which was the bedroom next to mine. I decided with my brother sleeping in the room next door, I'd sleep in my own bed for once. Woke up in the middle of the night & I was paralysed - I was defiantly awake, but couldn't move one iota. I also had these intense vibrations running through my body & loud noises pulsing through my head. All of a sudden my body started lifting off the bed and was floating toward the ceiling. I was so scared and was trying so hard to move my body but I couldn't. All I could think was 'as soon as this is over I have to go and wake my brother'.

It's never happened since and I've never been able to explain it. Still freaks me out to no end.

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ErisedCat
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get buried but oh well. When I was about 16, me and a bunch of friends were hanging out at the local high school at night drinking and just being weirdos. Anyways, the other people that were there were two couples, so naturally, I was the fifth wheel. Because I was in this position I went to sit by myself and just drink silently for a while. As I was looking out across the school oval which was only illuminated by the moon, a fucking human bounded across like a kangaroo. This WAS in Australia and there IS kangaroos around this area but this thing was not a fucking kangaroo, it was a human. Like, fucks me, man. Anyway, I sat there open mouthed and my whole body went stiff for about five minutes until one of my friends tells me we are leaving. Seriously, I had like one drink so I wasn't even tipsy, this shit fucking happened.

Roberta04
â€¢ 14y ago

This happened when I started working at the town pool as a lifeguard.

My coworkers' former boss from a couple years ago had been diagnosed with cancer on a friday and died on the monday. It was a real shock to the whole small town community since she was a lovely person and had been the aquatic coordinator for years and years. Something relevant to the story was that she had been very very close with one of her granddaughters, Alice. Anyways, her daughter ended up taking over her job and was working as the aquatic coordinator when I got a job there.

There was a cool waterslide we would turn on when enough people asked. One guard had to be at the top and one had to be at the bottom, both with walkie talkies so the bottom guard could tell the top guard when it was safe to let another person go down (and yes there were many jokes about who would "be on top" that night). I was sitting at the top of the slide bored because no one was using it anymore. I was about the ask my coworker at the bottom if we could just close it down now when I heard the walkie talkie start to make static noises. I looked down to my coworkers and she wasn't touching hers. I then heard the creepiest thing I have ever heard in my life. Someone's voice

came on the walkie talkie and started calling out "Alice? Alice? Alice!?" Just over and over again. It was really faint and sounded like they were far away. I didn't know what to do with myself and looked down at my coworker who was already looking up at me with a horrified look on her face. She was hearing it too. It stopped about a minute later.

We talked about it afterwards but neither of us knew what to say. That was the only set of walkie talkies that worked properly. The others (that were broken from being dropped in the pool) were in the guard office with another coworker who was a male. The voice was distinctly female.

That wasn't the only creepy thing to happen involving their former boss after she passed away, but that was one of my only personal experiences.

tl;dr: Heard a dead woman's voice on a walkie talkie calling out for her granddaughter.

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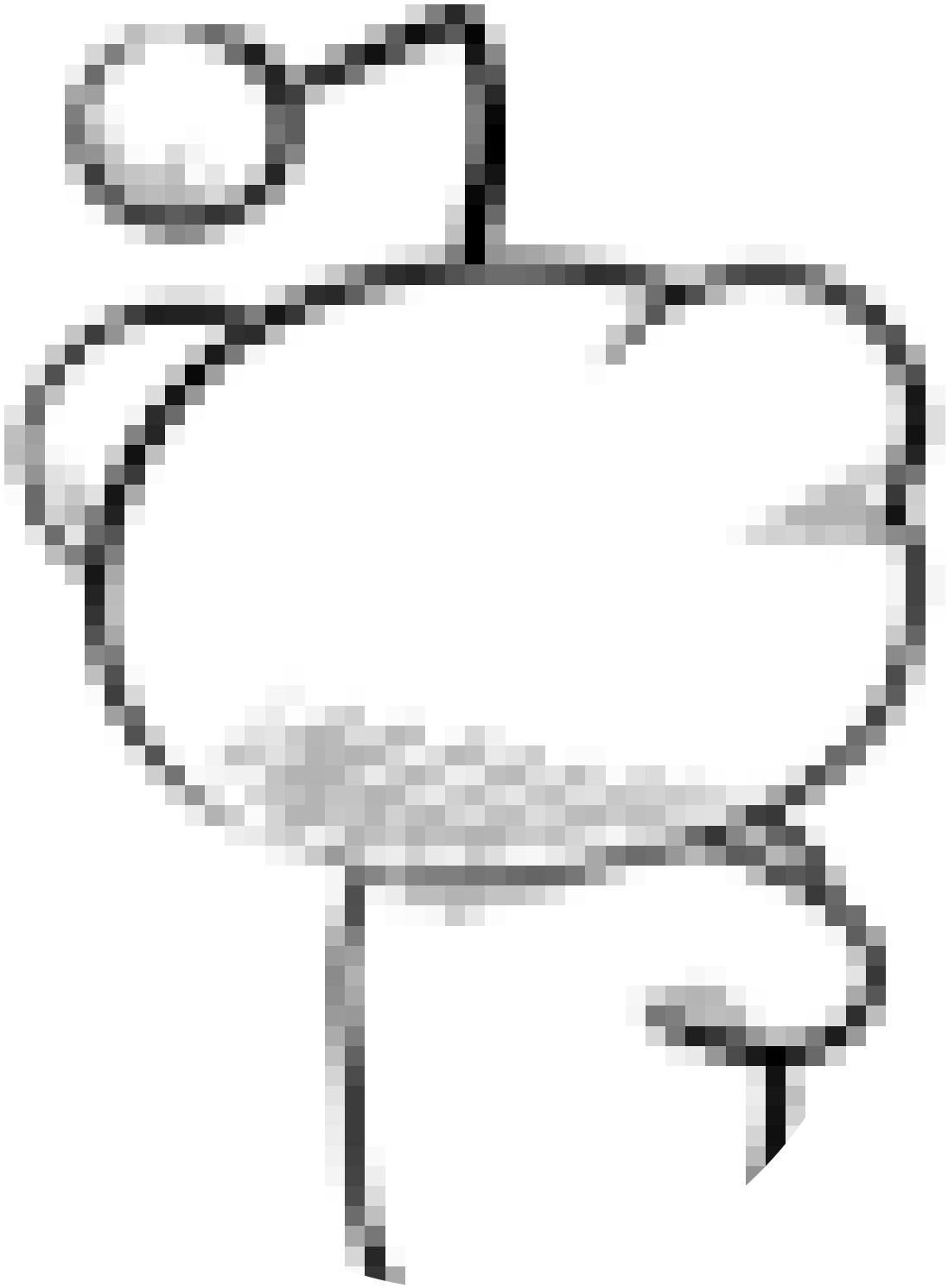

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â€¢ 14y ago

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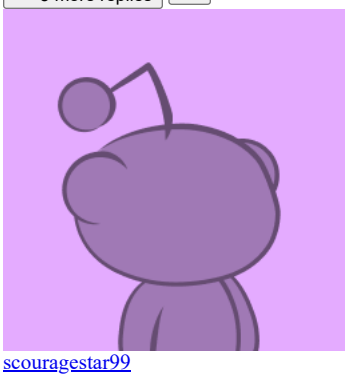

scouragestar99
â€¢ 14y ago

Last year (Early spring) I was standing on my porch, and over the mountain I hear what I can best describe as a whale song, it repeated itself 5 or 6 times within 5 minutes. I got my sister from the house and she heard that last call. I wish I had recorded it, I have heard that many people have heard this, world wide.

It's weird, I live in Montana, and there are no whales nearby.

NINJA EDIT: The sounds were exactly like this, only quieter. http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=coEByZedGW4

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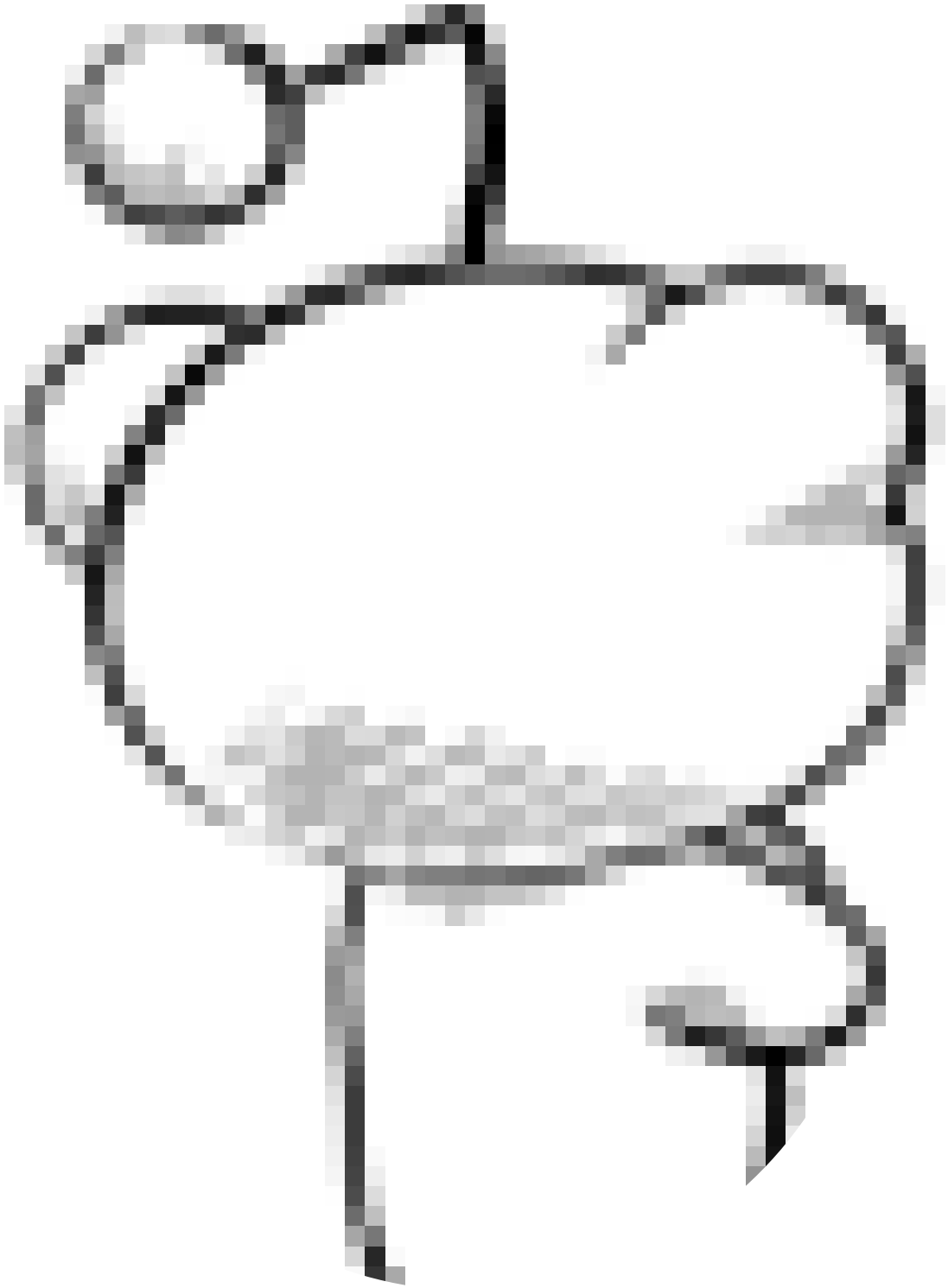


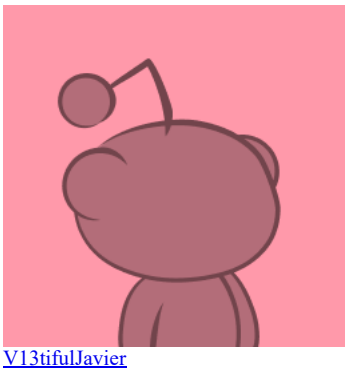
ThePurplePlatypuses
â€¢ 14y ago

I lost my dad to cancer in 2004 and he was in a coma for about two weeks before he died. Almost completely checked out. Well since he was going through radiation he had today in his own bedroom instead of a shared room. He had a little touch lamp in there that turns on with human contact on any metal part. He was in a hospital about 15-20 miles away and in a coma, but every morning during that two weeks, the touch lamp turned on. The first few times, we thought it could be the wind or the dogs or something, so we shut the door and windows to the room. However, it continued for 2 weeks after he died. I was 12 and my sister 13, so it freaked us out a little.

Here's the interesting part: for years after he passed, the light would turn on Christmas morning and every birthday in the immediate family we had. It also turned on the night I graduated high school and when I got my acceptance letter to the college I'm attending now.

There have been times when it's turned on when I'm home alone or when anyone else is home alone, so we know its not just a family member. Basically, I see it as a message from my dad.

TL;DR dad passed away and his touch lamp turns on unexplained.



V13tifulJavier
â€¢ 14y ago

I was headed down to the corner store, walking, there's this strip of the road really trashed, and this place just reeked! When I headed back I decided to pick up the trash with the bag I had, so I threw as much as I could carry in the bag, when i threw it away, i took a couple of steps forward a scent hit my nose. The smell of tart, ripe berries, it was there for about 2 seconds, and then the stench of the road hit me again... I don't know what it was, but in the back of my mind i always thought of the Greek god Pan, i never told anyone about that time...

Amander12
â€¢ 14y ago

This story isn't really paranormal but is very weird and still gives me chills to this day.

So I was laying in bed one morning and woke up suddenly. It was really early and I didn't really know what had woken me up. All of a sudden, I hear whispering coming from outside my room. I was about 15 at the time and figured my little sisters (ages 8 and 12 at the time) were up playing. So I get up to go see if it was them and see that they are still asleep as well as my mom and dad. I'm walking down the hallway and here the whispering again. I search the house and don't see anyone and continue hearing the whispering. Finally, the sound leads to me to our junk drawer. I open it up and find an old walkie talkie that we hasn't used for years. It's not on. I pick it up and hold it to my ear and I hear plain as day "I'm right here" in a loud whisper. Scared the shit out of me. It obviously was another radio frequency coming in but how creepy that it was someone saying "I'm right here" AND the fact that it wasn't on. I still think about it sometimes and it freaks me out.

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nowatermelonnokfc
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Alright so, this might be a little hard for some people to believe.. but here goes.

So it's me, nowatermelon, and my close friend who was also my neighbor.. let's call him Bob. We used to drive up to the desert around Line Pine and Bishop and go spelunking in the old abandoned mines around there.

So, it's a few days past Thanksgiving in 2004 and we are getting ready to go up for a week. We pack our usual: water bottles, a few jugs of water, canned and dry foods, 2 cots and 2 sleeping bags, and some firewood.

So we make the long drive up there, and set up camp outside of this mine called 'Santa Rosa'. For the curious, the tailing and entrance are at the end of this road.

So, as you can see, we were pretty fucking remote. Now, I am not normally the type of person to get spooked or 'feel things'.. but I felt fucking creeped out the second I got there. I didn't mention it to Bob because he usually gets dicky about that sort of thing, so I just kept it to myself.

So, we set up our cots on the ground and go to sleep. I'm feeling a little more comfortable now, because I've been there a while and it all seems normal.. so I drift off to sleep.

Now, this is when things start to get weird. I had vivid dreams of demons possessing my family that night. I dreamed that I walked into my mother's room, and her eyes were glazed and she was speaking gibberish. Exorcist kind of shit.

I didn't sleep that well but today we were going into the mine so anyway, we threw on our backpacks and headlamps, loaded up with some water and food, then headed on in.

Now, this mine is pretty simple. It has a few drifts, but most were dead ends not so far from the main tunnel. Pretty bland stuff, a few piles of garbage and the track was all torn out from the main shaft. Rather boring really.

So we get to the main shaft, which was neat. In this mine the shaft is at an 80 degree angle or so, which is nice for climbing because you can lean forward and take breaks. There is also a huge (like 8'x12') metal cart thing that used to be pulled up and down the shaft to carry out ore and rubble an shit.

So anyway, we start climbing down because deep inside mines is where all the cool shit is (people loot all the artifacts they can from these mines and sell them to antique shops. tweakers will even break into the electronics in mines and steal copper to sell. I've found meth stashes and meth lab remains in mines before, very creepy shit).

It takes us about 10 to 15 minutes to get towards the bottom.. but before we got there I started noticing a faint rotting smell. We both started getting creeped out by this shit but we kept on climbing, because well we were there to explore so fuck it.

The smell only got stronger as we got deeper. Fuck, man, this is a fucking 11/10 already on the weird meter for me. There is hardly any life in this area of the world so I'm weirded out that there's something dead down here.

We get to the bottom, finally, and look around. The smell is overwhelming, but we see nothing. We take the tunnel to the right, walk around a corner and *we see it*.

It's a dead dog (not a coyote, it was some mutt) that's in full fucking rot. This is weird enough, but this things been fucking eviscerated. Sliced open and shit, definitely not a natural death. I think we figured some guy had taken his dog in and it fell or something and got fucked up on the fall. I still don't know why we didn't NOPE the fuck out of there. Anyway, bravery (stupidity) got the best of us and we went on down that tunnel.

The smell never really quite left, but we figured it was just leftover smell from the dog.. we thought this until we came upon a whitewashed wooden door built into the tunnel.

Fucking A. man, what we found brings chills and gives me fucking nightmares. Bob was in front and he opened the door first, and let out a slightly terrified "WHAT THE FUCK MAN!"

Opening the door let out this giant blast of putrid death and rot. Bob threw up within seconds. Inside this small room was fucking rotting organs and bones and shit. None of them were human. I remember a few dog skulls, and a faint pentagram looking thing on the floor, probably done in blood or some freaky shit. It's the nastiest thing I've ever smelled in my life and I will never know how I didn't fucking puke.

We spent about 15 seconds registering just what in the name of FUCK this was, before just NOPING the hardest anyone has EVER fucking noped in the history of the fucking world. I have never climbed a ladder, packed up shit and flew the coup so fast before. Never again do I ever want to experience something that horrifying.

That shit changed us. We always felt a little more cautious before braving into a mine.. If something felt weird.. we didn't go.

Fuck that story, I never wanted to bring it up.

Edit: It was at this point that I realized Bob wasn't no friend, he was a 500 foot tall Green Giant from a can of green beans. We had a hard time maintaining a relationship after that, him being giant and all so we split and went our separate ways.

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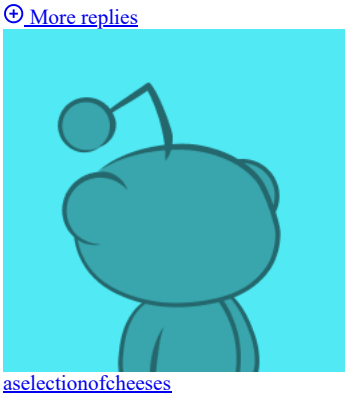
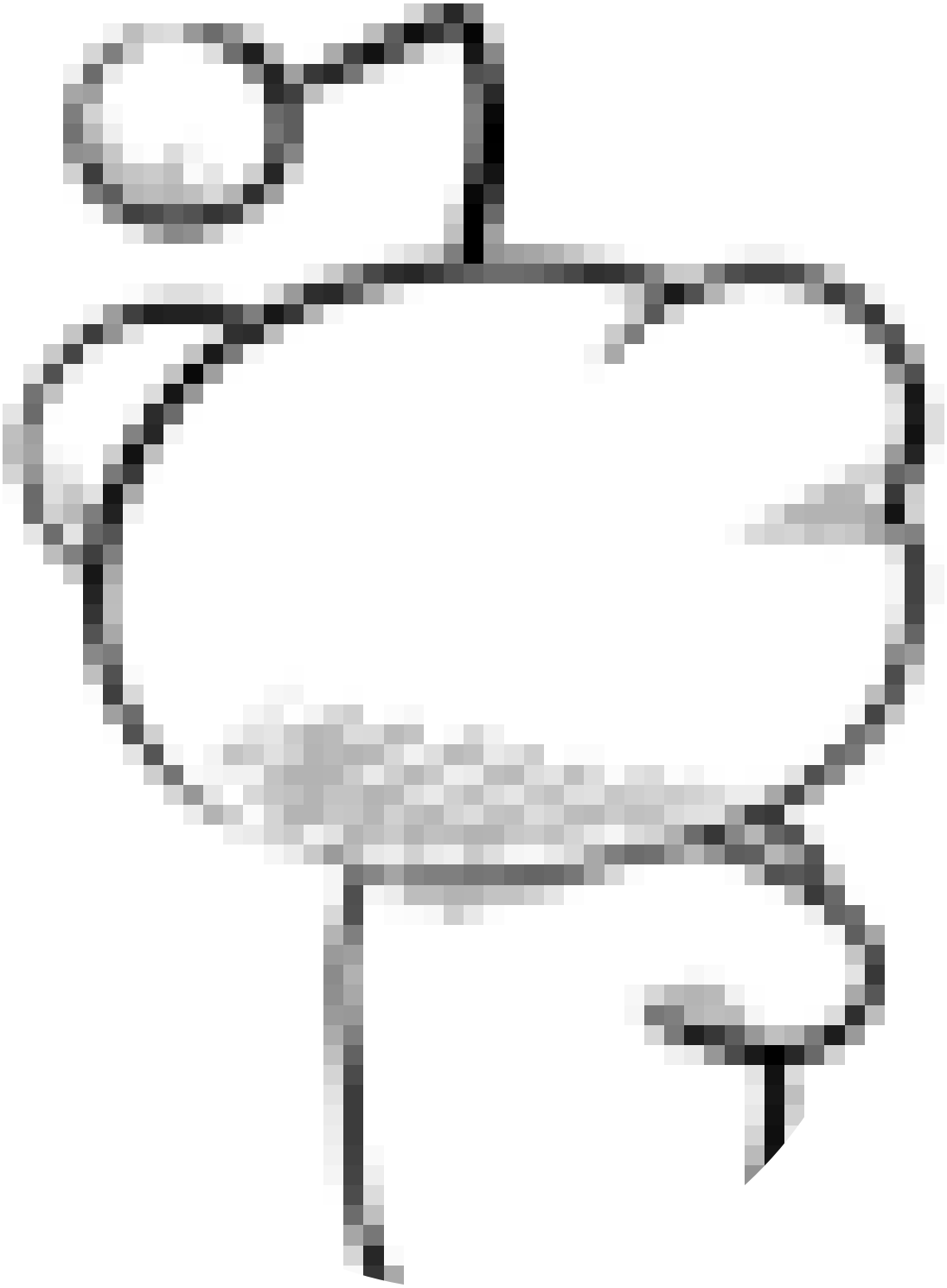


aselectionofcheeses
â€¢ 14y ago

Once I had a dream where I was playing baseball with a friend, just playing catch. When I woke up my towel was in my bed. I keep my towel hung up on my door across my room. Don't know what happened there.



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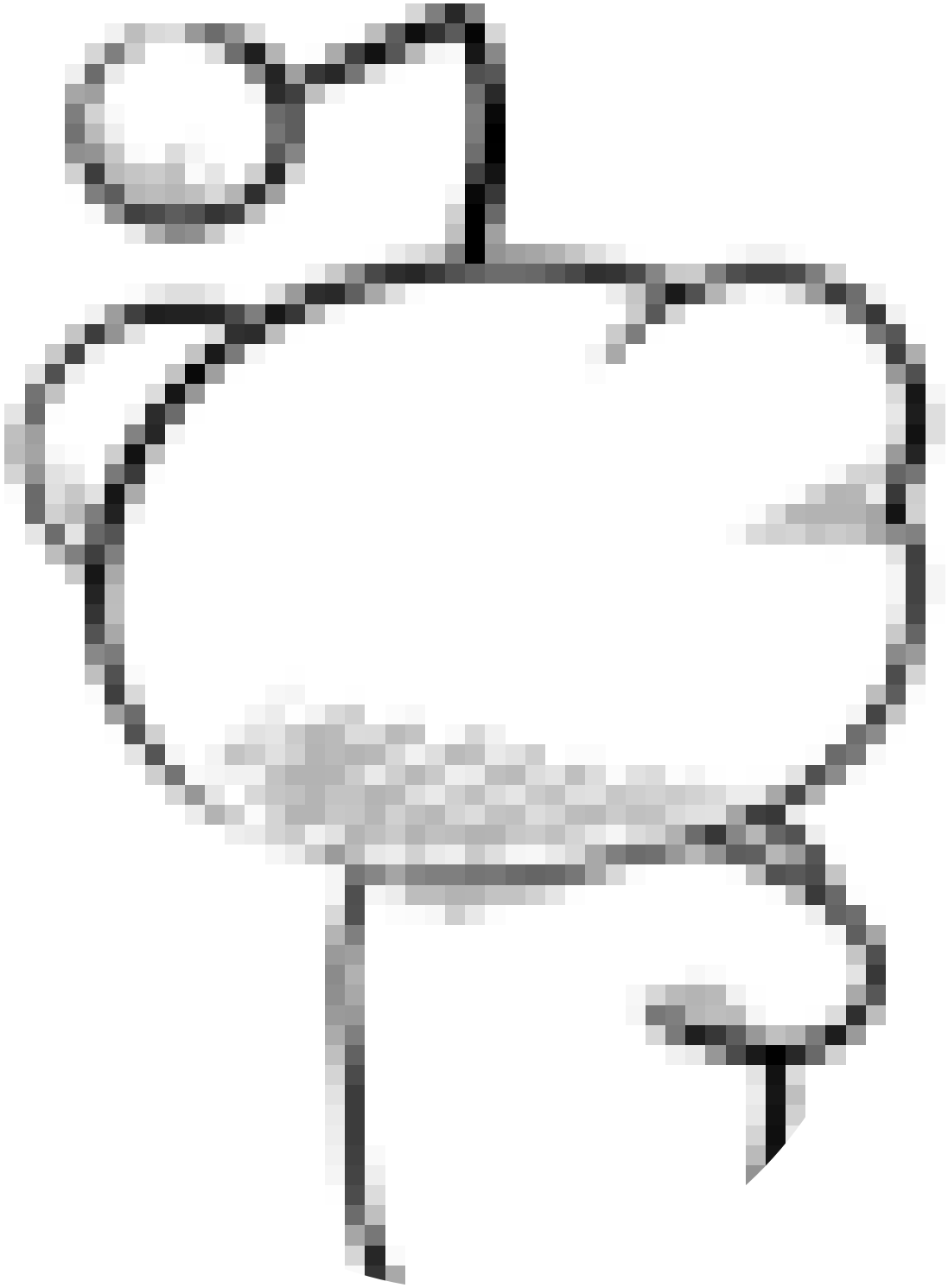
â€¢ 14y ago

Your mom threw it at you because she's sick of you not putting it in the hamper.



RichardBehiel
â€¢ 14y ago

Wait okay where did the towel come into this situation? Was it the ball? And how did you close the door with a towel on it?

Also how the *fuck* do towels work?

But no, that aside, I digress. I think that's a pretty cool story. Just, you know, towels man.

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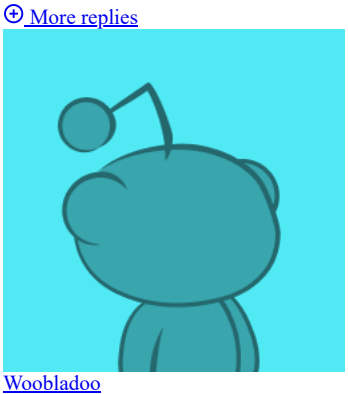

Woobladoo
â€¢ 14y ago

Tide comes in, tide goes out. Can't explain that!

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NotFromMars
â€¢ 14y ago

It's not super crazy, but it still weirds me out a little bit. I was around 12 years old and had just gotten some Pokemon comic books (thin ones, not volumes of manga). I misplaced them one night and couldn't find them anywhere, so I went downstairs to ask my parents if they'd seen them. Both asleep. I asked my little brother and he didn't know where they were either. I went back upstairs to my room and there they were, on my bed (where I had already looked) and arranged perfectly with the bottom corners overlapping, like a hand of cards or something. I checked and my parents were still asleep and my brother had been in a different room the whole time, and I would have seen and heard if he'd gone upstairs. I still don't know what it was.

2 more replies
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IkbenBen
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Created an account just to put in my two cents here, looks like there will be no turning back from reddit now...

I've got two stories.

1. A few years ago I was visiting West Texas with my mom's side of the family, we started in the Big Bend state/national park area and eventually made our way north to a little city named Marfa, Tx. It would greatly surprise me if no one here has heard of this city or the famed "Marfa Lights" that they are known for (although admittedly my family and I had not heard of this phenomenon before an introductory video at a local gift shop). Anyways, during the 90s Japanese scientists came and conducted research in an attempt to discover the source of these lights, with no explanation found at that time. To my knowledge, there are still not any "solid" theories to explain these lights, with the most prevalent attempts consisting of: lights reflected from some highway (this is the most scientific explanation but having witnessed the lights myself I am pretty skeptical), Native American spirits/ghosts, aliens (maybe doing a UFO dance routine?), and as on. Obviously, it took me all of no time whatsoever to decide that I MUST witness this for myself and then convinced some of my relatives to go with me. The first night quite a few members from my family drove out to the designated observation spot located off of U.S. route 67 to wait and shiver in our cars. Several hours went by and we saw nothing, so we decided to leave and try again the next night; which, after another several hours of waiting, was also a dud. By this time most of the skeptics [read: Quitters] in my family had decided that the lights weren't worth wasting our third, and final, night in Marfa. Because of this only my mom, one of my younger cousins and I drove out to the

observation site again. A couple hours passed by and eventually I grudgingly admitted that we would need to leave soon but we decided to stay for just a little bit longer. And then finally, It happend. Out above the shrub covered plain in front of us a large blood red orb of light formed in the sky some distance above the ground. The ball of light then started to slowly move to the right and curve down leaving behind a tracer in the shape of a floating sideways U, with the initial red orb separately distinguishable from the rest of the tracer but yet still a "part" of the U (think photoshop "hard" tipped paint brush). Then, the fully formed sideways "U" hung in the sky for a split second and suddenly, as one, it all just disappeared. Immediately following the orbs disappearance came what I can best describe as a "golden shower." (Hehe) But in all seriousness, all of the black night sky that I could see in my direct line of sight and my peripheral was covered with golden light "lines" cascading down at about a 45 degree angle and disappearing before reaching the ground. By this point in time my mom, my cousin, and I were all yelling in excitement and I was trying very, very, VERY hard to refrain from yelling "What the fucking fuck!" around my young cousin and mother. The whole experience lasted maybe 15-20 seconds and then suddenly everything stopped and disappeared as if nothing had ever occurred. I have goosebumps just writing about this because I could in no way, shape, or form wrap my head around what I just saw and still can't. I suggest if anyone is ever in the Marfa area to at least attempt to go and see these lights; and if thats not possible and curiosity has you, to go check out YouTube. I must comment though that my experience seems to be different than most of the videos I have seen. Maybe the aliens just really wanted to put on an extra special performance for me.

2. The second "unexplainable" event that happened to me was experienced in the Belizean jungle. Before you ask what the hell I was doing in a jungle in Belize I'll explain that I am an archaeologist and spent a couple summers there working on various Maya sites. We would work further out in the jungle during the day and come back to our campground at the end of the work day, which was located off of the one limestone crumble covered road in that area. The camp site was some pretty shoddily constructed wooden buildings and several groupings of tents with a gravel path winding around it all. This gravel path was made to "scare away animals at night" when people needed to move from place to place or use the latrines. The latrines were located further removed from the rest of the camp site and were essentially a grouping of wooden "toilet" stalls with black trash bag "doors" that would be clothes pinned closed when in use. At night everyone was encouraged to go around with flashlights because it was very dark and there was always the chance that the unwary could step on a snake, scorpion, or tarantula (just to list a few creatures). One night, at about 2 am, I wake up to nature's call and travel to the latrines without a flashlight (I must stress here that I was one of the few, if not the only, that didn't always carry a flashlight with me at night). So I get in the stall, pin the door closed and start going about my business (which naturally takes some time being the hairy chested man that I am; pooping in the jungle is NO excuse for me to hurry and not relax while enjoying my special number two time). All of the sudden I hear what sounds like someone walking on the gravel path heading in the direction of the toilets. What first struck me as strange was the fact that it sounded as if the steps had just suddenly started much closer to my location than to the camp's location. I would have liked to just brushed it off as someone avoiding the meandering gravel path in favor of a more direct route to the latrines, but it only got more strange. Whoever or whatever it was seemed to be moving in a bipedal manner but with very slow and very heavy steps (~1 second intervals between each step that sounded almost like each step was a slow, deliberate stomp). As the footsteps approached the toilets (I was in a middle stall) I realized that whoever it was had no flashlight, which again was very odd. The steps kept coming until finally they reached the area DIRECTLY in front of my occupied stall and then just stopped. The gravel crunched slightly again as if whatever-it-was slowly turned, maybe towards my stall? I heard no sound of the plastic garbage bag crinkling nor any sound of footsteps on wood as would be expected if someone was adjusting themselves and/or closing off the stall. In fact, after that last step and slight turn I didn't hear another sound AT ALL in the latrine area. I had been waiting somewhat anxiously up to this point and since I was done with my business I decided it was a good time to get the fuck out of there. I open the "door" and as I am hurriedly pinning it back in the open position I quickly glance at the other 9 stalls. They were ALL open with no sign of anyone inside any of the stalls' area. Needless to say, I pretty much RAN back to my tent where I tried to listen but never heard anyone coming back down the path to the camp area. The next day I brought it up some what to one of the Belizean workers that helps to upkeep the camp site at all times, he then told me about some local folklore about ghosts and several other stories about how the camp was haunted. Some of these stories included a ghost that would walk very slowly around the camp site, making sure to stay on the gravel path. After that I never used to latrines at night again.

3. TL;DR: Aliens have UFO dance parties in Marfa, Tx.

4. TL;DR: A ghost may have haunted me while I was pooping in a Central American jungle.

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Buttsnacks
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in 6th grade, I lived in an apartment with my parents and brother. Every so often I would as my parents if I could use their shower instead of mine and my brother's because, hey, why not.

One night when I asked them, I was standing in their doorway as usual, and I looked towards their bathroom door to see a man in what I think was a zoot suit. He tipped his hat and walked into the bathroom. Needless to say, I was pretty freaked out by it. I just said nevermind to my parents and went in my room to hide under my covers.

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A_Mouse_In_Da_House
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Alright. So. I go to University of Puget Sound. Fun Fact: Ted Bundy went there too. In fact, I lived in the same room as him. We were the only room with a cinder block wall on one side. We know it was hollowed out because you could hear it when you knocked against the bricks. We never opened it though.

Okay, so me and my room mate back in Fall of 2010 were always hearing weird shit from the walls, yeah? All sorts of rumors abound about this room. Schiff Hall. Basement.

So time for the real story. Christmas time, 2010. I'm not able to go home for the holidays due to illness. I don't get sick much, so this is odd in and of itself. The week prior, I had done mushrooms, and believed this the cause. I don't know, grasping at straws. So I'm the only one in my building pretty much, except for custodial staff. First three days are okay, though as I said before, this was a creepy room. Something was just "off" about it.

Day four. 6:45 AM. I had barely slept. Like, not at all. Dreams were terrifying that night. I can still see it. If you're afraid of clowns, don't read this description. Lying in bed. Cannot move. Feel as if I'm chained down, heavy weights on my arms and legs and chest. My sight moves out of my body, I grow smaller, or rather, everything else grows larger. I spin around to face my "body". It is a doll. You know the ones that can open and close their eyes? That kind. Covered in filth. But crying. Black tears. I can feel my heart, in the dolls chest, beating rapidly in fear. I descend, spinning to face back up as I do. A haze appears before my "eyes". It solidifies slowly. A face. A face with make up. A clowns make up. A face contorted in pain, immeasurable pain. And anger. I can feel fear in my heart. Coldness. Laughter starts ringing in my ears. High pitched, like a voice on helium, or through a voice changer, and all too low at the same time. A knife appears out of the air and this is when I wake up, cold, and sweating.

The sun hasn't risen yet, or at least, I can't tell it has, but I get up anyway. I step into the hall and notice an odd smell, but think nothing of it and walk into the bathroom. Take the ritual post beer shit, and start up the shower. The water is black. I stand, revolted, thinking that something is wrong with the pipe. Then I notice that its not particulates in the water, the water is LITERALLY black. I pause, not sure what to do.

The toilet flushes. There is no one in the building but me. Another flushes. I reach in, turn off the shower, and go back to my room. I get changed, and bug a friend from the rugby team to let me shower at his house. He lets me and even gives me a ride. I don't tell him what happened, just that the shower isn't working.

We hang out for the day, drink beer, go to Mad Hat, talk shit about people, flirt with girls. Typical 18 year old (me), 20 year old (him) kind of stuff. I go back to my dorm at midnight. I open the door to the basement. The dryer is upside down half way down the hall. Fuck.

Dryer's in the hall. Upside down. It blocks almost everything. I have to climb over it to get around. I feel like an idiot, but brush it off as a prank. Pranks are common in Schiff as we're the stupid druggy kid adventure dorm AND PROUD OF IT. I go back to my room and open the door. Things are normal, though my room mate's normally immaculate bed is not made. Can't remember if he made it before he left or not, so that could just be coincidence. I log onto my computer and stay up until 4 am playing video games to pass the time. Lights stayed the fuck on cause I'm a little creeped out at this point. Day 5. 9:30 Am. Better sleep that night. That was nice, I always have trouble sleeping. Go for my routine shower. I gingerly turn it on, hoping its not black. It doesn't shoot anything. But the sound it emits... its shaking. Not just itself, but the mirror is vibrating, the shower curtains are shaking, so loud. It hurt. I stood there, not sure what to do, frustrated. I let out a yell of non-verbal agitation. And it fell silent. Everything stopped. Silence filled the space. If you've ever felt a silence that was "heavy" like a weight, you know what I mean when I say I couldn't breathe. And then the water started and I could. Normal, hot, clean, clear water. I cannot even begin to express the joy I felt at that moment. After my shower, I got breakfast and then chilled in my room, with the door open. Around 1, the custodian came by and asked about the dryer. I said I didn't know but I helped move it back. He goes away and I'm alone again. BANG. From next door, the washing room. BANG. Again, metal on metal. I know instantly what the sound is of: The washing machine lid is slamming down. But its just me here, and I'm not doing laundry. BANG. Again, the sound echos. I'm pissed off. I go in there and BANG, I see it slam down of its own accord. CLICHUNK (I suck at making up sounds). I look into the hall and my door is shut. I had the door stopper in it. The carpet is torn a little where you can see the stopper slid over it. Fuck everything about this. I leave the building and go to the library, the only time I've ever been. I didn't go back that night. I stayed in the library or walked around all day. I really do wanna say I hate you guys for making me write this out. Its still unnerving. Day 6. 9 Am. I go back to the dorm. Maybe sleeping during daylight will work better, keep an eye on whatever is happening at night. Go to my room, unlock the door. BANG. From the laundry room (there's the word I was looking for before!) again. I glare, but I go into my room and close the door, locking it behind me. I don't know why. I've never locked that door before. No one on the basement level locked their doors. I climb up to my bed (it's high up, I like sleeping above the ground) and pull back the sheets. Red. Very, very red. My sheets are normally cream colored. I can feel my chest tighten. How long has it been like this? Am I going crazy? Normal thoughts to think in a situation such as this. I reach out a hand and touch the red. Wet, sticky. I can't even describe the reasoning behind this. I tasted it. Blood. Coppery/metalic in flavor. Slightly sweet. I nearly threw up. The piping for the building runs through/above our room. I hear water flowing. I go back to the door and open it. I can hear water running in the bathrooms. I go to check. Every shower is on. Every sink is on. All the toilets are flushing. Same in the girls restroom. Its too much for me. I packed a back pack and called a friend. I stayed there until everyone else returned (I went in the night prior, nothing special happened). I never told them cause they all thought I was creepy/crazy to begin with.

Edit: I saw below someone saying we should have documented these to be plausible. It's hard to describe the exact reason as to why I didn't think about getting a camera. It felt like total rage mixed with unimaginable fear, and yet curiosity just enough to keep you from running away. It felt like not being the one in charge of your actions, you're just a third party witnessing all this and trying to make sense of it.

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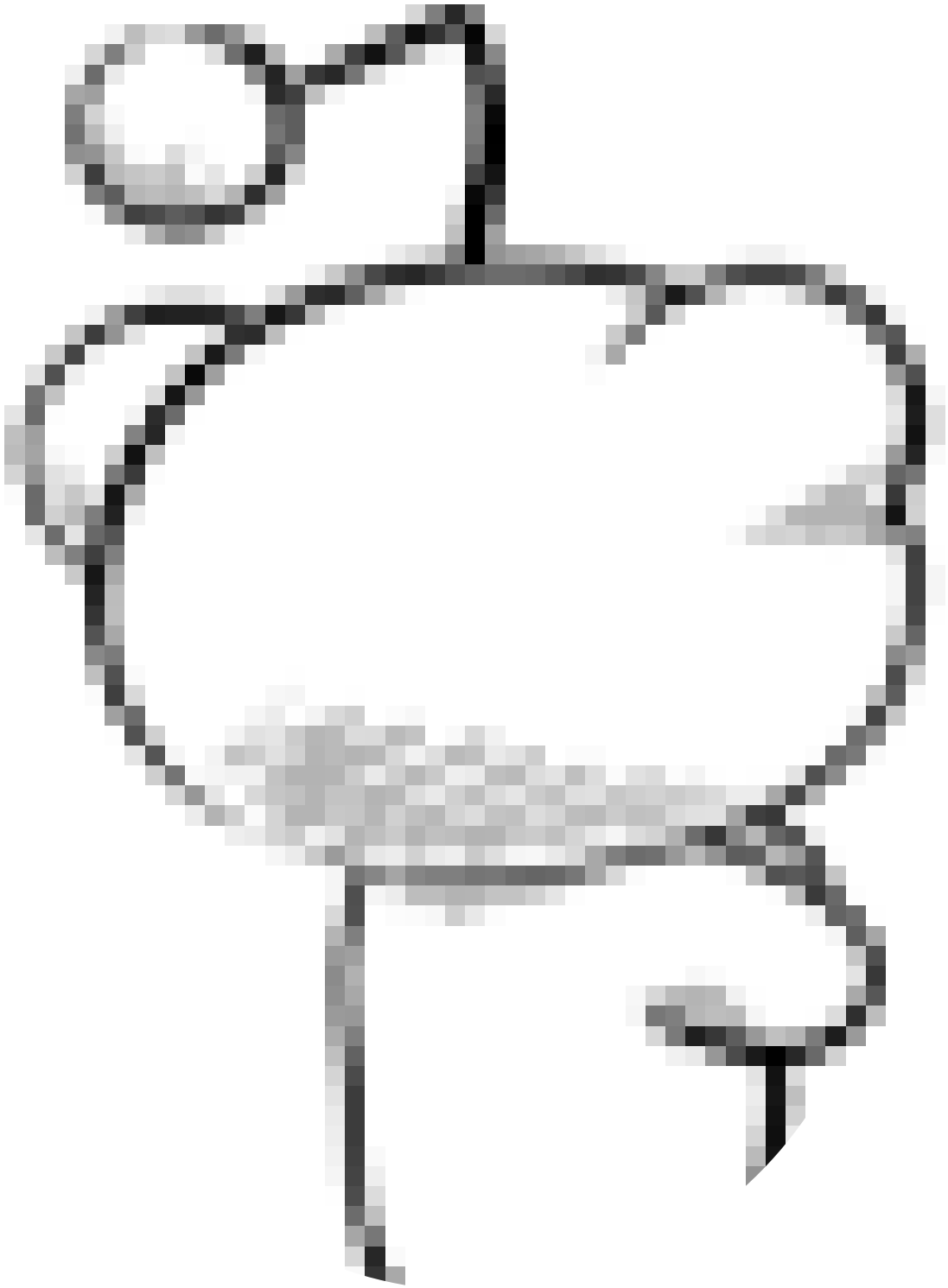

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Not really creepy, but fairly interesting. I was sailing to Puerto Rico in the summer of '08. No cell service for about a week during the trip. One night I have a dream that I'm driving the roads near my home. I get to the crest of a hill and see my chocolate lab sitting in somebody's driveway. I stopped the car, and got her to climb up into the back seat. I start driving and see her just looking at me. She's not moving, just sitting down and looking at me. I get this really comforting emotion from her. Like a wave of my"everything's okay. I'm good, you're good, everything is okay and always will be okay". Kinda felt like a warm blanket rolling over me.

So I get within sight of Puerto Rico, and I give my house a call. A few nights before that, my dog had died of a massive septic shock, complication from getting hit by a car years before. I was devastated, naturally, being thousands of miles away and not being able to say goodbye. Then I got to thinking of that dream. It's as if she was able to find me so far away and say goodbye. Loyal and comforting to the end.

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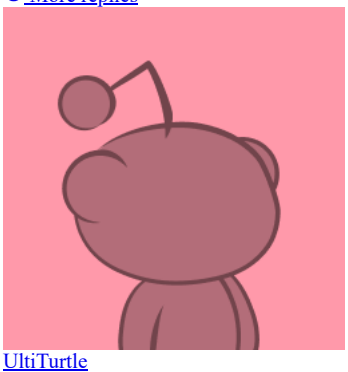

UltiTurtle
â€¢ 14y ago

Around 6 years ago, one of my brothers was playing on the computer while my other brother and myself were standing around watching him. The curtains in the room were open and the sky was at nautical twilight, with dark clouds covering most of the sky. The light in the room was on. Everything suddenly turned white, pure white. I could only vaguely make out certain shapes due to a few tiny black patches which took the place of some of the more previously well defined shadows. All sounds disappeared as well, the only thing I could hear was the sound of tinnitus with a few odd crackles accompanying it. I remember exclaiming "Whoa" and not being able to hear my own words, nor feel their vibration through my jaw. It appeared instantaneously, lasted for about 4 seconds then just stopped. My eyes didn't need to adjust to the return to the normal light, everything just went back to normal. It was as if all my senses had been turned off at the same time.

The first explanation I jumped to was a bright light through the window, but this could not have been the case. Most shadows had disappeared, and even objects which were blocked from the view of the window were illuminated to such a perfect white that no single light from any one direction could explain it. The second explanation was something in my own brain, something akin to the tricks played by a migraine. This was dispelled by my brothers acknowledging that they experienced it as well. In fact, at school the next day I made a very vague reference to it (so as to not seem too crazy) and a friend described a near identical event that same night. I have yet to come up with another logical explanation for what happened.

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detrahsI
â€¢ 14y ago

Why..why am I reading thesr posts at 2:10 am? Why can't I stop? I have no self control ;;

Reply Share

tirename
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm listening to the X-files theme song while reading these stories. I'm about 99% freaked out right now.

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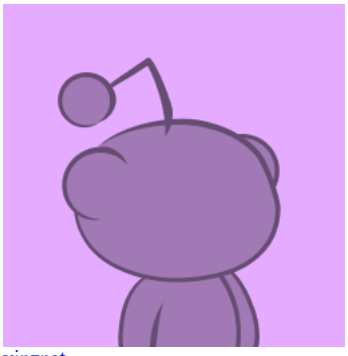

yinznat
â€¢ 14y ago

My great uncle had a kidney transplant that didn't take. He took a turn for the worse out of nowhere and spent his last days in the hospital doped up on pain medication. He looked really awful and it was difficult to watch him go out that way. But he was always the quirkiest man I'd ever known. He had a very funny mad scientist look about him. He reminded you of a 60 year old Kramer. Even in massive pain and being away from home with his sickness, he tried to be as hilarious as possible. He was a big prankster, too.

My mom went to visit him, knowing that it would probably be the last time she ever saw him. They were extremely close. As she left, he said to her, make sure you play my room number in tonight's lottery before you leave. My uncle used to do that for all his friends that were hospitalized, but he'd never won.

My mom said her goodbyes, and minutes after she'd left the hospital my great uncle fell asleep and never woke up. He passed peacefully. Something came over my mom on the way home and she pulled in the gas station and played his 4 digit hospital room number in the PA lottery for the night drawing.

The number hit straight up. Typical Uncle Denny.

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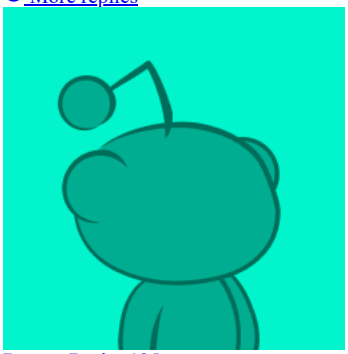

BantamBasher135
â€¢ 14y ago

This is going to get buried, but since I think it has recently happened for a 3rd time it seems relevant.

I had had 2 confirmed premonitions in my life. The first time it saved my life.

I was 10 and in 3rd grade. Life was not easy for me as a kid, I was very small, very ugly, and had one rotten friend. But I lived in a pretty nice neighborhood in a pretty nice town, so it could have been worse, but I was still a weird kid.

I often had weird dreams or nightmares, but this one was different. I was running home from school, which in itself was weird. I was not an athletic child and my school was about a half mile from my house, not to mention that I was always brought to and from school either by a bus or my parents. But that half mile stretch was a familiar to me as the inside of my bedroom, so I knew every detail.

In the dream I was running up the sidewalk from school. On the same black as my school was a bridge that passed over the train tracks followed by the drive for the Sewell oil company. They have some depot there and there are always trucks coming and going, but since they are on the very same block as the elementary school the drivers are very cautious. I was running up the sidewalk and notice that even though it was daylight, there was NO traffic. It was really eerie, because everything was so silent and the sounds of my running and my backpack jostling around were very loud.

I ran over the bridge and across the street when suddenly there was a truck grill in my face. The last thing I saw in my dream was my body sprawled out on the pavement in front of the oil truck, as seen from above.

It was a scary dream, and I remembered it for months.

Shortly after that, I was at school when I was called to the office. I was supposed to have a dentist's appointment that day, but something had gone wrong and my dad wasn't picking me up as expected. Instead, I was supposed to go home, but because of time and space things my little 10 year old fuzzbrain couldn't understand, I had to be there ASAP. So I took off running. It was midmorning and there was NO traffic. I ran along in the silence until I got about half way over the bridge, when I stopped dead, because I something seemed reeeeeally off but I couldn't put my finger on it. Fuzzbrain. After a few seconds I took off running again, only to suddenly hear the sound of an oil truck bearing down on me from the left. In an instant I remembered everything and tried to stop, but skidded on the sand at the corner. Flailing wildly, skidding along on my butt and my palms, I came to a stop just past the corner as the oil truck blew right through the intersection without so much as slowing down. The driver never even saw me.

The place where it happened. I was coming from the left, the truck was barelling up the drive from the oil depot.

The second time it was a mundane conversation between me and my dad. Nothing special whatsoever, but events happened word for word, gesture for gesture as they had in the dream (which I only remembered at all because why did I just have such a realistic dream about NOTHING?)

Then last week I had a similar type of dream about me and my girlfriend. Again, hyper-realistic and filled with mundane details, but something awful had just happened. No idea what, but I may have the misfortune of finding out soon.

TL;DR I have stupid dreams that come true, the first time saved my life.

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shunpoko
â€¢ 14y ago

This'll get buried but oh well. Once when I was on the subway train in Seoul, Korea in 2000 or 2001, I saw this lady on the train out of the corner of my eye. She was dressed in a white sundress (it was summertime) and wearing a huge white floppy hat. She also had bruising around her lips and cuts on her arms like she got beat up. The train was fairly crowded and people were jostling into each other but no one seemed to be bumping into her. She kept staring at me too, and being a curious kid (I couldn't have been older than 12 or 13) stared back. She didn't break her eye contact with me till I got off the train. I looked back when I got off and that was the only time she changed her position, to be looking out the window at me.

I still haven't to this day figured out if she actually existed or not. Koreans have a habit of not getting involved ever when it comes to domestic violence but they are also human and stare when something is not right (for example: people pretend to ignore a drunkard on the train but stare at him anyway). No one else was looking at her except for me the whole time we were on the train together. I asked my mom who was on the train with me if she had seen the lady in white and my mother said no.

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DEATH_BEFORE_DECAF
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago, in my first apartment after college dorm life, I was living with two other girls. One of these girls, Cassie, had a friend named Robert who was over often, and they had been friends since at least middle school. Robert was a photosensitive epileptic, and it was pretty bad. We'd have to warn him before we turned on the lights in our apartment, if we were taking a picture with flash, even if we were opening the doors in cars at night; the automatic overhead lights would send him into a seizure that would last for hours. Sometimes I'd come home from work and Cassie would be siting in her car, listening to the radio and smoking a cigarette, and Robert would be passed out in the passenger seat. I took a flash picture of a friend facing away from him and gave him a seizure before I knew of his condition.

ANYWAY, the night before my birthday a few of us are haning out in the living room, including someone we recently met who spent a few years in France. Everyone is joking about who's going to be the first to tell me happy birthday, and we're drinking and having fun. Someone takes a picture, and Robert goes down. We try to make him as comfy as possible and move some furniture around and untie his tie. We sit around him to wait for it to pass and to make sure he's okay. He normally doesn't speak or respond to anyone, but he does with Cassie and a few other close friends. So she's asking if he's okay, if she can do anything for him, etc. and he starts speaking and moving around on the floor, but not in English. We're trying to figure out what he's saying, and our French friend says he's speaking French. Robert doesn't know any other languages but English. He's never taken a language class. He was apparently speaking very poetically about existentialism in a strange dialect of French (she couldn't make out a few words). After a while of this, his phone goes off. Cassie pulls it out of his pocket, and she checks it. It's an alarm. "What's this for, Robert? Why is your alarm going off?"

"Birthday. Birthday," he replies, his eyes still closed and his body writhing around on the floor. It was midnight. It was officially my birthday.

A few days later, the French friend texts Cassie and lets her know that Robert was speaking some older dialect of French. I can't remember the details, but she was keeping notes of what he said during the seizure and referenced something from our school's library afterward.

TL;DR Epileptic friend has a seizure, starts speaking a language he doesn't know, wishes me happy birthday.

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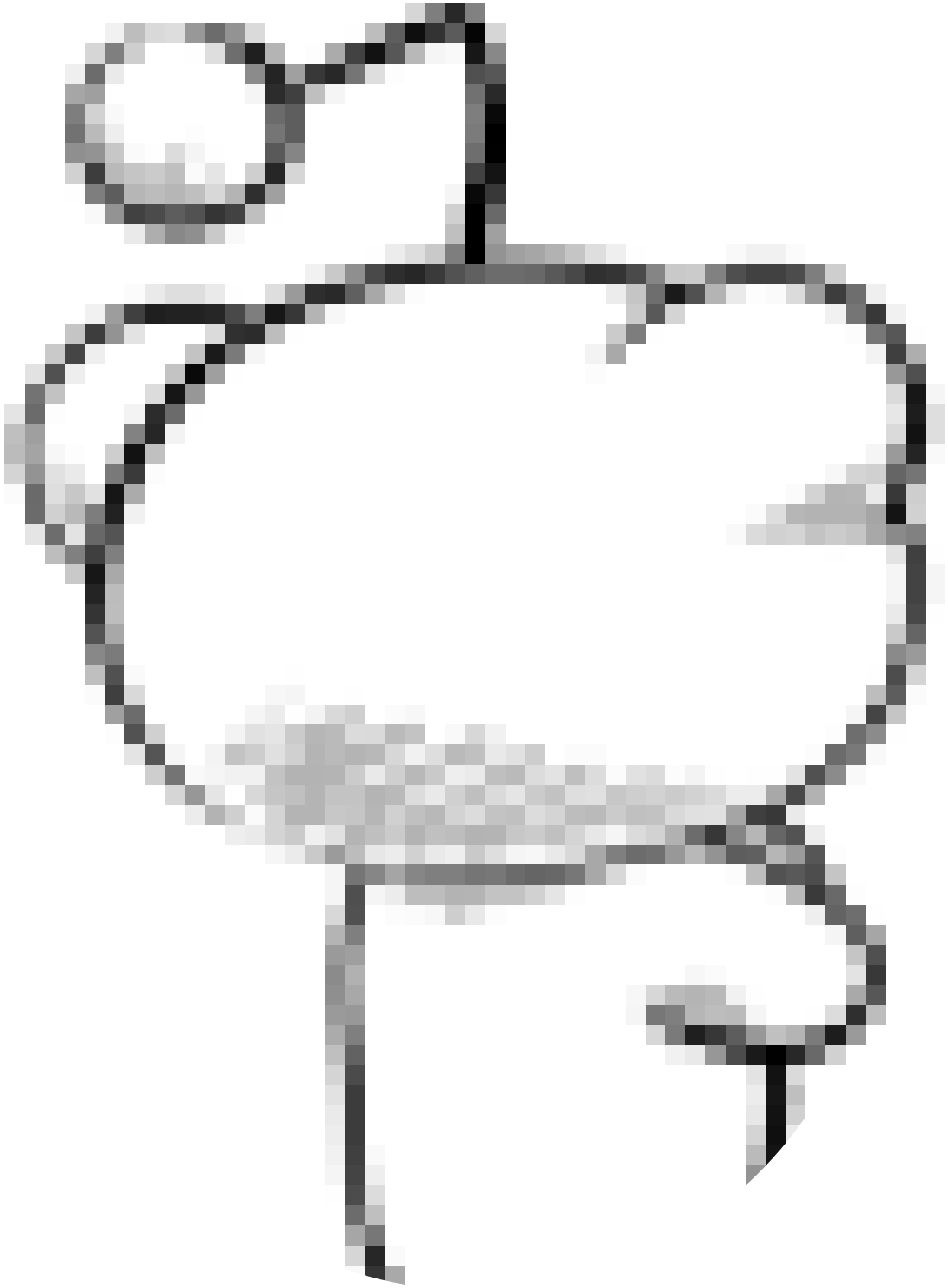

heyimchandler
â€¢ 14y ago

Alread posted this in another thread, but here goes.

One day after we went to a party, some friends and I decided to go back to one of our houses and hold a seance. They light some candles, bring out a ouija board, and do some of the usual seance shit. From my perspective, it was getting pretty boring, and I was about to call it quits. At this time though, they start shit-talking whatever spirit they were trying to communicate with into giving us some signs ex: "Do something so we can acknowledge you, if you're not too much of a pussy." Suddenly, her two dogs who were in the garage at the time sprint to the table we were sitting at and start going apeshit. These are huge ass German Shepards, and they weren't scared of shit. During the time this is happening, the screen door that goes into her house from the porch starts slamming. It's like 4 feet from us, and we are watching it open and close with no assistance. We freaked out, and ran around the house and went in the front door and basically hid in the living room until we had to go home. One of the scariest experiences of my life. I'm not saying that I'm a full on believer in the typical paranormal shit, I just really have no idea what I saw, and it scared the living shit out of me.

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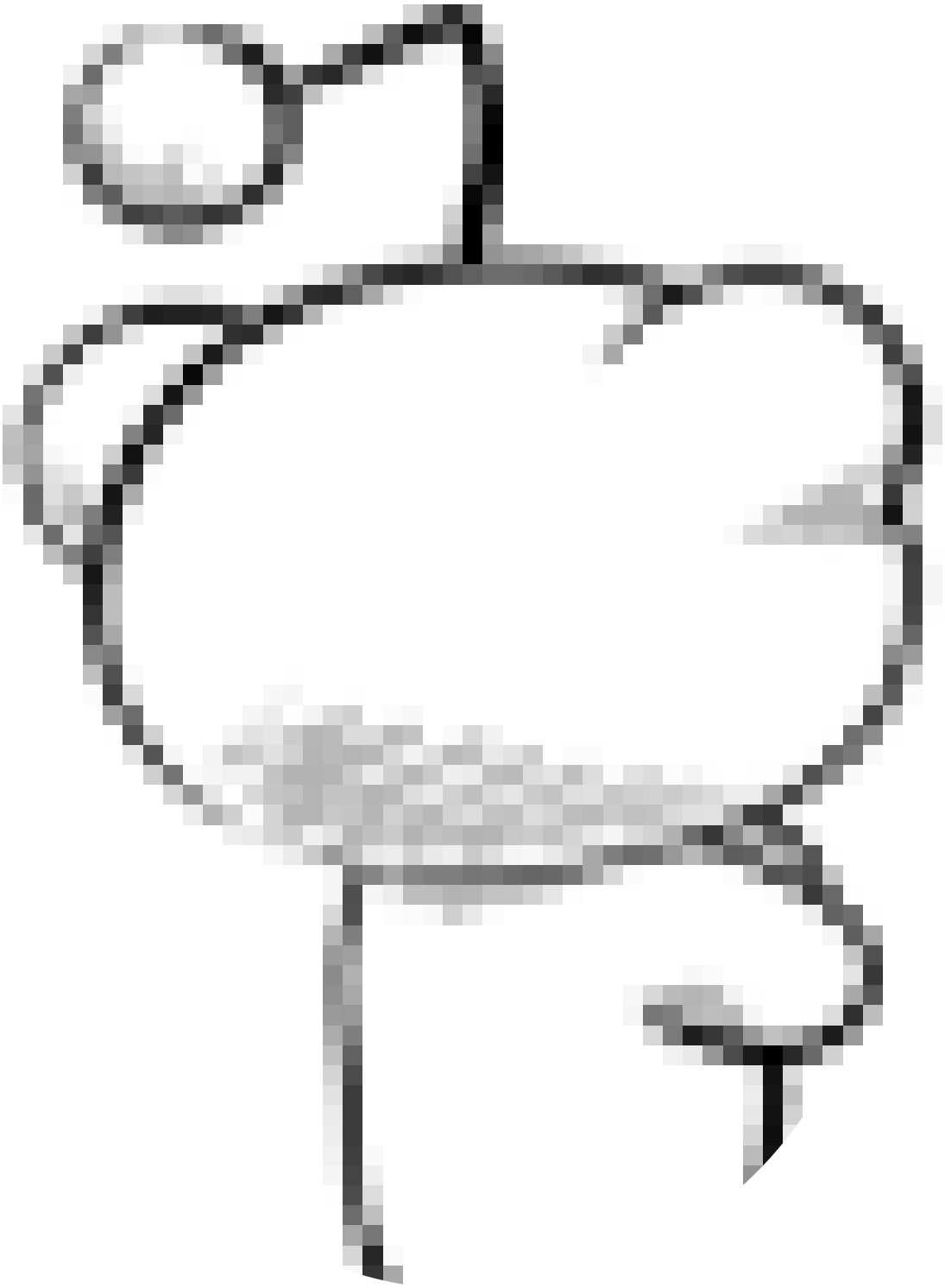

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I was sitting in the garden late at night and I saw my father sitting downstairs at the kitchen table and also moving about upstairs at the same time.

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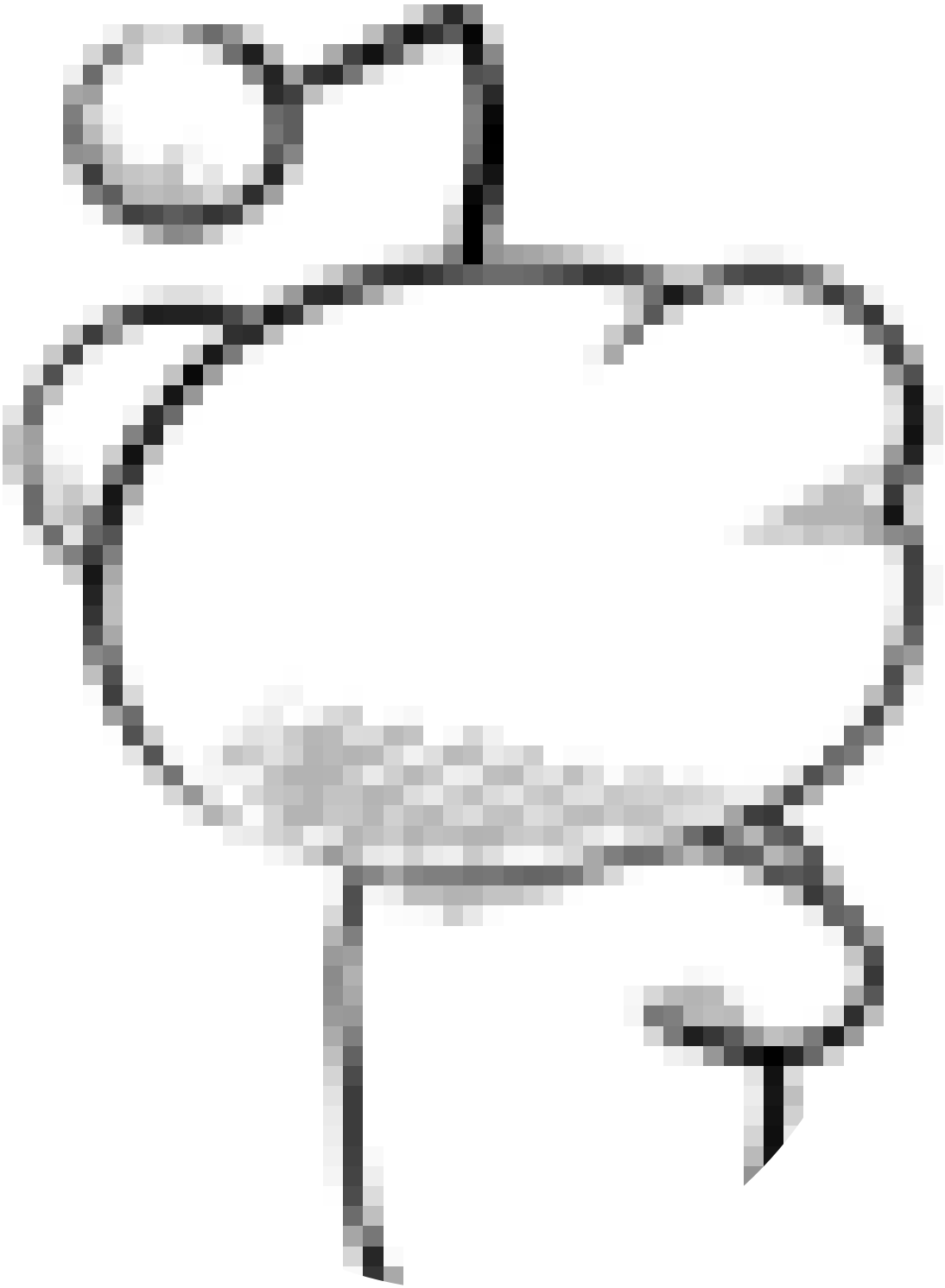

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably be buried, but here goes.

My dad told me a couple stories growing up about strange things that happened to him and his family.

First: My grandparents had just gotten married and were sleeping in bed together. All of a sudden they both woke up and reached for each other's hands in the dark. They just had this feeling. Very carefully they looked down and at the foot of the bed was a tall, dark shadow. It was just watching them, not moving. My granddad jumped out of bed and started to run after it. The shadow fled, ran *through* the closed bedroom door, and when he opened the door to follow it it was gone. They never saw it again but they were certain about what they saw.

Second: When my dad and his brother were kids they shared a bedroom that was next to my grandparents' bedroom. On the opposite side of the house there was a large playroom that had a piano in it. One night after everyone had been asleep for a while they heard the piano playing. It was playing beautiful, beautiful music. My grandparents yelled for my dad and uncle to turn off the radio, to which they replied that it was off, and they weren't playing the piano. When they went to look at the playroom the music stopped, and when they went back to bed it started playing again. This happened a few times over a month or two and eventually stopped altogether. They never found out what it was.

I still get the creeps when I think about these stories. I know there's a few more that I can't remember right now, but I have heard these all my life. My grandmother was never one to make up stories and my dad is a scientist and believes everything has a rational explanation. He insists these are true.

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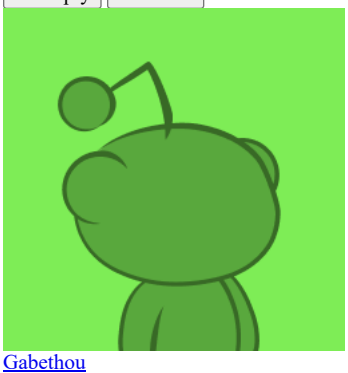

Gabethou
â€¢ 14y ago

I used to live in a small suburb near a Bio-lab/Bio Tech complex. I never liked that place, you never see people in it, but it always has cars there during the day and none at night and every window is tinted. Like mirror tinted. Anyways all my high school friends used to come to near my house and we'd go skate on this bridge and just hang out because it was near where we all lived and flat. About 6pm a mid october night when i was 15-16 we're all hanging out and skateing as per usual when the lights in the whole neighborhood flicker and then sharply dim. We hear a loud bang and a Mushroom cloud of blue fire goes up from the bio complex. We cant see the complex because its over a very small hill but it was from there. We all freak out(7-8 of us) and skate as fast as we can toward my friend miguels house. One of my friends named skip picked up his board and full out sprinted. I proceeded to call/text my mom and a girl i liked at the time saying "If you never hear from me again I love/like you." After 5 minutes the light undim and we're all hiding under various tables and chairs at miguels house. My mom and semi-gf are confused and think I'm on drugs. We all go home. no metion of this on the news or in the paper the next day. As far as I know me and my friends are the only ones who saw it.

TL;DR Creepy Bio-Tech complex near my house shot up a mushroom cloud of blue fire and turned power off to neighborhood for 5 minutes.

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Xaquri
â€¢ 14y ago

So I woke up in the middle of the night, and saw motion to the left of the foot of my bed. I sat up and lit up my cell phone, pointing the light at it.

What I saw was a small creature, about the size of a poodle and same fur texture as well, though the fur was jet black.

Its neck was long, like an alpaca, and its head, facing me, had eyes but lacked ears, a snout, and any sort of mouth. It was like a little ball with little black eyes, atop a long, skinny neck.

I think it was sitting down, and as I moved my cell phone back and forth, its head followed the phone back and forth.

Finally, I reached back and turned on the big light to see it better. But when I looked back at the creature, it was gone. It's not a case of mistaking something in the dark for a monster, because the space it had been occupying was completely empty.

Anyone experienced this? lol.

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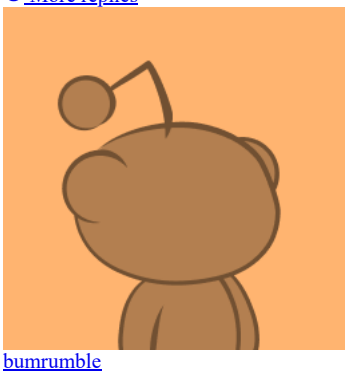

bumrumble
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

When I was under the age of 7 I had fallen asleep on the sofa. It was right under the big bay windows. I woke up and turned my head towards the open, screened window and there was a face pressing into the screen. This face was a mix between demon and alien; its eyes had no pupils, just a polished blackness. I felt oddly calm because I was quite a frightened child. But, I simply rubbed my eyes thinking that I was having a nightmare and when I reopened them then it would be gone. But, when I opened them the face was still there, pushing against the screen, staring into the house. It had no body or neck that I could see, just a face. What freaks me out the most is that I just accepted this, rolled over, and went back to sleep.

I was in second grade and it was my birthday. As elementary school tradition dictates, I brought in cupcakes for everyone in my class. I had some extras so me and two other students decided to pass them out to the other teachers. When we came back to the classroom my teacher was quite upset asking us where we had been for the past two hours. We had no idea what happened.

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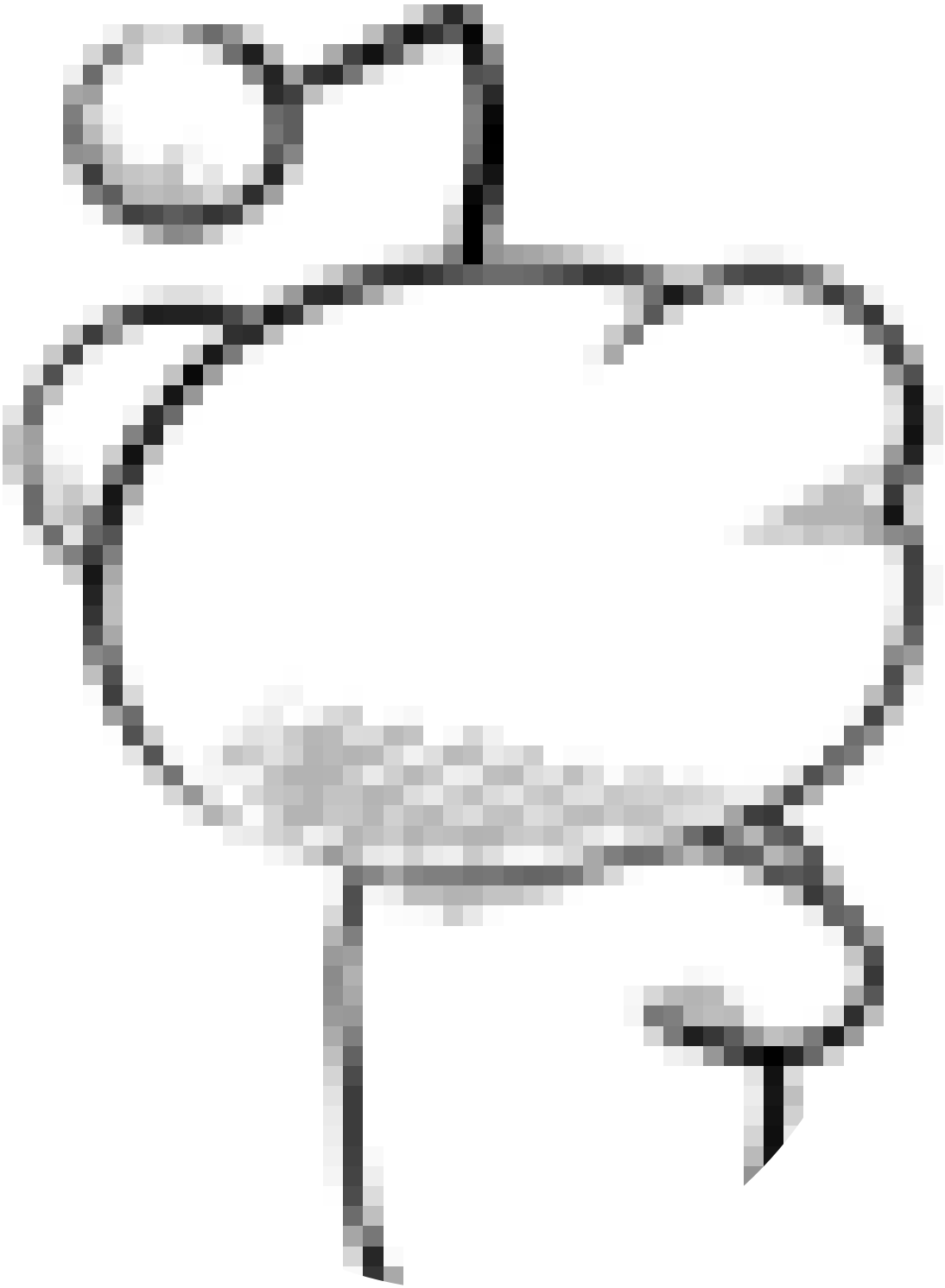

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â€¢ 14y ago

I am so late to this, but when i was younger i had this dresser that was about 3 feet from the bottom of my bed, but the handles on the dresser were these sort of floppy handles, so if you picked them up they would bounce against the drawer a few times, but as i recall every night until i moved from the house and got rid of it i would hear the metallic bounce of the handles happening until i finally fell asleep. When i told my parents about it they would tell me it was the dog, but i know if it was the dog i would be able to hear it. Every time i think about this i get goosebumps because of how close the dresser was to me.

Reply Share

DrKomeil
â€¢ 14y ago

Late to the party, but here goes.

Inyo County, 2010, South Fork of the Kern River. I'm talking pissing distance of thing. I was with 10 people (Or so), camping out. The ground was dusted with a late afternoon snow, and the chill of the early evening was just setting in. As two of this intrepid group prepared dinner, I realized I needed to make water. I wandered off into the woods, until I found a sizable clearing. As I unzipped my pants, I heard a russle from a nearby bush. As urine began to flow, my spirits dropped, and I dreaded whatever monstrosity had found me. The rustling nears,a patch of fur visible through the dense scrub. Bounding forth from the bushes is the single largest rabbit I have ever seen. I'm not talking 20 odd pounds. I'm not talking about a creature bound by the laws of nature as we know them. I'm talking a rabbit that came up to my hips, and must have weighed upwards of 60 pounds. A behemoth of Rabbit and Hare kind, living in a patch of brush in the ass end of nowhere. I let out an uncomfortably audible yelp, and return to camp, regaling the story of my encounter (And people thinking I had succumb to some flavor of wilderness madness). Of course, I get rather cross that no one believed me, and go off to read for a bit before bed. One of the women went off to settle some business of her own, and from the direction of the clearing, we hear a loud scream. A moment passes before she comes back, yelling "Komeil was fucking right!"

How such a creature got out there, and what led the rabbit to grow to such a monstrous size is beyond my knowledge. All I know is that I faced down giant mutant rabbit and lived to tell the tale.

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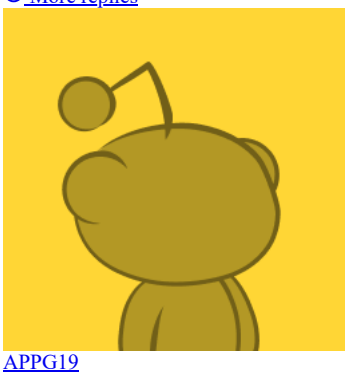

APPG19
â€¢ 14y ago

Around 2nd grade I was in an after-school daycare since both of my parents worked relatively late compared to when school was dismissed. On this particular day, we had to go indoors because of a large storm that made its way to us. The storm had a small amount of rain, but mostly very high winds around 50 mph. As we went inside, I went to the sun-room that is surrounded on all sides by windows (obviously the best decision in a wind storm). I put a blanket around me because I was cold, and started playing an old handheld game. Suddenly, I started having visions of the window I was next to shattering...I mean real, vivid visions. I stopped playing the game, and just sat there for several minutes, repeating the vision in my head...I remember actually wanting the window to shatter above me, without any reason, I just knew that I wanted it to. Suddenly, it finally happened and it shattered...The one window right next to me, in a room with probably 15 or so windows. Somehow, I just knew it was going to happen right then at that precise moment, and I made an insane split-second dive out of the way the instant it broke. There is no way that I could have reacted that fast unless I already knew it was going to shatter at that exact moment... I still have no idea how I remember this as I was only in 2nd grade, but I definitely do. Of course, since I was uninjured, no one believed that I was able to dive out of the way of the window that I was maybe 2 feet away from at best, and when the adults entered the room after hearing the window break, all they saw was me halfway across the room already standing up.

TL;DR I can break a window with telekinesis, don't fuck with me

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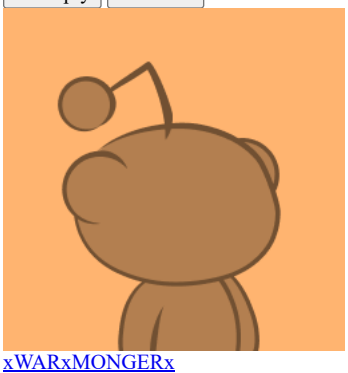

xWARxMONGERx
â€¢ 14y ago

This isn't scary or paranormal but I still can't explain it. I was in college about 6 years ago in Critical Thinking class it's March which is Women's History month and my professor has kind of a Jeopardy game with all Women's History questions. Earlier that day when I first woke up and was taking a shower; the name Gertrude Elderly comes to my mind. I don't know why I started thinking about Gertrude Elderly but I just dismiss it, but can't stop thinking the name. So back to the class my professor splits the class into four teams and we start playing. We were about half way done with the game when it's my turn to pick a question. I pick one and the question is, "What is the name of the first women to swim across the English Channel?" I couldn't believe it; no one else knew the answer, but I raised my hand and immediately said Gertrude Elderly. The entire class was shocked that I answered so quickly. I still can't explain it to this day.

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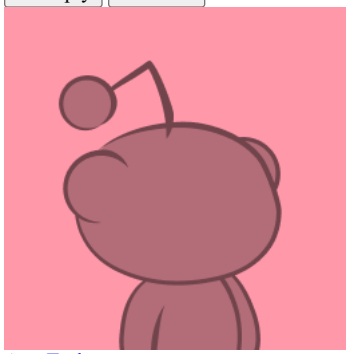

Arc_Tech
â€¢ 14y ago

Well, at my local library when I was young, they had programs. One time it was some psychic guy's show. He had us move around a spike and some bases with no spikes and put paper cups, and then smashed (I mean SMASHED) the cups (except the one on the spike), and some other stuff. Then he had a deck of cards with cities on them and gave me and two others one each and told us to concentrate on the city. I got Moscow and start thinking, "that's in Russia right?" He said, "whoever's thinking about Russia concentrate on their city" (or something to that effect, I tend to think in meanings rather than verbatim words.). He then proceeds to get all 3 cities. If not for my mind wandering, I would've been convinced it was some sort of trick despite getting chosen.

tl;dr got mind read, definitely not trick

Reply Share

k9centipede
â€¢ 14y ago

When he made the comment of Russia you probably looked surprised or did some other non verbal que. He probably said a few other things to see how each person reacted to narrow down the cities. Wouldnt have worked As well if you all picked cities on your own possibly picking ones he's never even heard of.

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skettimnstr
â€¢ 14y ago

...definitely trick.

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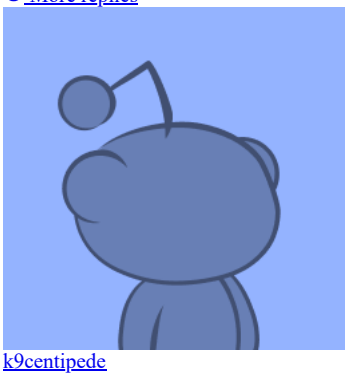

k9centipede
â€¢ 14y ago

Before smashing the cups he'd always give the plate another spin right? The way it spun told him which cups had weights under, ie had the spike.

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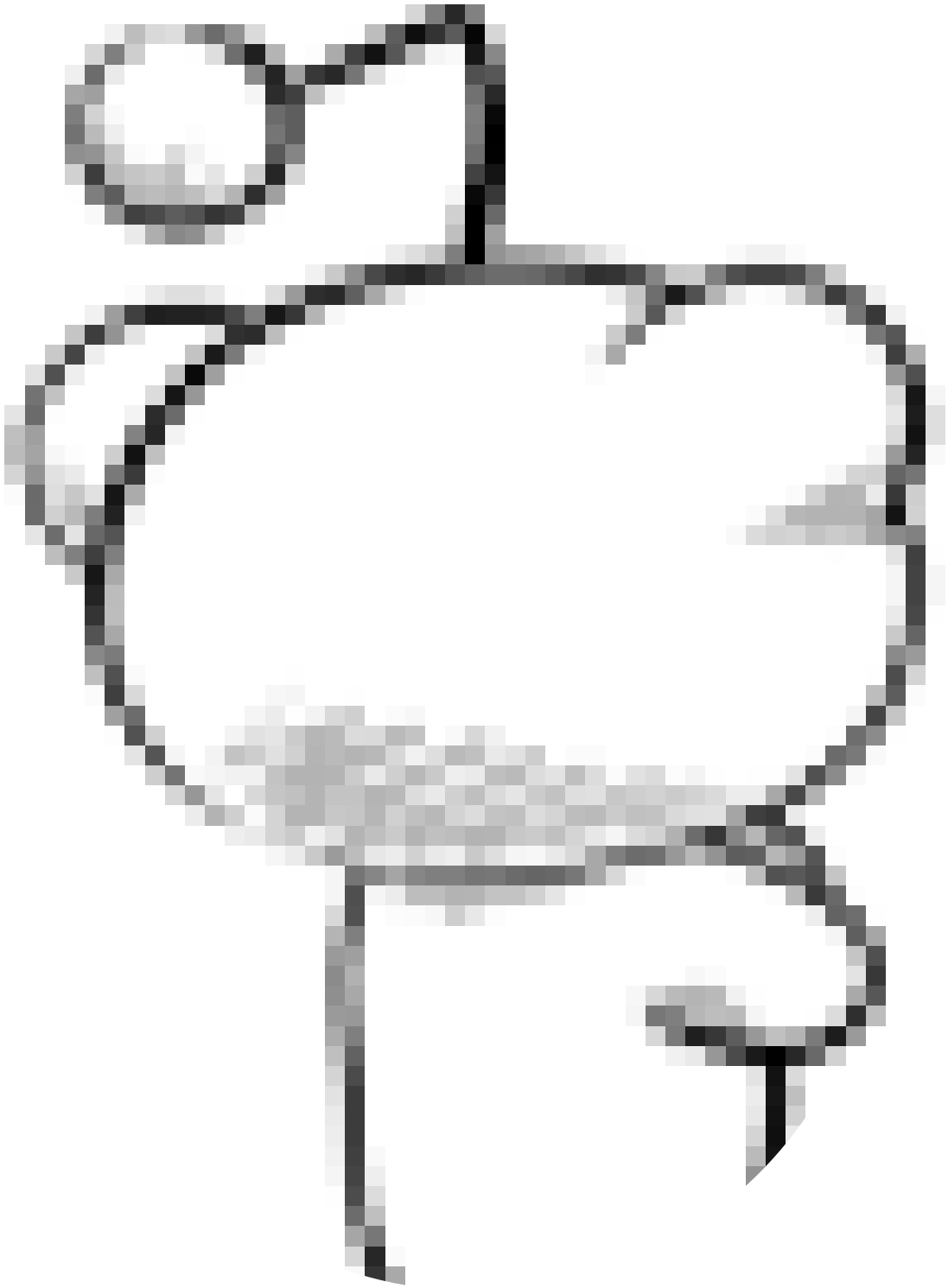

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get buried, but I want to share it anyway. Picture me, an 11 year old boy scout (I am from the Netherlands, and boy scouts over here are in no way connected to the religious bigots across the pond). Every year, as was tradition, we went on summer camp in the eastern, rural part of the Netherlands. Mind you, the Netherlands is extremely densely populated compared to the states, and therefore you are never that far away from civilization, but out here in Gelderland at the Veluwe, there seemed to be not a living soul in a radius of, like, five miles.

As usual, we set up an camp and went about the usual boy scout stuff, such as burning wood, snails and other carcinogenic objects, and in the process we tried to annoy each patrol as much as an 11-year old possibly could.

Then, one pitch black night, as I was laying in my bed, I started to detect weird noises that sounded like they were a couple of hundred metres away. I can't really describe it, but I instantly knew they couldn't be produced by humans or some other living being, including animals (there are a lot of deer and boars in the eastern Netherlands). It sounded like some wave of chatter and chanting, and it was really, really intense, like a wave of literally hundreds of angry, drunk drones.

At this point, the two dudes beside me in my compartiment of the tent woke up as well, and we started whispering, discussing what-the-actual-fuck was going on. It sounded like random pockets of these "creatures" dissattached themselves from the cacophony that started to near our encampment. At one point there was this guttural scream, and the sound of blades sharpening each other, like five six metres away from our tent.

We had already switched on a flashlight, and at this point we were immensely scared. Picture three boys sitting quietly in their tents, unable to sleep, and pointing their flashlight at the canvas. Now, this is when it happened. Just as I shone my flashlight at a certain patch of the canvas, this bear-like thing hits our tent, grunting and going about. What scared me most was that the silhouette we saw was in no way human- or animal-like, but appeared to be some sort of fat alien. Then suddenly it dissappeared.

The noise went on for hours. That morning we, and some dude in a tent fifty metres away were the only four people who had been woken up by all this racket, and everyone thought we had made up some campfire story. I swear to god I didn't dream this, as there were actual signs that something had hit our tent.

EDIT: This summer camp was Asterix and Obelix-themed, and in no way very scary or otherwise meant to be an "experience", so I can rule out the summer camp staff.

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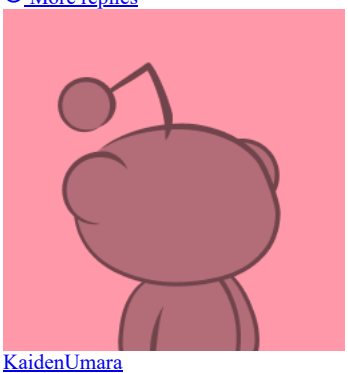

KaidenUmara
â€¢ 14y ago

Once when i was around 9 years old on a lake at night i looked up at the stars. I happened to see a light as bright as the stars go exactly from one star to another. I always assumed it was something alien or just unexplainable. I ruled it out as being an meteor as it moved too slow and dident have a tail. Seemed too implausable to be a reflection off a satelite which started and ended exactly with two stars.

I thought about it alot but after a few years it kind of just went to the back of my mind. Around 15 years after i saw it I was making dinner and had the t.v. on in the background. i did not initially catch that a UFO show came on but once i did i listened as i worked. Out of the blue this guy on the show says "i saw a bright light go from exactly one star to another"

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ecco5
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was in the sixth grade, i remember coming in from lunch and looking down to a hole in my left forearm that might have been about a quarter of an inch deep and maybe a little less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. I don't know where it came from, i don't know how long it had been there because it didn't hurt and it didn't bleed, i don't remember if i even put a bandaid on it.

eventually it healed up and i had a scar for a while, which i'm having trouble finding at the moment.

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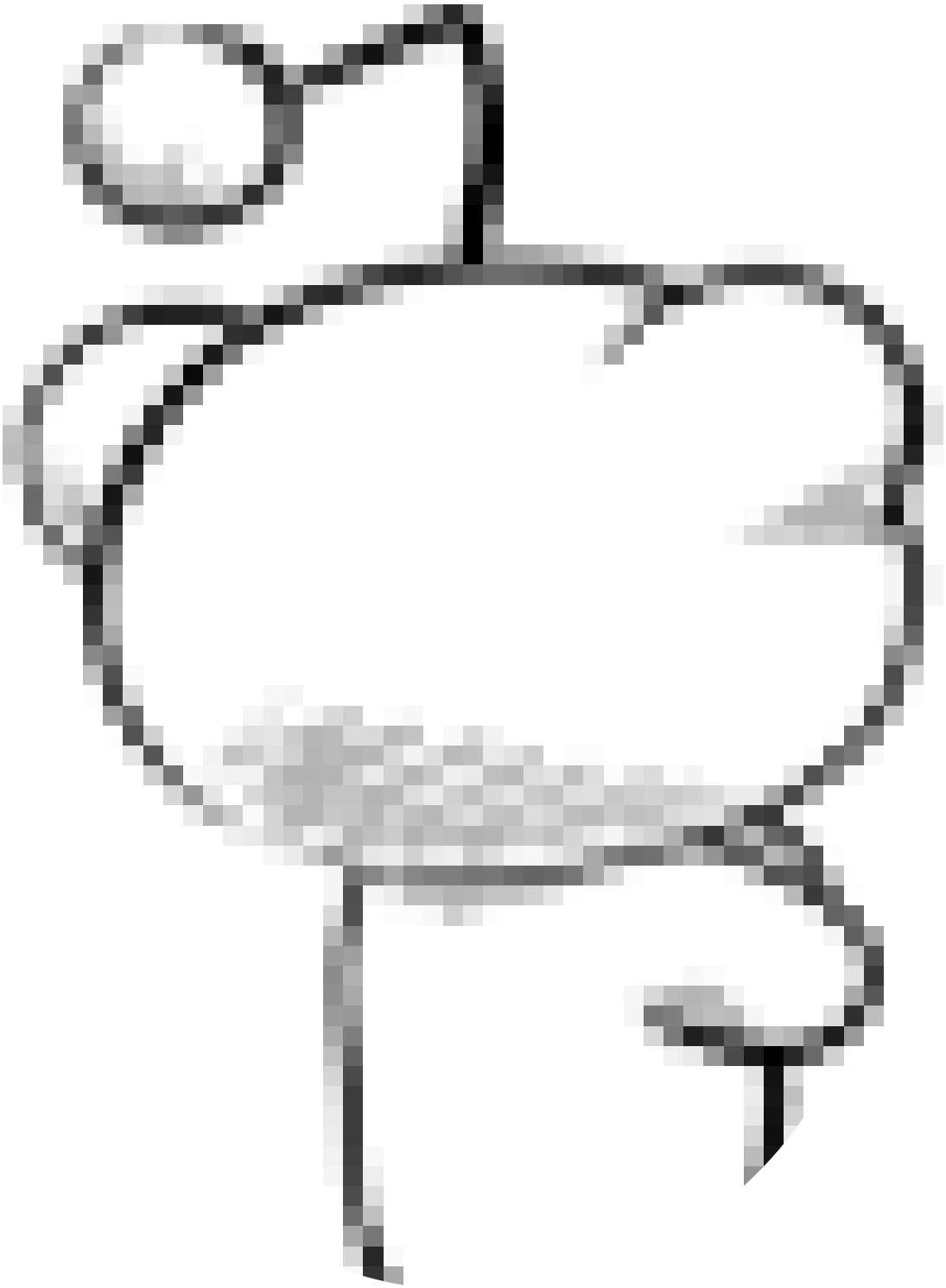

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â€¢ 14y ago

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souschefdude
â€¢ 14y ago

I once owned a Persian cat that would sleep in my bed with me. I could feel it walking around the bed around and over me. To this day (at least 15 years later) I occasionally feel something walking on my bed, around and over me.

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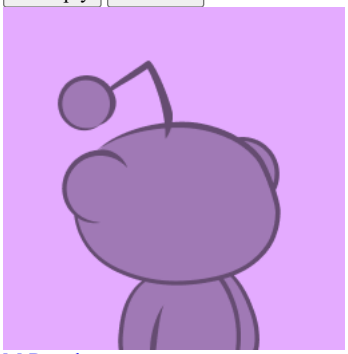

MrRoughsex
â€¢ 14y ago

WHY THE FUCK AM I READING THIS AT 12 AM RIGHT BEFORE I GO TO BED!!!!!!

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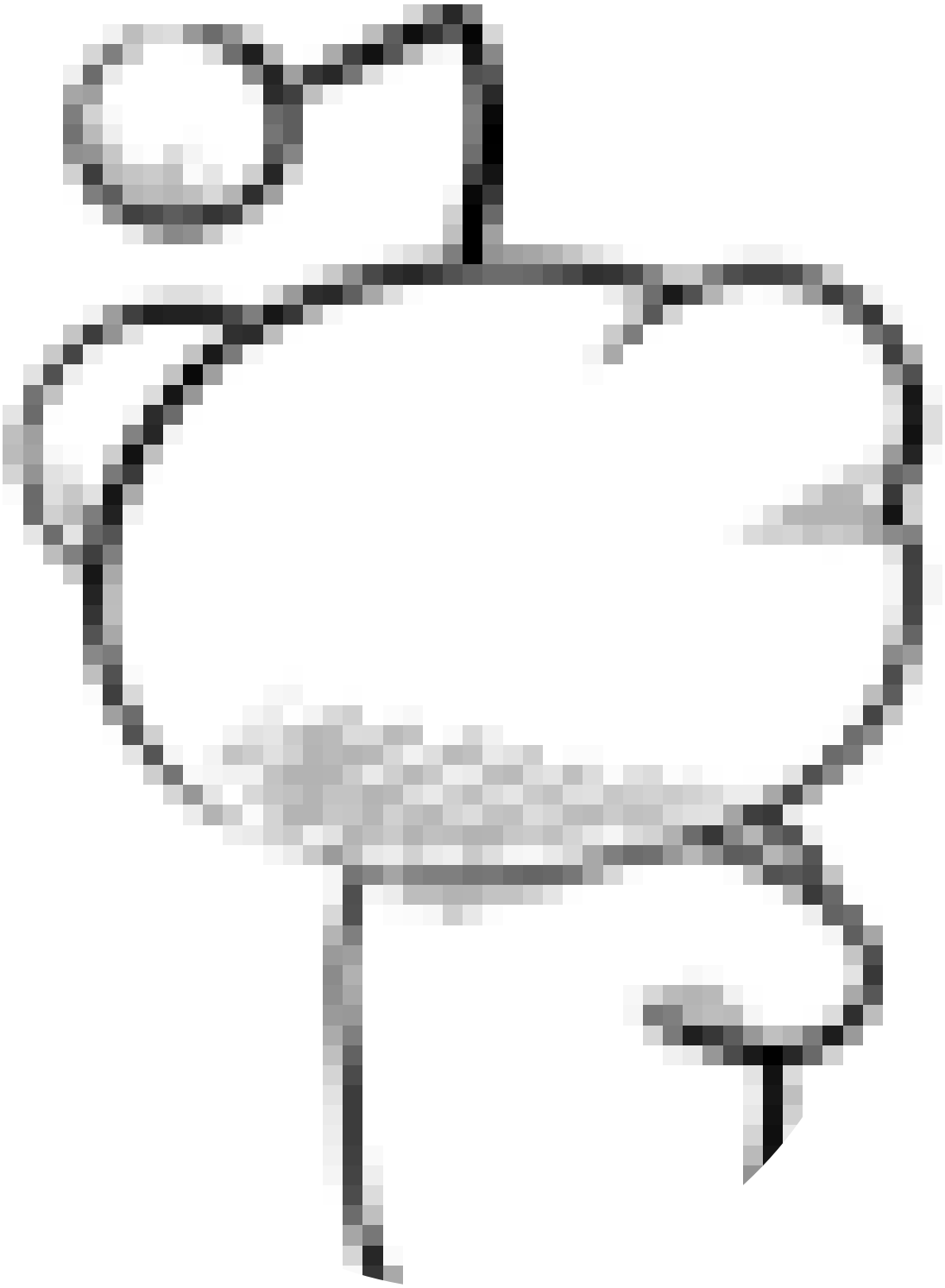

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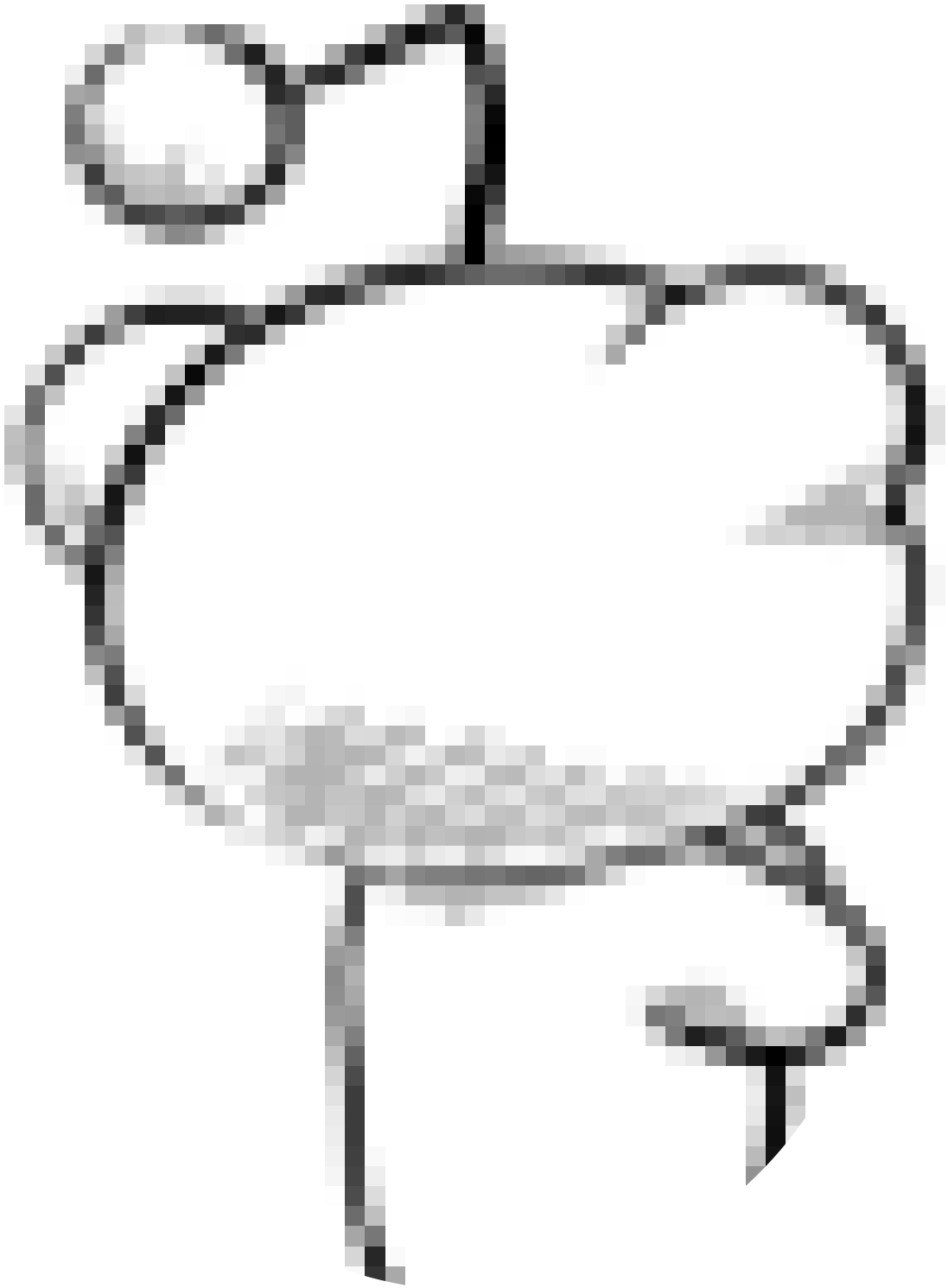

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â€¢ 14y ago

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ph0kus
â€¢ 14y ago

I share a condo with my younger brother and a couple of months ago we were in my room working on a computer when suddenly, a flash goes off. Like from a camera, except the window curtains were shut and nobody else was around. It wasn't our cell phones either and we both saw the flash.

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ohsnapitspat
â€¢ 14y ago

Earlier this week I was heading out to run some errands around town with my 7 month old baby boy. I was very low on fuel so I stopped by the gas station to fill up. As I was pumping gas, I opened the door to talk to my boy while we waited on the pump. I was fumbling around with the seatbelt attached to his car seat when I noticed some extra slack in the belt. So I figured after I was done pumping gas, i would walk around to the other side and tighten the strap. Using my usual baby voice, I told my son repeatedly - "Well, we will just tighten it later, won't we? - I'll just fix it later. I will later. Yep. I will later." And almost as soon as the gas pump stopped, my phone vibrated in my pocket. I hung the handle back up, replaced my gas cap, shut the back door, went to the other side tightened the seatbelt and checked my phone. I had a text message from an unknown number. The text read "I will later".

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Quadren4
â€¢ 14y ago

One night I was laying in my bed, trying to go sleep. I was just laying there thinking about random stuff (I can't remember what I was thinking about though). I could feel the sleepies hitting me in the face, so I was like, Already time to go to sleep. I close my eyes and start drifting. Not a moment later I hear this feminine, ear-piercing, blood curtailing scream right in my ear. Pull the covers up as fast as lighting and lay in my bed for an hour or so, trying to piece together what the hell that was. Next day I asked everyone in my house if they heard a scream, but they said no.
The scream has traumatized me a bit, and just thinking about it makes me uneasy.

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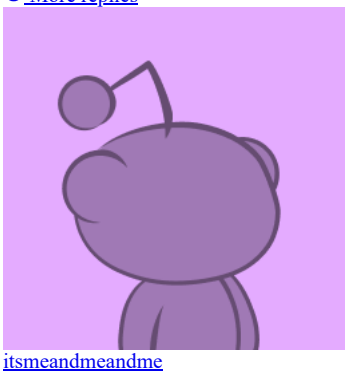

itsmeandmeandme
â€¢ 14y ago

I was driving down the interstate at night and in my home city there is very little traffic let alone at 10:00pm on a week night. To the right of the interstate is a small valley where a few farms are located. Coming towards my direction over the valley is what appeared to be a helicopter or small airplane at first.

1. I knew it could not be an airplane because this was moving too slow and too low
2. I know helicopters. My cousin is a pilot. I see the Life Flight in action every day. This was *no* man made craft that is well known at least.

The way it moved was too smooth. Too low. Too slow. It was oval shaped and was pulsating with lights.

It sounds ridiculous, but the smoothness of how it moved through the air was incredible. It truly was like a hovercraft we see in science fiction films.

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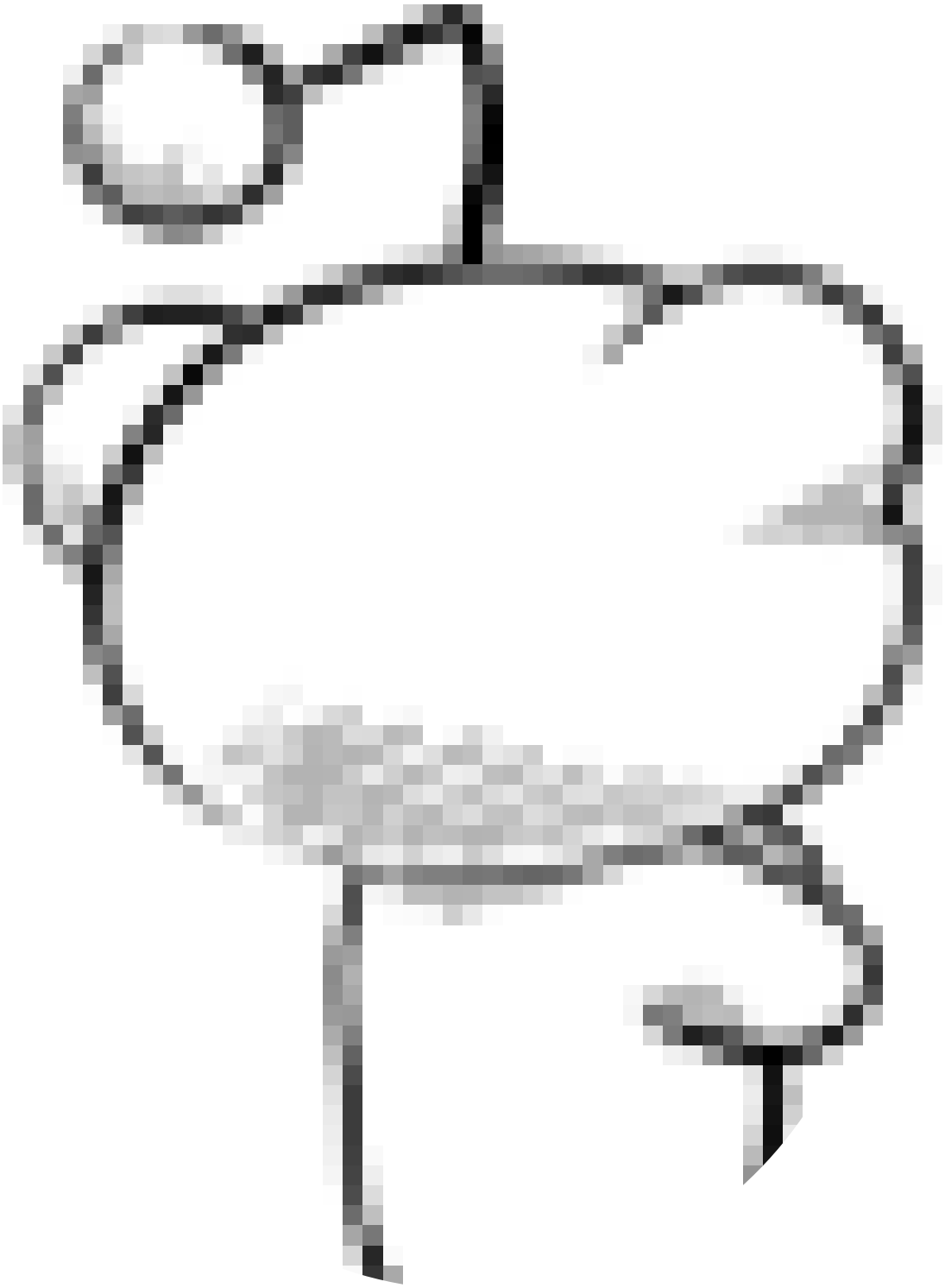

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â€¢ 14y ago

Is there a "personal ghost experience" thread that I've missed in the past? If not I'd really love to see one hit the front page, because this thread kept me entertained for about 3 hours!

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Ruzzle
â€¢ 14y ago

I was alone on vacation and I put a glass of water on the table next to my bed.

I shut the lights and after a few minutes I hear a scraping noise.

I turn the lights on and the glass of water is on the ground.

There was nobody home. I still have no idea how it happened.

Reply Share

berniens
â€¢ 14y ago

Well. There is one thing that really stands out in my mind. I was only young, so maybe this is just my memories playing tricks on me, but I'm not sure.

My Mother died when I was very young. They actually buried her on my third birthday. So not long after that, maybe a couple of months or so, I remember waking up in the middle of the night scared. I looked out the doorway of my room into the hallway, and seen my Dad standing there, which instantly calmed me down. I remember saying 'Dad?'. No response. So I asked again. Still no response. But this time, after I asked, I heard my Dad snoring from the next room over. At this point, the figure in my doorway just faded away. I was never scared at any point from this. Whatever it was, it gave me an overwhelming sense of calmness.

I've had many people that I had seen anything from a Guardian Angel to the spirit of my Mother watching over me.

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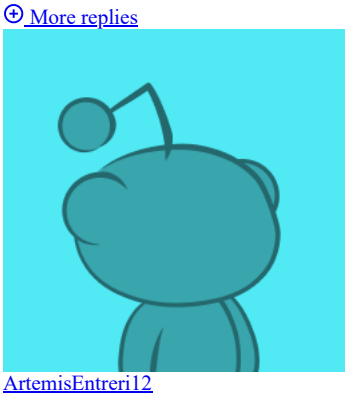

ArtemisEntreri12
â€¢ 14y ago

Why am I still reading these?!!?

Reply Share

nomorepumpkins
â€¢ 14y ago

My boyfriend and I were renting a house with a 2 roommates (both were several hours away at the time) my boyfriend was working night shift at the time so i Was alone. This house always had an different feel to it I was always getting the "don't o you date look behind you right now feeling." This night I went to bed turned off the light and I hear the drawers in the room open with the distinct sound that a drawer pulled to far makes, a thud . I turn on the light, nothing. I turn the light off again lay my head back down and it happens again I turn the light back on,nothing. This happened 4 times before I left the light on and his under the covers until 4 am when my bf got home. He comes into the room I tell him what happened and he laughs it off and gets in bed. What happens next still bothers us to this day. He turns off the light and every door in the hallways slams closed heading to our room ,next the closet doors start rattling. We are now under the covers in full a panic. Then It sounded like the closet was being torn a apart ,the sounds were like heavy weight wrestling match going down in a 2x4 room I expected complete destruction of eventing in threre. All at once it stopped it took 15 min to convince my 6'4" 230lbs boyfriend to go see what happened.nothing was out of place. Moved out shortly after I still don't like driving by that house feels like I'm being watched.

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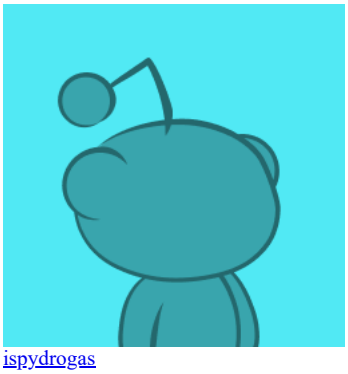

ispydrogas
â€¢ 14y ago

Ok I had to sign in for this one. I hope someone reads it. It's actually a story from a friend, so I can't take credit, but I thought it deserved being told. I have other stories myself, but another time perhaps.

We live in AZ. I think everyone knows that there's a lot of weird shit going on out here with aliens and the such. I think it's all the good Mexican food, but I digress. Any way, my friends Matt, Adam, and Adam's GF are sitting in their garage, as they do almost every night, with the garage door open, drinking, smoking, and bullshitting. Adam said he was looking towards his neighbor's house when he said "Hey Matt..... Do you see that?" And a bright red circle started rising from, what looked like, his neighbors backyard. He said it started slowly rising, and swaying back and forth. He ran out to the street and tried getting a better look. Some of the neighbors from another house were outside and saw it too. They were all standing in the middle of the street, looking at it. "Hey maybe it's a balloon," one of them said, "With a candle in it. Like one of those Chinese floating candles." But at this point, it started coming towards them, and eventually was right above their heads. It stopped and sat above their heads for a couple minutes. Adam said that it was so strange, because it was dead silent outside. You couldn't hear anything. Then all of a sudden, it slowly flew south and disappeared. Then he said the strangest thing was that some time after it had left, there seemed to be a strange, electric hum he could hear.

The funny thing is that Adam's GF is religious, and Matt is just a skeptic of everything. But when you ask them what they saw, they just look at you blankly and say "I don't know. I don't want to talk about it."

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redfish22
â€¢ 14y ago

After reading others' posts, I'm glad I wasn't the only one to have these strange occurrences.

When I was 12, I had a dream that I was playing golf in a field w/ my parents and grandmother. One of us hit the ball into a wooded area that surrounded a creek. My grandmother went to get the ball and disappeared into the woods.

She didn't come back out, so I went into the woods to look for her. In the middle of the creek were her ghost-white fingers pointed skyward, disappearing slowly beneath the murk. Apparently, when she'd bent over to pick up the ball, she'd fallen in and was drowning. I ran over and stuck my arm in to grab her, but by that time, her fingers had disappeared. I flailed around trying to find her to no avail; however, part of my head/ear was in the water as I searched - I could hear her screaming. I woke up, terrified.

6 months later, IRL, the same grandmother was filling up her tub for a bath. She bent over to test the water, fell in, and had a massive stroke. I remember holding her hand on her good side and looking into her eyes in the hospital, but she couldn't talk. She never recovered, and died a week later.

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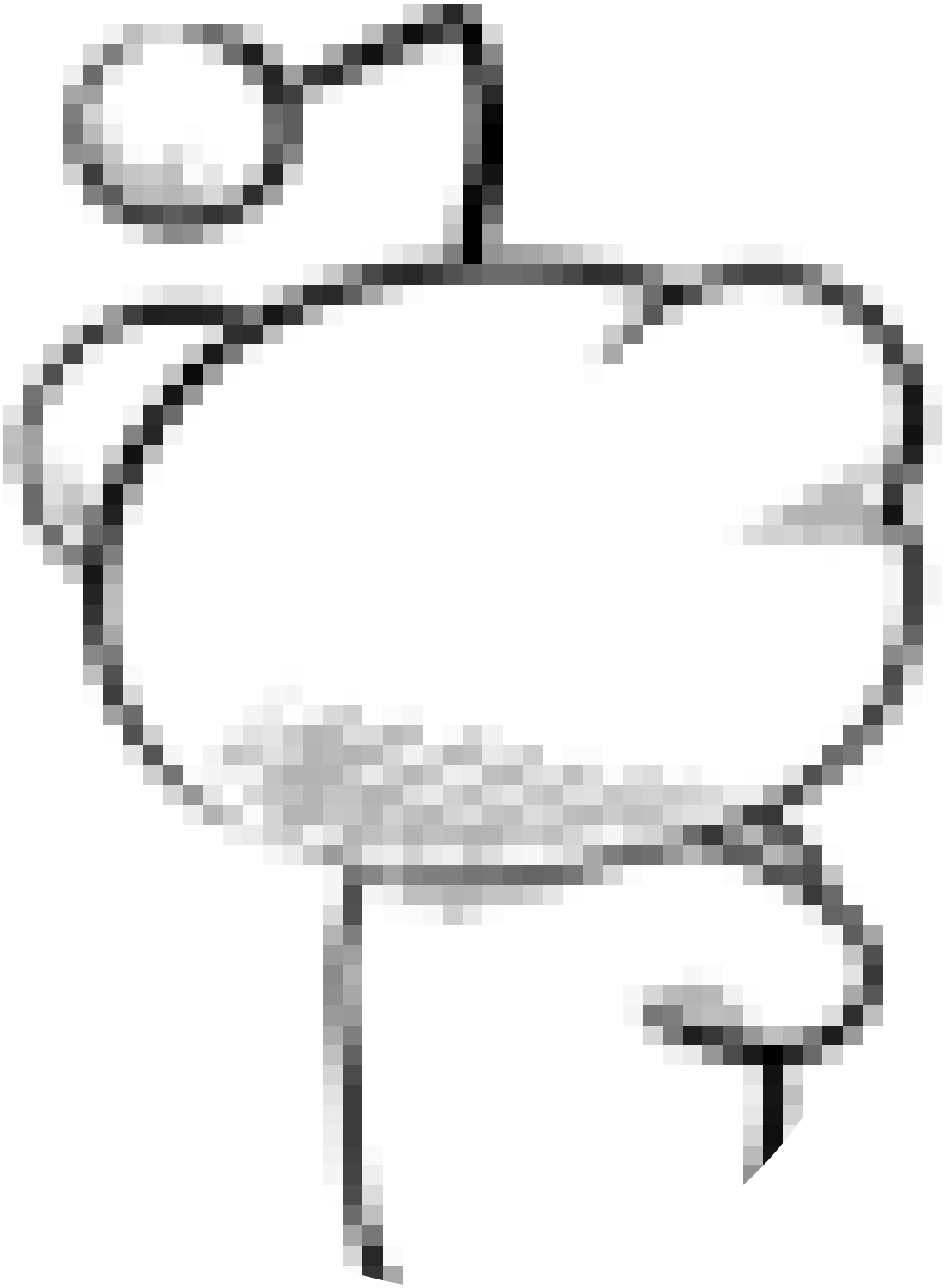

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â€¢ 14y ago

I just read this whole thread and I didn't want it to end!!

Reply Share

ScottyChrist
â€¢ 14y ago

Disclaimer: Weed.

I pulled into my driveway late at night, music blaring, and as I'm turning off the car the last thing the song on the radio says is "so turn off the music," reminding me that I was gonna blast myself with full volume in the morning, so I turned the car back on just to lower the volume.

As I turn it on, lower volume, turn off, the song says "pray to god" and I was like woah, cuz I don't believe, but maybe FSM was giving me a tip to save my eardrums. I sat there for a second and realized that everything was in 2's around me- some symbols on the dash pointed in 2s toward my wipers which had stalled up facing the same direction. I followed where they pointed to look at a neighbors house which had 2 triangular roofs pointing upwards. As soon as I looked up I saw a shooting star.

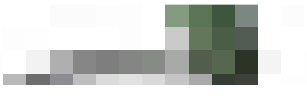
I spend a lot of time staring into space, so I've seen plenty of shooting stars, but it just felt like I was being pulled outside to see that specific one, and I immediately broke down crying. Believed in God for a solid 6 days after that.

mechanate
â€¢ 14y ago

How the cat gets into the sock drawer when there is no possible entrance point that doesn't involve thumbs.

EwanBoo
â€¢ 14y ago

I've got two. First one me and about 6 other friends went to this place called hellingly hospital which was an abandoned mental hospital, and some dodgy stuff happened there. It was just outside of our town so we drove there. We got through some fields and fences to get into the place. Just as we were going down a pathway we saw a black figure, we all looked at each other and though fuck we have been caught, this figure went into some bushes and we thought to ourselves it might be some other people exploring. We headed over looked near and in the bushes and there is no one there. Freaked us the fuck out. Second one is pretty personal to me so here goes. I had never known my parents to be together so my stepdad called alex was amazing to me, dont get me wrong i love my dad to bits but alex was always brilliant to me. He used to smoke quite a bit but when he found out my mum was pregnant with my sister, he stopped smoking completely. Fast forward a few years my little sister is about 3-5 im 12 and Im starting my new secondary school year 7 (Brit here) in a few months, and we find out alex has got lung cancer and they have given him 5 years to live. Ok we thought lets make it the best 5 years we have. Its my first day at new school its a friday and i get my photo taken with alex before i leave for the bus (relevant later) and its around half 1 i get this feeling that i should just run home now go run. I dont i finish the day and ran as fast as i could home, and i see my aunties and uncles outside my house telling me dont worry alex just had a fit he is in hospital he will be fine. I go to my dads every weekend so off i go. Its around 7 in the evening and i see my mum with my grandparents pull up to my dads house, and im thinking this is weird mum never comes to dads on the weekend like this. Alex had died, i didnt get to say goodbye to him the way i wanted too. His last ever photo was with me and im happy about that. But i do wonder what would have happened if i just ran home.



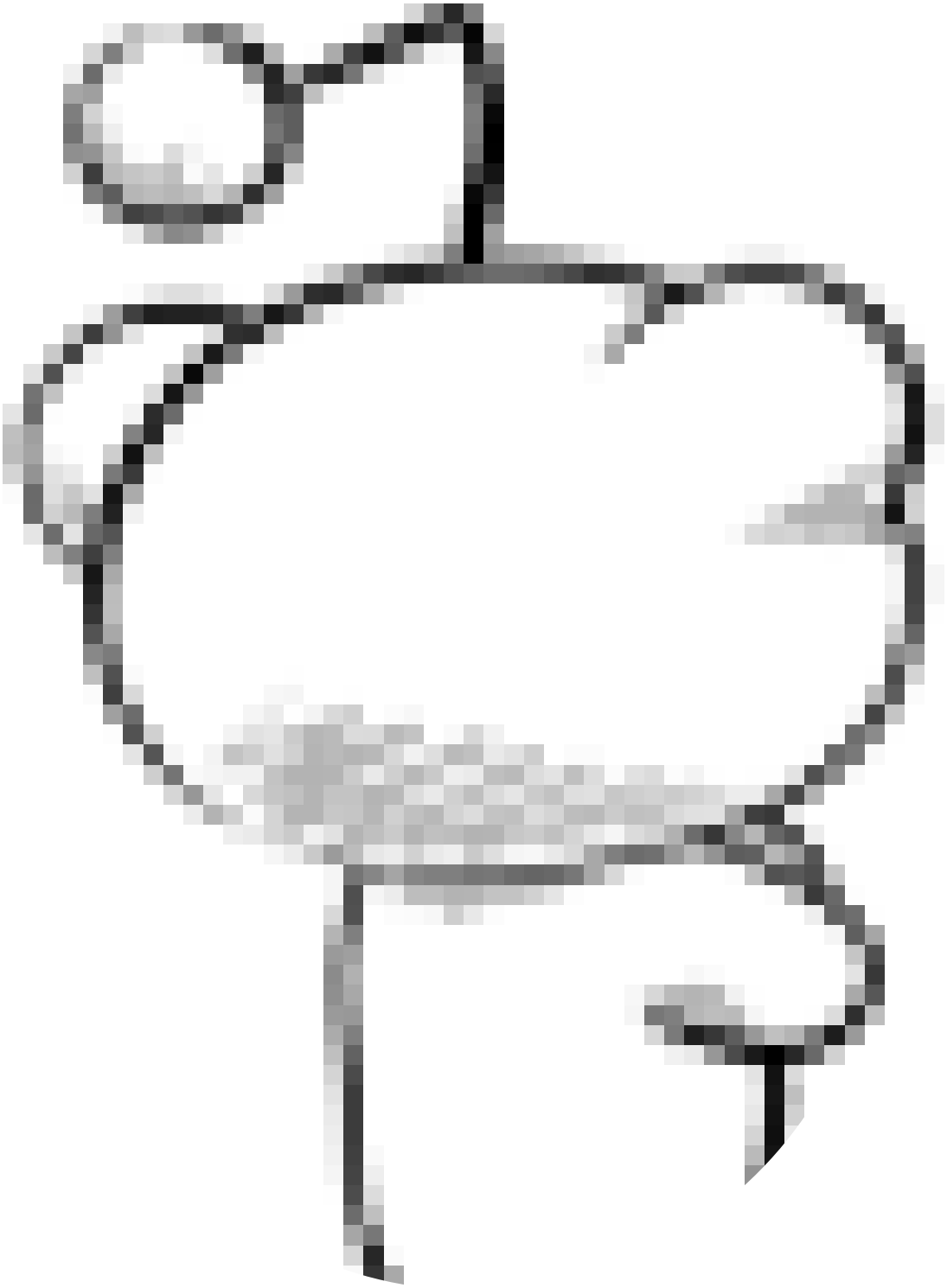
Gridelin
â€¢ 14y ago

I can remember a fair amount of things from when I was 2-4 years old, more than other people seem to at least. Anyways, when I was 3 years old, I was riding in the car with my parents and a Beatles song came on the radio, they started telling me about the Beatles. Among other things, they told me the Paul and Ringo were the only ones still alive, and then started recalling their own experiences of when they found out about John Lennon's assassination. Sometime that week, or that night, I had a dream about being outside a building of some sort, and I wasn't really there I could just hear what people were saying, one of the strangest dreams I can remember. From the varying conversations I managed to find out that John Lennon had been shot twice in the back (something my parents never mentioned). The next day I asked my parents about the "shot twice in the back" thing, and they said I must have overheard them talking about the incident another time. Well, lets fast-forward 6 years, when I'm in a 4th grade music class. Our teacher showed us a news report about John Lennon's death trying to make us understand how important this event was, and in the news report they showed his apartment. It was the exact same as my dream, 6 years prior. I have no idea how this happened, if I somehow saw a similar report when I was younger than 3 and didn't remember it, or what? Since then, I've had a couple of occurances in which I feel like I've already been to the place in a dream before, or insanely major Deja vu moments, but nothing about an event that happened before my lifetime. I am still baffled to this day about the whole matter. TL;DR : Had a dream about John Lennon's assassination when I was 3 years old, knew almost nothing about the incident, but 6 years later I found details in the dream were frighteningly accurate.

Reply Share

pic10F206
â€¢ 14y ago

Launched a CD-ROM towards a friend, at university class. The disc landed with such a precise angle that it got stuck between two tiles. We had to break it to remove it. The space between the tiles was so small that I doubt it could fit a razor's blade. This was one of those "one in a billion times".



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â€¢ 14y ago

Too many times I've had dreams set in a recurring fictitious location only to be shocked when I travel somewhere new and stumble upon the place just as I imagined it. I'm wondering when I'm going to see that mall. :/

Butt_Patties
â€¢ 14y ago

This thread is fucking creepy. So many people seeing and hearing weird things.

My turn!

Okay, so one night a few years ago, I ended up waking up in the middle of the night for no reason that I could discern. I could see on my wall, due to a small glow coming from a light across my room, the figure of a person just standing there. Naturally I was sleepy as shit, so I didn't really pay it any mind. Well, that didn't last too long.

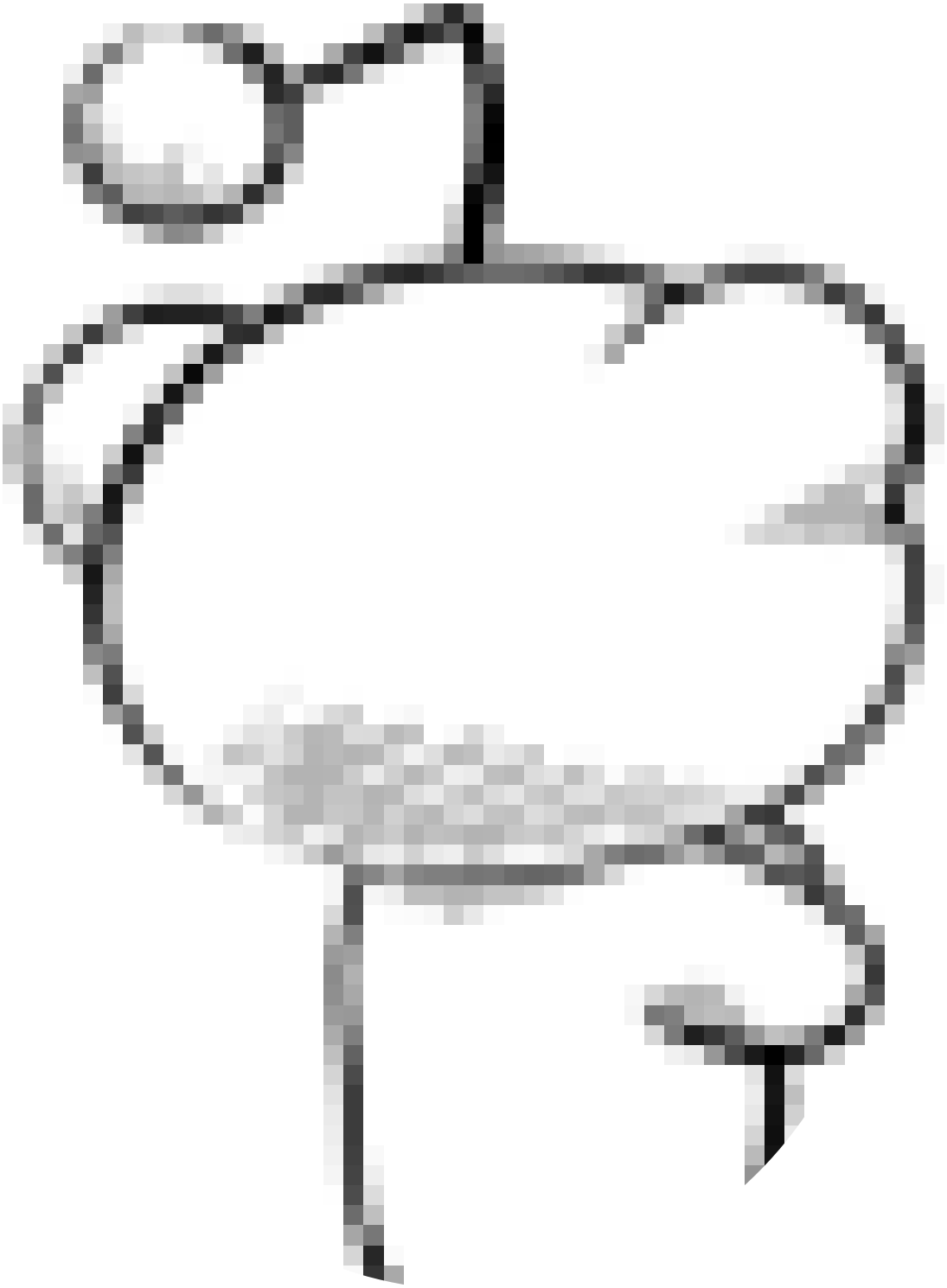
The next thing I knew, right after I closed my eyes, someone *crawled into my bed with me.* It was strange, because the covers were never lifted. I just felt someone kinda slide into my bed and, for lack of better terms, cuddle up next to me. Needless to say I was freaked the fuck out and paralyzed head to toe.

After a moment I got up and grabbed my flashlight, which I used to look through my *entire* room. On and under my bed, behind my door, ect. and there was absolutely nothing. I walked upstairs and took a piss, then, in a balls-of-steel move, went right back to sleep in the bed whereas this just happened.

The thing is though, there's been other times where *everybody* in my house has experienced *something* they can't explain. People walking around at night, hearing voices, slamming doors in the middle of the night when all the windows are closed, and even once someone doing dishes for us at about 3:00 am, which was weird because none of the dishes were done the next morning. Fuckin' lazy ghosts.

princessjamiekay
â€¢ 14y ago

so so late to the party but i had to share. when i was pregnant with my second daughter, my husband was gone for work for a few days so it was just my first daughter and i at home. she has a habit of sneaking up on me because she moves very quietly like a cat. she was in the living room and i walked into the kitchen to get something to eat. i had just opened the refrigerator and bent over to look inside when i felt her hands on my back and her breath on the back of my head. i didn't turn around i just said, daughter, are you hungry? what do you need? and i heard her answer me from across the house, i'm in the living room, mom. what did you say?? freaked me the fuck out.



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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was around 7-8, I was living in Vernon, BC. I always slept with my door open because I was a weird kid and felt safer that way. Made no sense. One night at exactly 3:33AM I just woke up for no reason. My whole room was illuminated white. Everything. My blinds were closed and so were the curtains, so the light really had no way to get it. It even went into the bathroom across the hall. I was a *huge* pussy of a child, and always got scared at everything but for some reason, I was completely calm. I just looked around my room and didn't see anything, and something in my mind just said "Go back to sleep", so I did. The next morning I didn't even think about it. It took me until I was 13 to remember it, and even to this day I get shivers thinking about it.

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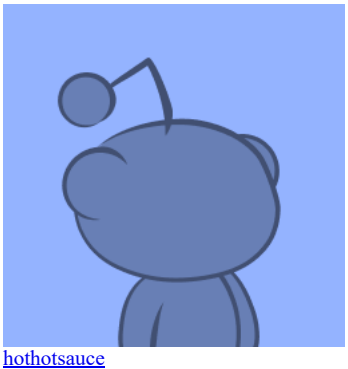

hothotsauce
â€¢ 14y ago

So my story was this past August in Tokyo. I was traveling alone on a last minute trip so I booked a last minute hotel. My stay was three nights at the Chisun Hotel in Ueno.

The neighborhood is quiet, lots of tall walls and tall trees surrounding the hotel and the neighboring buildings. I get to my tiny hotel room on the top floor and want to open my window because Tokyo in August is balls hot. The window is frosted white and locked, so I can't see outside or open it. Oh well. Might as well sleep naked.

I'm laying alone in bed, jet lagged, and I hear the sound of a woman crying. It sounded like it was coming from the room next door. It was an agonizing sob like she got dumped or found out someone died. It was like 8PM. I figured people in hotels have their own shit to deal with so I leave it alone and fall asleep with the lights on.

Fast forward a few hours later. I'm normally an extremely heavy sleeper (I need two alarms) but I feel someone in bed next to me and something like another face with lips grazing my cheek. I bolt out of bed shrieking because I thought someone broke into my room knowing I was a lone traveling female. It felt REAL.

No one.

I look at the clock and it's 3AM. I'm standing alone in my room clutching the bedsheets to my chest wondering to myself maybe had some wild lucid dream. Then I hear the crying again. At this point I still wasn't convinced it was anything supernatural but the crying was annoying. I pack my stuff and ask the front desk for a different room on a different floor, citing noisy neighbors.

The next two nights were okay in my new room. Same set up, same frosted and locked windows. On my last morning before checkout, I decided to walk around the hotel for the hell of it. I see an unfrosted window and figure I'd take a peek to see what scenery I'm missing.

The hotel was in the middle of a graveyard (which explained the frosted locked windows and the high trees and walls on the ground level to conceal it). Then I completely bugged out. I googled the hotel later and found nothing about graveyards.

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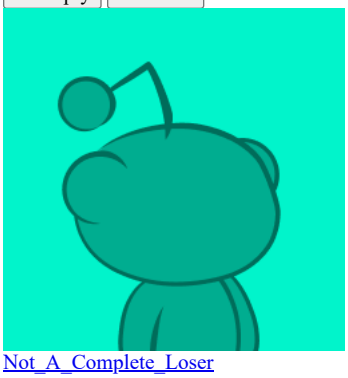

Not_A_Complete_Loser
â€¢ 14y ago

Reading through this list has reminded me of so many things that I had forgotten... I actually do not understand this one, and if someone knows a scientific explanation for it I would be mighty appreciative...

I was in middle school at the time, sitting in social studies, when I heard the radio turn on in my head. It sounded like someone turned on a radio and adjusted the channel from static to a brief clipping of someone talking (all I have to compare that to is like military chatter over a radio) and then back to static then regular classroom noises. It wasn't the announcement system, it wasn't an actual radio in the classroom, and I still to this day do not know what it was... Help?

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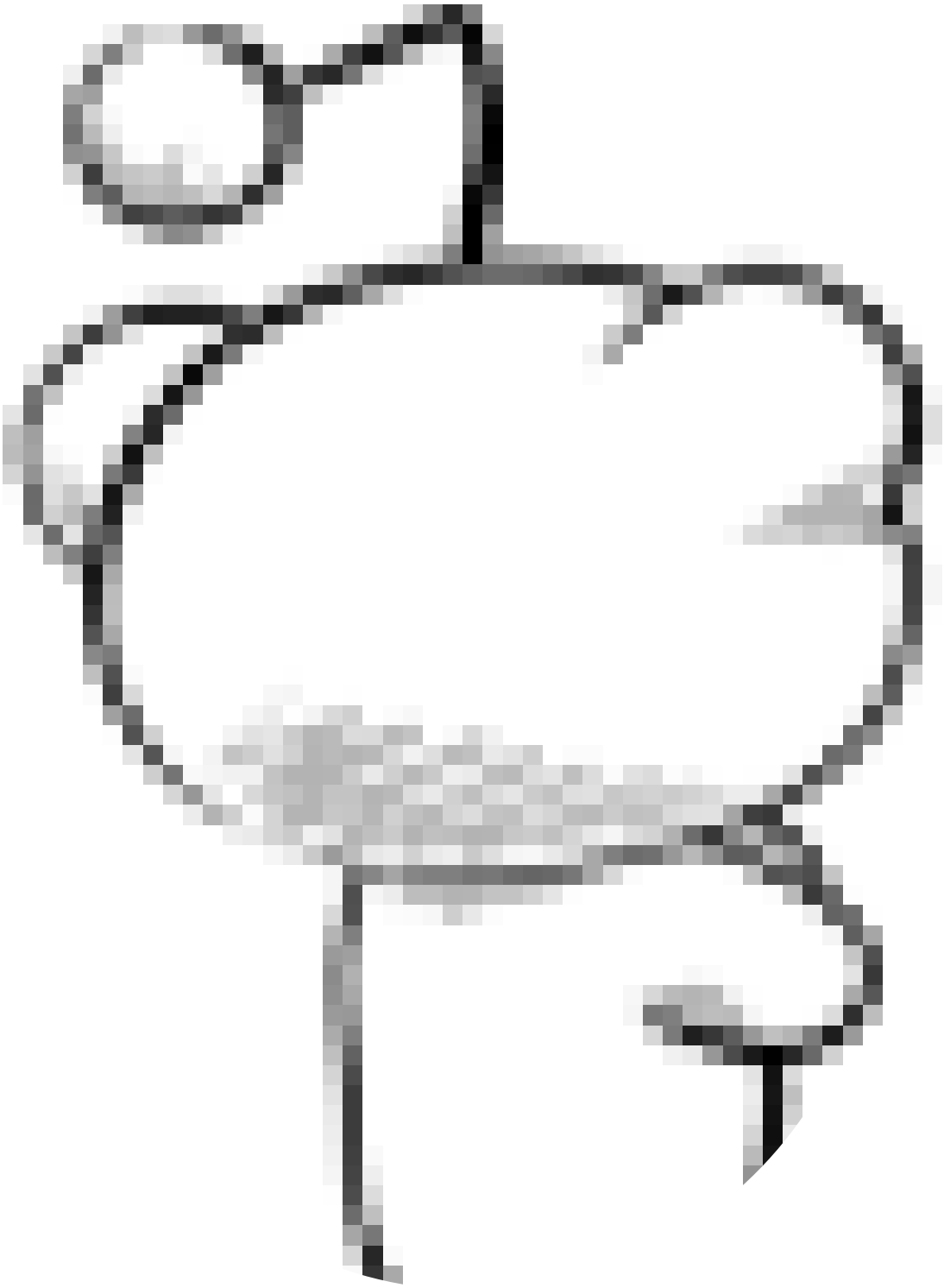


kylawhatever
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

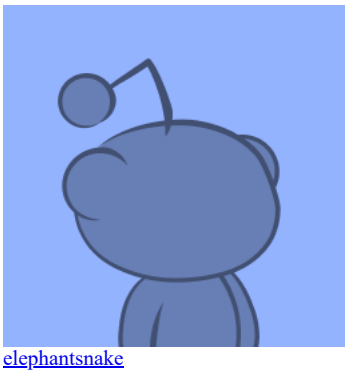
One night, when I was around six years old, I was sleeping. I don't remember the beginning of the dream, but I sure as hell remember the end.

In our old house, there was a balcony overlooking the front door/foyer area, and if you jumped off of it, you would definitely break some bones. Anyway, I was always really scared of heights, so naturally I would never even consider jumping off of it, but in my dream, I did. I floated downward, in a laying position, to the floor while some kind of beam of light shone down on me. Looking back on it, it reminds me of the UFOs on television when they abducted a cow or something.

Anyway, once I got to the ground, like any other falling dream, I woke up. But, when I woke up...I woke up in that spot. There I was, around six years old, laying on the floor in the middle of the night in front of my front door. There is absolutely no way, shape, or form, my parents would place me there. And I have never had a problem with sleepwalking.

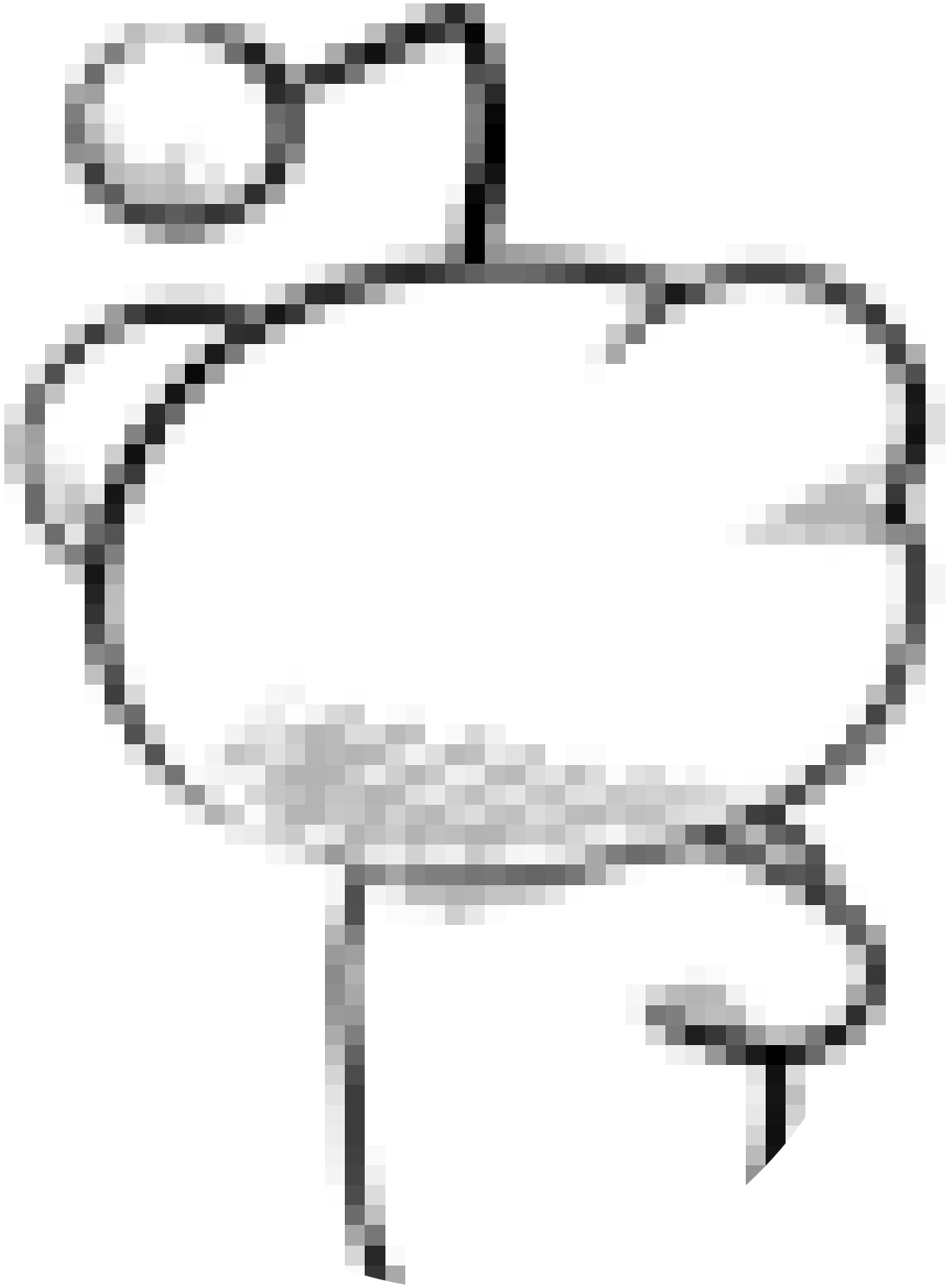
When I woke up I immediately ran back upstairs and went to bed again. I was scared shitless. Yet somehow I really didn't even think about it or bring it up until years later. Every time I tried to tell someone in my family - no, anyone really - they all say I had a very overactive imagination. I know it happened.

EDIT: When I was around that age, I also had random stretch marks on my stomach. I wasn't fat or gaining weight fast or anything, so that might be in conjunction with this. Lots of random bruises too. I might have been abducted by aliens, who knows, but I definitely feel crazy right now sharing this.



elephantsnake
â€¢ 13y ago

So im probably too late for anyone to read this but, my family use to live in this island called Tuvalu. I was born there and I now live in Australia. Anyway, my dad and his friend Malcom were sitting on the beach having a few beers. It was night time and they had a big day. Suddenly, there appeared a light shimmering across the horizon, VERY bright. VERY large. As it shimmered across the horizon it started to rise up over them, and the light was so bright, it looked like day time. Birds started to fly out and shit. The light went over them in the sky and past them. Dad and his friend just stared at each other and both said 'holy shit'. Pretty friggen creepy.



[deleted]
â€¢ 13y ago â€¢ Edited 13y ago

There is only one event that stands out among others:

It happened about 2 years back when I was in my final year at university. My university was divided into two main sections (both about a 5 minute walk away from each other). The "main" part had the main library, main cafe and main parking lot, while the other part that was up the road had another cafe, a smaller library and was basically the home of all students studying anything to do with accounting/management (since my degree fell into this category, my entire final year in terms of lectures was spent in this part of the campus). Anyway, whenever we had group projects to complete, we would all go down to the main library on the main campus in order to have it printed and bound. Well our final project was due at 3pm on a certain day and since it was so major, we finished it up on the day we had to hand it in. At around 2pm we all piled into my friends car and raced down to the main campus and pulled up into the main university parking lot there. Now usually there are many cars parked in that lot, but for some reason it was completely empty except for maybe 1 or 2 cars parked (at the time I just thought maybe because its later in the day most students just went home). Anyway, there were 4 of us in the car and two of my friends rushed off to get the project printed and bound so we could hand it in before the deadline at 3pm. My other friend and I stayed behind in the back seat and just waited for them to get it done and get back to the car. As we're just sitting there and talking we hear this loud tap at the truck of the car and we just look at each other like wtf!!! (we were completely alone in the parking lot, not a soul insight-other cars were empty). It felt and sounded like someone kicked the car! There was no one behind us and we couldn't see anything. After a few seconds there's a louder and more forceful tap (more like bang) and I immediately told my friend to wind up all the windows as it could be a monkey (there were a few around campus that we used to see from time to time). So we close up all the windows and just sit in silence and I remember looking at my friend's speakers in the back of his car when the loudest and most forceful bang hits the trunk. I remember I could see the speakers actually vibrating from the force and I knew there was some crazy shit going on, we didn't know how to rationalize it and immediately thought that someone was in my

friends trunk banging away (like his girlfriend or something lol...it was the only explanation at that time!) so we immediately started calling out if anyone was in there and just at that moment my other friends come by with the project all done and jump in the car. We reverse out of there and go back to the other campus up the road. As we left I saw there was no one behind us and no source for the sound at all. At the usual campus I made my friend open his boot and check the back and nothing could be found. I have no idea what made that noise but we hear many stories of the parking lot being haunted as many students living at the university have committed suicide over the years and apparently their ghosts still wonder the campus...and a lot of activity has been reported in the parking lot...

TL:DR -- A ghost in the campus parking lot decides to check the suspension of my friend's car

Reply Share

witofatwit
â€¢ 14y ago

I would consider myself a skeptic, most likely the result of being raised with a mother who believes everything from God to energy and crystals. Once in a while she would bring me along to some of her psychic readings. In total I have been to 2, and both times the psychics called me an "old soul" and said that I was a native american in my former life. I know some of the tricks that psychics use, for example making vague generalizations or reading a persons body language/body presentation (this would explain the "old soul" statement, as I didn't dress young), but the statement about me being a native american baffles me. Mostly because it was two separate psychics in two different countries; the USA and RSA. Considering this, I'm still struggling with whether we have souls never mind whether we recycle them.

Reply Share

throwitawaya
â€¢ 14y ago

This is because everyone was a Native American in their past life. You know, according to psychics.

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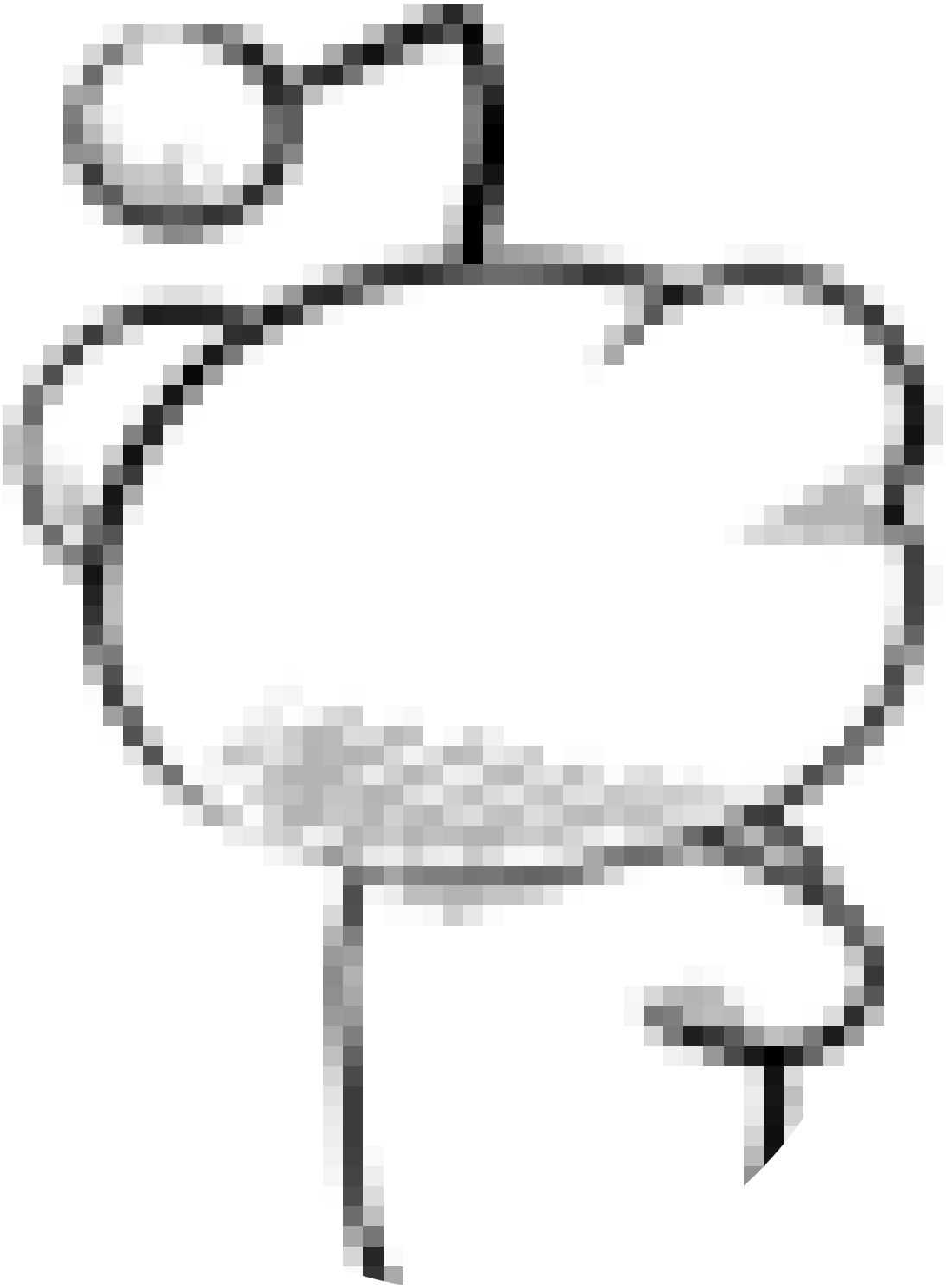

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â€¢ 14y ago

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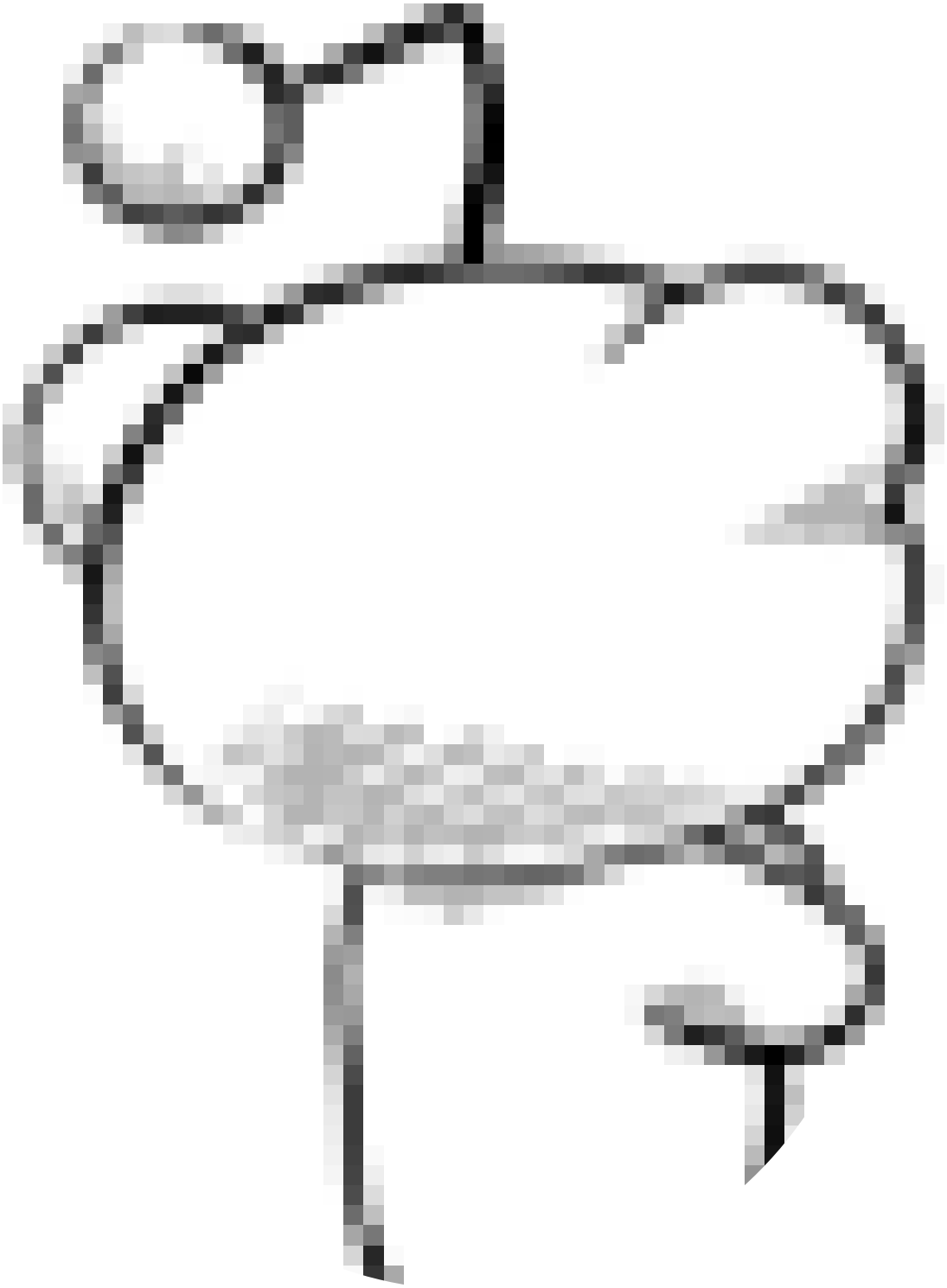

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â€¢ 14y ago

So no DNA studies or carbon dating? You just quit?

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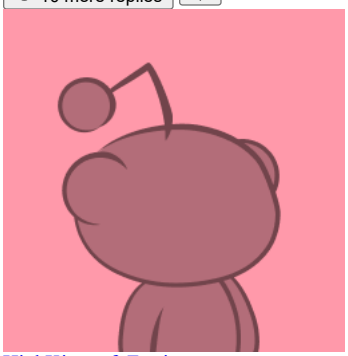

HighKing_of_Festivus
â€¢ 14y ago

My family and I went to visit my aunt and uncle in North Carolina. They had recently moved to Asheville, or somewhere around there I can't really remember, and bought a farm, since for whatever reason my uncle decided he wanted to be a farmer all of a sudden. Anyway, when we got there they acted off the entire time and they kept offering to take us to the nearby cemetery for whatever reason, that they felt compelled to show it to us. After about two days we decided we had enough and tried to leave but as we did the car was damaged by a pile of gravel as we tried to back out, so we were stuck there for another few days. Eventually we relented and went to the graveyard. I walked around for a little bit and felt incredibly uncomfortable, namely because the ground felt too soft and I was convinced it was going to collapse beneath me. As I did this I checked the tombstones and after a while I found one of a man with the same name as me. It was at that point I decided I had enough, left the graveyard, and stayed in their house until we could leave.

Reply Share

Setesh42
â€¢ 14y ago

I took a job with the Forest Service about 9 years ago. The boss had a favorite song "You Can't Always Get what you Want" by the Rolling Stones. So it became readily apparent that my coworkers were all conniving asshats. Work environment turned hostile and I quit. I had been living in the govt barracks the whole time and left in the morning after the others had left for work. So as I was driving out of town I found myself behind the very former coworkers who had driven me away and then the song started playing on the radio. Perfect timing.

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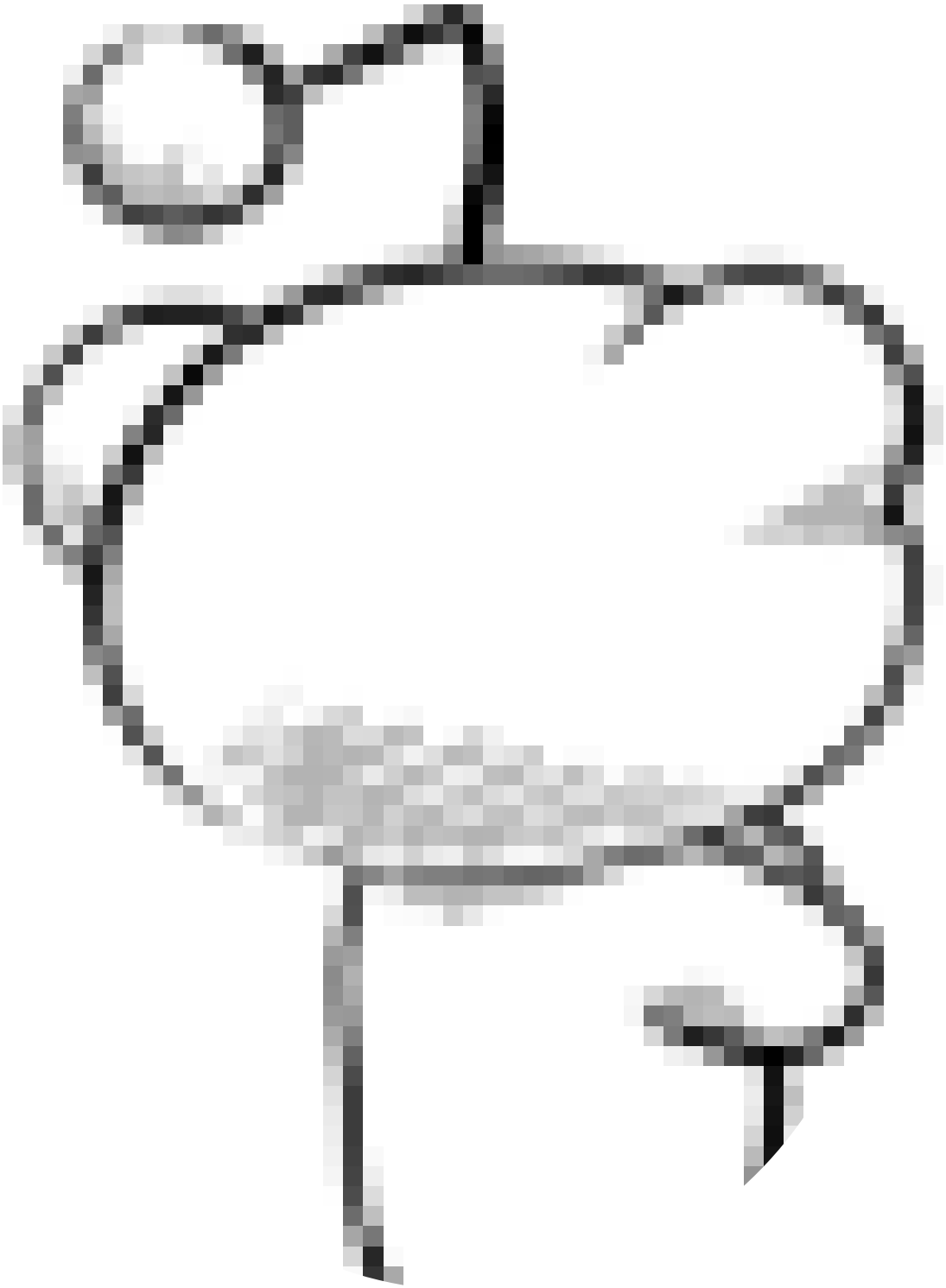

namesrhardtothinkof
â€¢ 14y ago

Wow, it seems like pretty much on reddit everybody lives in Washington today.

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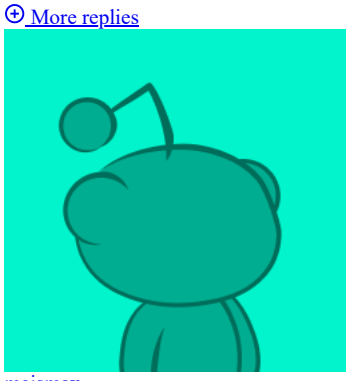

meismax
â€¢ 14y ago

The night of the Colorado Aurora shooting I was sleeping when suddenly I was jolted awake. I felt and heard multiple bangs like guns. I could feel the vibrations from the sounds in my chest and almost felt like I had been hit. I felt like something bad had happened so I called my gf and woke her up just to make sure everything was ok. Saw the news about the shooting the next day. Felt so real.

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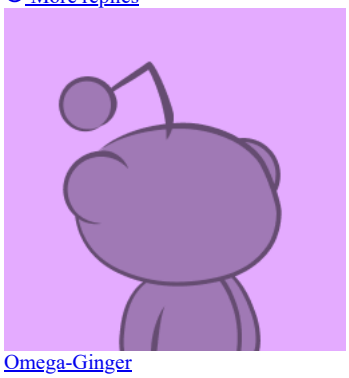

Omega-Ginger
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm sure I'm not the only one, but I have plenty of deja-vu moments. Not "this seems familiar" deja-vu. More like "I know what is going to exactly happen for the next few seconds." They don't last long, but I have them mildly often. I have even had a deja-vu of a deja-vu.

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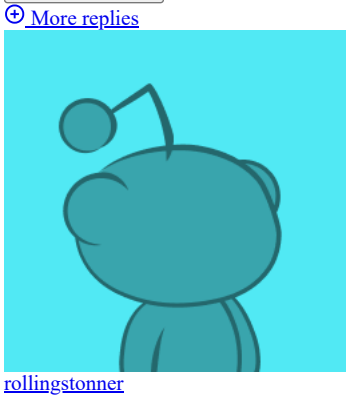

rollingstonner
â€¢ 14y ago

In 5th grade, for half the year, I could not escape the smell of lunchmeat. Everywhere I went in the building, almost every day, the scent of bologna or salami vaguely nagged at my nostrils. I asked other people if they smelled it too, and they just looked at me weird. One day would have been normal, just a fart or something, but this went on for like a whole semester...

1 more reply

1 more reply

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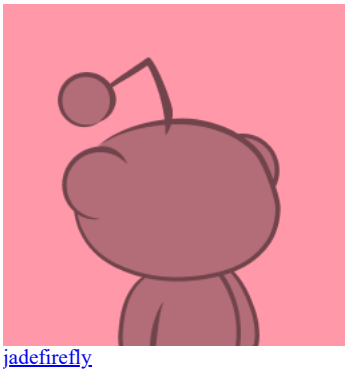
FightinSweathog
â€¢ 14y ago

Why I decided to read all these stories at 2am baffles me. Now I'm not gonna be falling asleep.



jadefirefly
â€¢ 14y ago

I was about 13 or 14, and hanging out at a friend's house. We'd already gotten ourselves all riled up by playing with a Ouija board, as teenaged girls like to do.

An electric dartboard in her room made a chirping sound, and it freaked us out a bit, as nobody'd been using it lately. We took the batteries out of it, so it wouldn't bug us anymore.

About an hour later, that sucker started going off like it was being actively used. Playing bits of music and so on, beeping and honking and just raising a fuss. Without batteries. I'm sure there was some sort of reasonable explanation for it, but we never figured it out.

Reply Share

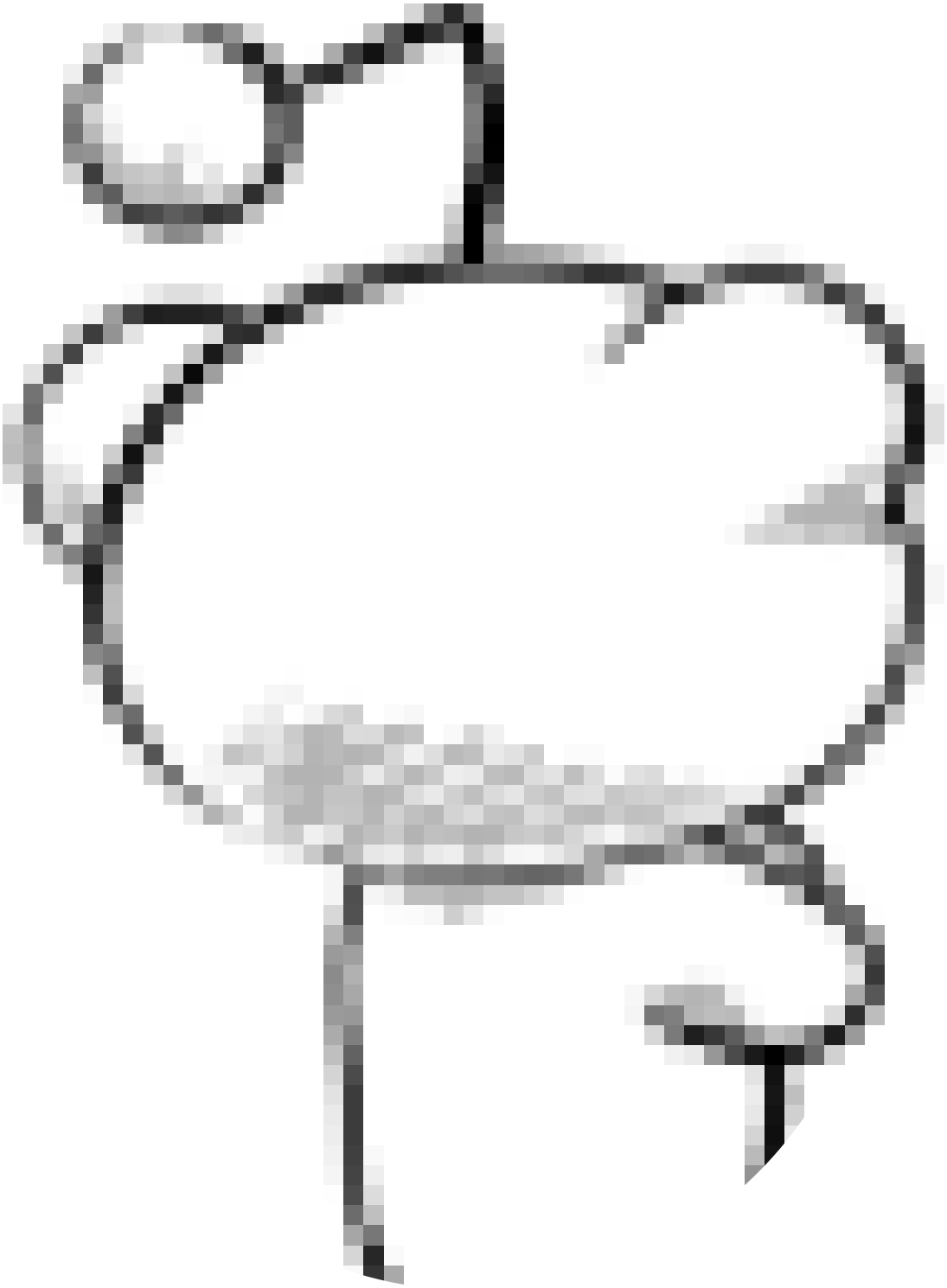
optimaloutcome
â€¢ 14y ago

I don't know if you believe in ghosts or not. I don't know if I *did*, but I do after a house my parents rented when I was 17. It was a great house - 3 stories, big garage, the house was on a lake with our own dock and I had a HUGE room (old den converted, and I had a sliding glass door for entry/exit). Weird shit always happened though. A side door on the house, which entered the kitchen from the deck would frequently bang and shake, as if someone had kicked it as hard as they could.

The creepiest was one night when I was home alone. My parents would frequently stay with my dad's parents a hundred miles or so away. Since I was 17, had my first job, etc, I would stay behind. I was a good kid so it all worked out. Anyway, one night, I'm in the family room on the middle floor of the house, talking on the phone with my girlfriend. I hear footsteps behind me, on the loft of the third floor. *Creak, *creak, *creak. I turn around and look. No one is there, the footsteps stop.

I face back forward in the chair and resume my conversation, when the footsteps start again. I turn around again, they stop, no one is there. The hair on my neck is standing as I type this. I got in my car and stayed at my friends house for the night.

I really liked that house, but I was glad when I moved out on my own. That place was creepy.



occupythekitchen
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend and I were downtown about to leave when we stop at a red light turning into a road that leads to the highway. As we sit in the turning lane we hear tires screech and hear sirens when all of a sudden a truck on the wrong lane runs the red light followed by 9 cop cars. The light turns green and I go in the same direction only to see the guy be pit stopped.

Reply Share

mausphart
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm sure my story isn't that impressive, but it left a significant psychological mark on me. When I was around 8 years old I peed in the bathroom wastebasket instead of the toilet (it made sense to me at the time). My mother made me empty the wastebasket out into the burn barrels outside. It was very dark and I was very afraid. I was in a hurry to get back inside the house but I knew that if I ran I would panic. After I threw the garbage away I hurried back to the house (about 75 feet away). Suddenly I heard a noise behind me. I turned and an enormous disembodied head was flying at me from the sky. As it swooped down towards me it bellowed my name with a deep-body shaking howl. I screamed as loudly as I could and tore-ass across the yard. My dad, hearing the commotion, met me at the door. I was so terrified I almost jumped over his head trying to get in the house.

I'm sure there wasn't anything there and my adult mind has many explanations for what could have happened to cause me to see what I saw. None of that matters because I can still see that terrible face fly at me in perfect detail.

Of course, no one else saw anything...

Reply Share

bottle_rockets
â€¢ 14y ago

tl;dr there was a "spirit" that liked to mess with me at an old job

Many years ago, I used to work at single screen movie theater on a naval base. Allegedly in the 40s or 50s there was a fire that killed some patrons but I never found any concrete evidence but a lot strange things happened to me at that theater. These are the major ones.

One day I was alone in the projection room, rewinding some film reels. The last showing had been over for a while, I had locked the doors and cleared the theater, I was the only person there. The rewinding station was in the very back of the projection room and there 2 stairs on either side of the room so if someone had come up I would have immediately heard and seen them. I had my hair in a low pony tail that was hanging straight down my back but I felt it move from my back to over my shoulder. I thought someone was playing a joke on me but I never saw or heard anyone so I ran out as fast as I could.

Another day I was in the office with a coworker. We had just finished counting the money and were talking about our plans for the weekend. She was in the middle of a sentence when I heard a slight buzzing and the lights flickered. She kept talking but I saw completely black hand and arm up to about the elbow come out of the wall behind her and look like it was going to grab her head. I screamed and told her we had to leave immediately.

The theater was 2 stories and at night, if the lights were on upstairs, you could see who was up there and what they were doing. Customers weren't allowed up there because that's where the office and projection room are and it was a financial liability for it to be open to the public. I went up there during a lull in business to grab something from

the office. When I came back down my coworkers looked confused and worried. The told me that they saw me going to the office, but right behind me there was a white person shaped blob following me.

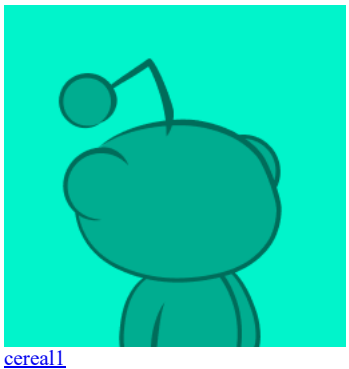
Roger_Roger
â€¢ 14y ago

A friend of mine told me a story of a large house full of roommates. They teamed up to convince one of the roommates that the house was haunted. Over two or three years, they ran several stunts. Sometimes they would reach out their window with a long pole and tap on his window and walls. They would coordinate moving stuff around in his room when he went to the kitchen, etc., the whole time pretending not to hear or see the things he did. One time they even got a fog machine and had it fired up and ready to go. Then they waited for the guy to go to the bathroom, ran into his room and filled it with smoke and ran out. The stories were pretty clever, and I only remember a few. They were a creative bunch. After a few years a few of them came clean and told him what they did. They could not convince him that it was all fake, even when they explained a bunch of the pranks to him. He was convinced the house was haunted, and there was no way he was going to believe otherwise. I'm glad I didn't live in that house. I was told that they didn't push it too hard, because he was their friend and they didn't want to freak him out too bad. But over time, they got him good.

gdk2012
â€¢ 14y ago

Several years ago I lived in Florida and was recruited for jury duty. A few cases were presented the worst of which was molestation at a juvenile detention center. I didn't get selected thankfully. Shortly after I got home I decided to call my buddy, this was on a portable on a landline. As soon as I hit Talk to dial I hear the phone ringing as if I had dialed a number, but I hadn't. Listening in its a woman, and she almost immediately starts talking about serving jury duty. Curious as fuck I hear her talk about the EXACT cases we listened to. Wtf? My call was placed at the same time and my line was crossed with a person that sat less than 30 feet from me an hour ago. Beyond that there's no connection that I know of. Crazy.

tl;dr wiretapping



cereal1
â€¢ 14y ago

I was 11 or 12 years old and coming home from ice fishing with my father and my sister. It was way past dark. We were driving down a road a group of silos in the middle of nowhere, with what I thought at the time was super cool graffiti on it. I asked my father if we were getting close to the silos because I wanted to see them.

He said, "Yeah, they're right up here, but it's dark out, you won't see anything."

Just then I looked out the window and suddenly the entire area was filled with a bright bright light, I couldn't the the silos or anything. I looked down to the floorboards in the truck to shield my eyes and I could see everything, the cubbies, the air vents, lit up to the same brightness.

I looked to my day and he was staring stonefaced straight ahead. I asked him whats wrong and he didn't respond, and I started crying.

That's all I remember.

Kaotix
â€¢ 14y ago

I was at home, alone. You know how when you're home, and it's day, or other people are there, and you feel like everything's fine? Well no, when this all went down it was 1 in the morning and I was feeling pretty spooked already. Something kept bumping against the window (later, I found out all birds for some reason like to bang against one specific spot on the window, which I suppose could be a comment on its own) and I was freaking out pretty badly. To cope, I decided to go to my room and read on my bed. NOPE, a series bang resounded against my window. It sounded like someone had slammed their hands into the glass. I NOPED really hard toward the corner of my bed farthest from the window, not even daring to look. After a few seconds passed, I shook myself and said, "Dammit Kaotix! It's probably just one of your friends, TRYING to freak you out!"

but

I went to the window, and pulled up the blinds, to one of the most terrifying sights of my life - 2 giant white ovals pressed against the glass, glowing. Of course, being a musclebound warrior on par with a plate of spaghetti, I decided the best course of action would be to open the window - upon which I received ANOTHER of the most terrifying sights of my life - nothing. There was nothing there, and nothing moving in my yard. All of my friends had airtight alibis. I hardly believe it myself, anymore. But I had a nightmare related to it last night, so my memory was a bit refreshed.

tl;dr I found out if I was in a horror movie, I would be the curious one to die by window-monster

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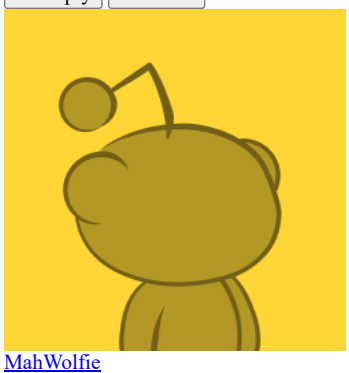

MahWolfie
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

this is going to get buried, but i'm so excited to finally have a place to tell this! When we were kids, my twin brother and I loved to play in our guest room downstairs. We were jumping on the bed, doing the general things kids do when out of freaking nowhere a **giant** orange jellybean comes flying at us and drops on the bed at our feet. This

was our favorite candy at the time and this sucker was HUGE. It was perfectly intact too--we thought maybe it had been stuck to the ceiling, but you would think it would have some sort of indent/mark...

Candy fairies!!! That's my greatest childhood memory.

Reply Share

Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

I want so badly for candy fairies to be a real thing.

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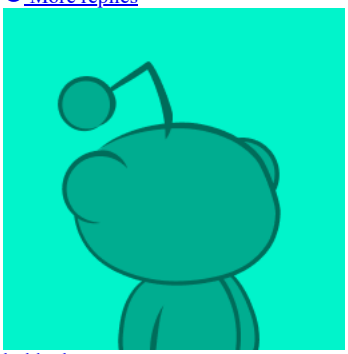

koldunk
â€¢ 14y ago

I had just exited a Target and was cutting across rows of cars to get to where my vehicle was parked when I noticed a shopping cart about 50 feet away, dead center in the middle of the parking lot lane, began drifting towards me.

This alone is not that odd even though I seemed to be the only living soul in the lot at the time. It was when I crossed in the next lane and another cart, nearly the same distance away as the first, began slowly drifting down the lane towards me did i begin to become uneasy with the situation. I stopped momentarily, tried to rationalize the situation, then continued moving towards my car while the two shopping carts of doom continued to shamble down the lane.

As weird as it was it would have probably have been forgettable if it wasn't for the third cart waiting for at the end of the third lane i entered. As it began moving towards me I decided no good could come of falling prey to a Maximum Overdrive inspired shopping cart revolution so I ran to my car and got the fuck out of there.

Honestly, the whole thing still seems very surreal and have absolutely no idea how any of it can be reasonably explained. My advice, which I follow to this day, is never take your eyes off the the carts scattered across your local markets lot. You might think they were left by others to lazy to push them back but really they're just positioning themselves waiting for attack orders from some cart overlord.

Be afraid.

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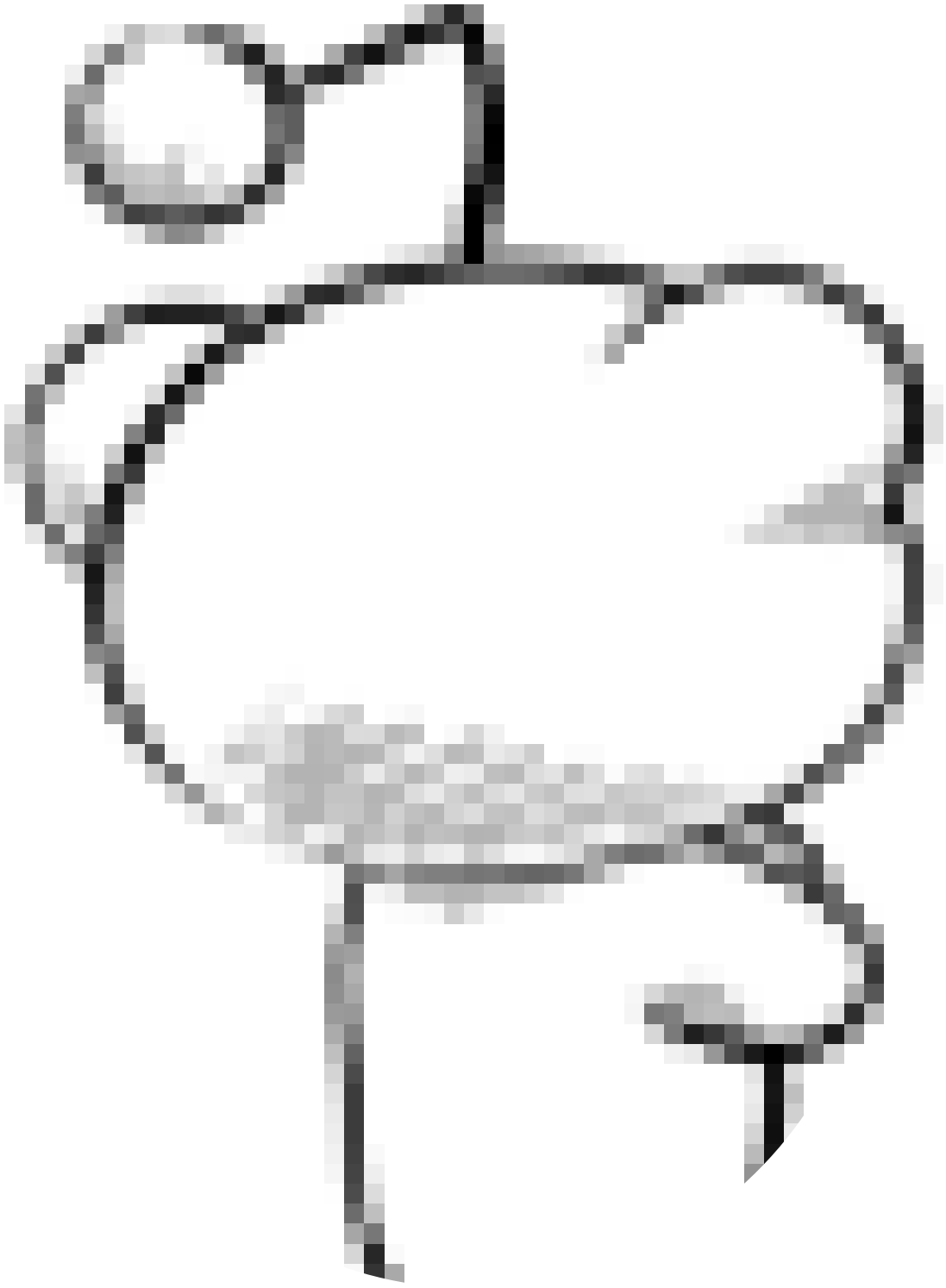
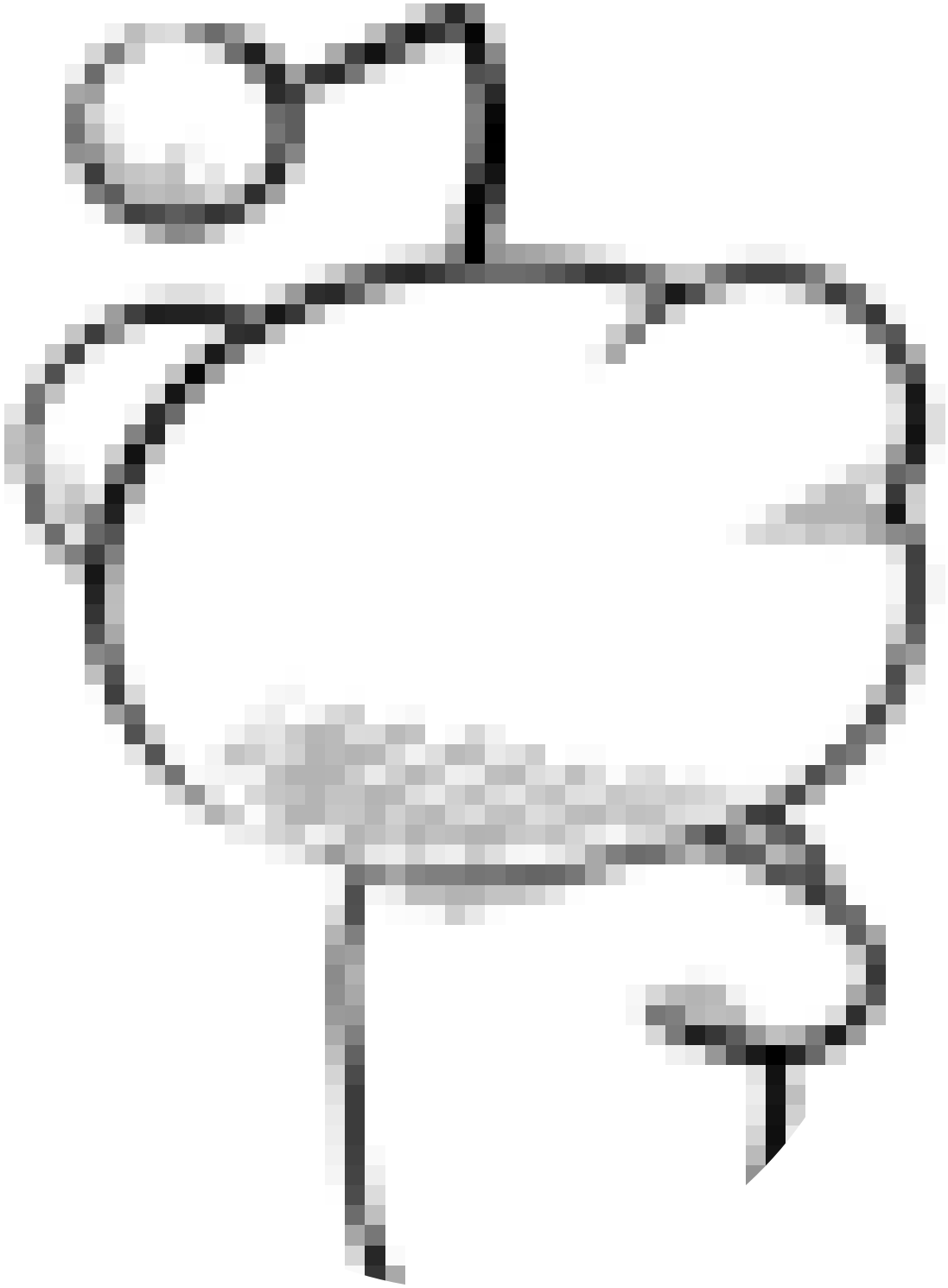


[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I was once put in the most awkward situation of my life. I'm cutting the grass and its going on 8:10 so its dark out and my neighbor who hates me because i told her off like 3 years ago comes up to me and I'm like oh this bitch is gonna say something about me cutting grass at night so i stopped the lawn mower. Her: "Can you help me? (crying)" Me: Ummmmm whats wrong. My first thought, this lady is bat shit crazy so she must have killed her husband. Her: My dog is dead, i dont know what to do. Me: Bury it. Probably not the right response because she started crying more and ive never seen her not with this dog she doesn't work or have any friends. She takes my arm and makes me go with her to her garage and I'm thinking her husband isn't home because hes not bat shit crazy, he wouldn't have let her walk over here and make her look any more insane than she is. This is where it gets beyond fucking awkward as if that wasn't awkward enough. Hes there and had fucking lost it, There's a dead dog lying on the ground, a bottle of bourbon and some shot glasses. I'm getting super uncomfortable because she wont let go of my arm and i just want to finish cutting the grass. Hes petting the dog and slamming shots. She starts going on about how she doesn't know what to do and keeps asking if i can help so i throw down a speech about everything dies you have to make the best of the situation blah blah blah same thing i tell customers when they find out they lost all their data on their laptops just using the word dog instead of hard drive and there is no sign of her letting go of my arm, her husband didn't even acknowledge i was there or why i was there, he hadn't even said a word yet, had an ice pack on his head for some reason, shes crying, hes crying, i realize Stairway to Heaven has been playing in the background since i walked in. I'm starting to freak out because i ran out of things to say. I acted like my shoe was untied so i could bend down and break free from her death grip and was like welp i gotta go but if you need help burying him let me know. We have had an ongoing grudge for years and haven't spoken since, i dont know how to break the ice.



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â€¢ 14y ago

Small potatoes.

In a town outside of Portland where I grew up, there's a river. We went "upriver," as we always said in high school, to camp out pretty often.

Returned at around 22 years old. Went upriver with college buddy of mine. Had no beer. Started jumping off the same log I'd always jumped off of from 16 up... and...

beer.

Every time I went in the water, I'd surface with my eyeballs focused on a full can of beer sitting in the rocks.

Sometimes, the beer would be underwater.

My buddy had the same thing happen. Every time either one of us jumped off, we'd find a full beer either improbably stuck in an underwater rock formation or just sitting seemingly in the open on the shore.

TL;DR: Magic beer log

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bonzo48280
â€¢ 14y ago

I just got chills thinking about what I'm going to type.

I went up to Michigan one summer about 5 years ago for a week with 2 of my buddies, and one my buddies parents. The 3 of us all slept in one room. Me and my one buddy slept against the far wall by the window in a bunk bed, my buddy whose lakehouse this was slept in a bed in the middle of the room, and past him was a long hallway that led to the door to the main hallway leading to the rest of the house.

So it's 3 in the morning on the last night we are there. We were all going away to college, very soon most of us, so me and the guy sleeping below me are up talking. My other buddy is passed out in the middle bed, because he was wasted, the rest of us were not. Me and this guy sitting below me never got along too well, we were just sort of friends through other people, but we really connected on this trip. We were sitting up talking about life, growing up, all that stuff that sounds sort of lame, but everyone has conversations like this at big turning points in our lives.

We were laying in our beds in the dark talking for a couple hours, when we hear in the other bed that our friend is sleeping in, he begins to rustle around in the bed, making these guttural, almost demonic noises. These sounds we were both hearing him make were straight out of a horror movie. We hear him sit up in bed, making these noises, and we hear his feet rest on the hard wood floor. He gets out of bed, and we hear his foots steps as he walks down the hallway, ECHOING THROUGHOUT THE HALLWAY, and the door SLAMS, all while making these horrific sounds that give me chills thinking about. My buddy and I sit there in silence, pretty creeped out, because these sounds were intensely terrifying. I roll over in bed and shine a flashlight I had on my phone towards his bed and down the hallway, and my buddy SITS UP IN THE BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. He had never even woken up. My friend and I SWEAR to this day we know exactly what we heard, and we have absolutely no way of explaining it. Our other friend has no recollection of it.

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bear_riding_a_trex
â€¢ 14y ago

For anybody reading this in the dark, here is some creepy-bleach. Whose Line is it Anyway bloopers

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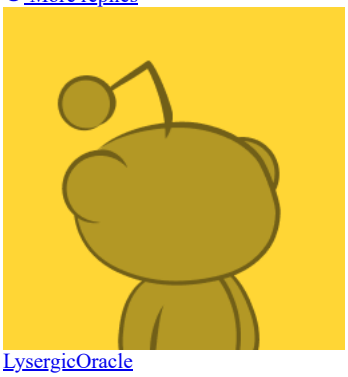

LysergicOracle
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend used to live up in Cave Creek, Arizona, which is basically the mostly desertous northern border of Scottsdale. Three of my friends and I were sitting out on this guy's back patio at about 2 AM a few years back when we heard what sounded vaguely like a baby crying over near one of the neighbors' houses. Over the next few seconds, the sound moved away and to our right, out into the desert, impossibly fast, and then stopped. It sounded like it had moved at least 300 feet in probably three seconds... We were all dead silent right afterwards until we finally asked each other, pretty much simultaneously, if anyone else had fucking heard that shit.

Reply Share

raise_the_sails
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

About six years ago, one of my closest friends ever committed suicide while in the middle of a benzodiazepine binge by jumping off a building-sized tourist landmark in the city. There were several witnesses and police and EMT responded immediately, causing a noticeable scene. Trying not to give too much information unless it is requested, but the scene of his death was on the same property as a popular history museum. A Catholic priest had been visiting the museum and was immediately on hand to give my friend last rites, as he was clearly dead or well on his way. At some point during the process, the priest inquired to the medics and police about my friend's identity. The police had recovered his wallet intact and were able to give the priest my friend's name.

My friend and the priest who gave him last rites shared the exact same name.

(My friend's last name was/is not common to my knowledge. He and his family were the only people I had ever known to have that last name in my twenty-six years of life.)

Not only that, but the priest wasn't even from the area. He was visiting from a state away on church type business and was a history buff who'd been visiting the museum the day my friend ended his own life.

It came to light that the priest and my friend are actually distant cousins. My friend had come across the priest on a webpage while running his own name through Google and joked on the matter with his buddies some years prior.

The priest spoke briefly at my friend's funeral. I was so shocked and horrified at the funeral that I don't recall a thing the man said.

I have thought about this almost daily since it happened. I'd tell you I don't know what it means, but I'd by lying. Because I know what it means to me. I personally came to the conclusion that there are unseen forces in our world that affect and impact our lives. That's the best conclusion I can come to. The odds just strike me as too crazy for it to be random. Having said that, Radiolab did a really good show on stuff like this. Apparently an event like this would be categorized as an instance of "stochasticity." (http://www.radiolab.org/2009/jun/15/) In short, fantastic, unbelievable coincidences are inevitable.

Regardless, it was definitely enough to make a guy change the way he sees things.

TL:DR My close friend, who had a relatively uncommon name, committed suicide in a public area. A Catholic priest who was randomly on hand to give last rites to my friend turned out to share his exact name.

3 more replies
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grantmclean
â€¢ 14y ago

A friend and I were watching the real estate channel one night, watching for my house's listing. In between showing houses, a woman announcer said "The Real Estate Channel. Slowly eliminating your world."

2 more replies
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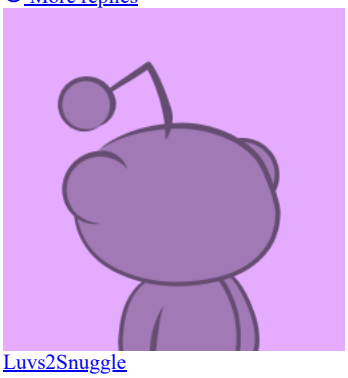


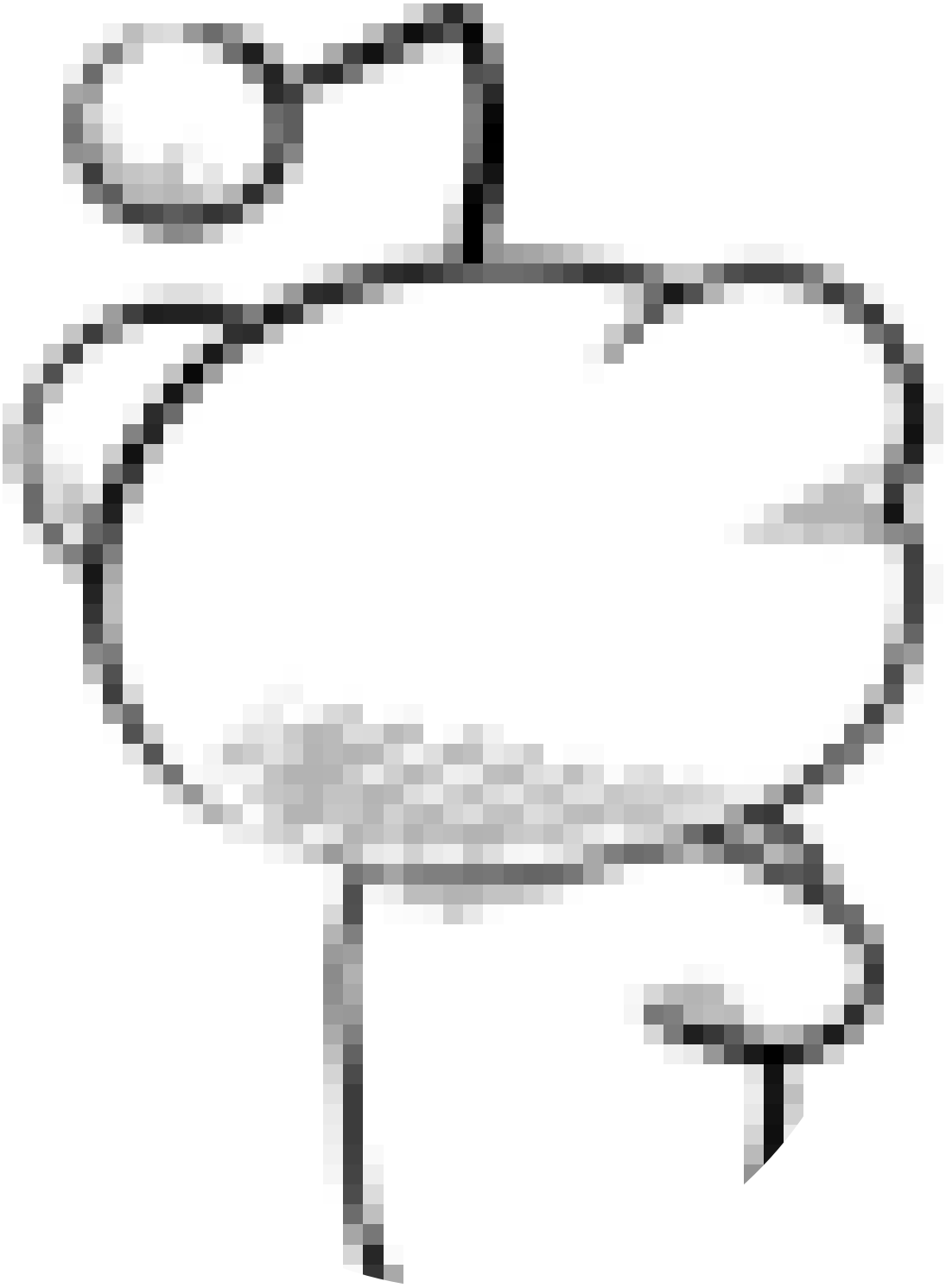
Luvs2Snuggle
â€¢ 14y ago

As a kid I had terrible anxiety. It only happened during ages 6 and 8 though. It was awful, every day I thought the people I love were going to die, and there was nothing I could do. During this time I had a nightmare that I was trapped in a small, pitch-black space with two parallel strips of glowing lights directly above me that changed colors. It's hard to explain, but for some reason the lights are what scared me; I'm not claustrophobic or anything. I just remember waking up terrified. Back then, and even now, it's very rare for me dream at all (at least that I can recall). Anyway, my anxiety went completely untreated, but by 9 it was gone entirely.

Now, when I was 10 my sister worked for the local boys and girls club and because of her I was in a position where I could go on the summer field trips without being a full member. I took advantage of this for a field trip to the local water park. Our water park was nothing special but there was one slide that everyone loved so I got a tube and started waiting. I got to the front of the line and positioned myself to go on the lifeguard's order. It was then that I realized that this was not the slide I had intended to go on. This slide was a closed cylinder, not open like I had thought. By this time it was too late, so I pushed off. Then, I was in my nightmare. Literally, exactly like my dream. Weird color changing strip of small parallel lights and everything. I had an overwhelming feeling of panic, but I tried to hold myself together. Then a turn got the best of me and the side of my head slammed against then side of the slide. It was incredibly painful. At the same time my inner tube shot out from under me and was gone. I was scared and hurt but I knew it was almost over. I reached daylight again at the bottom and hurried to get my tube at the other end of the landing pool, but in doing so I noticed all eyes were on me. I thought it was probably because I lost my tube, but a kid from the group screamed "cover your ear!" I did and felt my palms filling with warm blood. The water around me was red. I had split my ear open badly when I hit my head. I got patched up at a first aid station and went home. I've got a scar now, but I still can't explain my nightmare premonition.

OlmecsGate
â€¢ 14y ago

I never understood why he asked me for tree fiddy.



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â€¢ 14y ago

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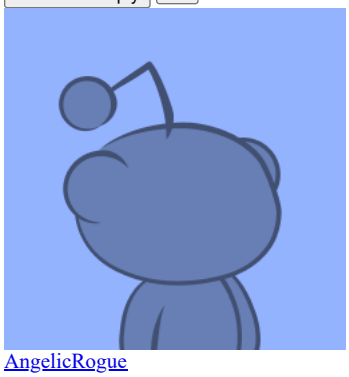

AngelicRogue
â€¢ 14y ago

I've seen some odd things, but probably one of the weirdest things happened about a year ago.

I was out driving to my friend's house around 3am on my way back from hanging out with a few people. He was away for the weekend and I promised I'd visit his house and make sure his cat had enough food and water for a few days (he had one of those automatic feeders and fountains.) On the way there, I had to take this narrow 2 lane road that took me through the forest, which past dark makes you think of serial killer movies. I'm listening to music and feeling pretty good, when I start feeling really creeped out for no reason. More than just your stereotypical "I'm being watched" sense, this was almost like a panic, and it came out of nowhere. It was like something was wrong, REALLY wrong, and I had absolutely no idea what it was. I'm thinking I must be insane, cause nothing had triggered me to feel that way, so I try to ignore it.

A couple minutes later, and this feeling isn't going away. I'm starting to think if I had forgotten something horribly important, just trying to figure out what it was. As I'm going up this hill, the feeling gets really bad, I'm starting to freak out. Just as I go over the top of the hill I spot this car stopped dead in the road, with it's hazards on, and a guy standing by the open driver's door. The car is in the middle of the way down the hill, and there is NO way I can slow down in time to avoid hitting him, so all I can do is drive right past him and hope to God he doesn't move out infront of me. As I approach the car, I see his head turn and he just gives me this... dead stare. Like there was no life in the guy's eyes, no panic, no surprise as I fly past him just feet away, no "help me, I've broken down and you're the first car I've seen in hours!" look. It was just.. lifeless. My car screams past him and he just keeps eye contact with me, his head turning at an unnatural degree, locked onto me. I'm like "what the fuck" cause I barely avoided smashing into his car, definitely would of killed him, might of killed myself.

As soon as I pass him, I look in my rear view mirror, and there is nothing there. NOTHING. No car, no lights, no dead eyed man. They were there a second ago, and now they're gone. I'm in the middle of attempting to comprehend what just happened when 2 cars come speeding down a hill on the other side, the one that I had just veered into seconds ago in order to avoid crashing. If I had driven by seconds later and was on the other side of the road then, I would of had a head-on collision.

About 30 seconds later, I find a place to turn around in, and I went to go see if there was a car where I swear I saw one. Definitely no car, definitely no man, and there wasn't room for him to make a U-turn and go the other way. No one passed me either, so it's not like I had someone just missed seeing him in the mirror the first time and then he started his car in 30sec and kept driving. It's like it never existed.

TL;DR Driving on creepy 2 lane road, get panicked for unknown reason, then a phantom car and man appear in the road and I nearly die trying to avoid hitting them. When I look back, they're gone.

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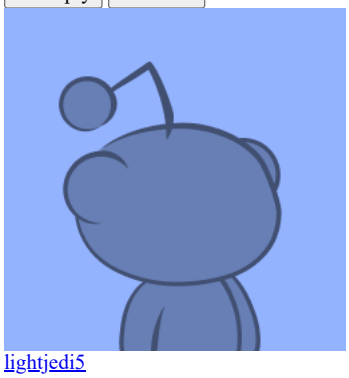


lightjedi5
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay... Where to begin? I've got my own stories and stories from my dad.

One time, shortly after moving into the house I currently live in, my sister and I were play fighting in what was then our room. A woman, who we both saw and perceived to be our mother, walked in, we stopped immediately but the lady left as quickly as she entered. We walked out to find our mom asleep on the couch. We asked her what she wanted but she claimed to not have been in our room.

Once I was at the park and I looked up into the sky and saw what can only be described as a UFO that looked like a flyable version of a light rail or tram one might see in major cities.

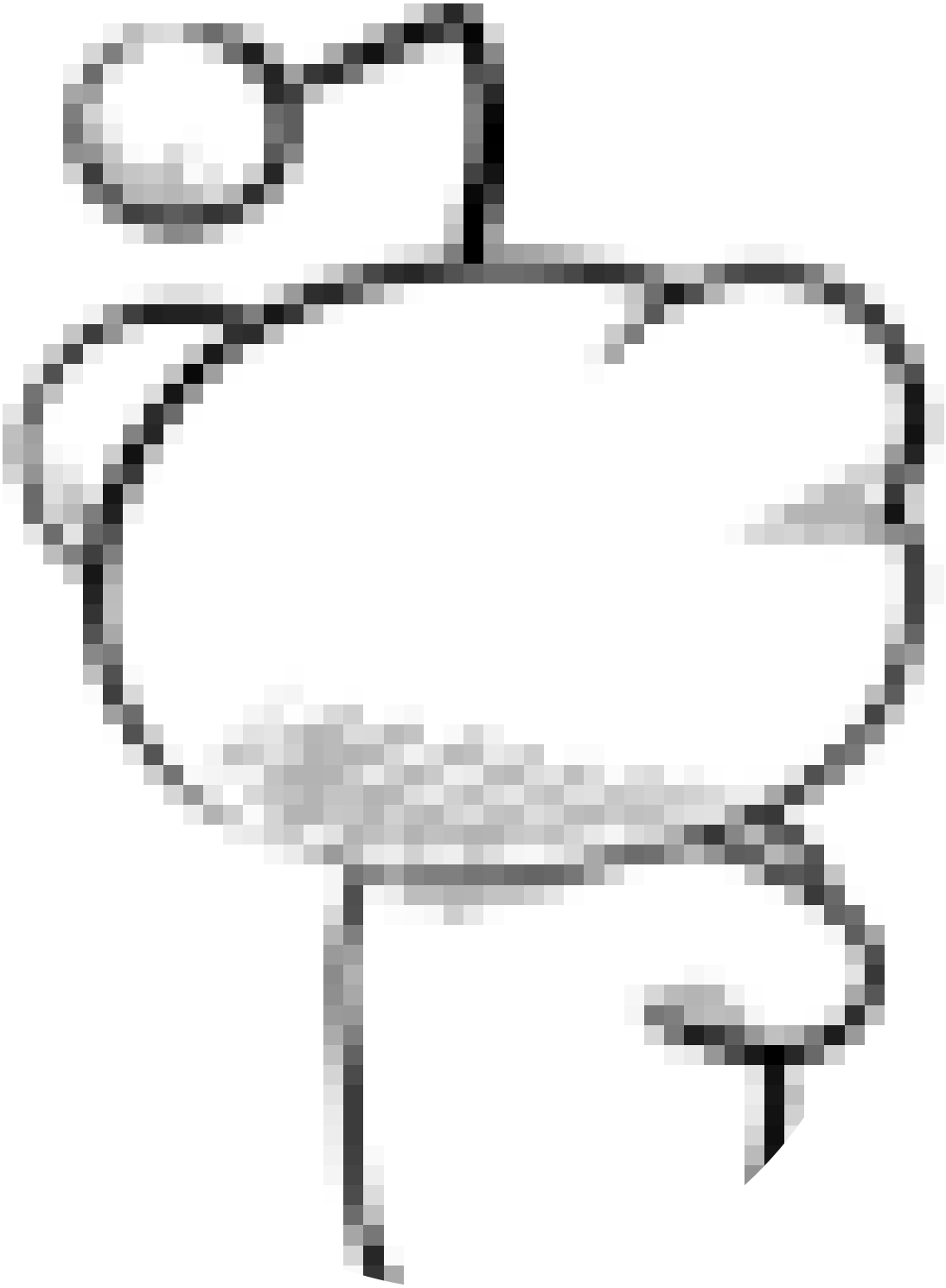
One time I was driving down the highway and saw what appeared to be a floating torso.

I've also seen things in mirrors that turn out to not be there when I turn around.

One story of my dad's is also a comment elsewhere in this thread, but he once saw what he and a friend both perceived to be a ball of light moving back and forth between two trees and the take off and disappear suddenly.

Asyx
â€¢ 14y ago

Not as crazy as some other things here but last year in October, we wanted to visit my family in France. Only my uncle came regularly back to Germany so, even though it felt more like family than a lot of my family in Germany, we weren't that close to them. My uncle already head a heart attack with around 50. At this point. There's a train in Germany that drives from west Germany straight to Paris. My uncle was always a person that didn't care much about himself but about his family. It seems that his only goal in life was to make his family happy. Anyway, we were going to take that train because it was my aunts birthday. As soon as the train started driving, my aunt called and said that my uncle was in the hospital and "we should hurry". My uncle died that day from a heart attack but after that, we were much much closer to my family in Paris. My mum visits twice every year (not much money and I'm busy with university so I can't go that often) and the friends and family my family's got in France became basically a part of my family as well so we grew a lot closer together.



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â€¢ 14y ago

This is probably going to get buried due to me being late to the party.

But meh, here goes on the strangest shit ever to happen in my life!

My friend lived in student digs in Newcastle (UK), this is back in 2005, and my bandmates and I would be over all the time as we were recording bits here and there in his house, partying, hanging out, etc.

This house, for all intents and purposes, was just a house. It had five bedrooms, a living room, two bathrooms, and a kitchen. It was really nicely furnished, and a great place to live in. It was part of one of the really old terraces that make up most of Newcastle's suburbs. It was a great place... except for the weird shit that happened all the fucking time.

Weird shit the first:

In my friend's bedroom, we're playing XBox, just before going out for the night to some clubs. Everything's pretty secure in the room, and there's nothing 'flimsy' in there. So when my mate gets up to change his top into something a bit more presentable, he stands in the centre of the room. Next thing that happens is a beer bottle on his desk falls. Only it doesn't fall. It lifts up, and visibly TRAVELS towards him, dropping to the ground by his feet. He is easily a metre away from the desk, and the bottle didn't simply

drop. Coincidence? No. This happens with another bottle on his desk. And then happens with his deodorant can from the other side of the room. Then his hair wax. Then the t-shirt he just threw onto the chair. It all travels towards him - standing petrified - in the centre of his room.

We leave and get drunk.

Weird shit the second:

Whenever you were downstairs, there was this unnerving 'presence' everywhere. (Possibly infrasound due to there being a warehouse nearby). But that's not just it, we hear footsteps on the stairs, constantly. Even when EVERYONE is in the living room or kitchen, you hear them. Then you hear a voice of a child / girl at the top of the stairs that simply says "hello? Are you home?" SO FUCKING CLEARLY. I'm getting chills just writing this again.

Weird shit the third:

Whenever you were the first person into the house after its been empty, there will be the UNMISTAKABLE sound of running footsteps that go up the stairs and then followed by "hello? are you home?"

One day we replied "yes. We are" and there was a sigh from the stairs, and the house went all warm and felt really safe.

One day we replied "yes. We are. Now go to your room" and there were some footsteps, and a door closed.

We left and got drunk.

Weird shit the fourth:

There is a room at the very top of the house, a bedroom. In this room there will be never ending footsteps pacing to and fro. Except when there's someone in there. The poor sap that slept in that room said that she never really got any sleep because it always felt like someone was breathing in there. She ended up sleeping in another bedroom.

What's even weirder / freakier is that the landlord got 'done' for malpractice as a landlord; having too many bedrooms in the property. So what did he do? Sealed off that room.

THE WEIRDEST SHIT

Now the footsteps sounded angry. There was banging on the sealed off, wallpapered over door. There was the sound of furniture being thrown about - the only thing in there being the bed, wardrobe, and desk. One day, we're walking up to the house, and we see the window of that room is smashed. What the fuck?

So the housemates called the landlord. He turned up thinking 'eh kids being kids' thinking that they'd broken into the room, but when he got into the house, he noticed the wallpaper intact. The door intact. He cut the paper, and opened the door, the bed was up against the wall, the fabric torn. The window was smashed from the inside; the glass rained down below. The desk is against the wall. The doors to the wardrobe removed.

The scariest part? As soon as the door was opened, we heard footsteps run out of the room, down the stairs, and the front door was left wide open.

Everyone moved out. The landlord sold the house.

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Batmansdead
â€¢ 14y ago

My one weird thing: Ten years ago, I walked home after school. Nobody was home but me. I grabbed my clothes from the dryer and walked into my bedroom which was pitch black. With my arms full of clothes I couldnt turn on the light but I could hear someone moving around. So I ask, "Hey can you turn the light on for me?" My bedroom light turns on yet nobody was there. I rush out of my room and frantically start looking around my house. Nobody was home and all my doors were locked. I was so scared that I waited outside in my front yard until my parents came home. To this day I still wonder what the fuck.

Reply Share

hot_wheels
â€¢ 14y ago

Telling this still scares me to this day.

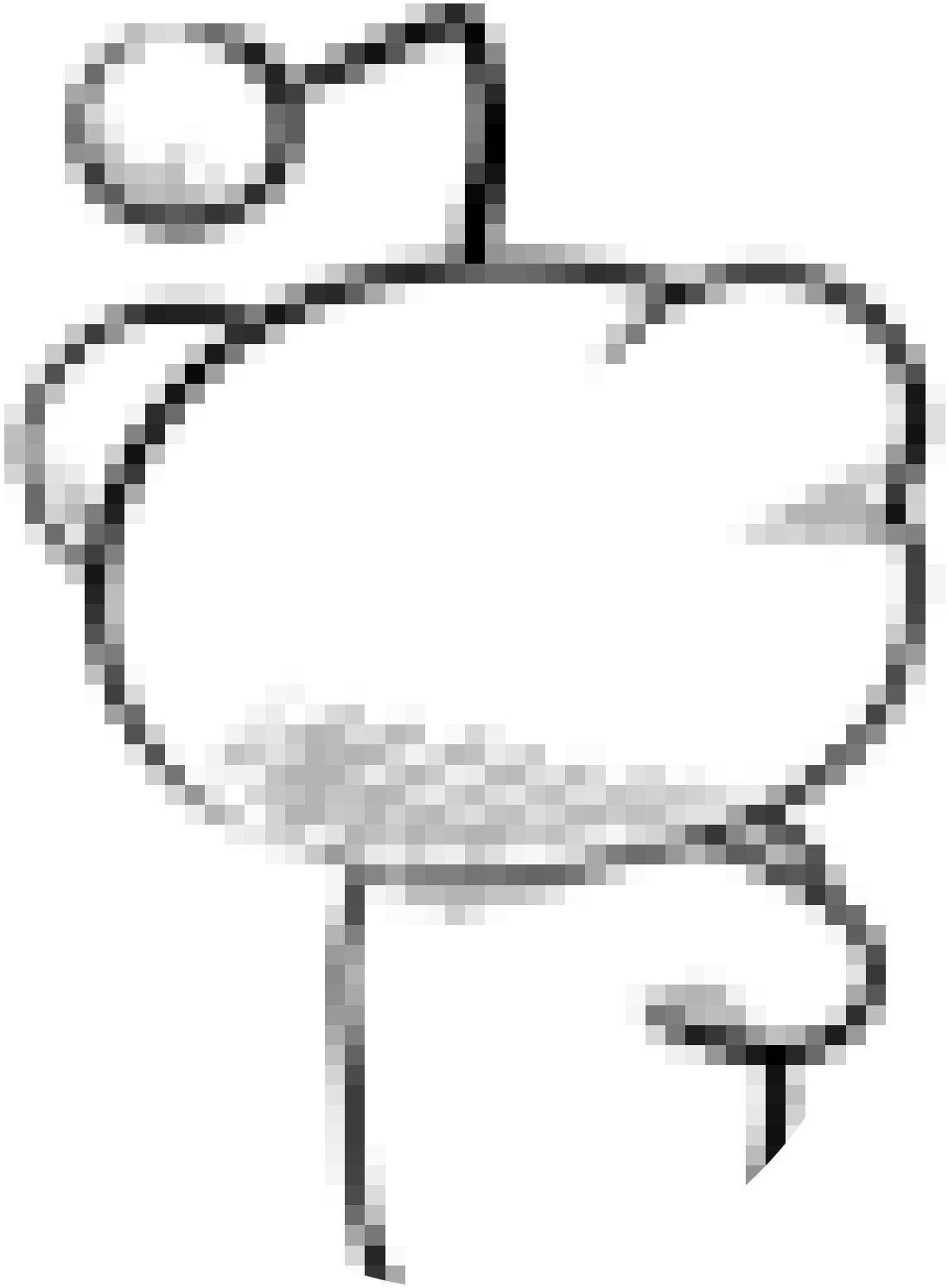
I got my after nines roughly two years ago (for those non Americans, this removed the stipulation of not driving after nine pm for young drivers) and like any teen, the first thing I did was go and drive at night to see what I had been missing. Driving through the country roads of my community, I really began to feel the need to return home. I'm not entirely sure why, but the feeling persisted for some time before I turned the car towards home. As I got closer, I noticed a driver had appeared behind me and was following me very closely. At this point the drivers lights obscured any view into the car via my rear view mirror. The driver followed me like this for about five minutes before things started getting a little freaky. Suddenly the car's lights flicked off and then on , and then the driver made a move to pass me. As he pulled along side me, I got a good look at the car and its driver. The driver looked like your typical greaser who never gave up the fad when it went out in the late 60's. the only striking feature to this guy was that he was abnormally white. When I mean white, I mean paper white. His car also fit the part, it was a 1967 barracuda. As the guy accelerated past and returned to my lane, he continued accelerating until I could only see his taillights. Then they just disappeared. I remember never hearing the cars engine, nor any sort of indication the person had wrecked.

Last year they discovered a wrecked car of the same make and model near the same stretch of road I saw it that night. The driver had lost control and ran off the road during a street race. I guess you could say its me consider taking better choices after encountering him.

TL;DR Street Racer wanted one last drive.

SoldierOfMisfortune
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 2 years old my Dad and one of his best friends were drag racing each other. They were involved in an accident and my Dad rolled his car and was in the hospital for several months, his buddy in the other vehicle did not survive the accident. The innocent casualty in this acident was the black lab that was also in my dad's friends car. About a week after the accident my mom said a black lab showed up on the door step and she could have sworn it was their firends dog, who it obviously wasn't, because it was dead. She was a little creeped out by it so she scared it off. The next day it was back and just sat on the front deck all day, and the next day, and for weeks after. Eventually she tried to get it to come in becuase it wasn't aggresive, it refused to come inside and just sat outside. It sat there everyday until my mom picked my Dad up from the hospital. It was there when she left but gone when they got back. It never showed up again. The story gives me the willies, but is pretty cool, whatever the signifigance of it was.



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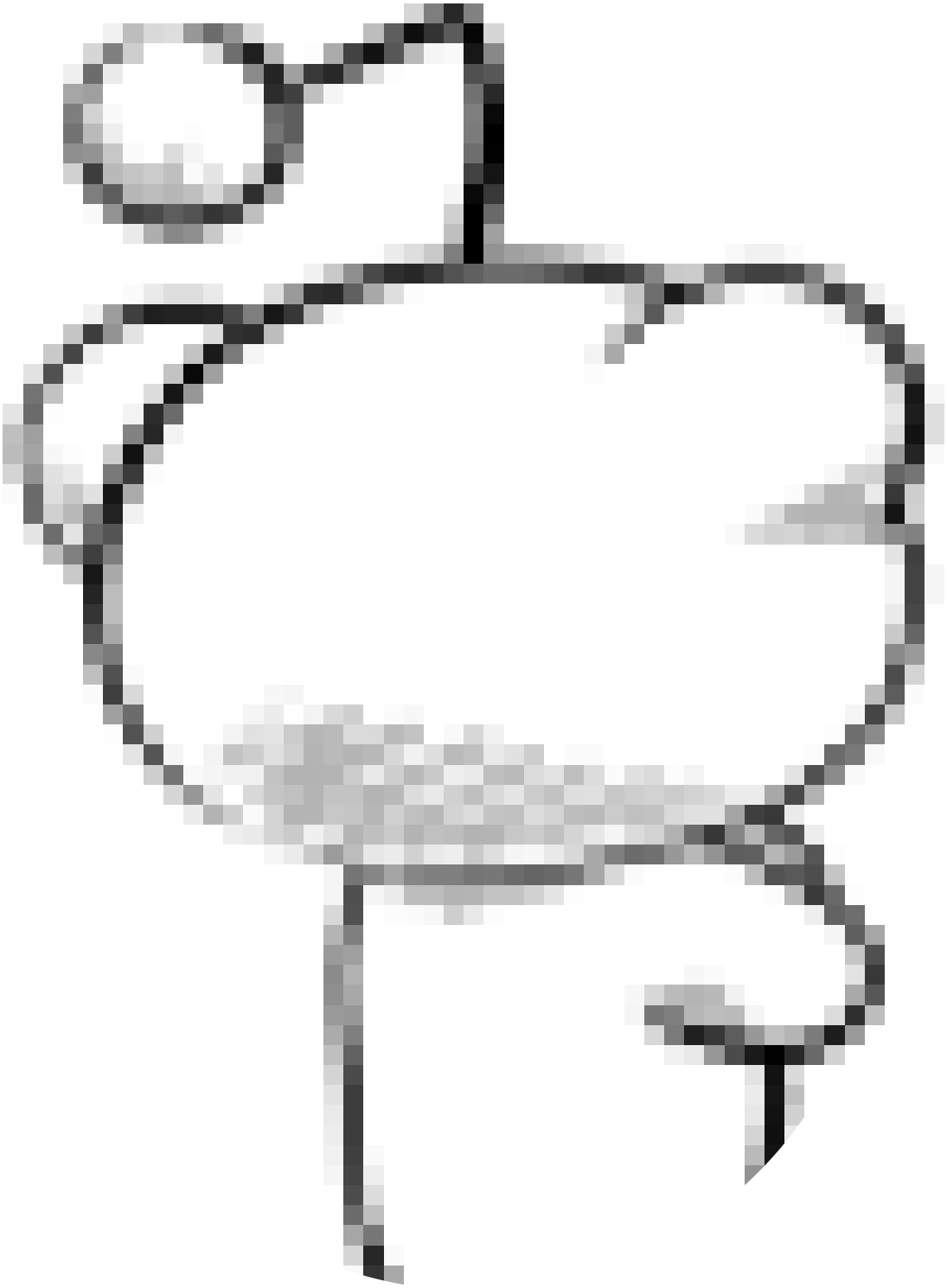

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â€¢ 14y ago

I was alone in an elevator and the lights began flickering, then went completely off. A few seconds later, the lights turned on again, and out of nowhere this very pale little girl just appeared there, eerily holdind a doll. I was petrified, and things became worse after she slowly turned her face to me and screamed like she was going to eat my soul. The lights went off again, and after 2 or 3 seconds, turned on and the little girl vanished. Now I only take the stairs.

Reply Share

Haveaniceday27
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was young.. maybe 5 or 6 I was in bed with the lights out before going to sleep. I was restless because I thought there were gremlins living in my closet and under my bed (who would show that movie to a 5 year old??!!)

Anyways, I was calling them out, "You don't scare me!" and suddenly something SMASHED the back of my head so hard that I fell forward and saw stars.

The door to my room was closed, no one but me. Only posters on my walls and nothing had fallen. When I recovered I instantly turned on the lights to look for what hit me, but nothing had. It hurt like a mofo.

I didn't call out the gremlins after that.

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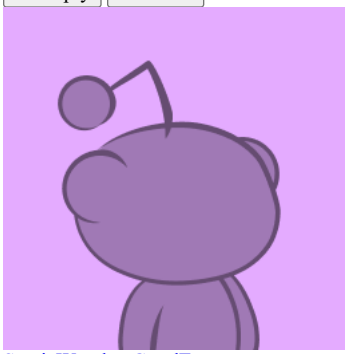


StevieWondersGoodEye
â€¢ 14y ago

Not a cool ghost story, but a story unexplained. Living in NW Florida, with 4 Air Force bases in the area, seeing aircraft is quite common. Im driving home late at night, around 2-3am. It was overcast skies with low hanging clouds but the moon was bright.
I lived in a house at the bottom of a hill. For fun, i would floor the gas pedal, get a certain speed at a certain spot, and cut my truck off and coast to my driveway. This night I left my lights off, it was bright enough i could see the road for miles. At the top of this hill is a radio tower, about 150' tall. I immediately notice that the flashy light at the top of the tower to warn off aircraft is not working. Then i notice the mothership sitting just above the radio tower. Below the clouds, silhouetted against them, was a large, floating craft. It had no lights, no wings, no engines, no windows, nothing but a general oval shape.
I didnt think much of it at first, just some new home-rattler to wake the tri-county area up on sunday mornings. I rolled down my window to catch an earful of its mechanical drone... nothing. Ever curious and suspicious, I stopped my truck so that the wind wouldnt be a factor and stick my head out the window, still nothing. I stared for a moment, mentally trying to make sense of the vessel, when it started moving up and away. Still utterly silent, disappearing into the clouds above. As soon as its gone, the radio tower light begins blinking again.
TL;DR Aliens are subcontracted to replace radio tower lights late at night.

Reply Share

Gjorven
â€¢ 14y ago

I work for an USAF Air Traffic facility. One night we were working and the guy I'm working with gives the plane we're talking to information on another target ahead of him. It was just a primary target with no transponder, and pretty slow moving, so we figured it was a truck on the high way or something. Even if it was an aircraft, its speed made it unlikely to be anywhere near the twelve thousand feet in altitude this guy was at. But the guy says he sees a green light two or three thousand feet ABOVE him.

A few seconds later, the pilot reports that the light disappeared. Then he says he saw it behind him (don't ask me how a plane looks backward, I couldn't tell you). Mean while the target keeps dropping off radar an coming back five miles or so away every couple of sweeps. Then a whole bunch of other targets show up out of nowhere acting the same way. They all start moving toward the nearest town, sat there for about a minute, and then were gone.

As a side note, the guy working with me had the most intense phobia of aliens. So he pretty much freaked out.

deft_leopard
â€¢ 14y ago

Writing this one a little late and it will probably be lost in the pile, but hey, this one I really can't explain.

We had a holiday trailer cabin down the South Coast of NSW, Australia for a while when I was in my early 20s. My family was already down there and I was finishing a late shift at work that closed at midnight. I had to drive from Sydney for about 250km to get to the cabin, a drive that usually (legally) takes at least 2.5 hours.

I had done the drive a few times before, but not in the dead of night. I left work at around 15 past midnight in my 1985 nissan bluebird (most of the interior dashboard LED light didn't work, so I could not see how fast I was going, only how much petrol I had left in the tank).

Got out of Sydney no problems, and as I didn't know how fast I was going thanks to the speedometer backlight being out, I tried to keep a normal pace by the sound of the revving level of the engine in top gear. Headlights on that car weren't fantastic either.

As I said, I had driven the way many times before, I recognised the major landmarks on the way down, and always took the same, fastest route.

About halfway there, I look to my right and see this massive lake with the moon set low between two mountain peaks. This is nothing I had ever seen on the way down, and there were no lakes in the area for a long way yet. I was transfixed looking at this lake and almost went off the road.

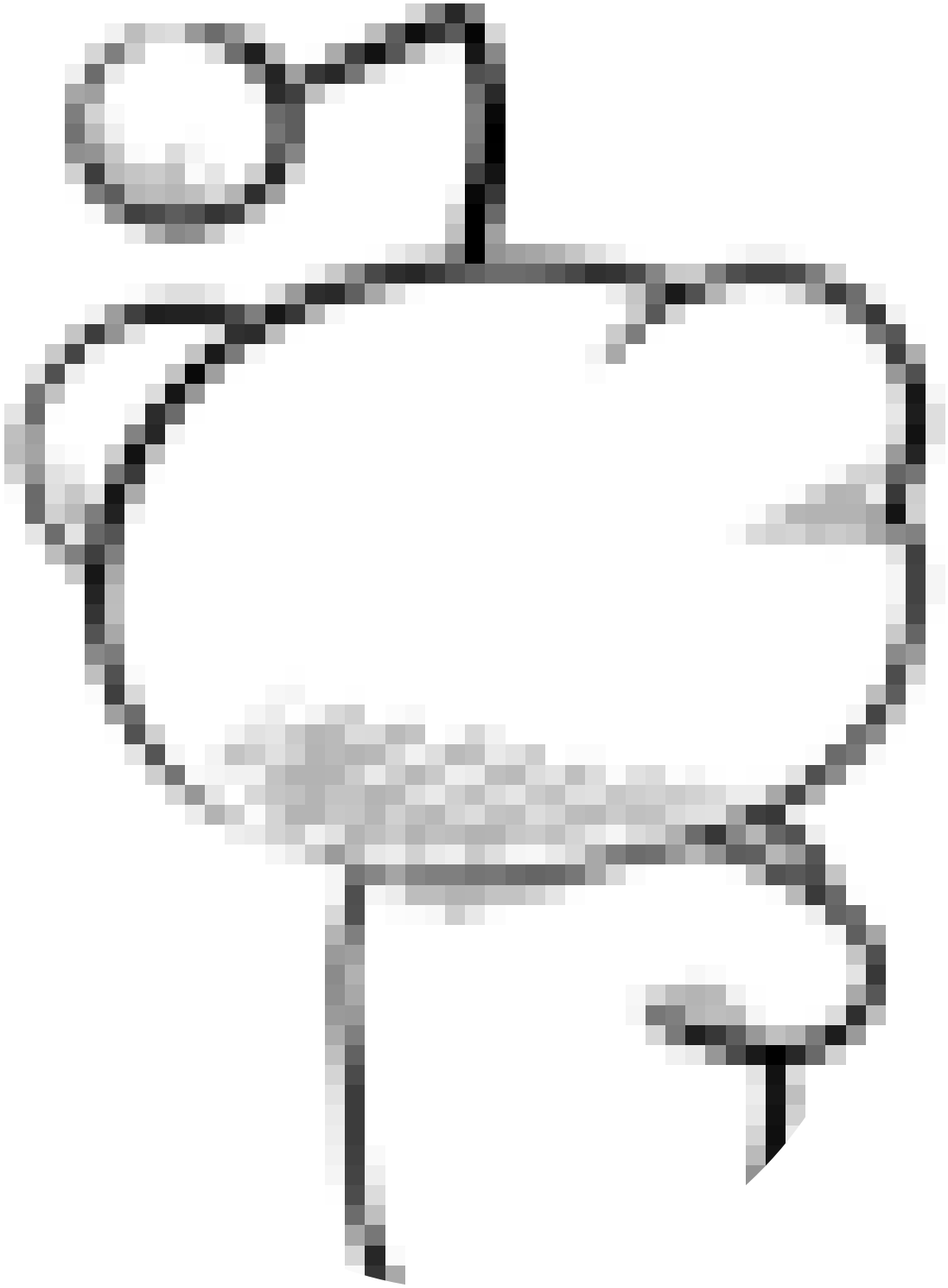
Anyway, after driving past a stand of trees that blocked the view, it was gone. The moon was all of a sudden in a different part of the sky, and the mountain peaks were gone. Of course, I thought it was a trick of light or just tired driving. I realised I couldn't remember seeing any cars on the road until I got close to the caravan park, which was strange for holiday traffic.

I get to the caravan park, and knock on the door where my Mother and Brother answer and exclaim that I am way too early. I called them as I left work at around 12:15 - it was only 1:45am when I got to the caravan park. Mum yells at me about speeding, but the weird thing is I would have had to be doing at least 140km/hr after getting out of the city to get there so early - driving over 100km/hr gave the nissan death wobbles, and I would have been pinged by the mobile and fixed speed traps on the way down anyway.

I mentioned the lake / moon / mountain thing to my family and they all confirm there are no features like that on the way down. Nobody could explain the time / speed problem either, just the sheer distance involved made it impossible.

Driven down a few more times at night since then, but never saw that lake or mountains since. Weird shit.

TL;DR - Disappearing geography, time/space dilation, fastest '85 Nissan Bluebird known to man.



Halo_of_Cymbaline
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 15 I had a very vivid and detailed dream about walking around a highschool that was very different than my own, then walking into a particular classroom, and talking with a particular guy. Being very into recording my dreams at the time, I wrote it all down and even illustrated it. A year later my family moved cross country to Southern California. The high school I went to for my senior year matched the one from my dream, the room was my health class classroom, and the young man I had seen in my dream sat next to me and I recognized him as soon as I walked into the room. I have no explanation for any of this, and could verify the similarity of my actual highschool to the one I dreamt about from my drawings.

I've never had any prophetic dreams before or since, and I don't even believe it's possible, but still have no explanation for what happened. While the young man and I certainly liked each other, nothing really came of it, and meeting him was not a critical event in my life. I guess it'll just be something I'll always wonder about.

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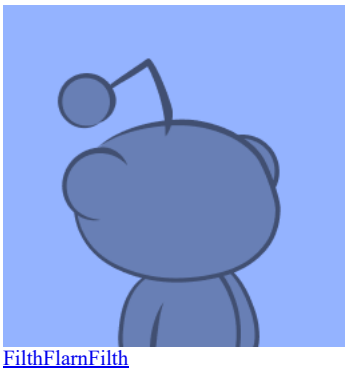


FilthFlarnFilth
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Hi guys,

Probably too late to the game, but...

Since I was 7 or 8 I've had the same digital radio alarm clock. It had a brown case and green numbers. The board in the back looked like this:

```
88:88:
```

The dots that make up the colon on the far right would light up individually to indicate am or pm.

About 8-9 years ago I was have a restless sleep, and I thought I was dreaming about waking up and looking at my alarm clock and seeing the numbers all messed up. And in my dream I took my phone which was also on my bedside table, and I took a picture of it because it was so weird, then went back to sleep.

The next morning I woke up and forgot about the whole thing. A few weeks later I was looking through the photos on my phone and saw this:

http://i.imgur.com/l52q2.jpg

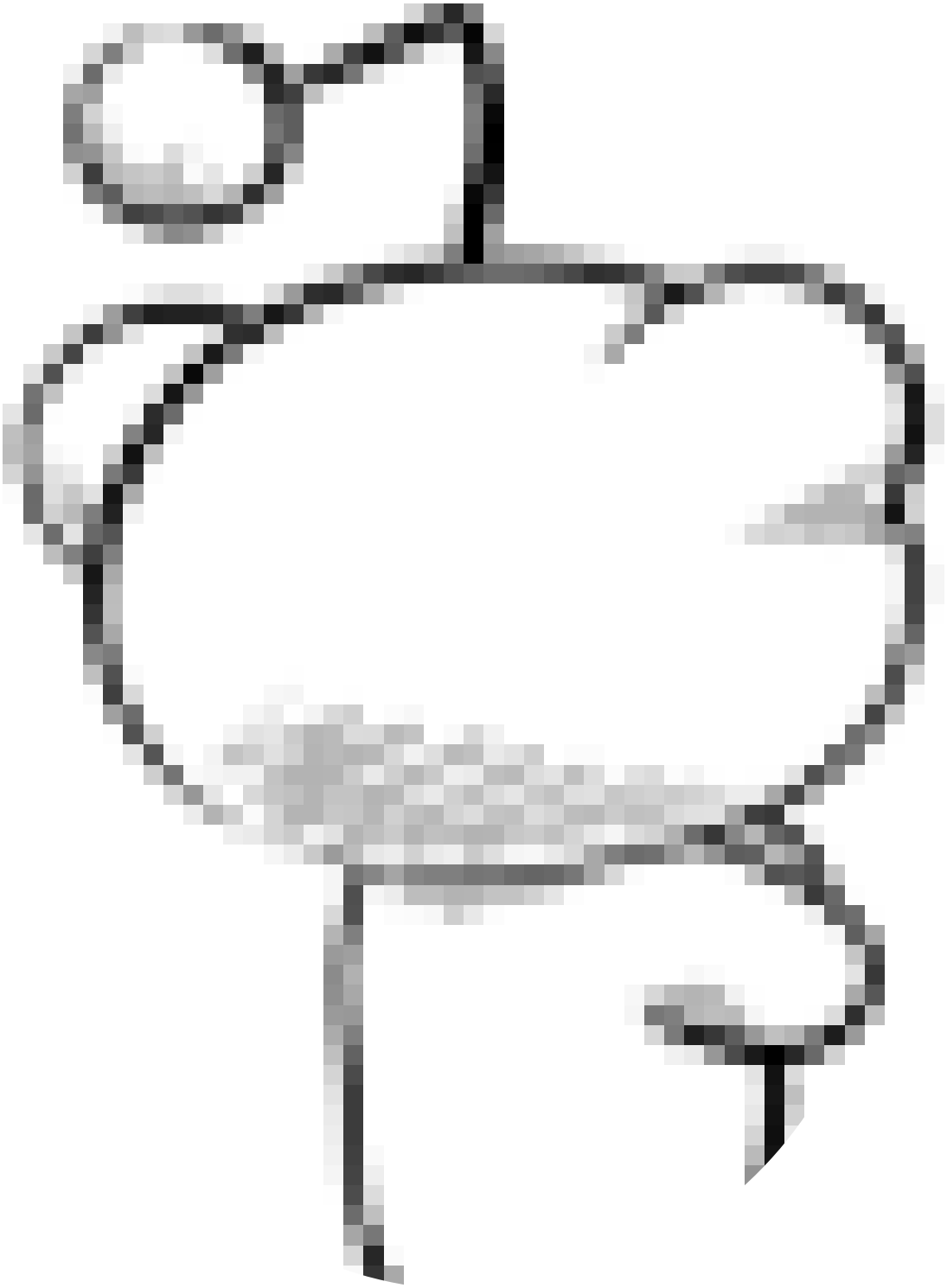
Those were the numbers on my clock I saw in my dream. A few weeks later the clock died and I kept it in a box that my mom threw out, to my dismay, during a spring clean.

Every once in a while I think about it. It is impossible for those numbers to show up on the board that the clock used. And I knew that clock really well. I'd had it for years. I listen to the radio on it. I drew it once for school. I took it apart once to see what was causing a rattle inside. It is impossible for the numbers to show up as 27277.

I swear to you all this photo has not been Photoshopped in anyway. It came right off my phone (which was a Razr, I think.)

angelic1111
â€¢ 14y ago

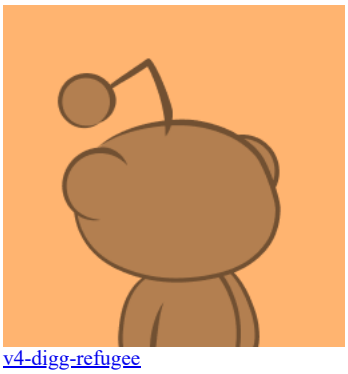
When I was about eight years old my mother and I were living in a small duplex apartment. She collected the creepiest Italian dolls - they were these Venetian porcelain things that were dressed like carnival jesters and things. I was terrified of them and convinced they were secretly alive. Most of the dolls sat on a window sill that was next to my fish tank. In the fish tank there was one big goldfish and a bunch of smaller guppy-type things. One night my Mom and I are asleep upstairs when we hear a *plop plop* sound from downstairs. We go downstairs and the big goldfish is gone from the fish tank. We search all over for it, thinking it had maybe commited fishie-suicide and jumped out of the tank. Eventually we find the fish's tail, lying right next to the dolls. It was as if one of the dolls had picked the goldfish up by the tail and eaten the rest of it, or at least that's what I thought at the time. I still can't explain it. The other fish in the tank were too small to eat the big one. And there were no cats or anything like that around. Needless to say, I convinced my Mom to get rid of her creepy dolls soon after that.



jfinneg1
â€¢ 14y ago

Was driving with my buddy riding shotgun. We go to merge onto the interstate. I see a semi coming on and know its gonna be a tight squeeze. After a while I see I can't make it and brake hard. But not hard enough. At this point I think I am about to get smashed by this huge freaking truck as does my buddy. So comes the point of contact and the semi goes through me my buddy and my car. I pull over immediately after that. At first I think I'm crazy and then my friend turns to look at me white a snow and say what the hell just happened. We say our pieces and its the same story. No idea how to explain in the slightest.

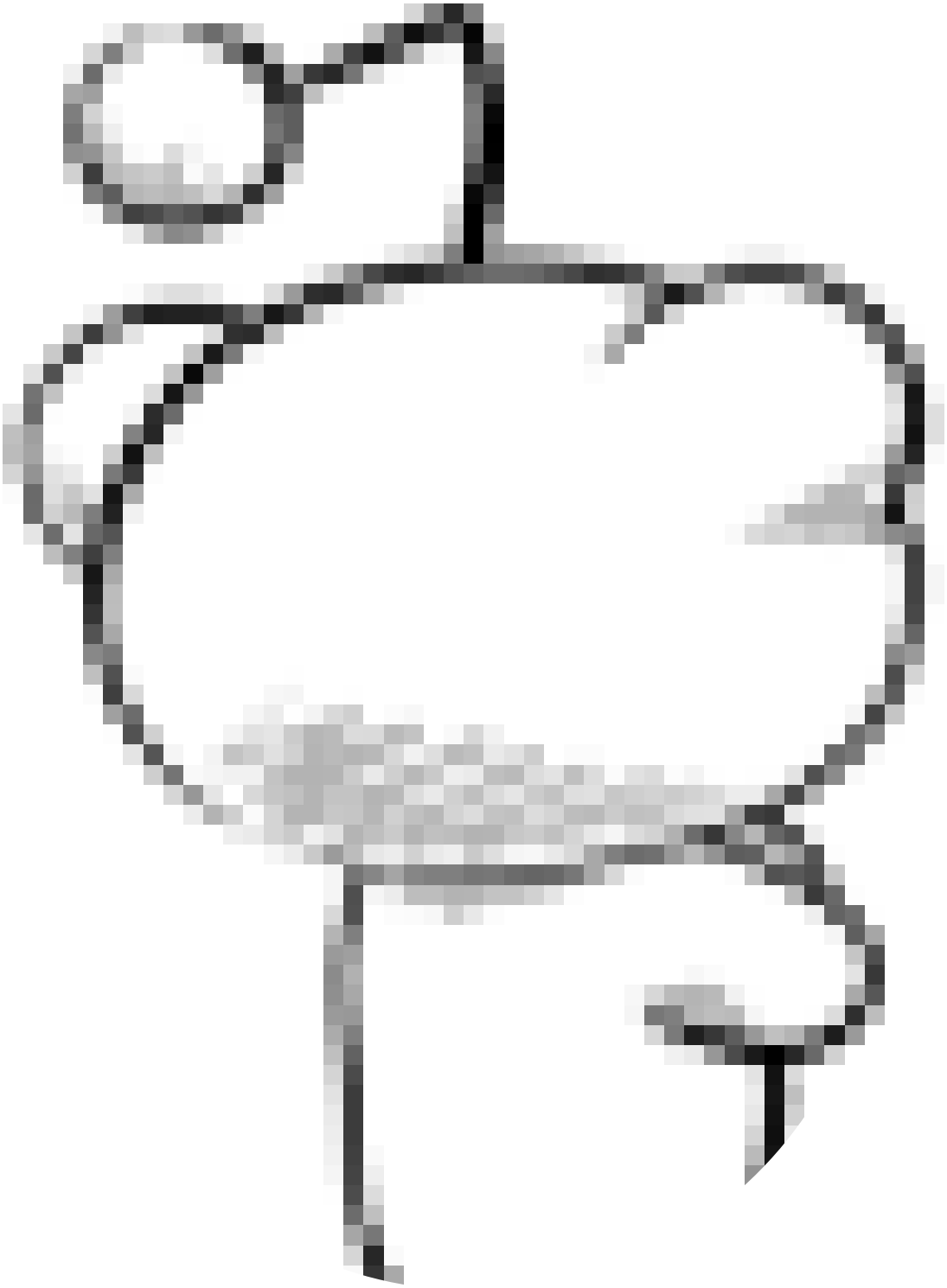
Reply Share



v4-digg-refugee
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in about 3rd grade running around on the playground when the teacher blew the whistle to come in. So I took a little jog toward the blacktop when my foot inexplicably stepped on something about 4 inches off the ground. As my weight shifted toward that foot, I felt myself being pulled backwards about 3 feet before being set back down on the ground. There was no dog or anything within sight that could have pulled me back like that. At the time, I somehow understood it to have been a micro tornado of sorts that whisked me backwards before dissolving. But as I got old enough to know better, I started to question exactly what that was. Sill have no idea.

Reply Share



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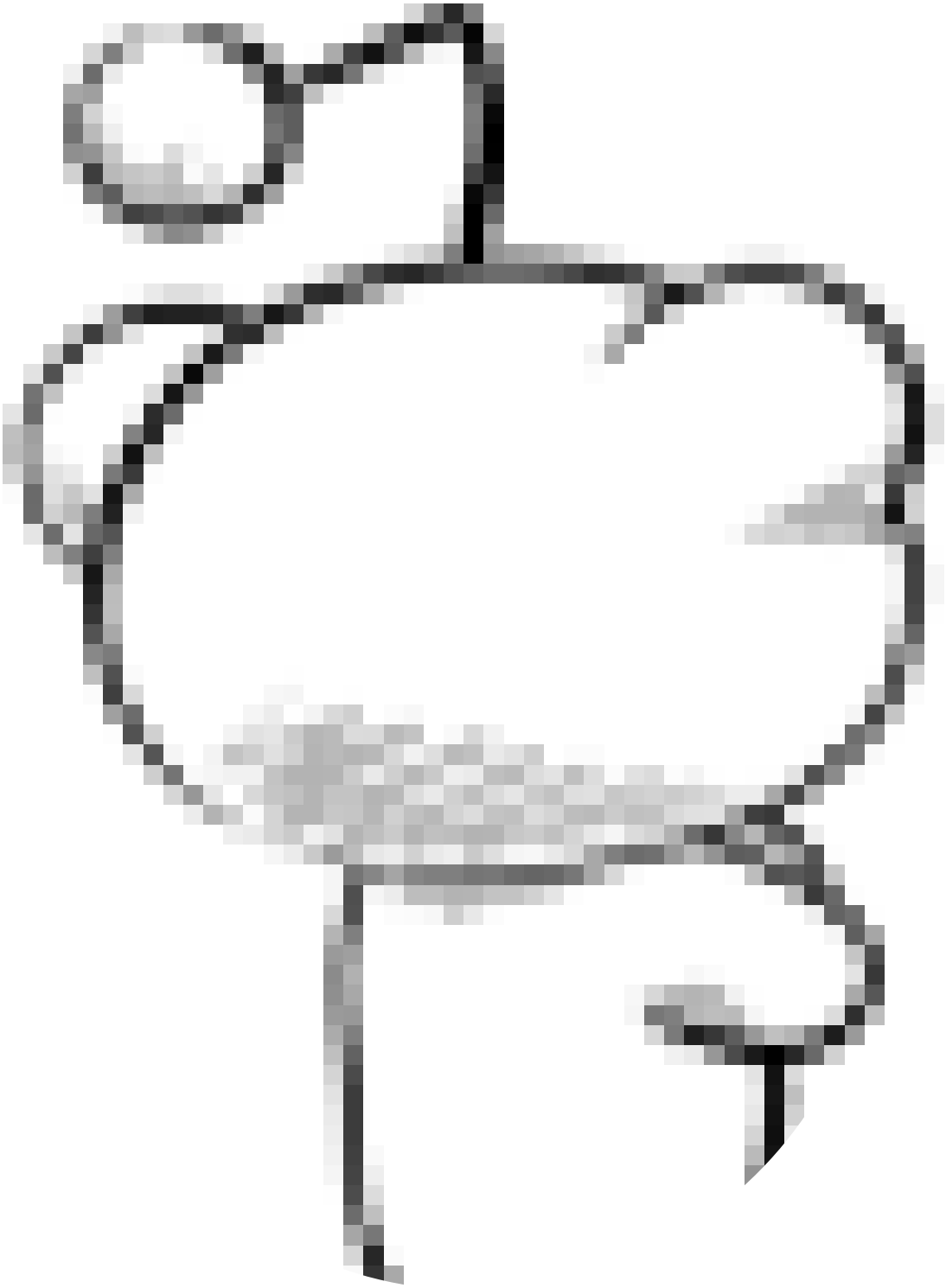
â€¢ 14y ago

Years ago, I was flying a military aircraft South of the Hawaiian Islands on a dark night. Suddenly, a very intesnse white light surrounded the aircraft. It was not St Elmo's fire, I've seen that, and this was different, much more intense. My copilot and I each believed it came from a different direction. We called ground control, and there was no other air traffic for miles around, and we were completely clear of any type of weather. When we debriefed the event on deck, I could tell the guys were incredulous, so we just dropped it. Never got any sort of explanation.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

Reading this thread just dredged up something from the past that fucked me up for many years.

When I was very young, around 4 or 5. It was late and my dad, mom, and sister were watching television in the living room. I went upstairs to go to the toilet. Whilst I'm on the toilet, I hear the bulb outside the bathroom pop. Nothing unusual, this happened all the time. I open the bathroom door and just see darkness, but something felt weird. For this reason, and the shards of light bulb on the floor, I walk slowly.

My sister's bedroom door was open, which was unusual as she was meticulous about doors being closed if the room isn't in use. I look down the stairs when I hear a drawn out "Hello" come from my sisters room. My heart jumps and I freeze. I slowly look over to the room and see two large human eyes at the same level as mine just hovering in her doorway. There wasn't a face, but I could tell it was smiling.

I ran downstairs almost tripping up when I got to the bottom. I then ran into the living room and jumped on the couch. I didn't want to say anything, I just sat there listening to the television with my eyes fixed on the door. That was the longest night of my life.

A few years later when I was around 7, I was home alone for about an hour whilst my sister was taken to hospital with a broken arm. I heard the same voice laughing. Accompanied by angry, heavy, desperate banging on the floor of my sisters room. It lasted about 30 seconds. Only stopping once my aunt's car door slammed shut. I was too scared to run through the door to get out of the house and literally on the brink of throwing myself out of the window.

A few hours later my parents came back with my sister. Apparently the bulb had blown and she tripped and fell down the stairs. She didn't mention seeing or hearing anything unusual.

Reply Share

throwawayhomeinvasio
â€¢ 14y ago

I have experienced sleep paralysis a few times. It usually happens to me when I sleep on my back. The experience is generally *extremely* unpleasant, so I make damn sure to not sleep on my back if I can help it.

One night, I experienced vivid auditory hallucinations during an episode of sleep paralysis. Basically, I was *sure* I could hear footsteps coming up the stairs toward the entrance to my bedroom --the door was open.

Initially I thought it was just a cat or some other "night noise." Nope. It kept getting louder and the floor was creaking as if it had the weight of a full person on it. I started getting very scared. The footsteps were so close now --they were brisk and persistent-- that I entered fight-or-flight mode. I chose fight. Except I was paralyzed from being asleep. I willed my way out of paralysis. Anyone who has experienced sleep paralysis will know just how difficult that is to do. Just as I was able to start moving, a tall man was just coming through the door way. I *lurched* out of bed. I was out to kill. I was about to grab him with my left hand as my right hand was swinging full force to hit him in the abdomen.

That part was not a dream. I was out of bed in full survival/attack mode. I freaked the fuck out of my wife who was sleeping next to me. The figure vanished as my mind became fully awake. It was a hallucination. An extremely vivid hallucination.

All-in-all an episode of sleep paralysis like that isn't too unusual. It was slightly unusual in that I was able to break the paralysis and get out of bed. It was also slightly unusual in that it was the only time I had such vivid auditory hallucinations. Typically my sleep hallucinations are visual.

Here's the weird part --I read the next day on national news that a TV reporter had been the victim of a home invasion. Here's a link to one of the articles covering it: http://web.archive.org/web/20081231220447/http://www.katv.com/news/stories/1008/562863.html

The time of the attack is consistent with my sleep paralysis experience. It's possible that my phantom invader arrived at exactly the time her real invader did.

I have no other connection with her outside of this. I have no idea why I would have a synchronized experience like that.

I used a throwaway for this so no one will think I'm crazy.

Reply Share

MeltingDog
â€¢ 14y ago

Just a pretty straight forward one:

One night, about 10 years back, I had insomnia so was just sitting reading in bed. At about 2am I hear this rhythmic electronic beeping start all of a sudden - kind of one high pitched beep followed by three lower pitched beeps, repeating in that pattern.

Thinking it some alarm clock I go investigate. I track it down to my mums piano. On top is a electronic metronome thats just beeping away, keeping time to nothing. This isnt the average kind of metronome with the swaying wand that goes back and forth, this is just like a battery powered little box with flashing lights and blipping speaker. I pick it up and the switch is definitely set to 'On'. I turn it off.

It's then I realise that my mums piano is all set up ready to play - like the keyboard lid is open, dust cloth folded neatly away to the side and sheet music on the stand - not how my mum usually leaves it at all. I peg the metronome on the ground, which knocks the battery out, and leg it out of there. In the morning everything is back the way its supposed to be and no one mentions anything.

Sure, my mum could have left the piano set up, but theres no way anyone else in the house could have turned the metronome on without me running into them on my way to go find out what was making the noise...

tl;dr: Piano and metronome set themselves up ready to play in the middle of the night

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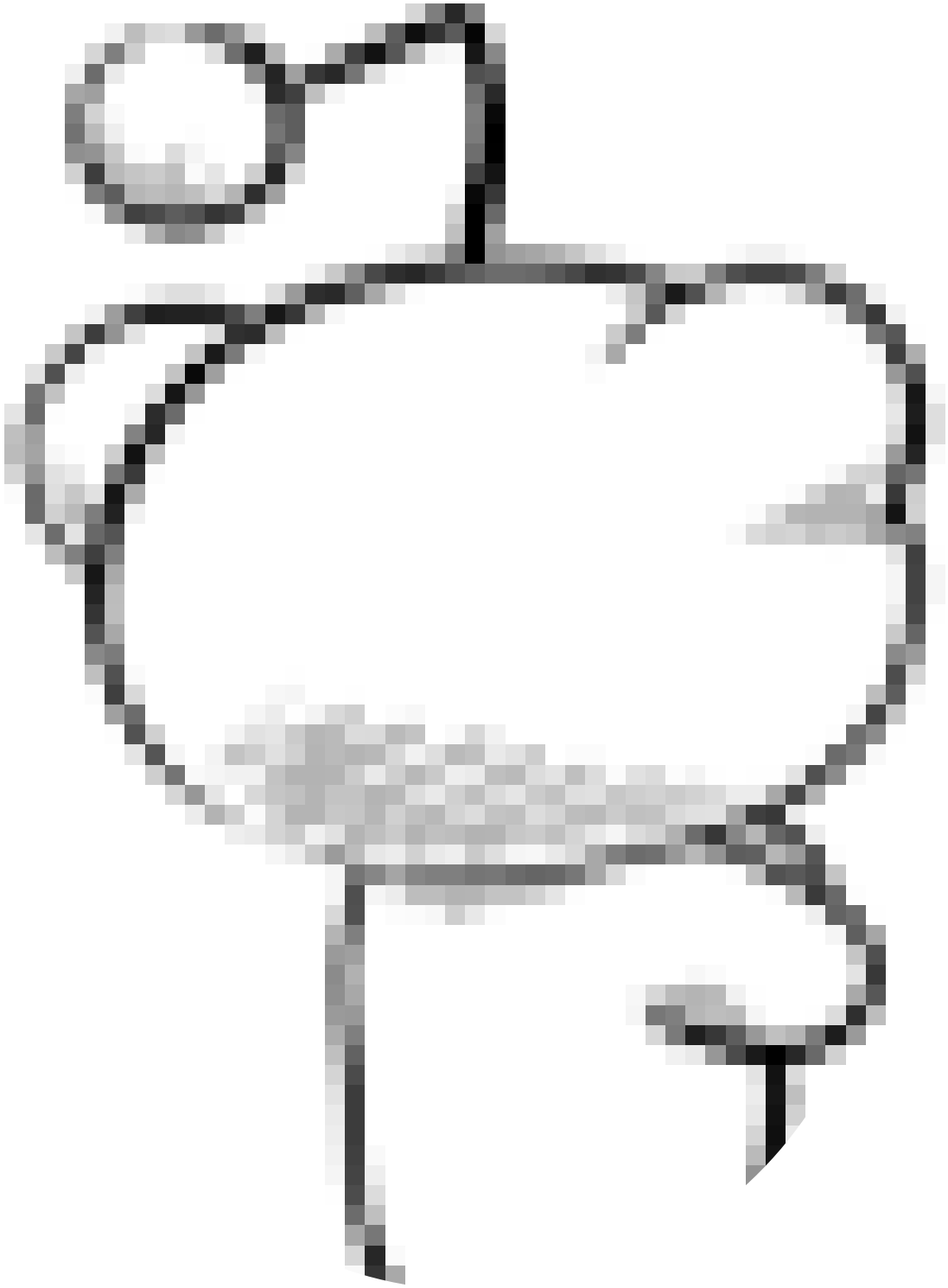


[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in the bathroom taking a dump when suddenly the flip flop on the other side of the bathroom flew straight in the air and hit the ceiling. I ran out side without cleaning my butt.

Reply Share

Sam_Geist
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 12, I was going to help a neighbour clear some undergrowth.

Naturally I thought I should practice with the machete first, so I dug a hole and stood a leftover length of 4 by 4 in it so I could Jack away at it.

I was chopping away at it, inflicting superficial damage only, when suddenly there was a flash on the blade and I spun around with the force of my swing.

I assumed that I had missed, because there was no resistance, but the beam had been cut in half with a perfect clean slice.

I never said anything to anyone and I still can't explain it. It definitely wasn't pre-cut: Strange angle, too clean for the saws we had, and it would have come apart from me throwing it around and hitting it before then.

TL;DR: Cut a log in half with a lightmachete.

Mayo_On_My_Apple
â€¢ 14y ago

No paranormal, but still unexplained to this day:

I used to live in a really rural area in upstate new york.

A couple of my friends were over and we were in my front yard hanging out. Suddenly we saw this girl we know from school running up my road.

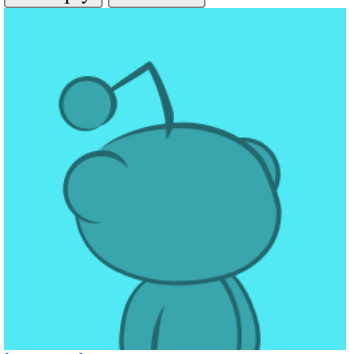
She is barefoot, holding a short stick in her hand, with her hair all wild and looking a bit panicked. She sees us and runs into my driveway. We ask her what is wrong and if she is ok. She just spats out "Phone. I need a phone."

We take her inside and she is about to use the phone but then she suddenly decides to leave. She runs out of my front door and down the driveway and across the road (back?) into the woods behind my neighbor's house.

The next Monday morning at school she acted completely normal. When we asked her about it she had no clue what we were talking about.

My best guess is drugs. But...who knows.

Reply Share



loconumbers
â€¢ 14y ago

One night I was driving home from a friends house. I live in rural Washington so it's heavily forested pretty much everywhere. I'm driving towards an intersection, to the left is a back road that leads to some houses, to the right is a school (gated off). So its late, the only light source coming from my headlights. As I'm nearing the intersection, a car comes zooming down from the neighborhood and into the school, he had to be going at least 60mph. My first thought of course was "holy shit! he just crashed right into the gate!" But as I got to the intersection, there was nothing there. I stopped my car, got out, and looked around. Nothing. The gate was undamaged, he clearly didn't drive straight into the forest, so where the hell did he go? Needless to say it scared the shit out of me.

goldenkali
â€¢ 14y ago

In 1973 I took a 3 week canoe trip down the Yukon River from Whitehorse, Yukon to Circle, Alaska, around 800-900 miles with a friend of from Juneau, Alaska called Wild Bill and 4 other people. About 60 miles from Circle I split up from the group and stopped at a creek called Coal Creek where a friend of mine from Juneau was at staying in his parents cabin 5 miles from the Yukon river. Spent around 3 weeks there prospecting for gold and then paddled the canoe to Circle and ended up hitchhiking back to Kansas City, M0. to work to make some money to go back to Coal Creek to look for gold again with my friend. Went back to Coal Creek at the end of April. When My friend showed up with his family in June I sort of felt like an outsider so I decided to leave, my friend and I walked the 5 miles down to the Yukon river to make a raft so I could float down to Circle. We were setting in the old road house called Slavens cabin after we just finished smoking a joint when up the trail from the river walked Wild Bill who I had not seen or talked to since parting ways at that exact spot the year before.Time and space sort of just stopped for me for awhile, it just seemed so impossible that we could meet like that again 60 miles from the nearest town or road.

Reply Share

I_Like_To_Bite
â€¢ 14y ago

I have a few

So I have been working at this bowling alley for about ten months until I recently got fired. I left on a good note and all of my friends are there so I visit often and am welcomed there. During my time working, (I worked in the snack bar) a few of my employees and I kept noticing things that we couldn't explain. One I experienced was I had set a huge bowl we used to dump French fries in after we deep fried them to season them. I set this bowl on the counter far enough away from the edge and turned to finish making a burger. I was chatting with another employee who was standing on the opposite side of the snack bar (facing the lanes) and all of a sudden the bowl comes crashing down. We looked at the cameras and saw how it looked like someone had thrown it off but no one did. I've heard stories of knives falling off the counter towards employees, of pitchers hitting people in the head, and of a door flying open when we were closed (caught on camera) so my best friend and I joke around about ghost hunting and just a few weeks ago, we experiment with her new phone (the galaxy sIII) and we sit in a party room in the bowling alley after closing and just start asking questions. "Is anyone here?" "What's your name" etc. we heard stories about elderly people passing away due to natural causes in the bowling alley so we weren't really freaked out. Our manager was in the office finishing closing and most of the employees were gone. After about a half hour we decide to listen to the recording again. We notice that our voices go faint and muffled about ten minutes into it and we are kind of confused but keep listening. At around 15 minutes in, our voices slowly start getting louder and then clear up and as soon as it clears we hear a male voice say what we think says "sorry" like apologizing for muffling our voices? Upon further listening and debating we figure out that it says "where are you" and are kind of freaked out. We bust out asses out of the room. We still have the recording and if I could get ahold of the copy I'd post it. Anyway, we have been in there multiple times after than trying to get another vice but haven't heard anything.

Another: One day this summer I was riding with my boyfriend home at about 4am (we had been partying but were sober) as we are about to pull into our apartment complex, we see what looks like a shooting star. It's brighter and slower than a normal shooting star and we watch as it looks like its headed towards the ground and all of a sudden it turns and takes off towards the mountains. This whole thing lasts about 6 seconds but I look at my bf and before I could say anything he says "did you see that?"

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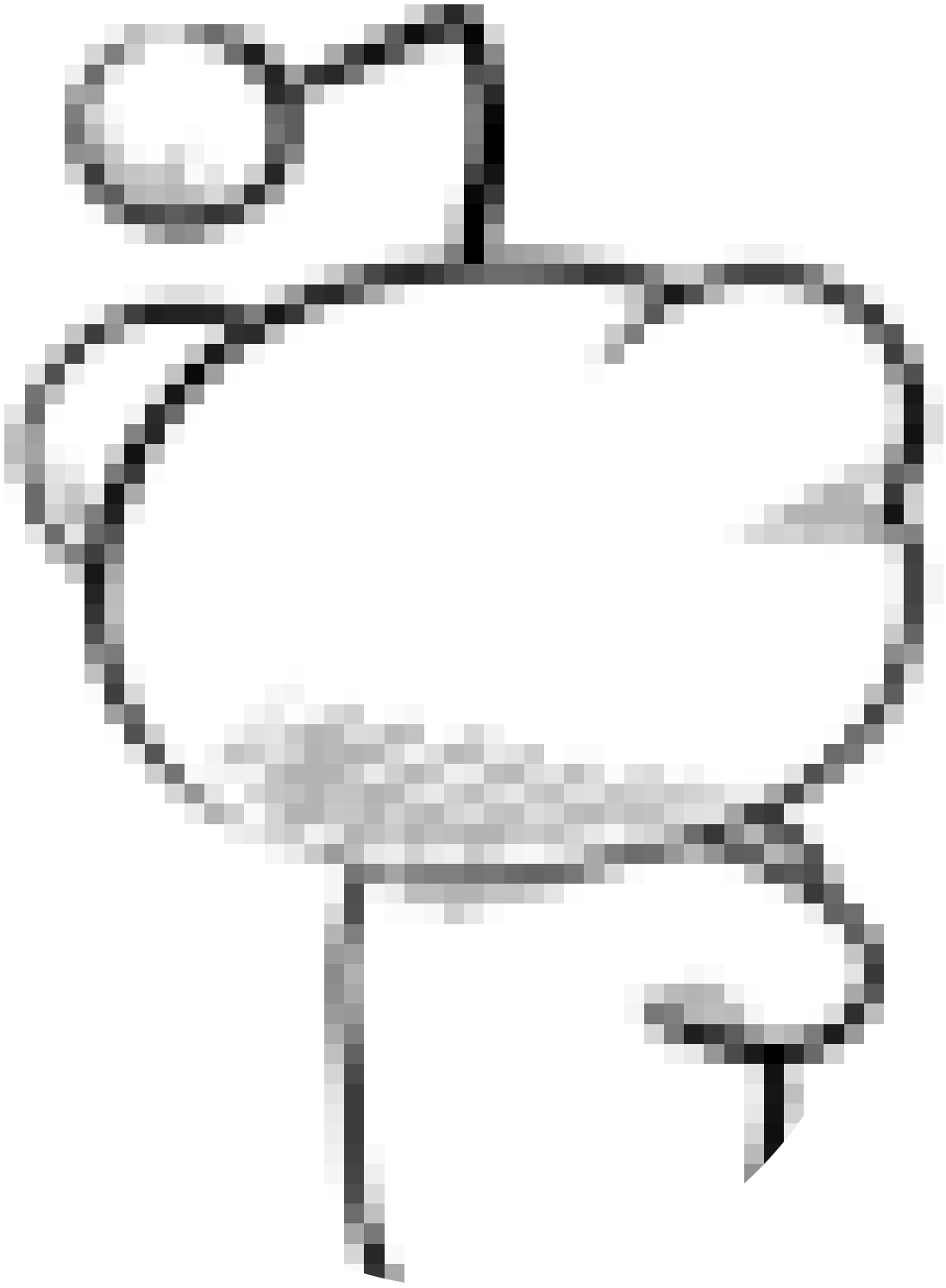

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â€¢ 14y ago

I haven't got too many scary experiences, besides a slightly creepy one when I was a young kid that I've posted before. This story, though, comes from my mother, who swears it is true.

My mother spent the first part of her childhood living in a 1940s/50s era terraced house in a moderately poor area. Her and her sister were terrified of this closet upstairs, always running past it when they went to/from their rooms. Apparently there was no rational reason for this fear; my mother says there was just a bad feeling coming from that closet, and that she felt like someone was watching her whenever she went up or down the stairs. She also says that everyone in that house often heard footsteps on the stairs at night, and that her grandmother claimed that there was a 'presence' in the house.

Well this one day, my mum was heading up to her room in the evening, when she noticed that the cupboard door was open. Looking inside, she swears she saw the face of an old woman staring back at her. Unsurprisingly, she turned and fled downstairs. She later learned that the house had previously been occupied by an elderly lady who lived alone, and had died attempting to shelter from a house fire in that very closet.

Reply Share

Tringi
â€¢ 14y ago

I am not sure if I am using the correct terms here as neither English nor Motor-technical is my native language, but here is one story that recently happended:

A friend of mine was once adding some motor oil to his Å koda Octavia since his car had really high oil consumption (besides high gas consumption as well). So he finished and wanted to close to refill hole, but the cap was nowhere to found. He had to go buy a new one. He then drove around expecting the cap to fall out somewhere or otherwise appear but it never did.

After a few thousands kilometers, his manual transmission started going really tough. After another few he couldn't engage first and third gear. So he took the car to service. They removed the whole transmission gearbox, opened it, and there, stuck in between sprockets was the oil cap he lost. Mind you, the transmission gearbox uses different oil and is tightly closed. The technicians looked at it with open mouths and no one can even imagine how that cap could get there, although people who know my friend weren't THAT surprised by it.

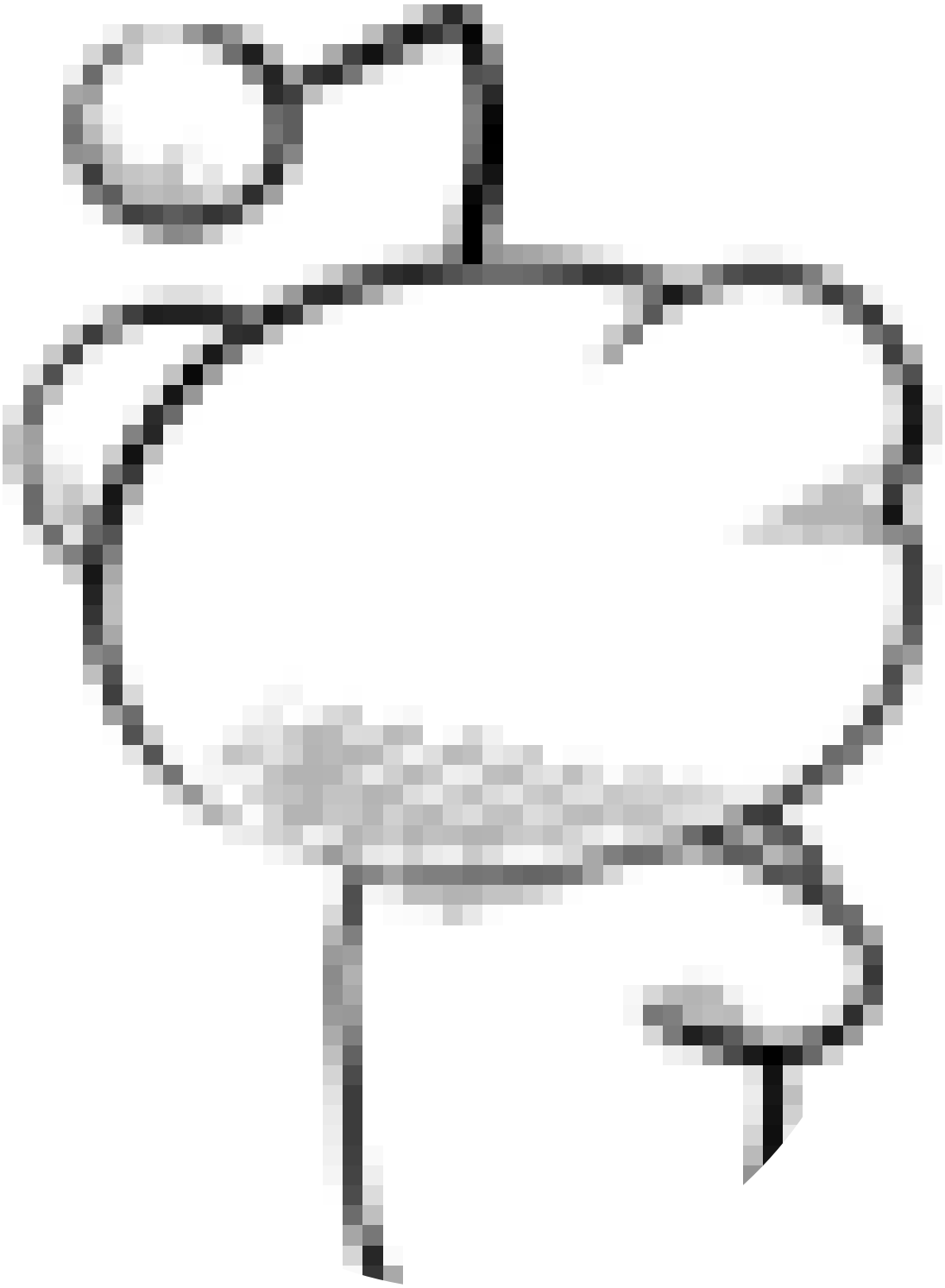
Reply Share

leafer91
â€¢ 14y ago

My TV likes to talk to me sometimes. Not literally, but it makes "Closed Captions" in the middle of the screen and produces messages. Sometimes they are random like "$33@11GJFKSL" or some gibberish like that. Other times it has full messages. One night I was just watching hockey and the message "LOL look behind you, I can see you fucker." appears on the screen. My blinds were down and it was still light out, so it would be hard to tell if I was watching TV. I always though it was my brother making these messages as he was the first to discover them, but when this happened he was at University.

Oh, speaking of TVs, I had one in my basement that would turn on randomly. I always kept hearing conversations from the basement, and when I went to check it would be silent. One day I was half way up the stairs when the TV turns on to static and muffled conversation. I check what channel its on, go upstairs and turn on that TV to that station and it's a completely different show. I forced my mom to throw out that TV the next day.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

Comment removed by moderator

1 more reply
1 more reply

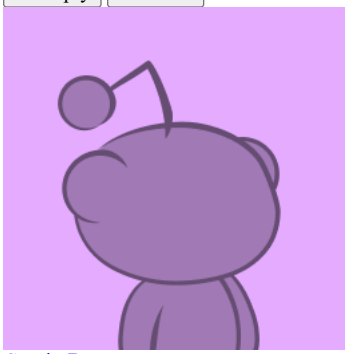
More replies

brain89
â€¢ 14y ago

Living in a rent house in OK during college. 3 guys, 3 rooms. 2 of us were in the living room and the third was in his bedroom when we all heard whistling. We thought it was the tv, but after 20 mins of going over what we watched...no dice. A little after this our smoke alarm started going off every night...at the same time. Finally, we always posted bills on our fridge for everyone to see. One afternoon we hear then fall off the fridge, fine, whatever, magnets release if you put too much on. So I put everything back up and go along with life. A couple days later the bills fall off again...only this time they were across the kitchen well out of range of a reasonable bounce.

Started talking to neighbors, found out two others had similar odd goings on. We always joked it was built over Indian burial grounds. After this we started talking to people and found out the mounds in the field behind the house indeed were burial sites...

Reply Share



CourierBear
â€¢ 14y ago

Ultra late, but as long as I'm here I might as well share:

Several years ago, I woke up in the middle of the night because I felt something shaking my foot. When I opened my eyes I saw the silhouette of a kid at the foot of my bed. I looked over at the clock for a moment and went back to sleep. The next morning I found a handprint around my ankle, and it didn't go away for three days.

A few years ago I was home alone and decided to take a nap. I had just gotten into bed and was on my side when I felt and heard someone walking on the mattress beside my head. I could actually feel the indentations of feet right next to me, and I opened my eyes to see, of course, nothing. I didn't take a nap that day.

rabidbear15
â€¢ 14y ago

brb, going to r/aww so I can sleep real quick

TheRankinstein
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm about to go to sleep... and I actually want a good sleep. So I'll leave this open on my browser and go through it all tomorrow. This seems way to sketchy to read before bed

RIPHenchman24
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was young, maybe 6 or 7, I was sleeping in my room at my grandparents' house with the door closed and the nightlight on. I had left a book on the floor. While I'm laying there awake I look down at the book and it slowly slides across the floor. I tried telling my mother but she refused to believe me.

Reply Share

ckshin
â€¢ 14y ago

When my brother was in Afghanistan, I wore his training dogtags all the time and slept in his bed for months. I woke up one day and the dog tag necklace had somehow unclipped and fallen off my neck. I asked my mom if my brother was all right and if she had heard anything that morning. She told me she had gotten a call from the army saying he fell off of a truck just that morning and would be put in the hospital because he had broken his leg/ankle. Creepy coincidence, but now when any of my rings/necklaces go missing/randomly break, I trust it to mean that one of my close relationships are in trouble.

Reply Share

thebestkatiej
â€¢ 14y ago

WHen I was in high school a friend and I were walking to a coffee shop and saw a Toyota van that was on fire in an office parking lot. We stood there for a few minutes and watched until the fire fighters finally showed up to put it out and then decided to go ahead to the coffee shop. On the way back home, we saw the fan still sitting in the parking lot. It was a white van and there was black char all over it from the smoke; the sliding door on the passenger side was open and you could see a hand print in the soot from the firefighter opening the door. But the strange part was that underneath the van there was a giant pile of candy-corn. The pile was about 5 inches deep and looked like it had a diameter of about a foot. It had to have been about 10 bags worth of candy corn and it wasn't blackened or melted at all. It was as if someone had just poured a bushel of candy-corn in the middle of a parking space and then placed the charred remains of the van directly on top of it. It still perplexes me to this day. What was the candy-corn doing there and why was it in such pristine condition? tl:dr - Found candy under a burnt out van

1 more reply

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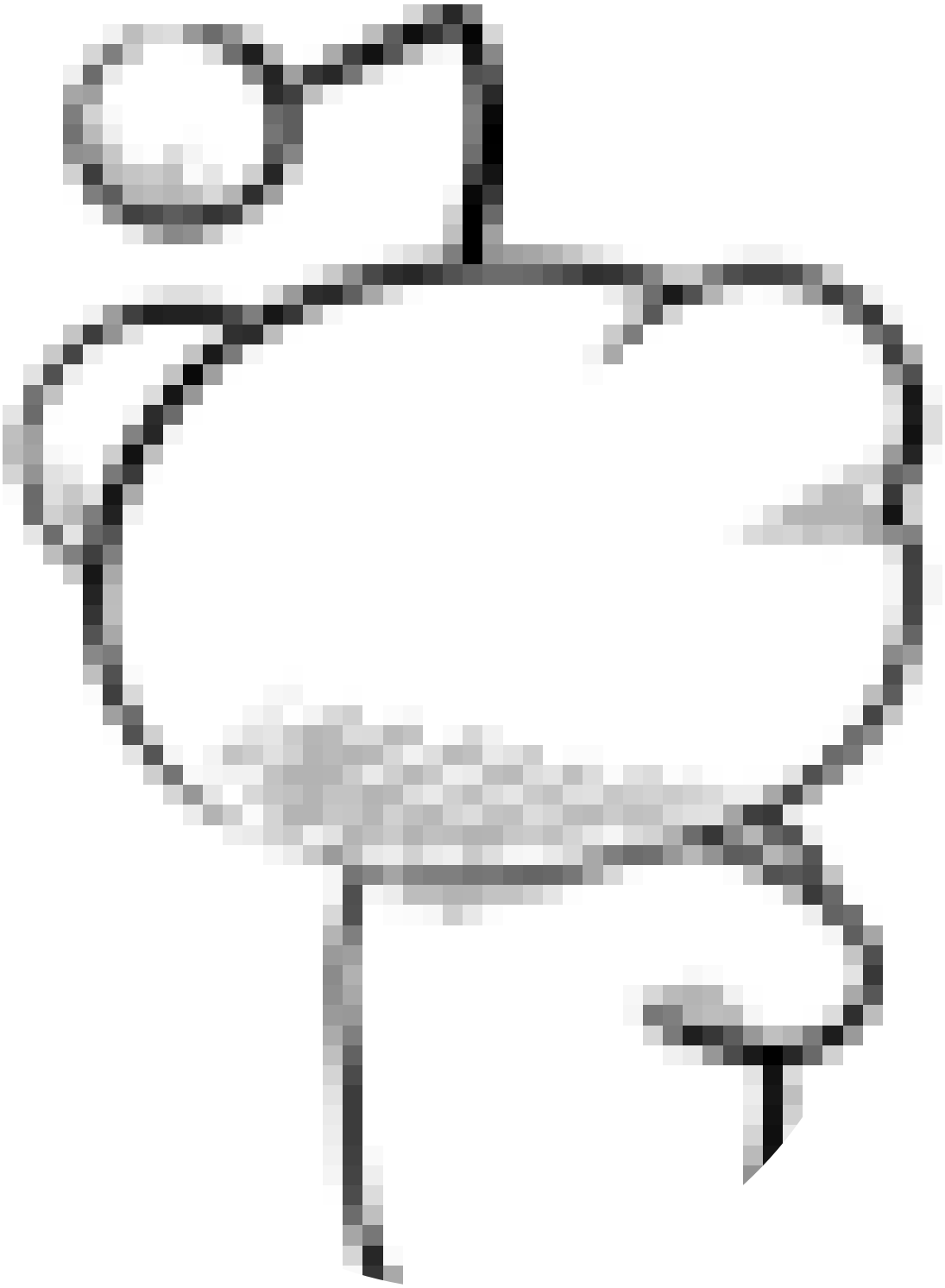

Midget_Slap
â€¢ 14y ago

I was laying in bed one night when I was about 12, looking at the stars. I saw a couple planes, and watched as they moved across the sky.

One of the planes wasn't the same as the other ones, it was moving a bit faster than the others. Suddenly, a ring of about 6 lights blinked on around the "plane" and it began to move really fast across the sky. A few seconds later, a red light came from the opposite direction before making an extremely sharp turn in mid-air, almost like it bounced off of something.

I still don't know what happened there.

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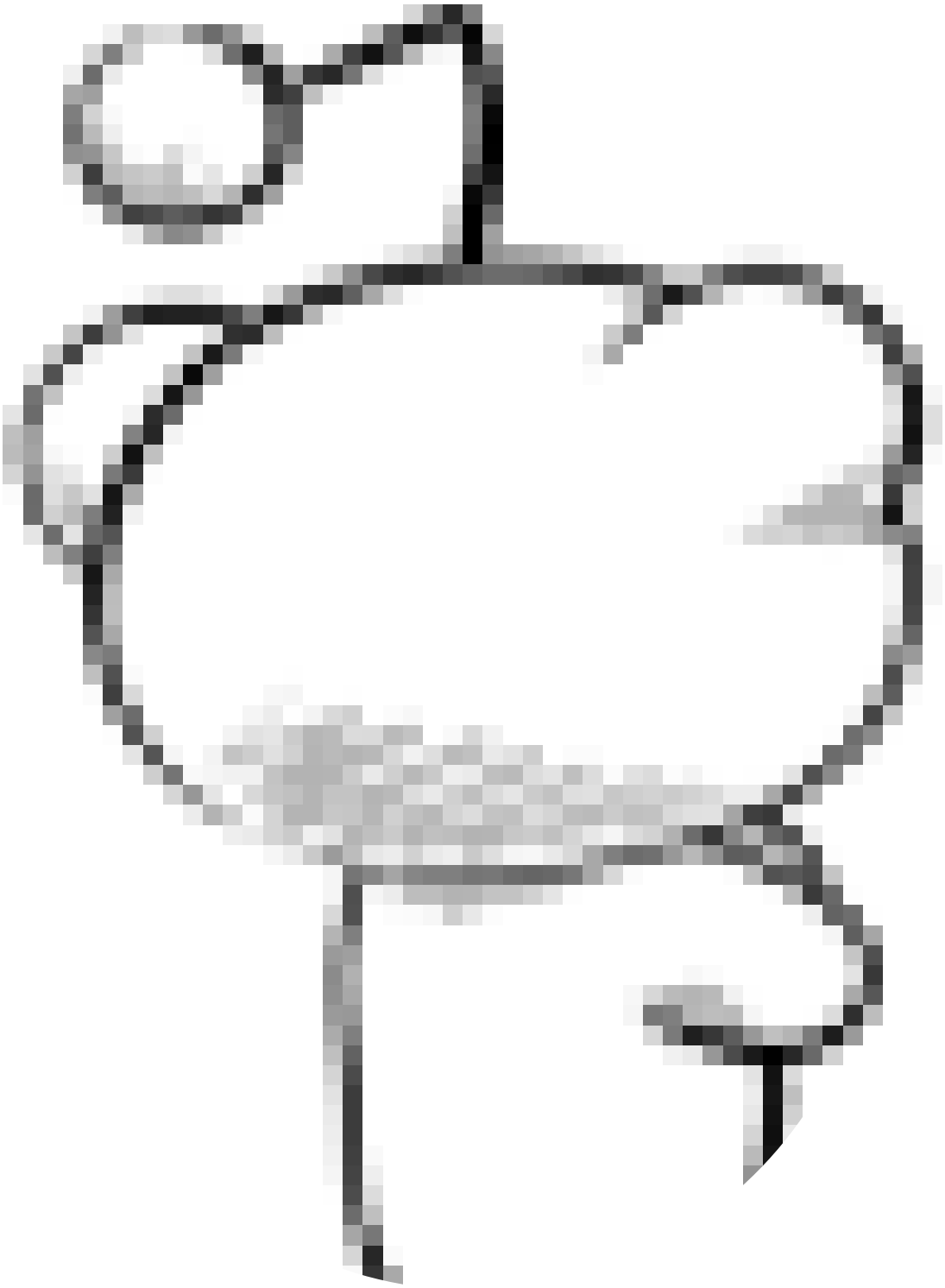

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I believe you. I have seen strange, irregular, appearing and disappearing, moving flashing-lights in the sky on two occasions. I was watching them from my parents' car on the way home from a long trip, just staring up at these lights for maybe an hour. I felt *exposed* watching them, as if they were watching me too. It was frightening but interesting at the same time.

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Not_A_Complete_Loser
â€¢ 14y ago

My grandmother took out a voodoo doll during a football game, she was angry that her favorite team was loosing (I do not know which one) and that some dipshit was fucking up the game for her (again, I was young, I do not remember who) she jabs the needle in the knee of the voodoo doll sits down and waits. Sure enough the player she was angry about gets tackled and his knee is busted all to hell. He's taken off the field and the game continues.

Grandma was fairly happy with herself because of that.

For some more info (for any football fans that may be trying to figure out who the player might have been) this happened years and years ago, thirty at the least, and the player was allowed to play the next year. That's all I know.

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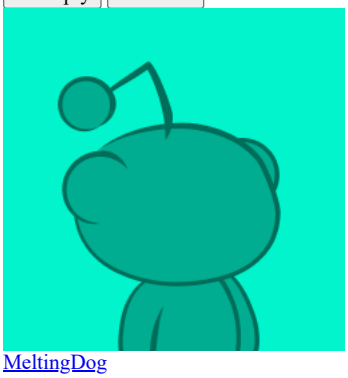

MeltingDog
â€¢ 14y ago

My cousins tells this story. He was watching TV one night in the sun room of this house. In this room 3 of the walls are floor-to-ceiling glass windows and doors. All of a sudden he hears this pounding on the glass sliding door to his left - about 6 feet away from where hes sitting, like someone knocking on the door. He turns and no ones there. Note - theres nothing to hide behind - the doors just look out onto lawn.

He forgets about it and goes back to watching TV. A few moments later it happens again. He turns and sees that now the glass has grimy open palm prints all over it, as if someones been slapping it... still no ones around.

Didnt happen again after that but freaked him out for ages.

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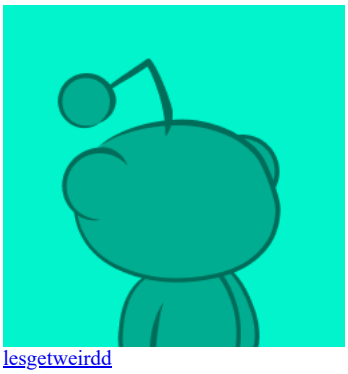

lesgetweirdd
â€¢ 14y ago

This probably won't be seen but when I was in sixth grade my friends would always spend the night. Well we were sleeping downstairs (in the living room) and we fell asleep at around midnight. A couple hours later I wake up because I am a very light sleeper, but something caught my attention.

Half awake I am staring at this blue light shining on my wall directly in front of us, and I just say very casually to my friend "Dillon are you seeing this" he happened to wake up from this too and we just turn around to see what is causing this light to appear on the wall but everything is pitch black including in our backyard.

So being the young kids we are we freak out and haul ass upstairs to my parents room and complain about this eerie light. We never figured out what this light was but we both had fond memories of it and my mom still gives me shit about how we freaked out about this light.

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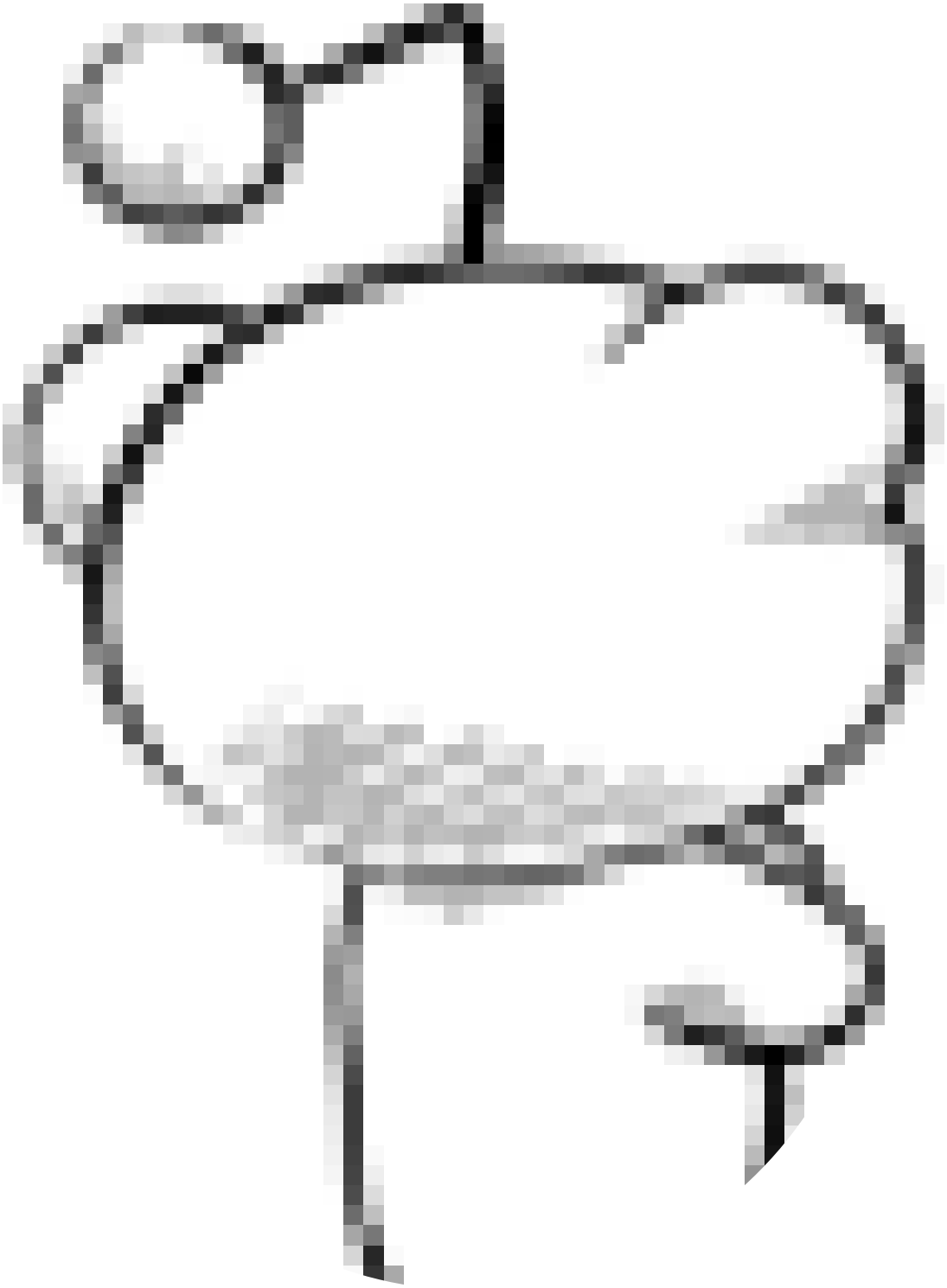

The_Katz_Meow
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend's family & I were driving home from a ski trip and when we left it was snowing pretty badly. As we trudged on, it became a blizzard and I was half asleep listening to my iPod. My friend's dad yells, "HOLD ON, WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT!" I hear and feel the crunch of the car. It turned out that it was a 20+ car pile up and we were literally the last car to join in. More importantly, after we slowly limp a mile or so away from the carnage, I look down at my iPod and what else was playing but Car Crash by Matt Nathanson. Creeps me out when I think about it.

TL;DR: In car crash while listening to "Car Crash".

Reply Share

pratorian
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was about 6 years old, living in Red Oak, TX. I was In The living room with my family, When i saw my dad look out the window and FLIP HIS SHIT. He ran into his bedroom, grabbed a blue fanny pack, pulled a handgun from it and dropped the bag on the living room floor. (The bag contained a few spare mags for the handgun and some ammo.) he them booked it out the front door. Before my mother pulled my brother and I from the window, and put us in the back of the house i vividly remember my dad chasing a man in an easter bunny costume down the street!

I've asked them about this a few times over the years they both just say they don't remember. And that I have to have imagined it. The Wierd thing though my mom always talks about what an amazing memory I have, and the bizarre(but true) things I remember from being really little.

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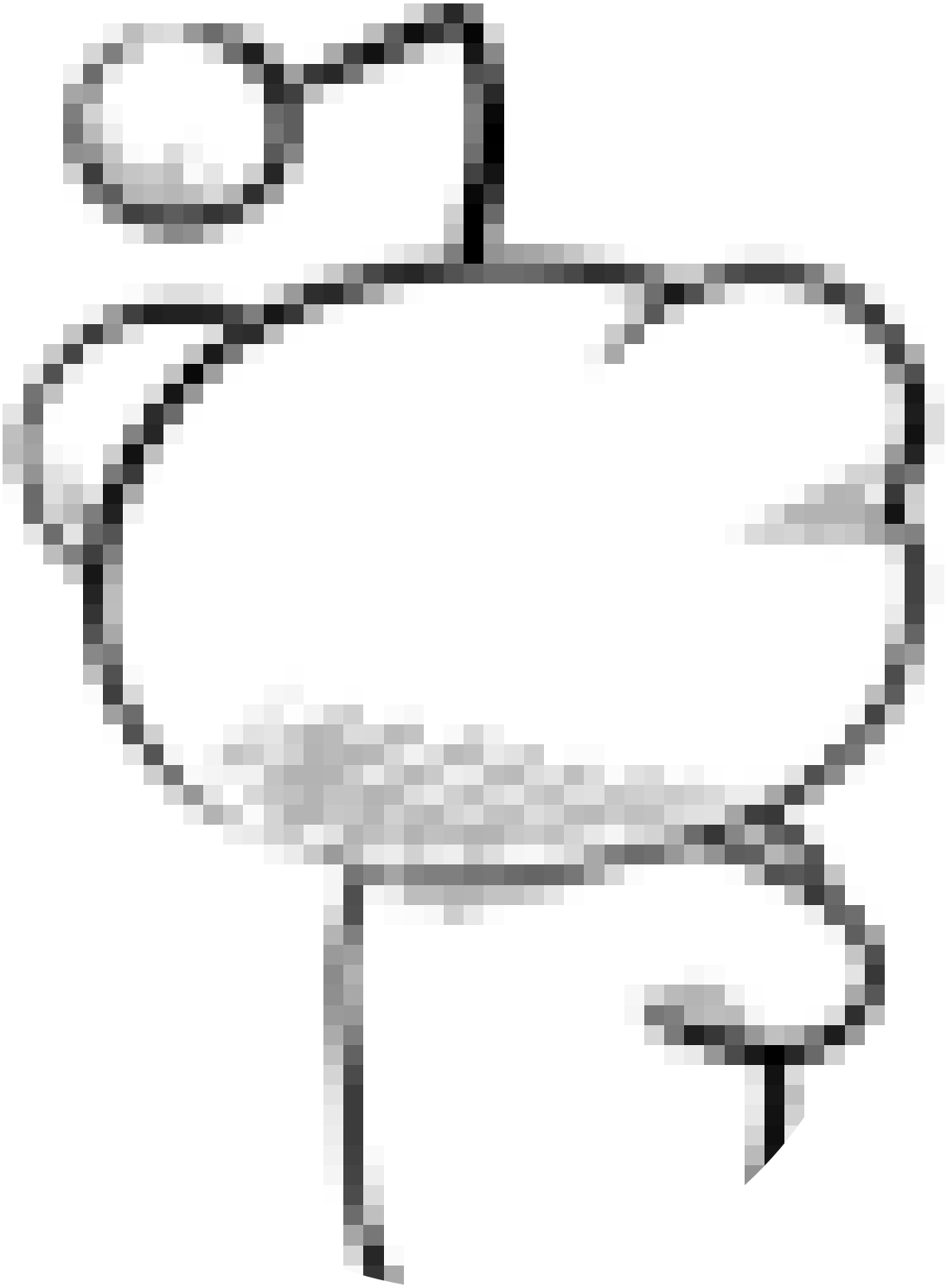

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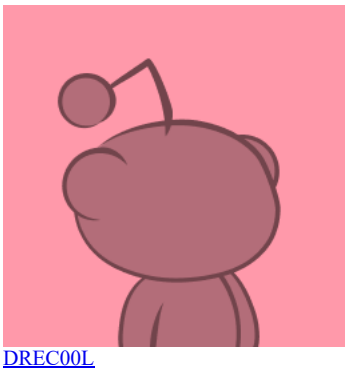
â€¢ 13y ago

r/Glitch_in_the_matrix a whole subreddit for these stories!

Reply Share



DREC00L
â€¢ 13y ago

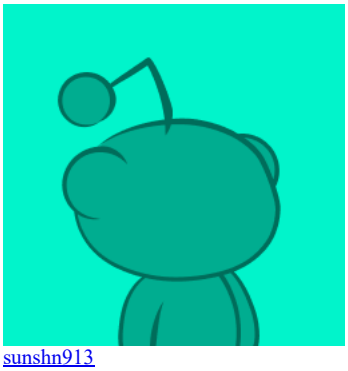
idk if this is relevant but i've had two dreams that both came like 95% true both about a week after i had them

Dream 1: There's a street by my house that goes downhill and turns into a Y. i almost always go to the right. Anyway, i had a dream that there was a tornado and a huge accident, right on the right part of the Y, with 3 trucks.

A week later: I was driving down the Y, and went down to the right, and there were 3 trucks, one of them was a flatbed, with a totalled truck on it, and like an ambulence type emergence truck. But no tornado. I almost crashed because i was so shocked i had to pull over for a minute and regroup myself.

Dream 2: there was a zombie apocolypse, i was getting gas so i could drive away from the zombies. i turn left out of the gas station and go down a hill for about 100 ft. there are 3 construction trucks, with one of those plastic construction fences right behind them, i drive through it and crash my car and run into the woods to get away from the zombies, i see a butterfly, and the dream is over.

About a week later: I was getting gas at the same pump, got in my car, and started to leave. i pull up, look both ways as always, and when i look left, ALL THREE ARE IN THE SAME EXACT FUCKING SPOT, from left to right, a forklift, bulldozer, and the big round flattening thing. i just calmed myself down, and drove home. I put my car in park, turned it off, and as i was reaching for the handle a butterfly fucking landed on my windshield and just chilled there. God i was so scared. About once a month, even if its something little or meaningless, i have a dream that happens that can't be dismissed as a coincidence. And no there was no zombie apocalypse, hence the "95%" coming true .



sunshn913
â€¢ 13y ago

when I was about 6 months pregnant my boyfriend called me and told me he would be working late, I went to bed without him being way too tired to stay awake. At some point in the night I felt him climb into bed next to me and put his arm around me so I snuggled into him and went to sleep. The next morning I woke up early and turned over, he wasn't in the bed. So I got up and figured he was already awake and somewhere in the house, I walked through the house and called his name and couldn't find him. Finally I got my shoes on and went outside to see if maybe he was out there. I found him in our front yard with his best friend cleaning frogs that they had apparently caught to make frog legs. I asked him what time he got home and he told me that he got out around 3 a.m. and when he got home his friend had wanted to go frogging so as soon as he pulled in his friend met him and they left. I laughed and was like yeah right you must have came inside, and he was like "nope". After I realized he was serious and him and his friend were staring at me I felt completely freaked out. I told him that someone had crawled into bed with me that night and even cuddled with me while I fell back asleep. They both stared at me like I was crazy and said he definitely never even came inside. To this day I am still freaked out by that. Who the hell was in my bed?

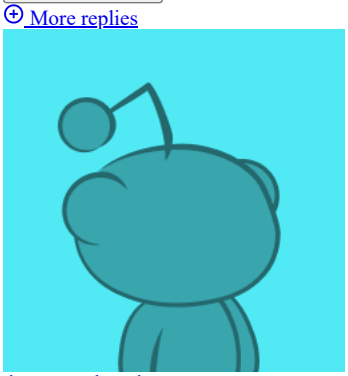
elementofsurprise
â€¢ 14y ago

I am a 4/10 at best, and I banged a 9/10.

⊕ 2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



thermonuclear_hugs
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I almost got shot watching Captain Planet in my living room.

Edit: ok story time. So I was about 5 years old, sitting on the lazyboy in my living room watching a captain planet marathon. You know, living the dream. My house had a pretty big back yard and more houses on the other side of our back yard. Well, part way through one riveting episode I heard a loud crack and felt what seemed like a bottle cap gun going off right behind me. I first thought it was my older brother being an asshole, but finally my 5 year old brain caught on to the fact that it was 1 in the afternoon on a week day, and he was in school. I had no idea what happened, but let my dad know who was equally confused. That's about when he found a bullet hole in the window facing the back yard, the window screen, and finally the bullet lodged in the love seat, about 8 inches in front of where I was sitting. It looked like a .22 IIRC. The cops tried to figure out who did it but the trajectory pointed about halfway up a tree with nothing else around it. I lived in a big suburb too.

1 more reply

1 more reply

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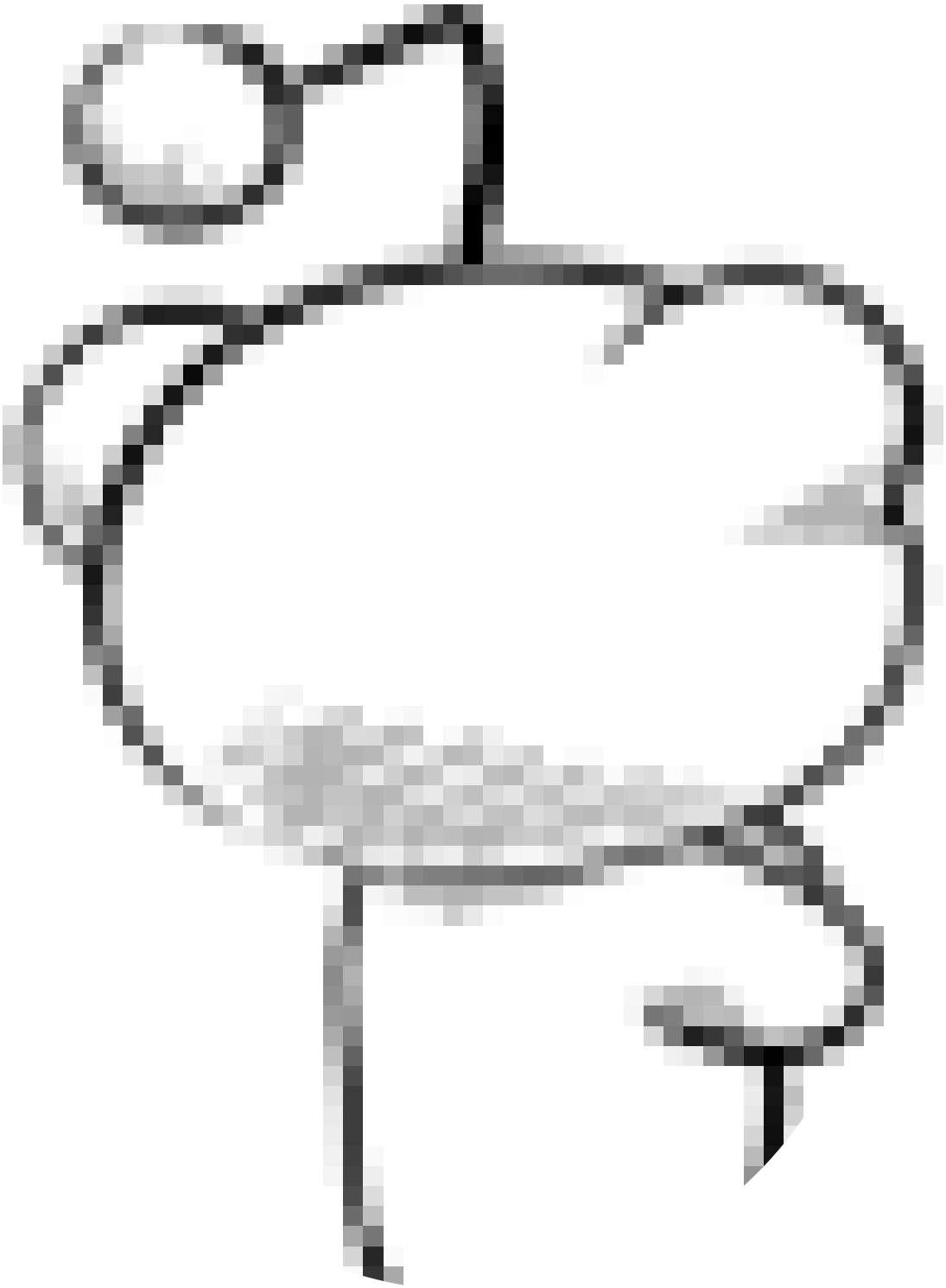

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â€¢ 14y ago

I have either never have anything weird happen to me, or if something happened that I could not immediately explain, I probably just thought about it rationally and promptly forgot about it. The weirdest thing that happens to me is that street lights often go out when I walk by them, but that probably happens to everyone.

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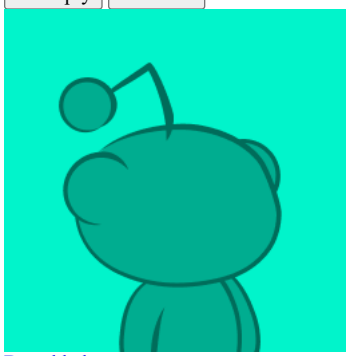

Drewkkake
â€¢ 14y ago

It definitely doesn't happen to me, but apparently it's a thing

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More replies

_emilovely
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I have a similar story to OP! I was home alone one evening, standing in my front doorway which faces west, just looking at the sky and whatnot, and I saw a green light heading toward the horizon with unusual speed. Not necessarily fast or slow, just... strange. Then it stopped in the middle of the air, and shot upward more quickly than before. I was in complete shock, and for some reason my first instinct was to call my friend Jason, who lived thirty minutes east from me. I said 'Dude you won't believe what I just saw!' And he then explained in detail the EXACT same event I had just experienced. He later told me a few of his friends saw the same thing. To this day I have no idea what happened but I'll never forget it.

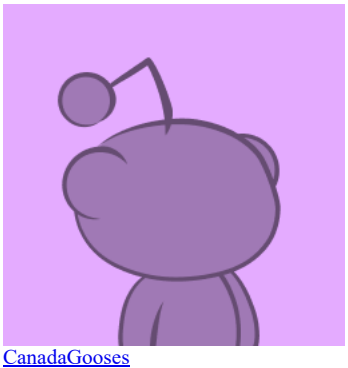
Edit: I have another. I was sleeping in the living room of my ex boyfriends house. He had told me before that unexplainable things had happened there, but I brushed it off as him being a paranoid coke head. Whatever. On this particular night, I woke up and I couldn't move a single muscle, and everything was black. I knew my eyes were open but I couldn't see anything but black. I felt a hand brushing my cheek, and moving hair out of my face. I was finally able to move, and I sat straight up and nobody was there. I called out my boyfriends name but no response. I checked my phone and it was 3AM exactly. Then I heard footsteps pacing upstairs in his bedroom, growing heavier and heavier, and eventually it became stomping. I heard things being knocked over and breaking. Paralyzed with fear I laid down and went back to sleep hoping it had all been a product of my imagination. The next morning I told my boyfriend what I heard and he said he had slept all through the night.

Reply Share

franny611
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 12 or 13, (only a few years back so I remember it vividly) I had an old iMac computer in my room, one of those big lumps. My bed was in the far right corner of my room and my brother's was on the far left corner. By my bed was a rectangular concave, the height of the room, and it went in by around 2 feet, a metre (3-4 feet?). I had my desk in that space to work, and the iMac was under that desk, so in a small dark corner of the room. My brother was staying at a friends house that night and

I was usually pretty scared sleeping alone. It was around 1-2am, I was in bed trying to sleep, fetal position ect. when I here this wretching screaming static/white noise coming from the computer, which was always off and unplugged, and I'm not sure but I may have heard words in the screeching, like emv(I think emv, the ghosts speaking in white noise stuff). I literally jumped out of bed, just sprung, and looked at the computer and it stopped. It lasted 2-3 seconds maybe. I barely slept that night and didn't tell anyone about it till now. Last year or more recently, I saw a thread on /x/ about emv and a similar experience to mine. The person sais their computer was off, it started making the same noise as mine, they unplugged it, it kept going, and then finally stopped, and apparently they heard the word 'ZEBA' or something like that, which was later said to be the name of some demon. So yeah, creepy stuff. TL;DR I was visited by a demon in the form of an apple product.



CanadaGooses
â€¢ 14y ago

I always figured Steve Jobs sold his soul.

⊕ 1 more reply
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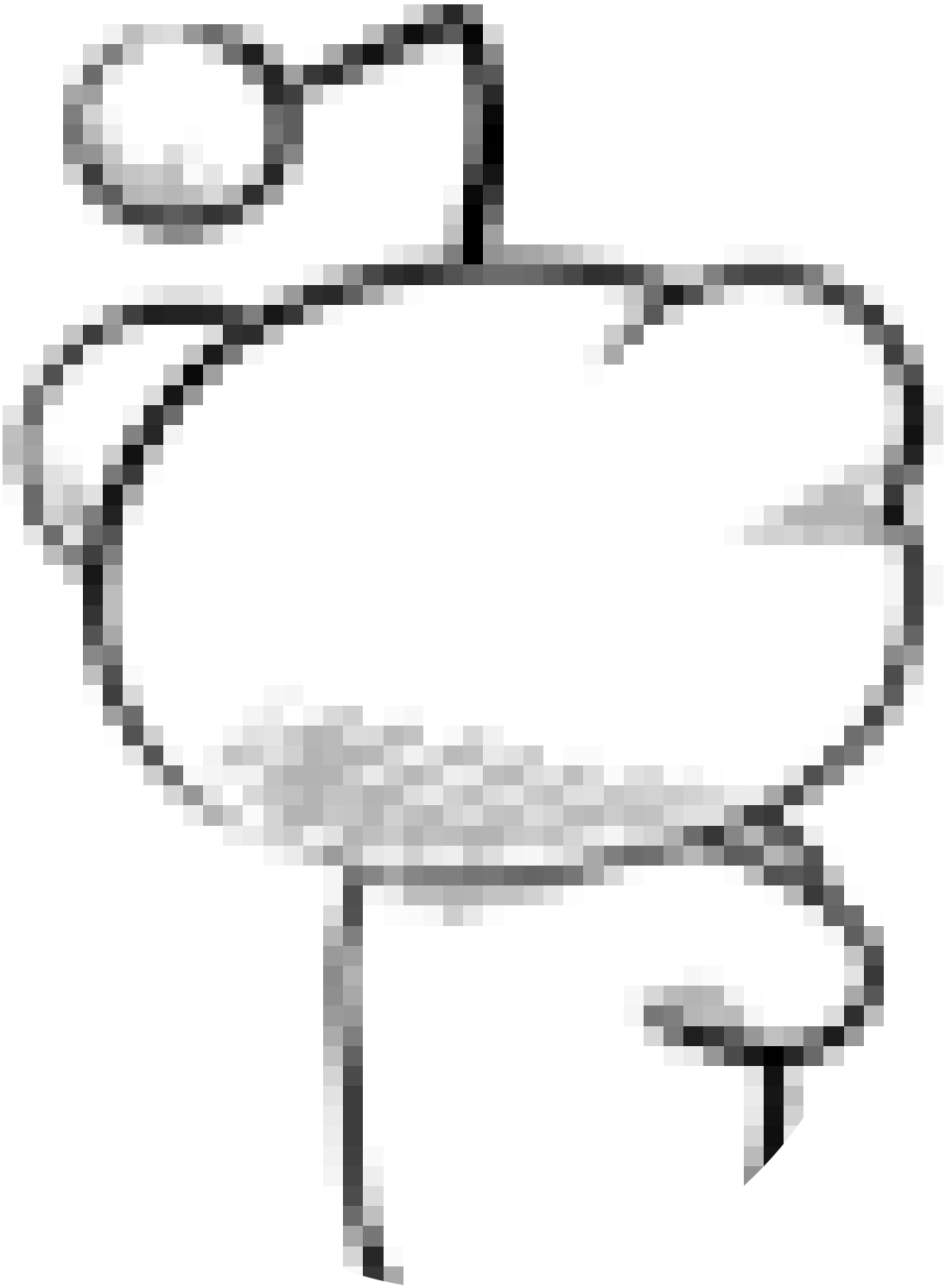
cwm44
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in an alley with a friend and ketchup fell on him.

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies

More replies



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â€¢ 14y ago

I'm really late to the party, but I'll post mine.

I had just turn 13 and gained a whole new set of horomes that appeared to give me what I beleive is "whiney bitch syndrome". Anyways, I got in a stupid arguement with my mum and left the house in a huff, came back 15 mins later. My mum looks shocked. It turns out that a couple of minutes after I left, every piece of glass in her bathroom spotaniously shattered. The shower, the mirror, even the little window, had suddenly exploded. There were no sudden changes in temperature, and no trace of any object that someone could have thrown in. The only thing out of the ordinary was I was feeling annoyed.

Oh, and around the time my sister died, my other sister kept seeing what she called "black winged angels" following her around. I don't know the full story about that one though, just remembered it then. Probably a coping device though.

corpascreon
â€¢ 14y ago

One lonely day, I opened my freezer and found a single ice cube resting by itself on the top counter. In a way, I saw myself in that ice cube and decided to befriend it. Thus, we began to talk everyday. At first our conversations were brief; we simply greeted each other, and I went on with my day.

But on one particular depressed day, I felt so empty from the cynical and pretentious world around me that I jerked opened the freezer door and poured my heart to this ice cube. I told him everything - all my troubles, my worries, my feelings. Ice cube was a good listener, a very good listener. He never interrupted, never showed condescending pity. The whole time, he didn't utter a word, but those moments of understanding silence bonded us in a way I never had with anyone else.

Ice cube and I chatted a lot more after that. He was a very quiet fellow, so it was usually me doing the talking. I related to him my day, my opinion of the news, just about anything that popped in my mind. His composure never displayed boredom. Every day, he would faithfully and patiently listen. And thus, I had believed that I had found a life-long companion.

Unfortunately, here comes the supernatural part. One day, for the first time, I decided to take the ice cube out of the fridge. I wanted to show him my domicile. I showed him my room, my posters, my valuable possessions. I'm sure he was pleased by everything.

Alas, night came. Yet, I was so unwilling to part from ice cube that I decided to keep him on my night stand for the night. I was tired, very tired, and I wanted ice cube by my side as I drift off to slumber.

However, when morning came and the first rays of the sun that cut through the cracks of the blinds of my window awakened me, I was utterly dismayed when I turned to look at my nightstand. Ice cube was... gone! Simply gone. Vanished. Instead, all that was left was a puddle of water.

To this day, I still can't explain how ice cube simply disappeared. A paranoid part of me keeps telling me that ice cube was sick of my presence and left me. Another idea that gnawed my mind was that someone stole ice cube. Was he valuable enough to steal? He was definitely precious to me. For the longest time, I was distraught. I even hated ice cube because I had loved him too much. The mere thought of him burns, and I miss him dearly.

Now, sometimes I open the fridge to see if he's there. Sometimes I do see ice cubes, but it's never the same. Ice cube, if you're somehow out there, I wish you the best of luck.

TL;DR - An ice cube I set on my nightstand at night mysteriously disappeared the next day.

Reply Share

stephwilson
â€¢ 14y ago

Wh.. What?

Reply Share

RogueOfHeart33
â€¢ 14y ago

I laughed a lot more than I should have at this story. Upvote for the few puns in there.

Reply Share

Crotch_Attack
â€¢ 13y ago

Haha! Please write more of these.

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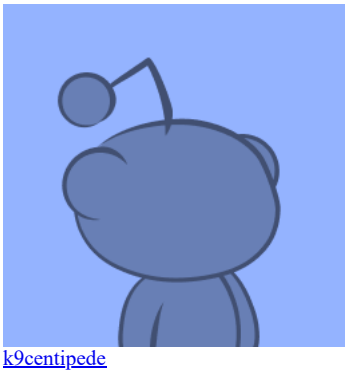
Maletal
â€¢ 14y ago

Once upon a time I was at a friend's house on a nice little farm. We had a dungeons & dragons group assembled there because our usual spot for running games was unavailable for some reason or other. Me and two of the guys went to look in the barn and his mum's vet office adjacent to find somewhere we could set up.

We walk into the office, look around a bit, decide we'd rather set up somewhere else, and about 5 feet from the door I'm suddenly struck with this immense 'pressure' or something. My ears are ringing and shit feels kind of far away and I say some combination of the words "fuck" "jesus" "shit" or "god" as I fall to my knees. The feeling passes pretty quickly, and I feel really shaken.

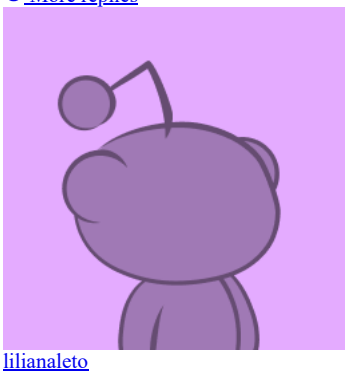
I have no idea what happened or why. I imagine in another time people would explain it as the place being haunted or some asshole witch cursing me. The more rational (but equally baseless) explanation I could come up with is that my brain suddenly decided it didn't like me and decided to try and off me by exploding or something.



k9centipede
â€¢ 14y ago

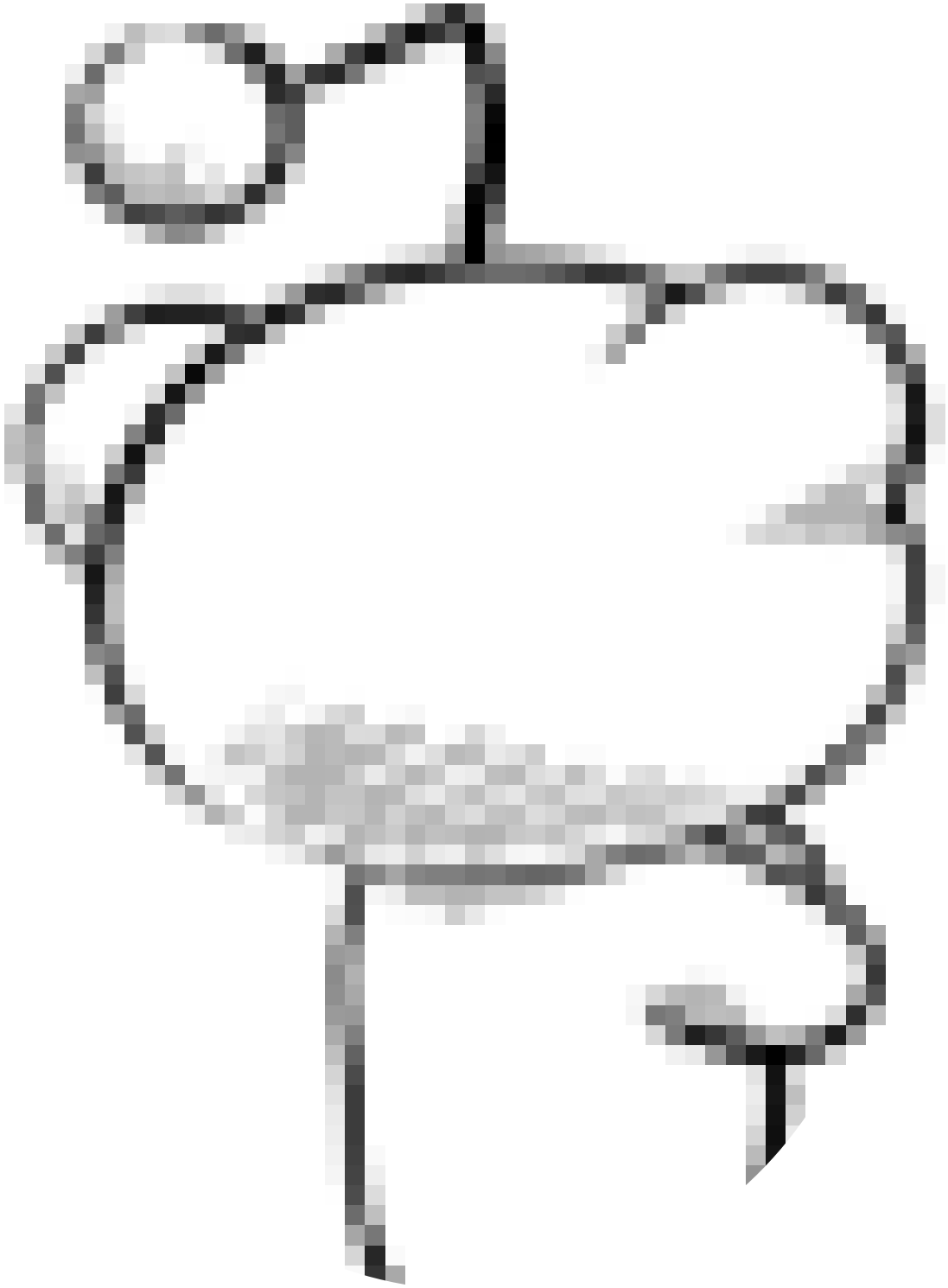
Google "exploding head syndrom"

More replies



lilianaleto
â€¢ 14y ago

My family and I were doing a light house tour and we were at one lighthouse. Before starting the tour they led us into the main room or what would have been the living room of the light house. There were folding chairs there and the tour group sits down in the chairs while the guide goes over the history of the area and the lighthouse. So me, my family and the other people are sitting in the chairs and I am like, 14? at this point. And I look over to where the stairs that lead up to the main lighthouse are and there is a girl. I can draw this little girl. I saw her so clearly and she was wearing like a light blue, 1940's style dress. Maybe 6 years old. And I looked away for one second and then when I looked back she was gone. I searched for her for the whole rest of the tour and I never saw her again. At the end I asked the tour guide if there were any little girls around and he said no. So either I saw a ghost, a little girl managed to hide in a tiny lighthouse or I hallucinated in the middle of the day and have never done so again.



tophat_jones
â€¢ 14y ago

Back in college I was driving on a lonesome stretch of Texas road in the wee hours of the morning. Suddenly a bright green light filled the cab of my truck for a brief moment. I'm fairly certain it was a meteor, but the story would be cooler if I just

NotQuiteVoltaire
â€¢ 14y ago

- ...blacked out and woken up 4 weeks later with a sore rear-end and a funny taste in my mouth (turn to page 107)
- ...took another hit of meth and floored it (turn to page 71)

1 more reply
1 more reply

⊕ More replies

glitter_box
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm a little late to the party, but this one tends to freak out the people who believe me when they hear it.

I was in kindergarten in 2001 (yes, I know, a 17 year old redditor is frowned upon, but whatever). I was in the pm group so I didn't have to go in till about 12. Anyways, I was really bored that morning, so my mom told me to go pick a coloring book off a shelf. I came back with one of those coloring/activity books. It was titled "A Day in New York". I worked my way through the pages and eventually got to one where you had to write words that rhymed with cat in all the windows of the twin towers. I got to work and was about half way done when my dad called and frantically told my mom to turn on the TV and watch the news. I looked up from what I had been busily working on all morning to see what I was then told were the twin towers exploding.

Probably just a huge coincidence, but it's always freaked me out a little bit.

Reply Share

beachhole
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

When I was still in high-school me and my friends would spend the weekends at the beach. We were fond bud smokers, so we would find a spot up in the mangroves and sea grape trees to get shade and away from anyone who might see us.

Well during our sophomore year we find a pretty kick ass spot that no one else has really seemed to found yet. We set up there and partied for the whole weekend. After the week of school, we were ready to go back to our spot and start partying again. This time, there was something strange. Someone had dug a hole in the area. No big deal, we set up some chairs and get to toking. I actually took a picture of us some buddies sitting in the hole when we went there that time. Here it is with the faces removed: Picture

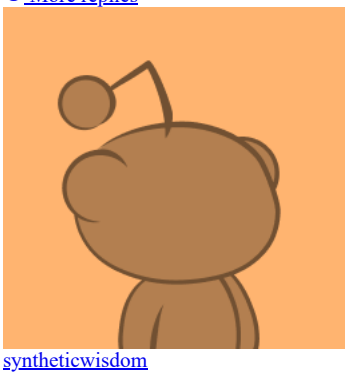
Party the whole weekend and come back the next. The hole is filled in, but it is obvious that it was there. We set up everything and start partying again. Friday goes over fine. Saturday, we go back and notice more of the hole has been filled in. The four of us were getting really curious of this, and we decided to start digging. After about 15 minutes of digging with our hands we started to find something. Couldn't tell what it was exactly, but as my buddy lifted it out of the top layer of sand it was clear that he had just dug up some person's leg. We sat there for a split second, gave each other a look of "Did that really just fucking happen?" and picked our shit up and went back to the car without saying anything.

I still talk to two of these guys, and they swear they had nothing to do with it. I don't know if it was a prank or what, but I don't know what happened. I haven't been back to the beach since that Saturday, and I don't ever intend to.

lilzilla
â€¢ 14y ago

WTF why didn't you call the cops? A human leg buried in the sand is not a "prank", it's a fucking crime scene!

More replies



syntheticwisdom
â€¢ 14y ago

I enjoyed reading this thread and there were a few things that may well be unexplained. That said, am I the only one that notices the trend of almost every story either being a. About someone else, b. Happening while intoxicated, c. Happening while asleep, d. Happening when they were young and inexperienced in the world so their brains just rationalized what they saw the best it could?

3 more replies
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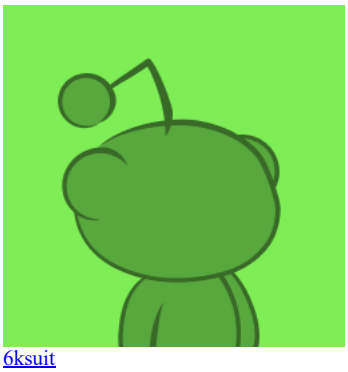
HeisenbergWhitman
â€¢ 14y ago

This girl said she thought I was attractive. And she didn't seem to be lying. Still haven't been able to wrap my head around that.



6ksuit
â€¢ 14y ago

Used to be married. As a wedding present, we got two sets of matching flatware. After a few months, one of the spoons went missing. We scoured the house, every nook and cranny, racked our brains to figure out if we ever took this spoon out of our home, and couldn't think up anything. It was just gone. No explanation. Never saw it again.

Years later, divorced, move across the country and into a studio apartment. Buy a set of flatware. Less then a week later, a spoon is gone. Missing. The apartment is too tiny for it to be hidden somewhere, and I KNOW that I never took it out of the apartment. It's just gone. Never saw it again.

I'm haunted by a ghost that loves spoons.

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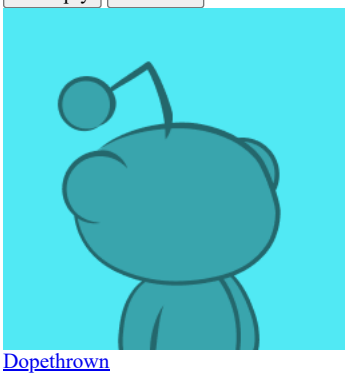

Dopethrown
â€¢ 14y ago

There's a few. One is, in my old dorm room whenever I'd leave my laptop open after I left, my lap top would be closed. I had a room mate but it would only happen when he was away for the weekend or something. I thought of turning my webcam on whenever I left the room but I was too afraid of what I'd find.

Reply Share

Maikudono
â€¢ 14y ago

After work one night (around 1 am) I was hanging out with some friends. The drunk older brother of one of my friends asks us if we want to see some ghosts. So we all piled into his suburban and drove to a local cemetery. We get around to the back side of the cemetery, park, and wait. After a couple of minutes of us making ghost jokes the drunk older brother rolls down the window and shouts "COME ON YOU FUCKING GHOST! YOU ARE MAKING ME LOOK BAD! Not 10 seconds after he said that all the lights in the vehicle slowly dim off. The headlights, the inside lights, even the glow and the dark stickers on the A/C dial. I smack the driver in the back of the head and tell him to knock it off. Both of his hands go above his head and says "I swear it wasn't me!" The older brother has this drunk ass smile on his face and wide eyes and says "I told you there was ghosts!" We start getting freaked out and proceed to leave. About 5 blocks away all the lights slowly started to come back. The further away we got the more they came back. We are all looking at each other to see if anyone could be messing with the lights. As far as I know that specific vehicle couldn't do that.

So yeah, TL:DR I think I had a ghost encounter.

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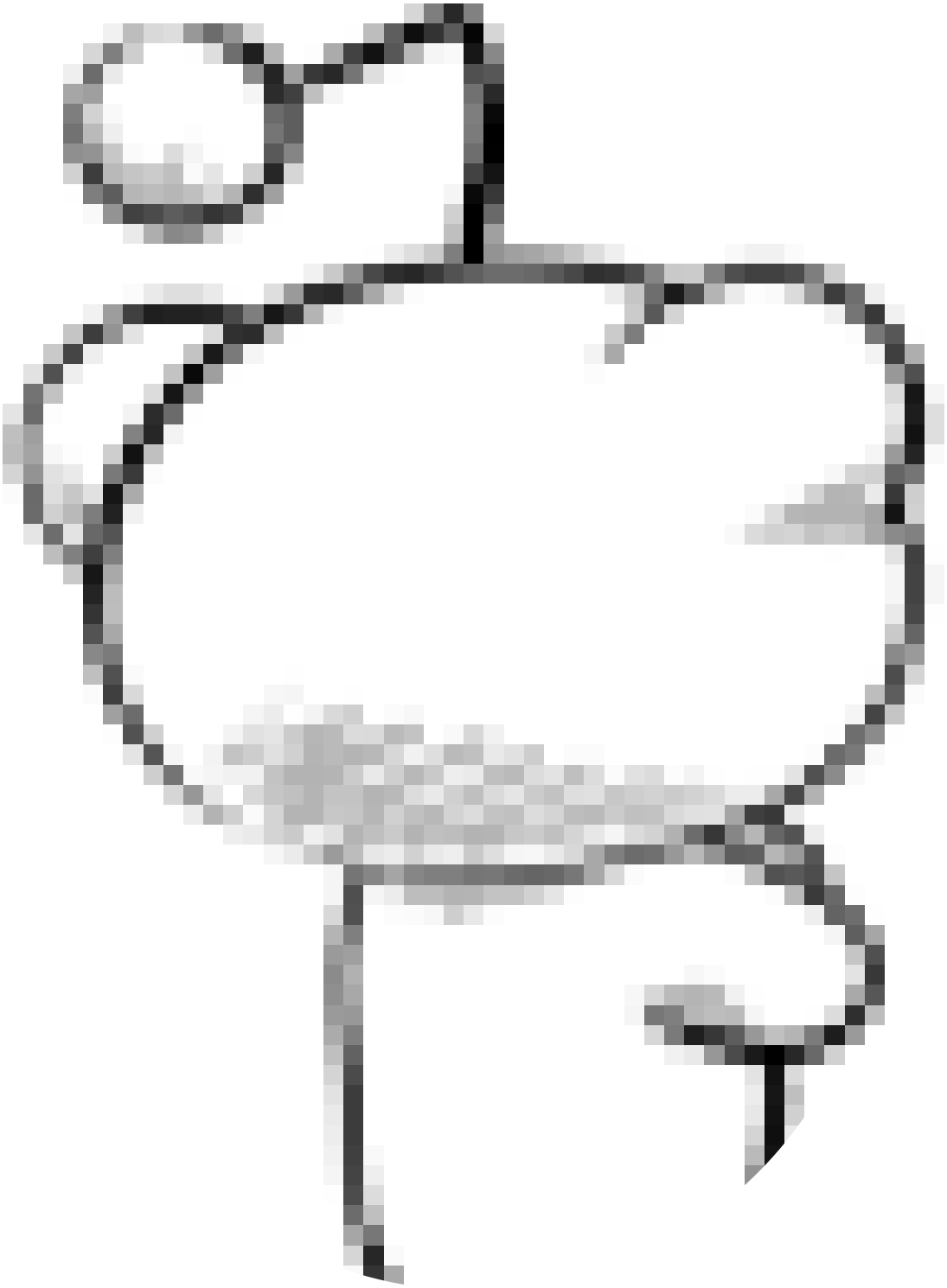
JWrundle
â€¢ 14y ago

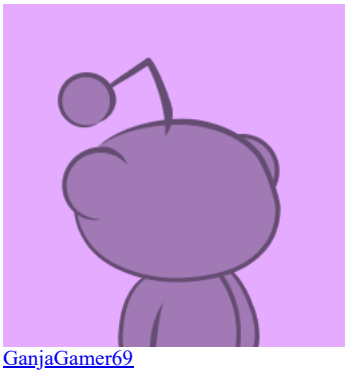
Ooo Boy my first year out of the dorms in college we moved into one of the oldest houses in town built by either the first mayor or one of the first judges of the town. Anyway I was the first to spend the night there I lived in the basement and I woke up in the middle of the night and i heard foot steps on the hardwood floors i was a bit freaked out so I went upstairs with a nine iron to explore. Nobody was there so I went up the the top floor and once again no one was there. I was heading downstairs brushing it all off as a dream when a SLIDING FUCKING DOOR IN THE HOUSE FUCKING CLOSED!!! I was really freaked out but shook it off. Though out the next two years Every person who lived with me heard foot steps on the main floor when they were home alone. Weird shit.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I was about 12, visiting my Grandmother's house in Utah. It was a large house, but there were always enough visitors to make some people have to sleep in areas not really meant for sleeping. At Christmas, all my cousins and I slept in the basement in sleeping bags, but during the summer, my sister, mother and I would sleep out on the deck. My mother was allergic to the animals in the house, and my sister and I just enjoyed the outdoors and didn't want her to be alone.

This summer night, I was the only one still awake. I just lay there looking at the stars, watching satellites as they slowly crawled across the sky. And then I saw something I really can't explain. It was a circle of lights (I think six of them), spinning. It moved slowly into view, and after observing it for a few seconds it just darted off. I have never seen anything like it again, I have have only told a handful of people about what I saw. I sometimes wonder if I really saw anything, but it just seemed so vivid.



GanjaGamer69
â€¢ 14y ago

There's only one somewhat eerie story I can think of that has happened to me.

Throughout my childhood, I had a series of nightmares about a troll-like man who would stalk me. He had light green skin and freakishly long fingers. In all of my dreams, this creep would just stand there and follow me with his eyes.

In one particularly scary nightmare, he finally grabbed me while in a classroom at school and I woke up screaming and swearing that I could feel his hands grabbing at my sides.

These dreams have always stuck with me for one reason or another, although I never, ever tell anyone about them. As a kid, I always felt that I only made them more real if told someone about them.

That was why it freaked me out so much when my girlfriend of 3 years told me she was having night terrors that sounded identical to what I experienced when I was younger. I never told her about any of this. I'm sure it's just a coincidence, but she described every detail about him and even had the same exact dream about the classroom.

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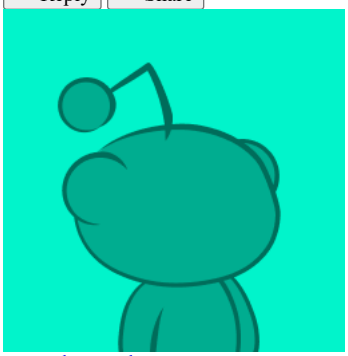

mmmcheesecake
â€¢ 14y ago

I was probably in 6th or 7th grade when this happened. It was night, I walked out of room (which was upstairs). I opened my room door looked ahead of me (my room overlooked the downstairs living room. we had large windows along the wall of our living room) and saw my reflection in the window. But in the reflection, I saw this thing behind me.. Hovering kind of.. Like big wings behind me. So I turn around to see what it was. Nothing was there, so I look back at the window to see my reflection, and the wing looking thing was gone. Still dont know what it was.. Another thing was junior year in high school when I was writing an essay for a timed paper in class. I was writing away. Everything on my paper made sense and I ended up getting a decent grade. However, while writing my paper, I actually didn't know what I was writing and I could see myself hovering over my body while I was writing my paper. I wasn't focusing on my paper at all but on how weird it was that I could see myself. It was weird and I dont know how else to explain it or what was going on..

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

thebakergirl
â€¢ 14y ago

I have never been able to -not- know who's calling me.

My phone has a shitty caller ID that doesn't actually work half the time, just displays the number and I am horrible for numbers. Now, I usually just pick up and about 80% of the time, it's who I anticipated.

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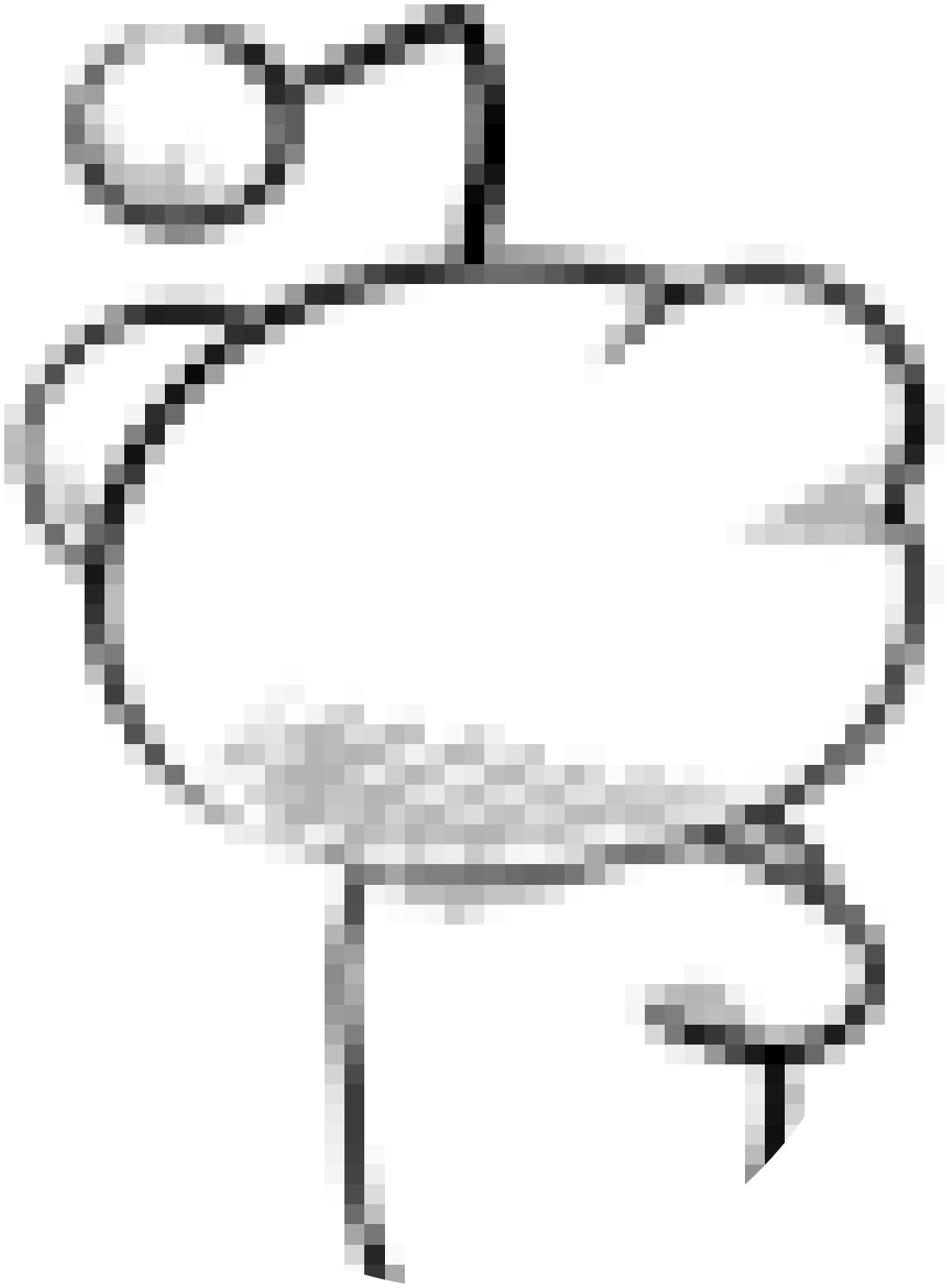

Mamadog5
â€¢ 14y ago

I lived in a house that was built in 1870. It was a huge, 2 story brick house. The house was the subject of local children's tales...they said that on certain days of the year the walls would bleed and stuff like that. I never bought into any of that, but every single time I showed someone around that house, they would get creeped out in exactly the same place. Many different people at many different times and it was always in that one location where they would go "Oooo, I don't like it here, it's creepy!".

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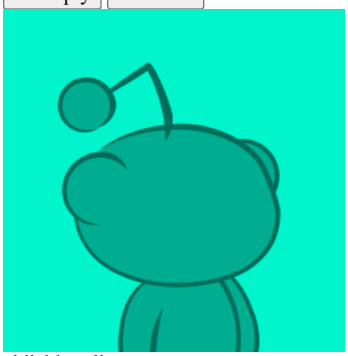

eldiablopollo
â€¢ 14y ago

I live in Florida, and 2 years ago, my best friend at the time, and I, decided we wanted to take our girlfriends(at the time), camping. His grandmother lives in Dunellon, on the outskirts of Goethe Forest, and he'd always wanted to camp there. According to him, this place had a reputation of people committing suicide, and satanic rituals being held. We wanted to camp there for the thrill. Well we went for a hike around midnight, no big deal, drive up to the nearby cemetery, and head back. Well, our flashlights are starting to die, and everyone's hungry, so being the lazy teenagers we were, we drove into town and got food at a local Sonic, and flashlights at Wal-Mart. We get back to the campsite at around 2 a.m, I step out of the truck, and suddenly this feeling of dread overwhelms me, and I get chills. He wants to just go to his tent and sleep because he's tired, but the girls and I are FREAKED OUT, without any real explanation. The one thing I really remember, is the whole time we were in that forest, as with any forest, we could hear noise, whether it be crickets, a breeze through the branches at the tops of the trees, a small critter in the underbrush, a bird, just your normal sounds of the forest. When we got back, it was dead silent, not a sound to be heard. We ended up cramped in a 1998 Ford Explorer in the Wal-Mart parking lot that night. Things got progressively worse the next day as well and didn't get better until we left and went tubing at a about 60 miles north of Goethe.

On a similar note, the same friend and I went for a walk from his grandma's house, into the woods around it(which happen to be a part of Goethe), we ended up sitting down and relaxing cause we hadn't slept the night before. We were sitting there talking, and crows started circling directly above us, and when we left and got back to house, an hour and a half had passed, despite it only feeling like, 30 minutes. He also dozed off for a few minutes, and said that when he woke up, his vision was in black and white for some unknown reason, and returned to normal after a minute or 2.

Reply Share

musicmaj
â€¢ 14y ago

The weirdest thing was when 5 of my friends and I went camping when we were about 18. We left our campsite as the sun was going down, and hiked down to the lake. I remember my twin pointed to this weird tree that looked like somebody had carved eyes into it, and had branches hanging down past these eyes and so another friend deemed this the "Cthulhu tree". We were all being idiots and making up stories about this "Cthulhu tree" and asking each other what we'd do if the world ended because it came alive, when suddenly I look over the top of the trees, and see this fucking weird black cloud. I just point and freeze, and my friends look, and this thing, the only way it could be described was like the black cloud thing from LOST. It just starts moving about the top of the trees rapidly, but not dispersing like smoke would, just moving in a single, black mass. We all saw it. None of us had been drinking or under the influence of anything. We all completely froze in place, until it was gone, and then promptly got the fuck out of there.

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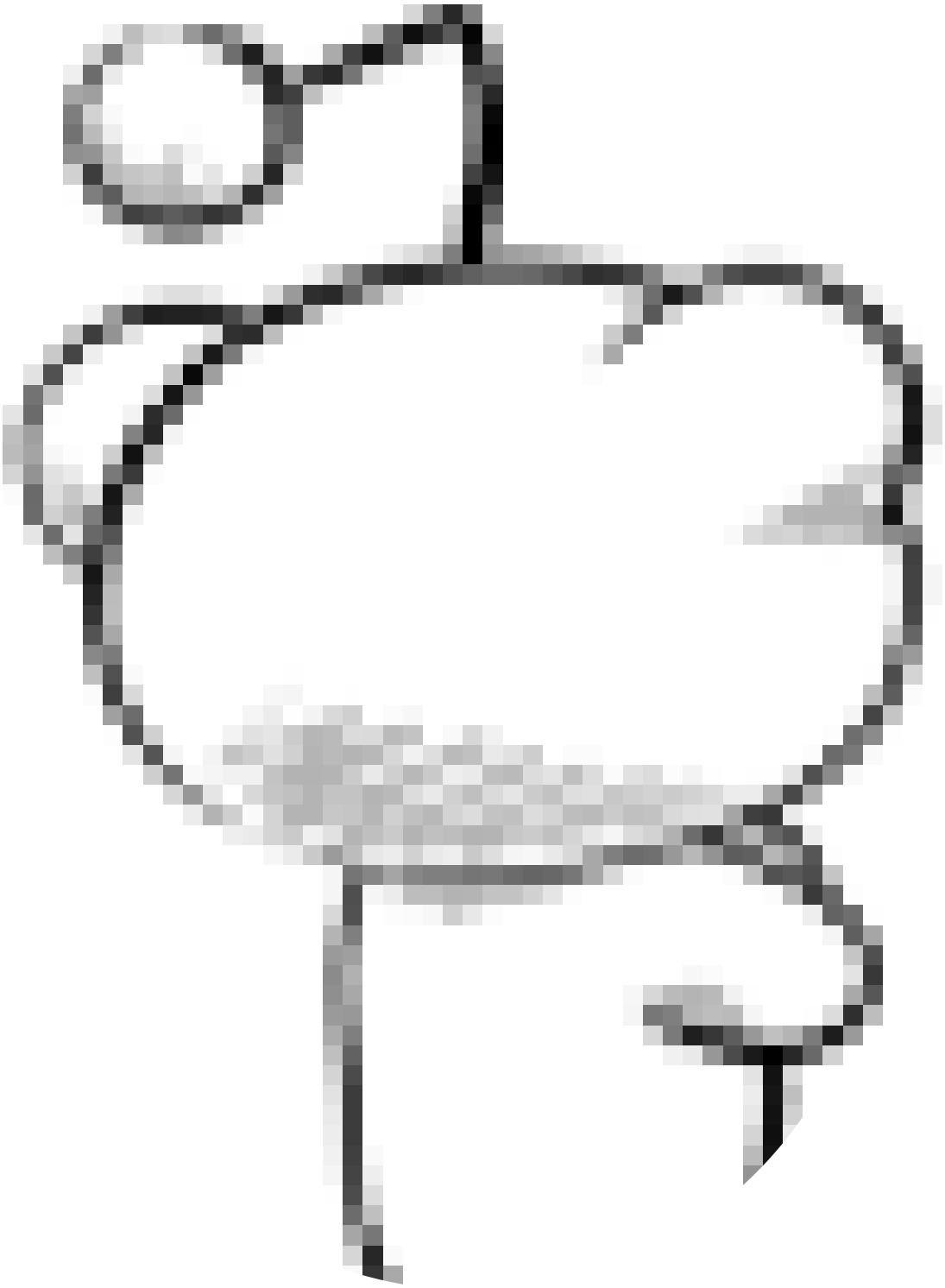

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in A school and had a dream about saying goodbye to my grandfather and him telling me he was proud of me. I woke up to a phone call from my Mom saying he had died in the night.

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gamgeestar
â€¢ 14y ago

Why do the top three stories (as of now) take place in the Pacific Northwest?

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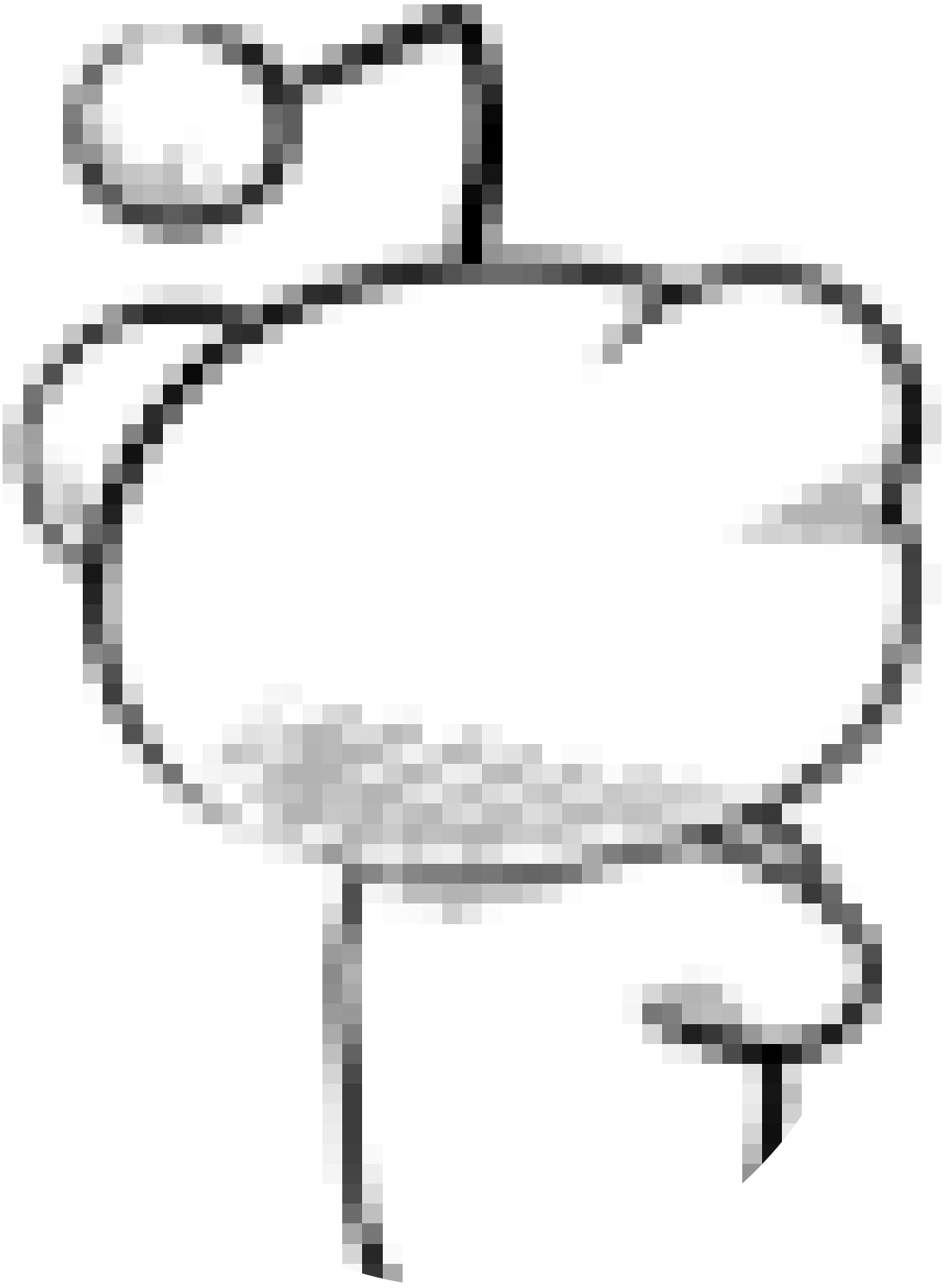

Taodeist
â€¢ 14y ago

You know where the x-files was filmed right?

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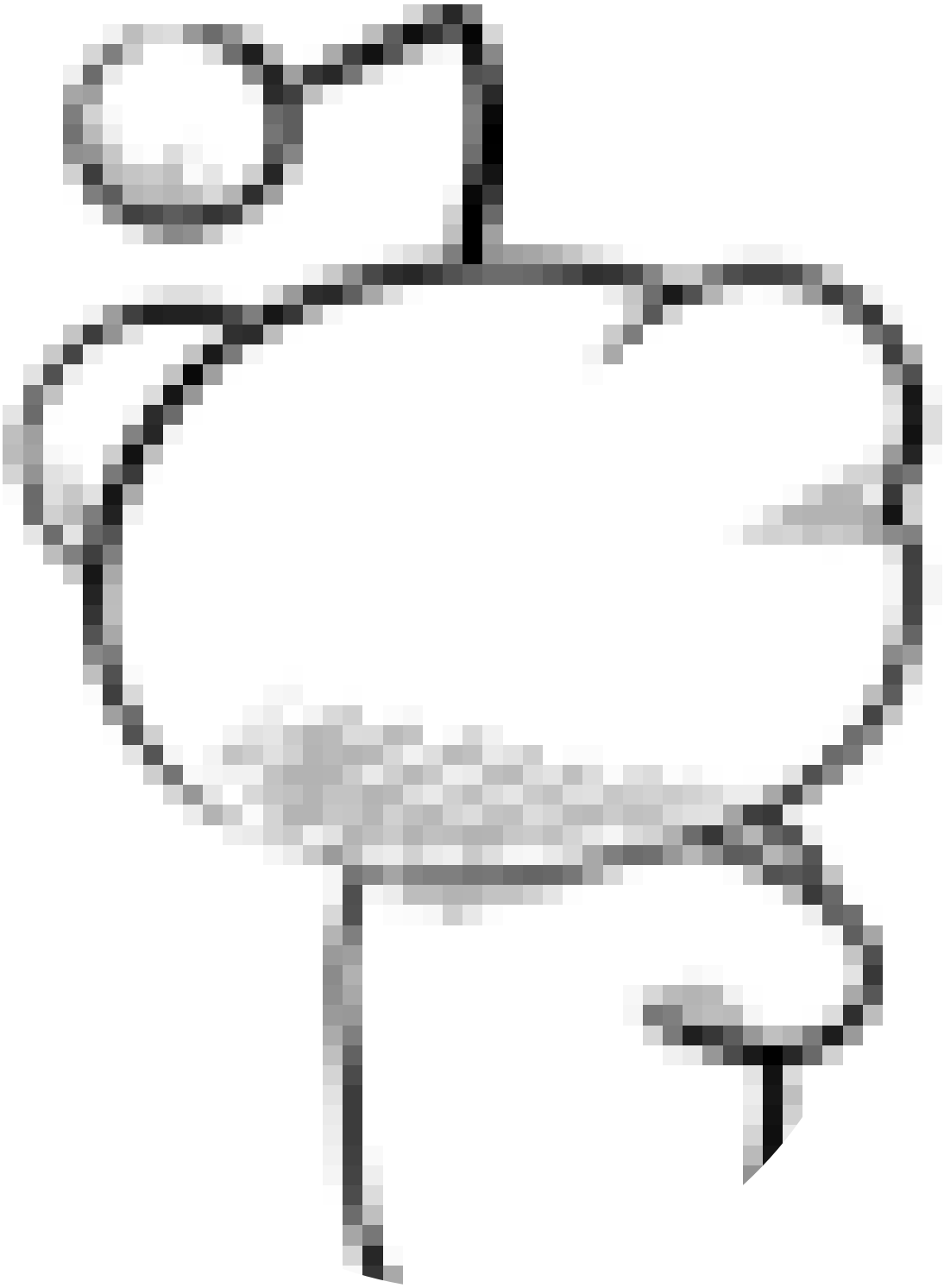

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â€¢ 14y ago

Not me but my mother.

I come from a family of 4 kids. Three brothers, one sister. My two younger brothers are nutcases. Constantly getting injured.

Anyway. My father thought it would be a great idea to buy a go kart. My area of the city didn't have anywhere to really ride it, but we could get away with it in the middle of a park.

This, notably, was a few years before cellphones were common. So no real communication between kids and parents was possible like it is now.

Anyway.

So my younger brother is screaming around the track in this go kart as always. But he take a turn too sharp and flips the bitch. As a result of not wearing a seatbelt he gets pinned underneath the thing and breaks his arm. The engine block got all the oil turned around so its pouring smoke and the kid can't move.

My mother, at this time, was driving home from work. And she just *knew*. No communication with anyone, nothing. But she stepped on the gas, raced home, came bursting through the doors and said "WHATS WRONG WITH JOSH."

I had no idea what had happened at this point, and we only found out later about his injuries.

I'm as sceptical about this shit as anyone. But hand on heart, this is how it went down. Mom blamed it on some "bond" between mother and child. I just thought it was coincidence.

I report, you decide, I guess.

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RonPaulTwenty16
â€¢ 14y ago

This is on behalf of my grandfather, but every time he tells this story I get the chills. He was district elder for the my church back in the 1970s. His area he covered was everything west of Missouri. He was in Montana with an apostle in the church, a priest and the priests wife. They were making house visits because many people didn't have one of our churches very close to where they lived. It's about 10pm and they are driving back to the priests house which is a couple hour drive. In Montana there are many two lane roads without speed limits. This being said the apostle was driving the car going what my grandad claims is about 95mph. They come up over a hill and about 50 feet in front of them is a tractor trailer fish tailed across the entire road. My grandfather says " lord here we come." The next second he can see see the truck about 200 feet behind him. The driver of the car pulled over on the side of the road and there they sat for the next 30 minutes in silence.

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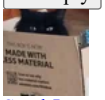

StephJamz
â€¢ 14y ago

I can never figure out why the occasional street lamps will inexplicably turn off right as you walk under it. One lamp in particular on the street I lived on in college would blink out about 1/3 of the times I would be walking home at night. It was very very creepy.

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sculder17
â€¢ 14y ago

haha why are these stories all in the northwest? well i have one more. i was living in south King County a few years back, and my cousin and i were hanging out (not drinking/ smoking, etc.) and it was a completely clear night. it was about 1am, and we stepped outside for a smoke, when we both saw an enormous greenish flash in the sky. we thought it was lightning, but there was no thunder, and there was no discernible bolts, it looked as if the lights were just giant explosions. we both looked at each other, for affirmation that we both just saw that, and then again about 4 or 5 more times in rapid succession (within about 10 seconds) the light again. we both jumped into his car, and started following the lights, they would appear randomly every 10 to 15 minutes, we drove for a good 40 minutes, when we noticed a FLEET of helicopters, flying toward the lights, from all directions some big, some small. and as we were getting closer there were roadblocks, with police, saying that the area was under construction. so we drove up a hill and watched. Never did find out what that was, but i felt like i was on a real adventure at the time :D

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nu-yi
â€¢ 14y ago

In 8th grade, I was a huge fan of taco bell. A friend and I would often ride our longboards down to the local taco bell and get cheesy gordita crunches, crunchwrap supremes, and other horrible shit.

So one day I ride down and walk inside, leaving my longboard on a bench right outside the door. Before ordering my food, my dad calls me. I answer the phone, and he asks me if I'm okay. His speech is rushed, and he sounds concerned. I'm a little confused -- I say "Yeah, I'm fine." I order my food, and go outside to wait. My longboard is gone. My longboard was super important to me, so I get super emotional and call my dad. I tell him about my stolen longboard, and he tells me that he knew something bad had happened, which is why he had called earlier.

Not a crazy story (some of these stories are fucking ridiculous), kinda weird though.

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Sharkinu
â€¢ 14y ago

All the events in my life obey the laws of thermodynamics :(Nothing unusual or unexplainable.

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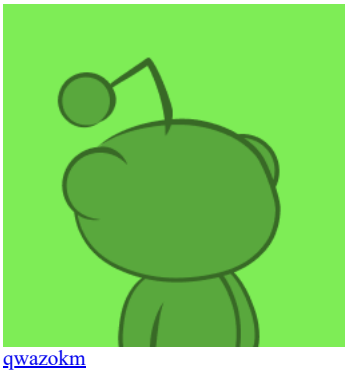

qwazokm
â€¢ 14y ago

I need to come back in the morning. I do not want to keep fucking reading this stuff at 3:40 AM. This whole post is freaking me out something fierce...

Reply Share

robspeaks
â€¢ 14y ago

I have an amazing I-called-that sports story that defies explanation.

(warning: may contain baseball)

October, 2008. The Phillies are playing the Dodgers in the NLCS. I'm watching the game with five members of my immediate family. In the middle of the game, the Phillies were losing and their pitcher was about to come to the plate. Someone in my family suggested they should bring in Matt Stairs to pinch-hit. I said something along the lines of "No, they're saving him for later. He's going to win the game with a homer." I would repeat this claim several times.

At the end of the Phillies half of the seventh inning, the Phils were still losing and another member of the family was getting nervous. I said "Next inning, Stairs is gonna crush one. Watch."

In the eighth inning, the Phillies tied the game. The pitcher's spot was on-deck. I alerted everyone to this fact. I said Carlos Ruiz would get on base, then Stairs would come in as a pinch-hitter. Ruiz singled. Stairs came off the bench. At this point, my family is trying to decide if they're freaked out or not. I've been predicting this exact scenario for an hour.

Stairs watches a couple pitches go by. Before the next pitch, I literally got up out off the couch, walked over to the TV, and said "I'm standing up for this home run." I turned my back to the TV and put my arms in air.

[Then this happened] (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RcunFrSEGHU)

I stood there, motionless, with my arms in the air and the stupidest grin on my face. My brother was screaming because the Phillies were now winning (keep in mind, this is 2008, we hadn't won a championship yet, this was kind of a big deal). My parents were confused. My sisters were scared.

I have five witnesses, all living. It was one of the greatest moments of my life.

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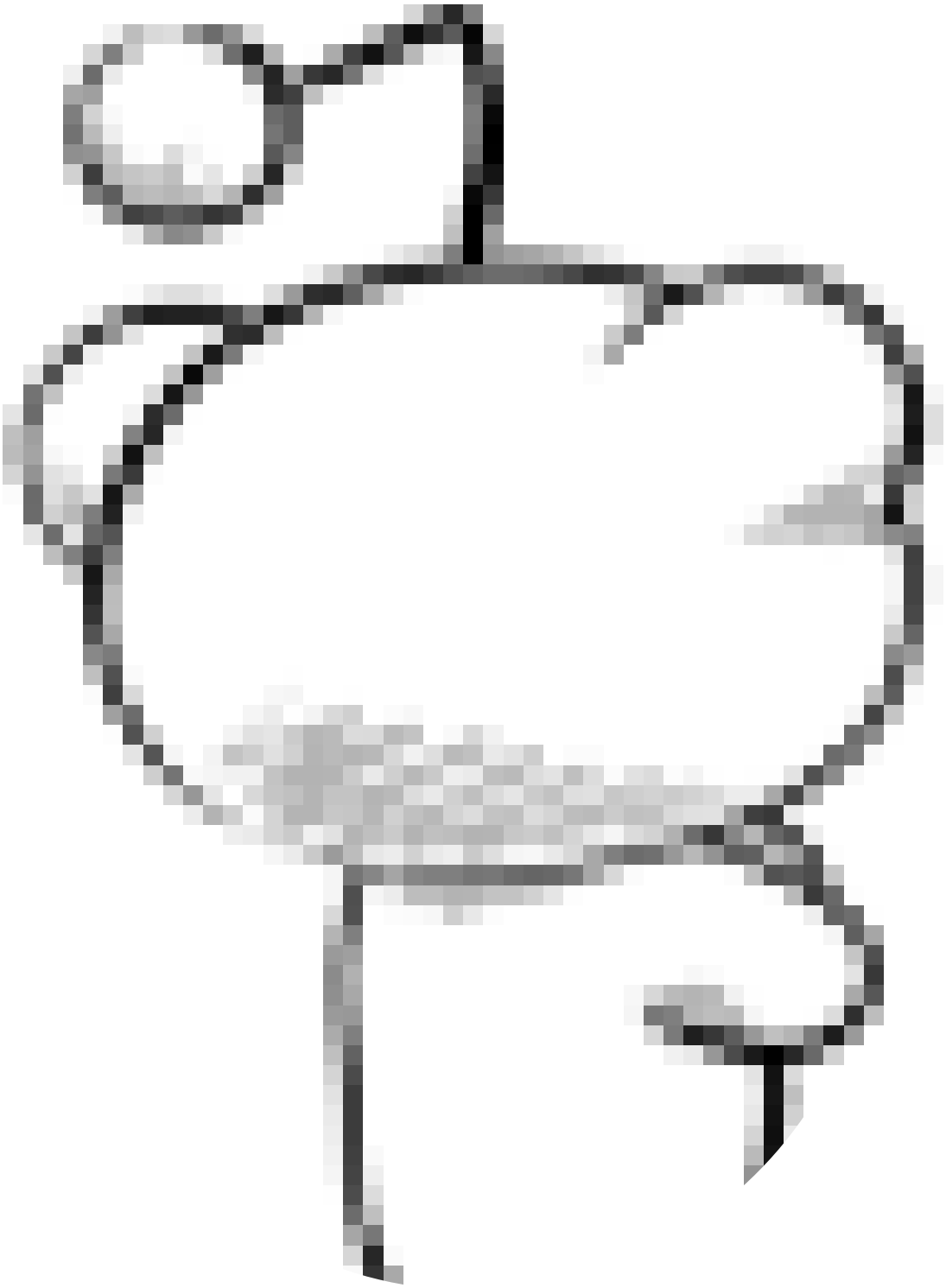

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â€¢ 14y ago

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Raincoats_George
â€¢ 14y ago

Ive posted this before and people seem to think it was just wild animals or something but Ill share it again.

I was camping with some friends on my buddies secluded property. At the time all that was there was a camper and a small lake. We went up to get drunk and smoke weed and up to that point nothing special had happened. Around 1 am while we are all fucked up sitting around the fire, all at once the woods around us just erupt with what I can only describe as monkey cackling and howling. Now Ive heard people say it was everything from foxes to birds but I swear it was the exact same thing as when you go into the zoo where they keep all the smaller monkeys and they start going nuts. The thing is there was silence and then bam, the loudest cackling noise that literally surrounded us. We fucking shat brix and all ran into the camper to hide. My friend who owned the property ran up into the woods after it stopped and searched around but found nothing.

Im sure it was some sort of family of animals but still it was horrifying as fuck and unlike anything ive ever experienced. The best part about it is later on my friend told us that when they bought the land there was an old destroyed house on the property. They went inside and it was completely destroyed except they found a nasty matress on the ground, signs that someone had been staying there, and little girl panties stuck into the wall with knives. Also they found all of the components to make a still in the woods surrounding the property.

2 more replies

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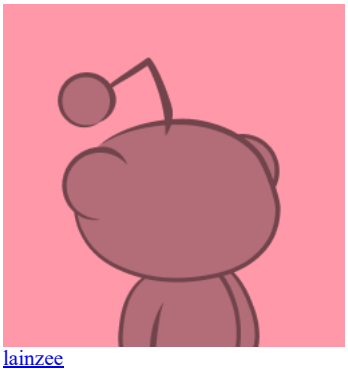
Gangringo
â€¢ 14y ago

Once, when I was in the third grade I was walking across the playground looking at the ground when I got the sudden urge to stop. There was nothing in my way and I was in the middle of a generally featureless expanse of asphalt. Not a second after I stopped a piece of bird crap landed exactly where I would have been if I'd kept walking.

Not too exciting but to this day I can't explain it.



lainzee
â€¢ 14y ago

I was very close to my grandmother on my dad's side. We lived next-door to her, she put me on the bus every morning while my parents went to work, she made dinner for us a couple nights a week.

Well, for Christmas my family had the same ritual every year. We would go to my mom's parent's house for Christmas Eve, have dinner there, and exchange presents with my aunts, uncles, and cousins then go home. Christmas morning we would open our presents from our parents and Santa, and then walk over to my dad's mom's house and have cheese and crackers and exchange gifts with her.

She passed away when I was in college. One day she was fine, the next day she was passed out in her bathroom and had to be taken to the hospital. They never figured out what happened to her and she was never really lucid after whatever happened. She hung on for like four or five months in the hospital and then passed away in May.

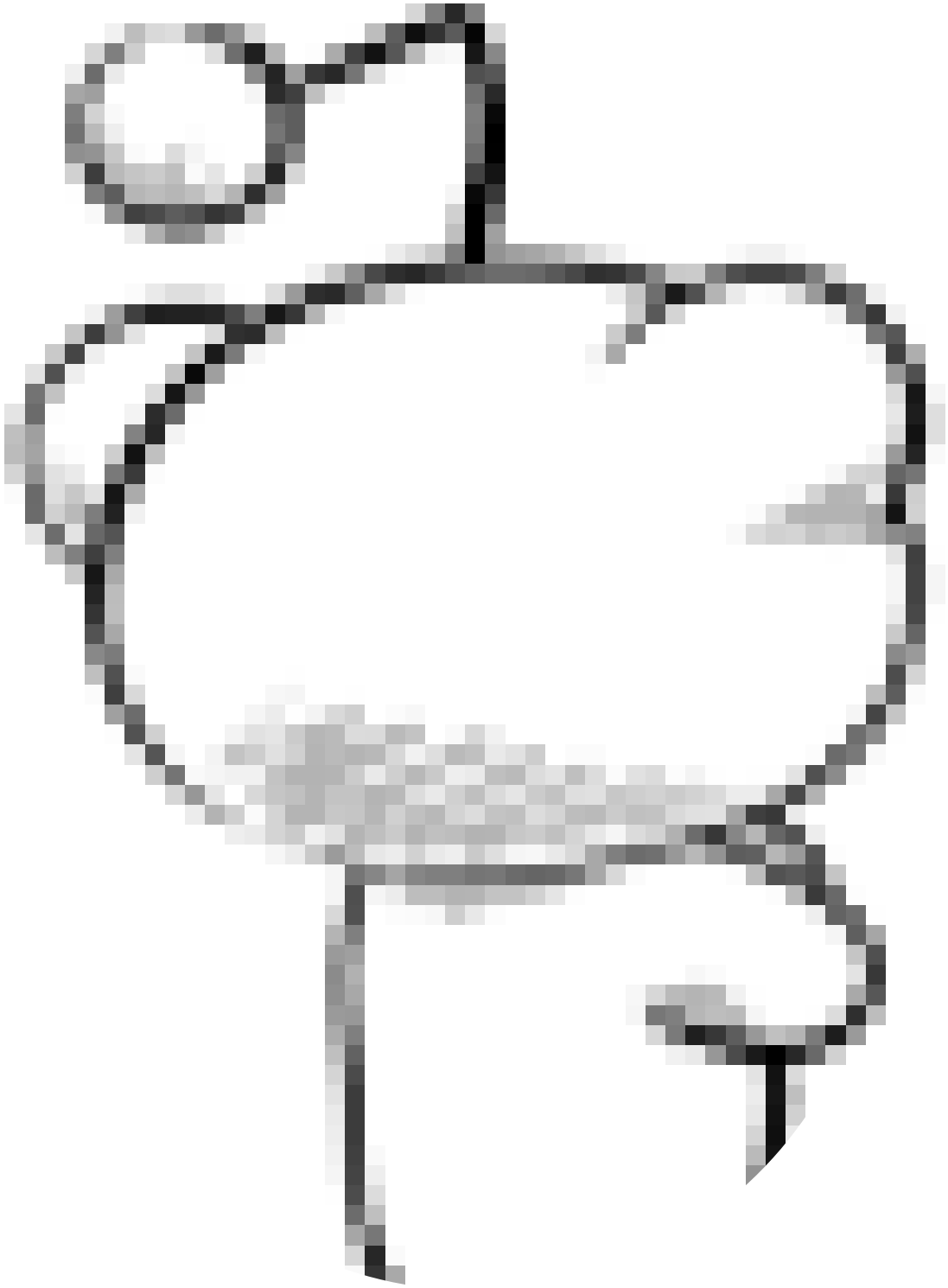
The next Christmas I was feeling a little upset because all our routines were gone - we didn't do much for Thanksgiving because my dad didn't feel up to it, my Mom's parents had moved to Delaware so we met at an Aunt's house for Christmas Eve instead, and there would be no going to my grandmother's house on Christmas morning because she had passed on. I also missed her a lot.

Well, after we opened our presents that Christmas morning we were sitting around and I was missing my grandmother. Just as I though of her a little music box my mom keeps on a shelf behind our couch began to play. It was in the shape of a piano, and my grandmother used to play the piano and organ for church and choir and all kinds of community groups. That little music box had been there for decades, nobody had touched it, and it had never played randomly before or since.

I'm not religious and don't really know if I believe in any sort of afterlife, but I have no explanation for that happening other than it being my grandmother's way of reaching out to us, letting us know that she was still there sharing our Christmas morning with us.

Wangwolf
â€¢ 14y ago

Any Story from The Redditor: Paranormal Experiences is good and eerie.



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â€¢ 14y ago

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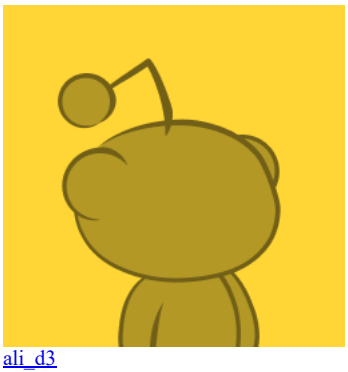
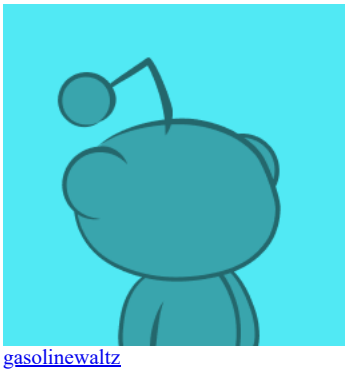


ali_d3
â€¢ 14y ago

This isn't really a story, but almost every time I turn onto my street at night, the street lamp in front of my house (which is ~10 houses down the street) immediately switches off. I thought that maybe there was some poorly designed electrical grid that was being affected by the weight of my car, but I asked both my parents and they had no idea what I was talking a about. It only happens when I'm driving alone, and it has actually happened many times with other street lamps, although the one in front of my house is the only consistent one.

TL;DR: I'm a human put-outer



gasolinewaltz
â€¢ 14y ago

okay, here's one:

I grew up in a small small town in Massachusetts and the house that my family was living in at the time had a lot of forest behind it. I wish I could tell you how much acreage-wise, but up until I was probably 17 I used walk through the woods back there and I never hit the small road that was on the other side.

So, one of my favorite things to do was go out during January/February after a couple of good snows had fallen. All the brambles and undergrowth had died out and you could follow animal tracks forever. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a good at tracking animals or anything, it was just fun to see what animals were running around out there. I was always looking for Bobcat tracks... but anyway, I digress.

I was probably 15 at the time, I had just gotten out of school and it was this time of year and not too cold. I started out, and chose to go a way out that I had been in the summer, but it had gotten too think to move any further. So I'm walking. and walking. for probably 45mins or so, perhaps a bit longer. I stopped for a moment to get my bearings, realizing that I'd never come this far in this direction. I look around a bit, and then take few more steps forward. And then slowly, I start to hear this music. Not complex at all, it sounded like a pipe or flute. The melody was very simple, five notes total, repeating in two phrases. I was scared... mostly because encountering anybody this far out in the woods could go bad.

So I stood there. The music just kept going, steady and not relenting. I was too afraid to go anywhere closer, but I still just wanted to listen, to see if anything happened. Finally, after about fifteen minutes of listening, my fear got the best of me and I went home.

I was pretty upset with my self the second I got home, so I decided that the next day after school I'd go back, retrace my steps and go see what was going on. I did, and there was absolutely nothing. No footprints in the snow, no houses, nothing. Just fresh powder underneath a pine grove.

That is the weirdest thing that's happened in my life by far. I always went back to that place to try and figure out if there was any little cabins or homeless shacks in the area. Never found anything... kind of spooky.

TLDR, I heard some weird music in the middle of the woods.

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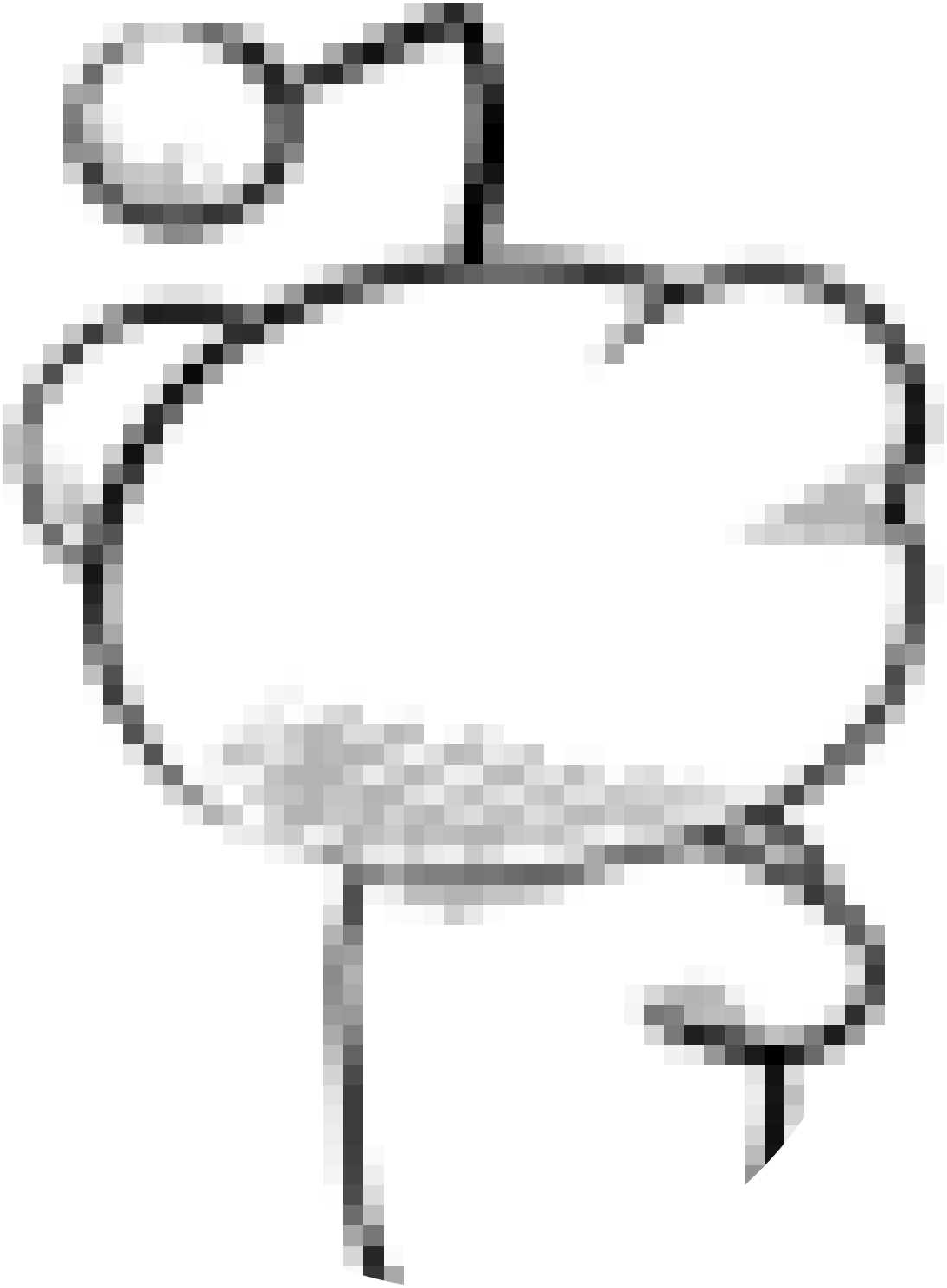
zebkiwi1
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a kid my younger sister who was about 5 at the time had got up in the middle of the night and woken my mum up. Mum gets up and can smell something, turns out the gas was turned on on our wall mounted heater. Not sure how long it could possibly have been on for or how it got turned on, but that was pretty freaky.



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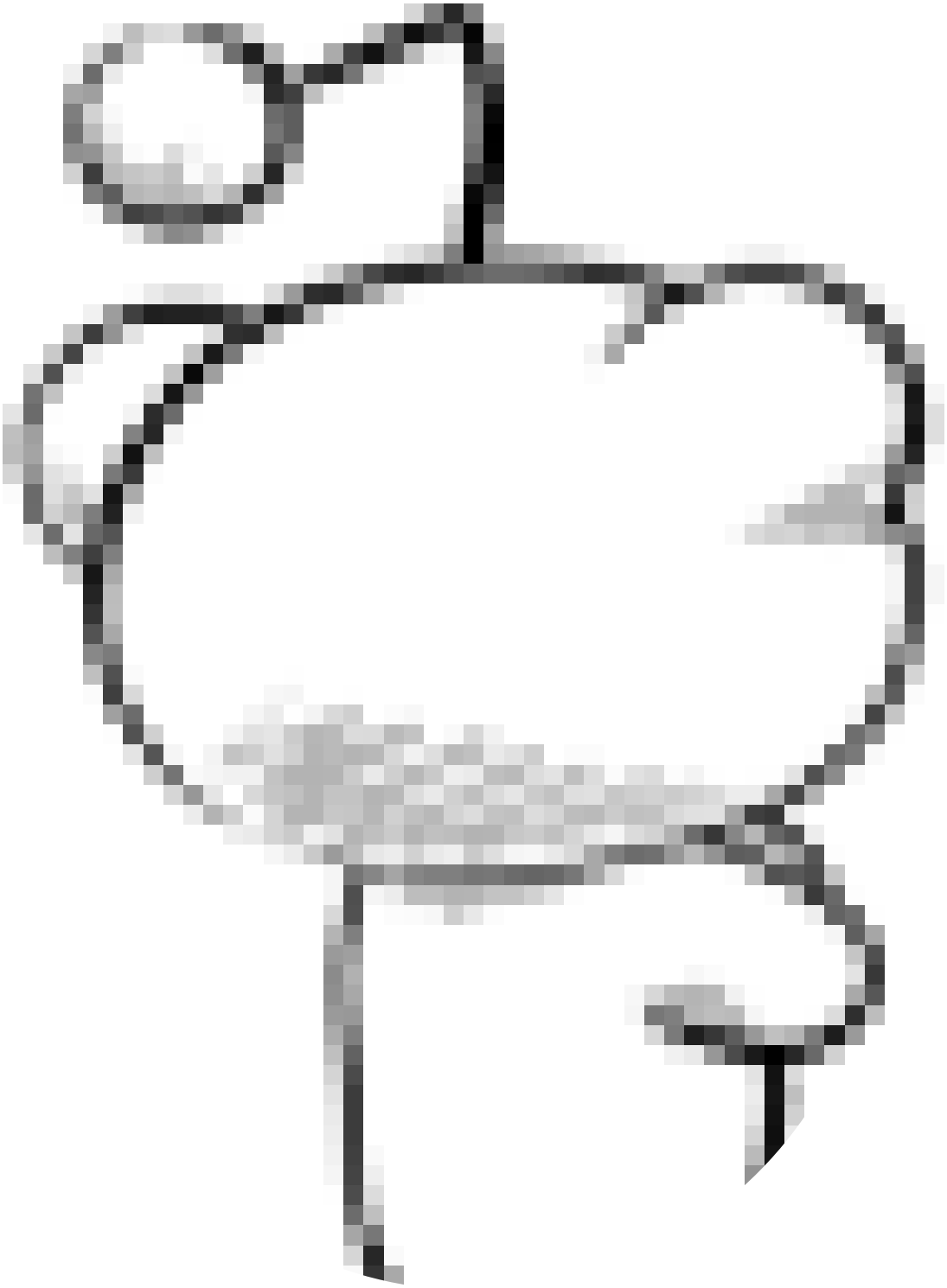
â€¢ 14y ago

I am drunk, alone in my hall dorm room in the creepy part campus. Signing out.



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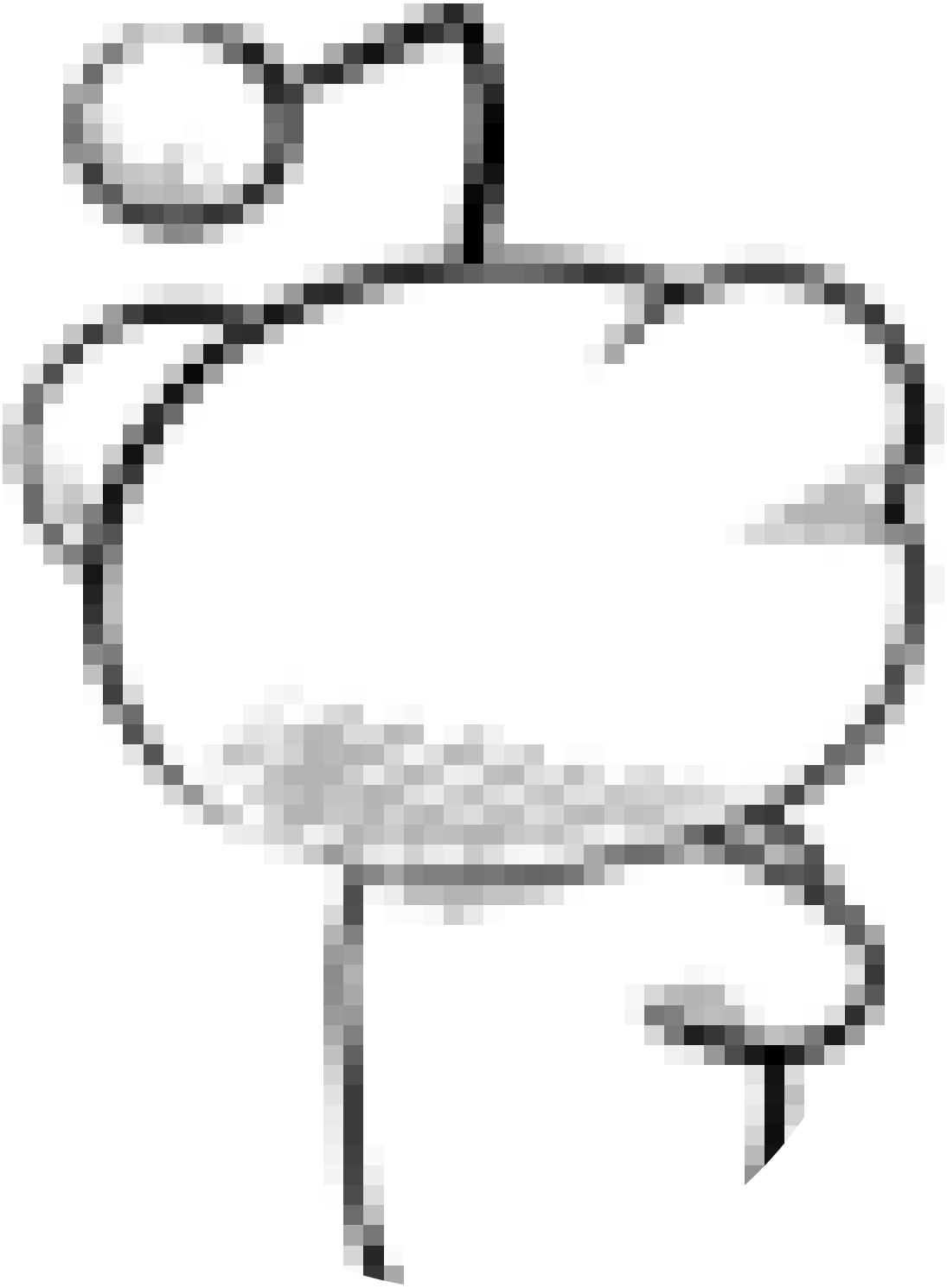
â€¢ 14y ago

A little over a year ago I was on break at work and felt really depressed all the sudden and like I lost a piece of myself. When I was walking home I got a phone call from a friend that explained that my best friend had committed suicide. Later on I found he did commit suicide about the exact time of my break where I felt depressed all of the sudden.



MrJACCthree
â€¢ 14y ago

Sitting up in the dark and reading this thread at 4:11 am is fucking awful.

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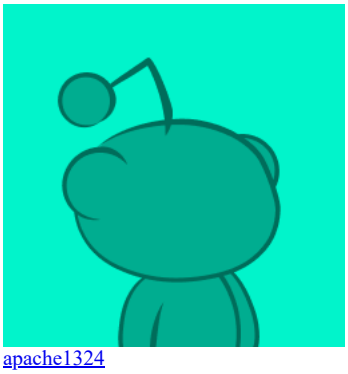

apache1324
â€¢ 14y ago

for the love of god WRONG thread to read while in bed

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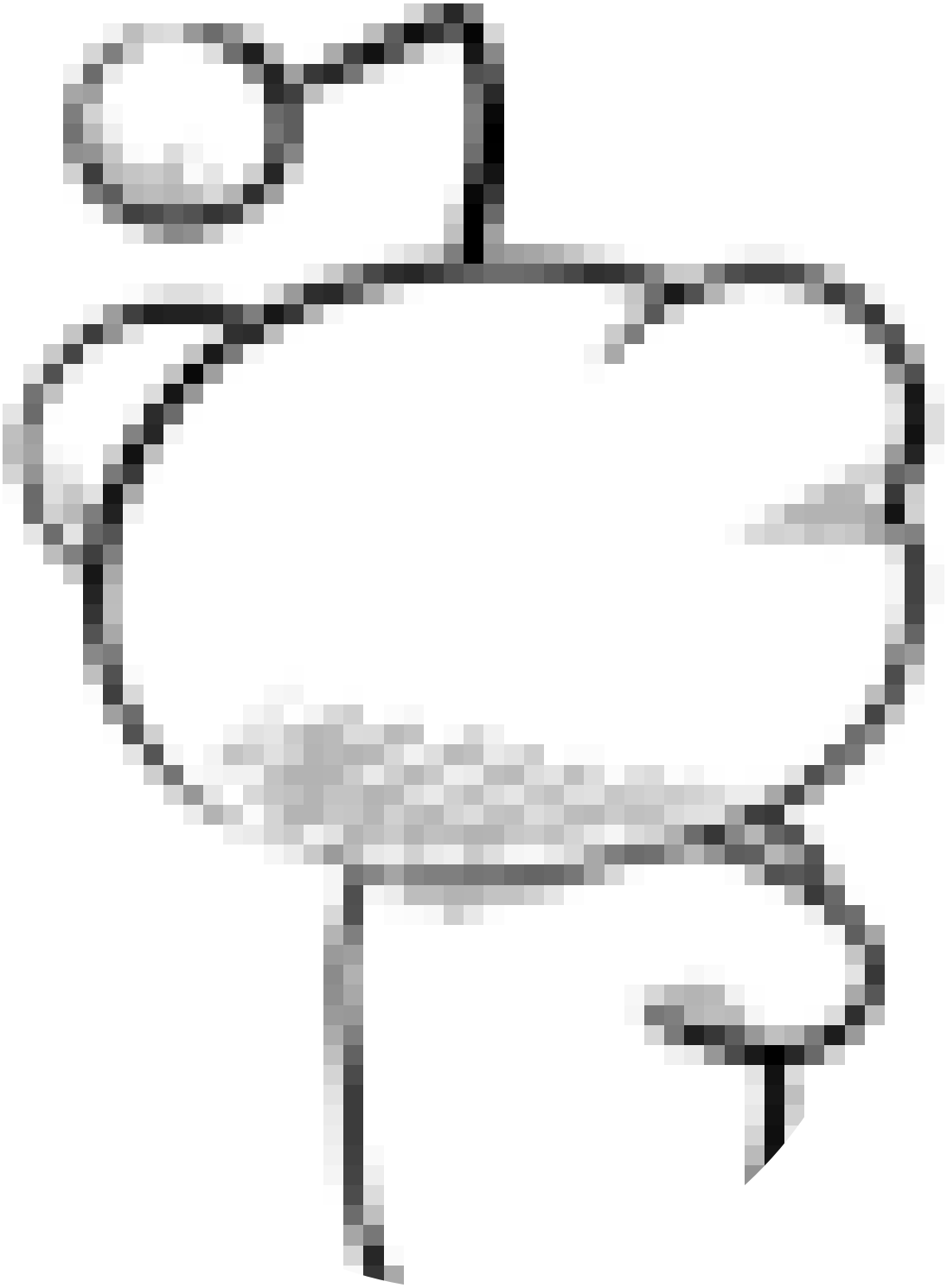

tundrascent
â€¢ 14y ago

nutria

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GhilleMistReapers
â€¢ 14y ago

When I first moved to Victoria, we got lost trying to find the Superstore in Saanichton. We took a wrong turn into this forrested area where it became such a thin windy road that a U turn wasnt going to happen. We had no choice but to keep going. The trees were getting so thick that it looked like midnight but was indeed 4pm.

Out of nowhere, an unmarked white van almost hits us head on tearing out in the opposite direction. I quickly swerve over as much as possible and end up running over bushes while this van wings by.

I tell my girlfriend "Theres gotta be a place to turn around" We keep driving and not 10 seconds later, the van that passed us is now tailgating me. At this point, all I can think is serial killer. My girlfriend begins to panic.

I ease off the gas more and he hangs back. His lights go out. I thought he pulled over at first but looking out my window, I could see him still following Us with his lights off. I floor it to a very unsafe speed and see a small opening to U turn. I take my chance and make the turn. Knowing he is probably speeding to catch me, I stop on the side of the road once again on a small bush and turn the car off to hide lights. He speeds by, sees Me and slams his brakes. I start the car and make it out of the forest and to a gas station.

I immediately tell my girlfriend to go inside. We get inside and the van pulls into the gas station and looks at me. His windows were tinted so all i could make out was long hair and a short beard. I waved from the safety of the gas station and he drove away.

None of this is exaggerated. Had I hit someone while speeding away, Im not sure I wouldve stopped. I live a quiet life and think about this often. Watching CSI reminds me of it.

Reply Share

g-cav
â€¢ 14y ago

One day I was in the house on my own (about a year or 2 ago I think) I was waiting for my parents to get home so at one point I stopped playing Xbox and looked out the window for like the hundredth time that night. Outside on the harbour side (I live on the harbour) I saw a man. I carnt remember what he looked like very well but I believe he was balding with a coat. The thing that was wierd was he was walking around like an ape. He was walking like a gorilla walks, arms low down by his knees sometimes walking with his knuckles (like Tarzan) you would normally think "he's just high" or "he's being an idiot". However something about it REALLY freaked me out, there was something incredibly sinister about it

grumbo1563
â€¢ 14y ago

So I had just brushed my teeth and stepped into my bedroom which was lit by a desk lamp by my bed. Now I DO NOT believe in ghosts, but this isn't the first time I've heard of something like this happening and every similar story has been in context with ghosts. An orb of light shot off my lamp and zipped across my room toward me and then

out my door and then disappeared. My lamp needed a new bulb shortly after. That is the one and only "supernatural" experience of my life.

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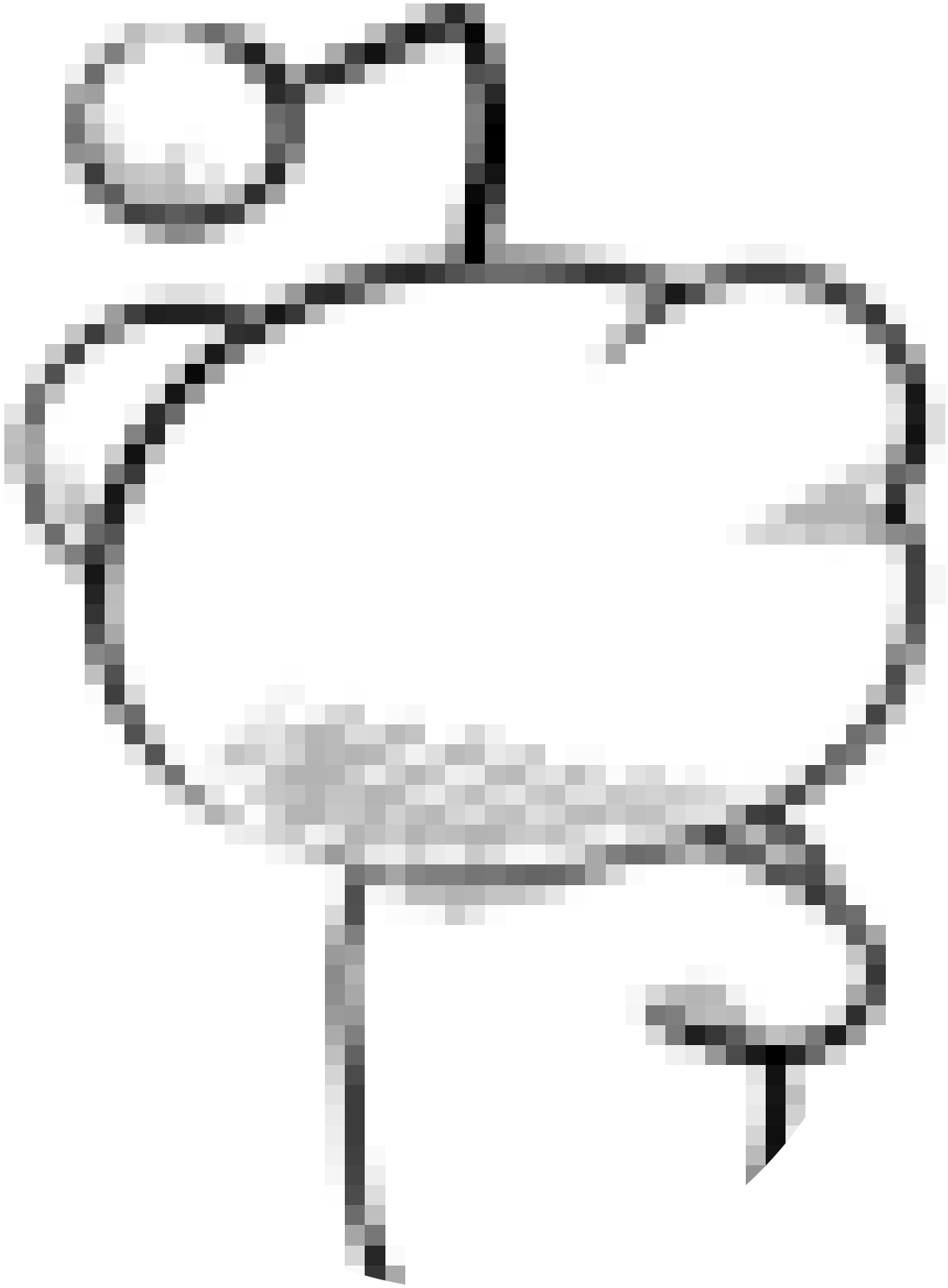

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â€¢ 14y ago

Right now something very strange is happening to me.

I have an assignment due in 2 weeks for my economics class on the conflict between achieving major economic objectives and i'm sat here on reddit instead of writing it. Some 'force' or unatural being is stopping me from lowering my mouse cursor to the bottom of the screen and clicking on Microsoft word icon.

The really creepy thing is that *i already have word open, but i'm still on reddit*

I can't explain why this is happening, i can only say that i cannot stop typing reddit into my browser and being lost in all the useless information i will instantly forget.

Help me

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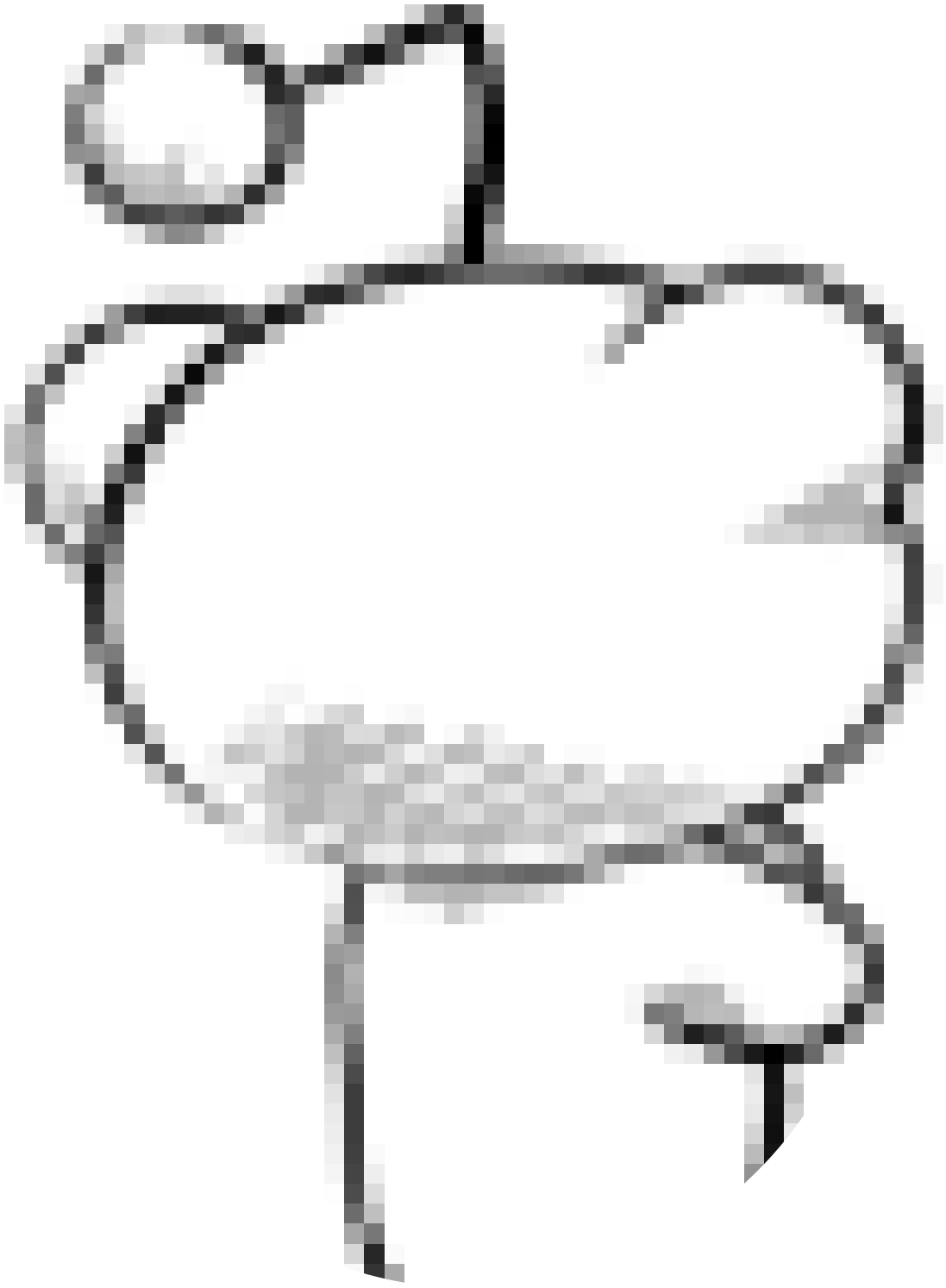

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â€¢ 14y ago

In the house my mom used to live in, we had a strange visitor. Or rather, my mom was a visitor in a house that a strange person used to live in....

It started small. Tiny things, from batteries to toys, would mysteriously vanish from our sides, only to reappear tucked away in various locations throughout the house. As time passed, my mom would panic at hearing my brothers crying from their bedroom upstairs, only to discover that they were and had been fast asleep. One time, however, my youngest brother wasn't just crying, but he was screaming. Not from sadness, but from sheer terror.

The kind of terror that you can only imagine after seeing what lies in wait for you under your bed.

My mom and I ran -- sprinted -- up the stairs, ready to tag-team and kill whatever the fuck was up there. My brother was sitting in his bed, crying, bawling until his face was beet red. His blanket had been torn up from the bed and caught in the blades of the ceiling fan some 12 feet from the floor.

We managed to calm him down long enough to convince him to sleep. I stayed with him to make sure everything was fine. Mom came up to check on us after a while.

She had heard crying downstairs again.

For months, this went on. And then, for some reason, it stopped. My mom had asked if I had heard anything from our "roommate" recently. I said, "No." She said, "Good."

She told me that one night, she let the boys sleep downstairs in her bed. She went upstairs and sang lullabies all night. We never heard crying from upstairs again.

I am a staunch atheist. I do not believe in deities of any sort. Not in angels, either. No demons, no Heaven, no Hell.

But I have no fucking problem saying that my family lived in a haunted house.

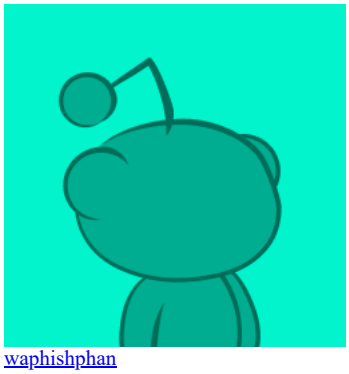
nightwood
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 1y ago

jellyfish sable impossible ring snails encouraging mysterious scandalous worry office

margauxxb
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend and I were having food in a pub before watching Sinister at the cinema. For some reason I had my head near the table, and heard music coming from her phone. I told her to turn it off, she picked it up and tried to find where it was coming from but no app was running.. She then turned the volume down but the music wouldn't stop. Starting to think it was weird she put her ear closer to the phone to listen to what music it was, only to hear a VERY creepy little girl singing something like "come play with me" on a very light music. I swear to god the music was very creepy, very quiet as well. She then tried to mute the phone but same thing happened, the music wouldn't stop. We were properly freaked out by that point, so she turned her phone off, and the music only stopped when the phone was totally off.

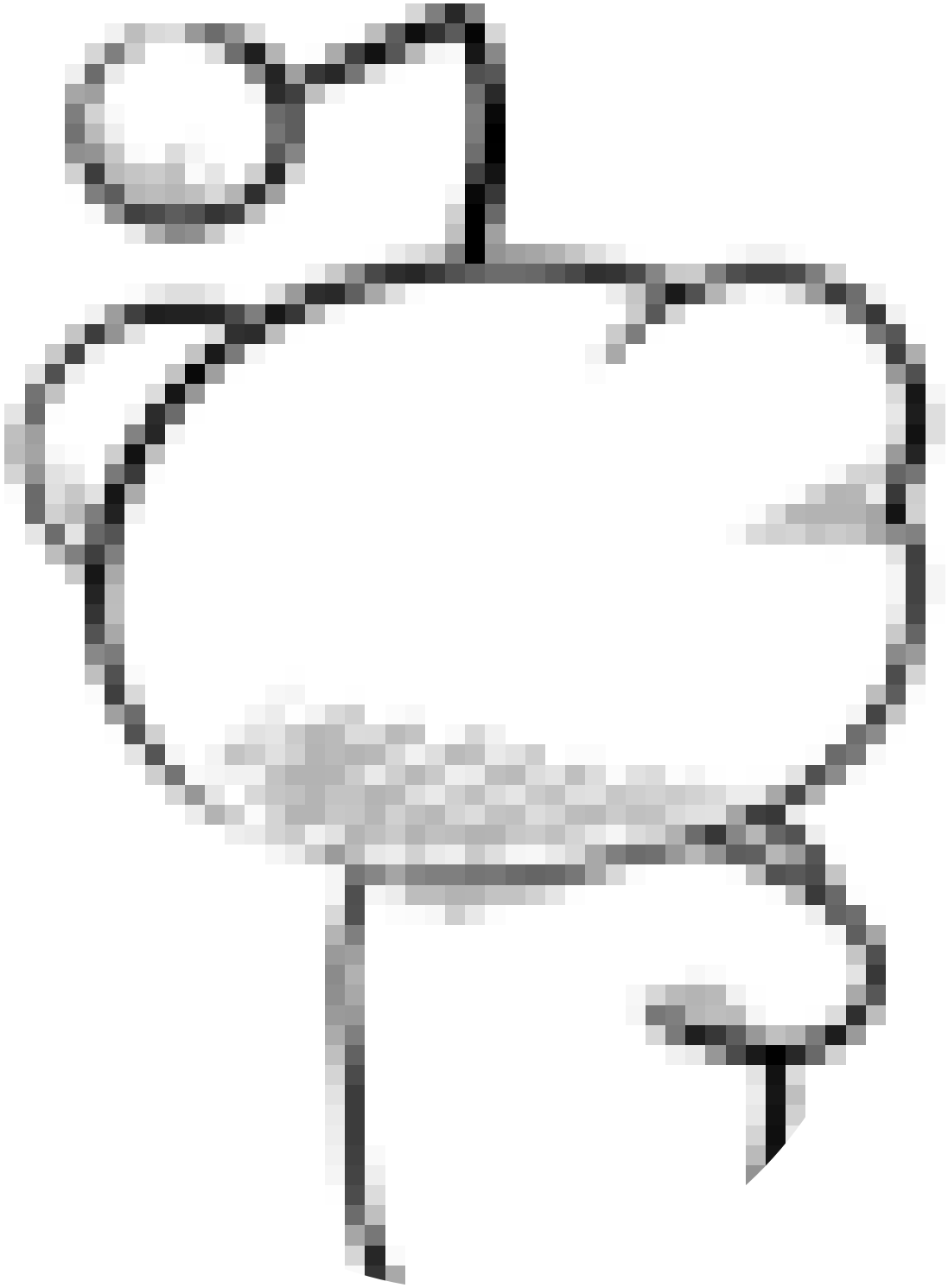
We weren't drunk or anything, just having food. I swear this happened though. Not many people believed us but eh.



waphishphan
â€¢ 14y ago

In Bellingham, WA there's a decent sized cemetary built on a hill. Rumor has it that the city needed some of that land for roads so they exhumed graves and moved the lower part of the cemetary uphill. That move was said to have happened in the early 1900's. Fast forward to modern day, there's a busy road than a housing development on that stretch of land. My friend rented one of the houses not far from the main road. She claims to be psycic, or at least â€ sensitiveâ€ which I tend to believe. She started telling me about strange things happening in her house. Her roommate told a story of a man in yellow that liked to watch her shower. Crazy stuff. One night we were hanging out,.it got late so I took her home. She was the only one home when I had dropped her off. Her roommate was out of town. From the street there's a large window that looks to the top of the stairs. I dropped her off and waited to make sure she made it inside ok. I saw her climb the stairs, then right behind her followed a big opaque shadow I couldn't explain. I called her cell to she if her roommate was home. She was of course home alone. She said she sensed something in the house, though.

TL;DR Saw a shadow/ghost in a friend's house.



Revelation_Space
â€¢ 14y ago

Something I've never been able to explain happened to me once. It was when I was very young, either 9 or 10. I was standing at the steps to my school playground, looking across at all the kids playing, I'm pretty sure it was first thing in the morning.

I looked up and saw a huge burning ball of fire slowly falling to the ground. From the looks of it, it was only a few hundred metres away. I got a good long look at it, maybe 5 to 10 seconds. I remember kinda bracing myself for an impact after it disappeared behind the houses, expecting it to hit the houses just beyond the school and cause a massive shock wave or something. But it disappeared over the houses, I didn't hear anything once it was gone, and I didn't feel anything either.

All day long I thought about it, and as soon as I got home that day I switched on the news expecting to see a story about it. I checked the newspapers the following day, but again there was nothing there.

The thing was massive, and there's absolutely no way I was mistaking it for some optical illusion or something, I got a very clear look at it. To this day I have no idea what happened.

The only other thing I can't explain is that I thought I saw a UFO once. I was lying in bed, I think I was about 12 - 14 by this stage. There was a window in the roof above me, and I was looking at the stars (I live in the country). A green glowing triangle moved into the frame, then stopped. It hung for a few seconds, then rotated on its axis, and moved off in another direction, away from the window. That was all I saw, but again I got a pretty good look at it. I have no idea what it was, but it wasn't anything I've seen before or since.

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sirbapeton
â€¢ 14y ago

when i was maybe 14 i was taking these art classes at MIAD in milwaukee and in one of my classes we learned how to make books and bind them and stuff. so i made my book and took it home and we were tasked to fill the pages. amid the many pages covered with various musings of a 14 year old, i placed two strips of black electrical tape across each other in the shape of a cross. Not ever having been a religious person in traditional sense, I honestly do not understand where that impulse came from. but the inexplicable transpired the next time i went to open up my book. when i came to the page with the black tape cross, i immediately noticed something strange. where the two pieces intersect, six solid white triangles had appeared to form the star of david. the triangles themselves were imposed upon the black electrical tape and it appeared to almost be a sort of film, but they did not smudge under your finger. they were not vague splotches or ambiguous stresses in the material. i put the tape on the pages, cross, looked at it the next day, star of david. no explanation from me. and this was a while ago, but i know the book is still at my parent's house and i know it is still in the same condition. i swear on my cat's life that the next time im home i will take a picture. its crazy.

viveledodo
â€¢ 14y ago

I can recall about three different events in my life that are wierd or not easily explained. Most are when I was much younger, but one happened just last week.

To start off, around halloween one year I was going to a costume shop with my mom and we saw these pink dots in the sky. They weren't stars, nor spotlights, and were stationary for the most part. By the time we left the costume shop the lights had disappeared, but on the drive there I had watched them for a solid ten minutes. A few years ago I found out about the "stealth blimp" and found an article that actually pinpoints hundreds of other sightings of three lights in the sky in a triangle on the same day in the same town.

This second one isn't really that impressive, just superstitious, but my mom's friend was over at my house and her watch stopped working and later we found out Pope John Paul II had died. Her watch stopped right about the time he passed. Weird stuff.

My last story is probably me just seeing things, but last week I was driving home from work and noticed in my side-mirror that someone behind me was trying to merge into my lane. I looked forward, then up at my rear-view mirror and nobody was behind me. Thinking maybe he hadn't merged yet and was in my blind spot or something I actually looked back and there were no other cars on the road. Freaked me out for a good minute while I rationalized what happened to myself :P

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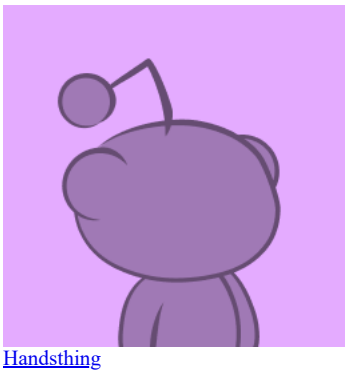

Handsthing
â€¢ 14y ago

I have two. First one happened with me and my brother. I was about six and he was four. We were just playing in one of are bed rooms at the time, and were both sitting on the floor. When all the sudden he look up and i looked back thinking he was staring at me. I watched as his face slowly turned to one of terror as he looked right past me to the opposite wall where the closet was half open. He screamed and sprinted out, and i was scared shitless i went right after him.

The next story was last year friday the 13 (Yes I know). my friend was driving me down a road with no other cars or people on it at around 10 pm. On are right was a field with a hospital at one end. Well as we drive down the street all the sudden a HUGE ass shadow came from the right. My friend slammed his brakes when we saw it. Than it jumped over the car parked on the street to the right of us, and hopped over a fence on the opposite side all in about 3 1/2 jumps. Swear to god we were flipping out and we went through that neighbor hood trying to see it again. All in all though the worst part is when it looked at us. I dont know what the fuck it was. (Oh also it was about 7 feet tall)

EDIT: Spelling

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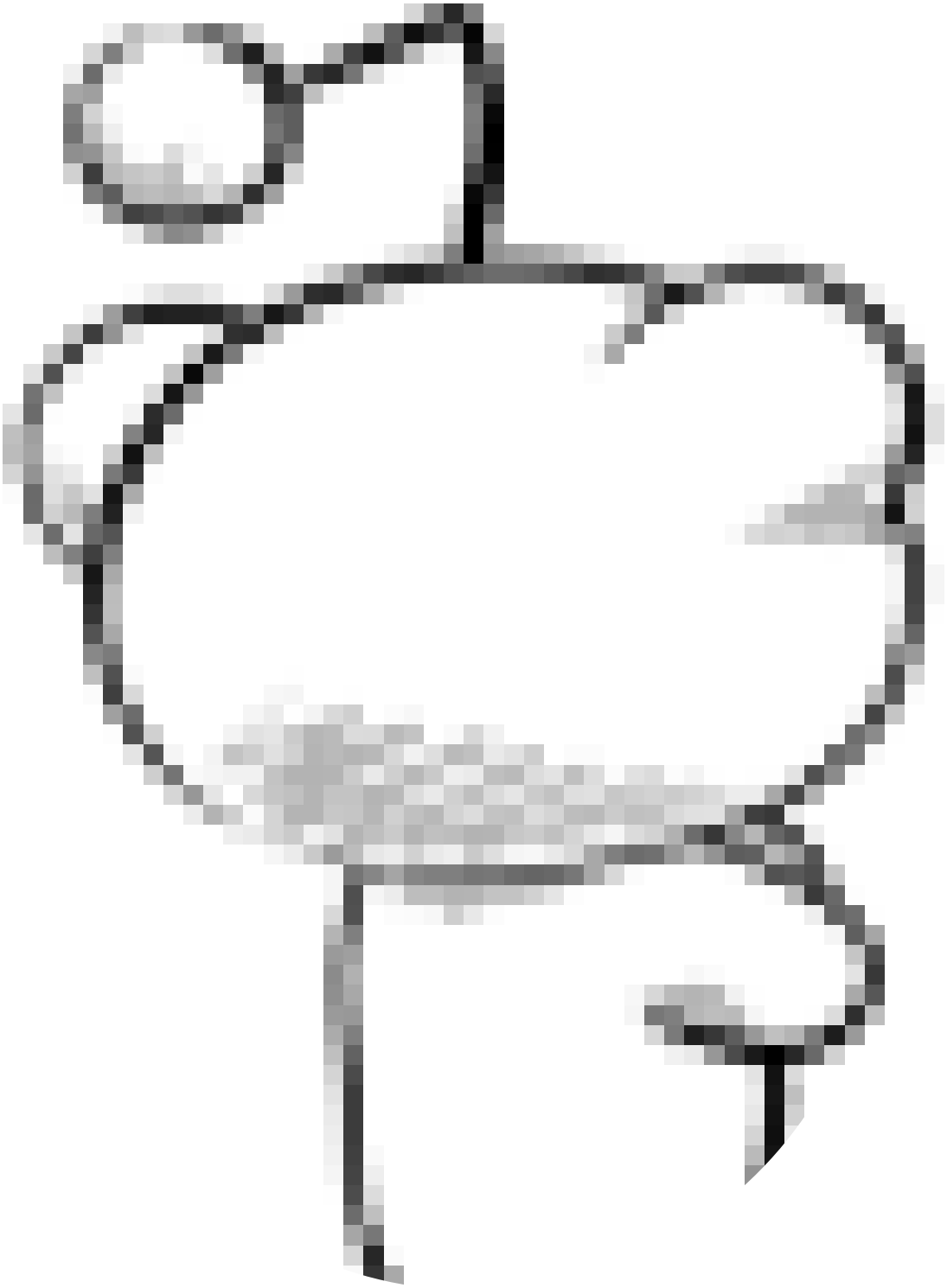

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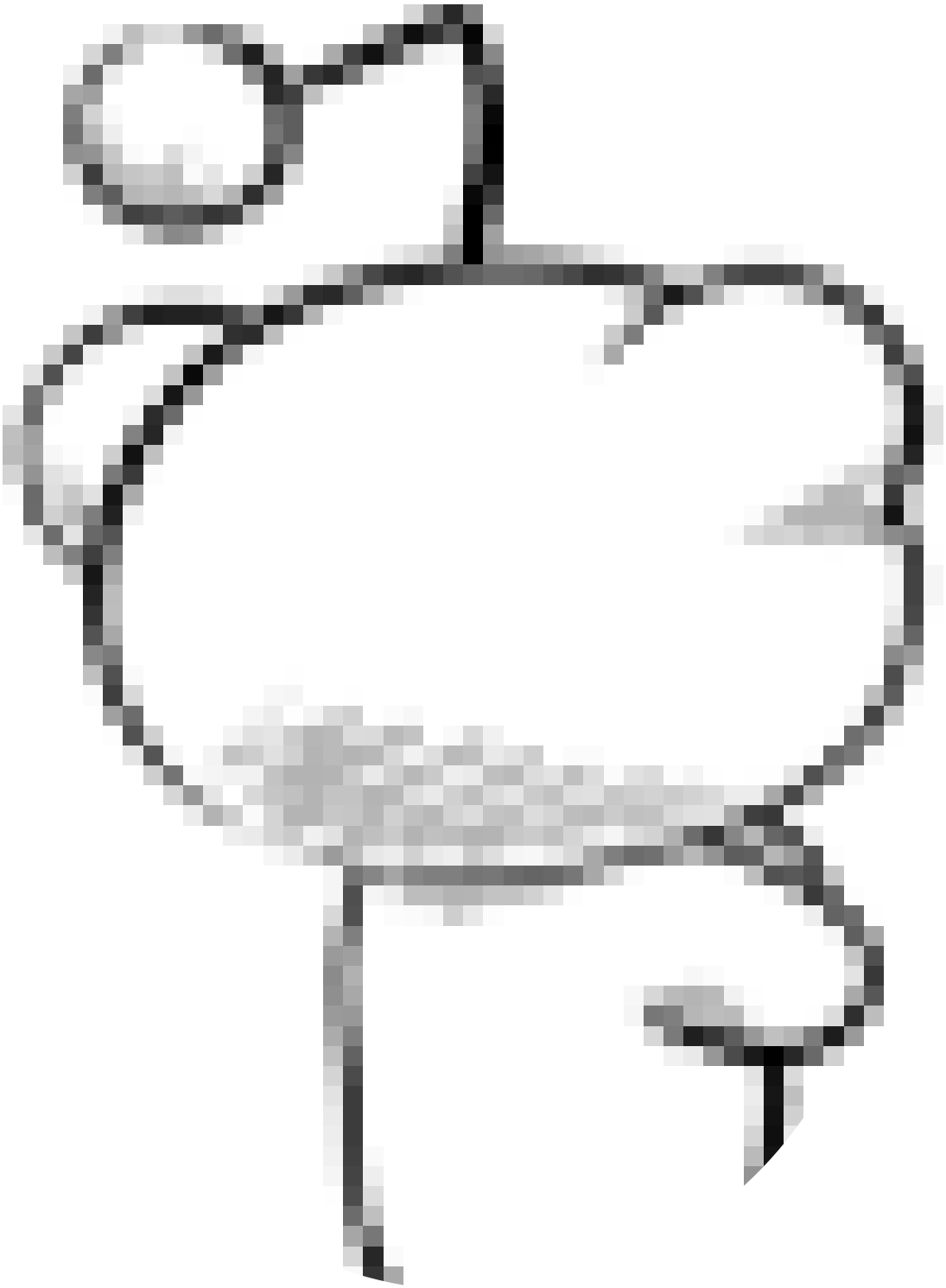

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â€¢ 14y ago

Copy and pasting from my previous post:

So it was ~3:50 AM on 6-26-2012. My girlfriend and I were sitting outside star gazing. It's the clearest I've ever seen it. We see multiple satellites, shooting stars etc. You can clearly see the Milky way. All of a sudden out of one of the black spots there is a bright light. This light isn't blinding just a little bigger and brighter than the stars around it. All of a sudden there is a cone/ strobe light effect coming from the light. The light comes down in a cone shape and flickers five times in a row. This happened in less than 5 seconds. I didn't believe my eyes till I realize Abby is crying. She is super scared of UFOs... I don't know how to explain it, and I wanted to stay and see if it happened again, but she was legitimately scared and wanted to go inside. Edit: I don't believe it was Aliens. I would honestly like a scientific explanation. I know what I saw, and why the fuck would I have a camera out when I'm just chilling with my S/O... I know what I saw. Call bull shit all you want, lol I'd just like to hear some similar stories of unexplained phenomena. Edit2: A better was to describe the strobe would be turning on and off a very powerful light from like a helicopter, but the light would be focused creating almost a cylinder of light. Then it flashed on and off very fast about 10 times in front of us a ways. I would just think a searchlight or something, but it was a bright night, and the light appeared and disappeared immediately. If there was a way to shine that kind of light from space, then that was it... But it definitely wasn't a helicopter or anything. Too high up and disappeared too fast.

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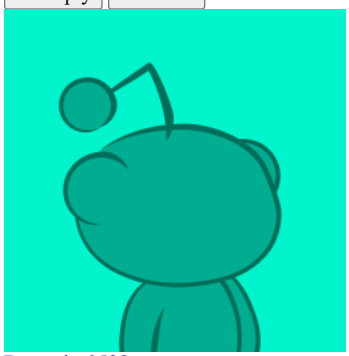

Dmorales0528
â€¢ 14y ago

Im a little late to the party but I have one, hopefully someone else out there has a similar experience.

A couple of years ago, I was sitting in my living room alone just casually using my laptop, when all of the sudden there was a flash of light right at at the entrance to the living room, sort of like a flash bang in fps games, just a flash of white light that lasted less than a second.

I was shocked, it took me about 3 or 4 seconds to process what I had just seen. The strangest part though is that afterwards, whenever I would try to remember it, I didnt really feel scared, I just felt like it was a good thing, it was a strangely calm feeling.

Verybusyperson
â€¢ 14y ago

I was on a transatlantic flight and woke up in the middle of the night with a woman standing next to my bed. She couldnÂ´t have been more than 30, and she was just standing there. Not moving forward towards the bathroom. IÂ´m a really heavy sleeper, so IÂ´m surprised I woke up. Then she just faints, flopping towards me and then right onto the ground. Must have been sleep walking, but scary as shit when I was half asleep

xchino
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

One of my earliest memories is when I was around 4 or so, E.T. had just recently been out and I was super into it. I had an E.T. poster in my room (this one to be precise).

I shared a room with my older brother, and one night I was awoken by his snoring, which wasn't uncommon. I was about to get up and walk over to his bed and wake him up to tell him to stop snoring, but something caught my eye. By the light of my nightlight I could see the poster moving. Not the poster really, but E.T. himself was clear as day moving within the poster. I was absolutely paralyzed in fear, I wanted to scream or run over to my brothers bed, but I could do nothing but sit and watch in horror. It's difficult to explain his movements, they weren't menacing and didn't seem directed at me or anything of that nature, but it filled me with a sense of absolute dread and terror I'd never felt before or since.

After what seemed like hours of quite literally paralyzing fear I managed to make a small creaking sound that seemed to snap me out of it and I started bawling my head off waking up the whole house. I wouldn't tell anyone why I was so shaken up, I had this strong sense that I shouldn't talk about it, so they assumed I just had a nightmare. I wouldn't look at that poster for a week, even in day light. Finally I told my brother it scared me and he took it down for me.

Not really unexplained I guess, obviously I was having some sort of hallucination, but I wasn't dreaming or still asleep, or if I was it was lucid beyond anything I thought possible.

EDIT: Also, according to my parents and brother, I never had an E.T. poster. Kind of adds to the creepy factor, but really it's just their poor memory, I recall it quite distinctly.

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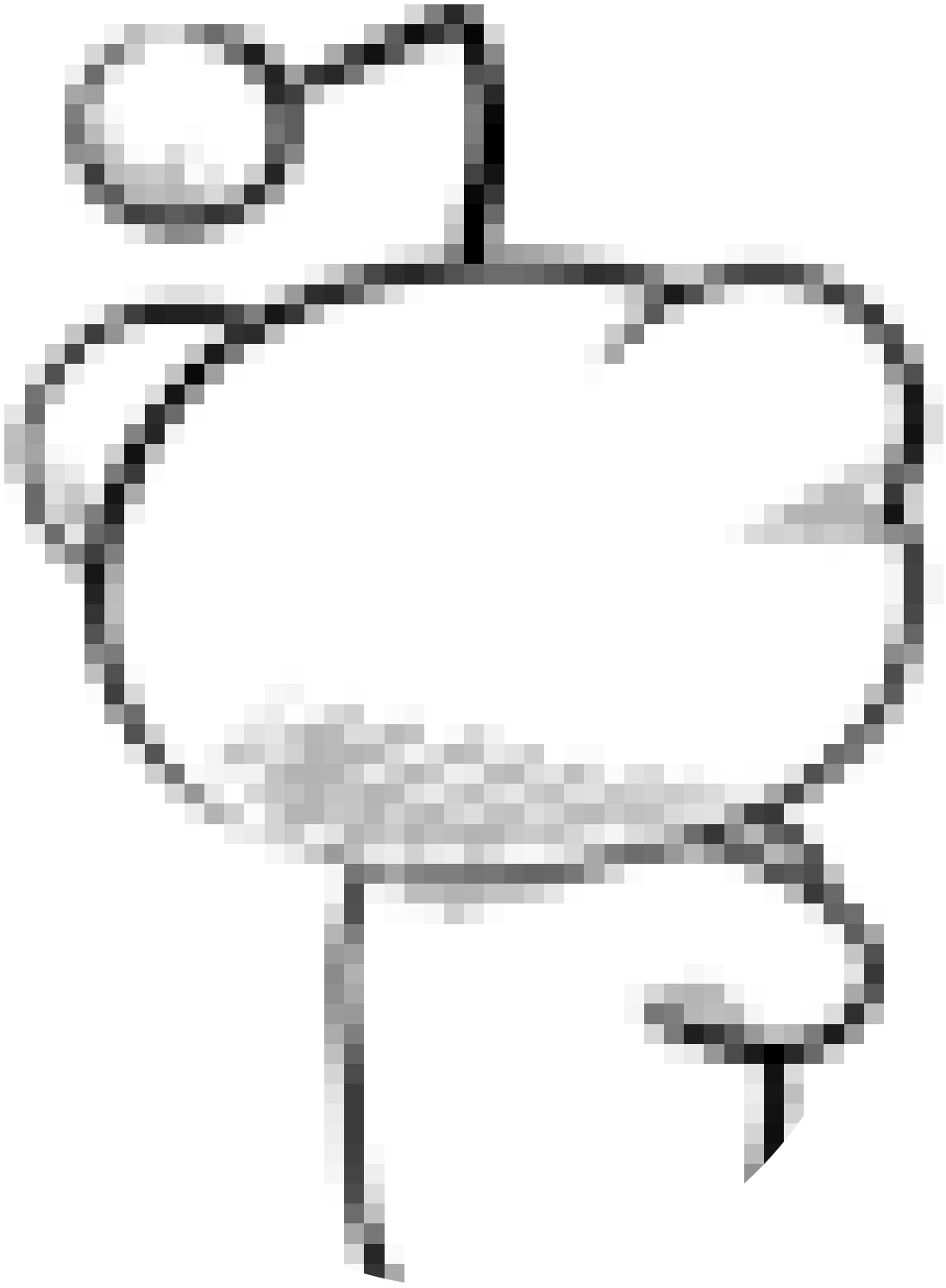

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â€¢ 14y ago

I went to a four week long camp when I was a kid. I was about 9 years old. One night I woke up and I could hear voices outside. This was in upstate New York in May, so it was kind of cold out and I it was raining. It had been raining the whole day. I remember wondering why there were voices outside.

I got out of bed and walked over to the cabin window. There were three kids, about my age, standing outside the bathroom cabin. They looked normal, but I didn't recognize them at all. They just seemed to be joking around and laughing.

I tried waking up a couple friends in my cabin, but they wouldn't get up. I looked back out the window. They had gotten quiet and were staring down the road. I could see their breath creating clouds that dissipated in the one light above the cabin's door. A car pulled up and they got in the backseat. Then the car slowly drove away. i Stared after them for a while, but they never came back, and I eventually got sleepy and went back to bed.

All next week, I asked people if they knew of any campers that had gone home or had been out that night. No one knew anything, no one seemed to be missing. Looking back, I'm sure I could come up with a reasonable explanation now. But it frightened me as a kid and was a total mystery to me.

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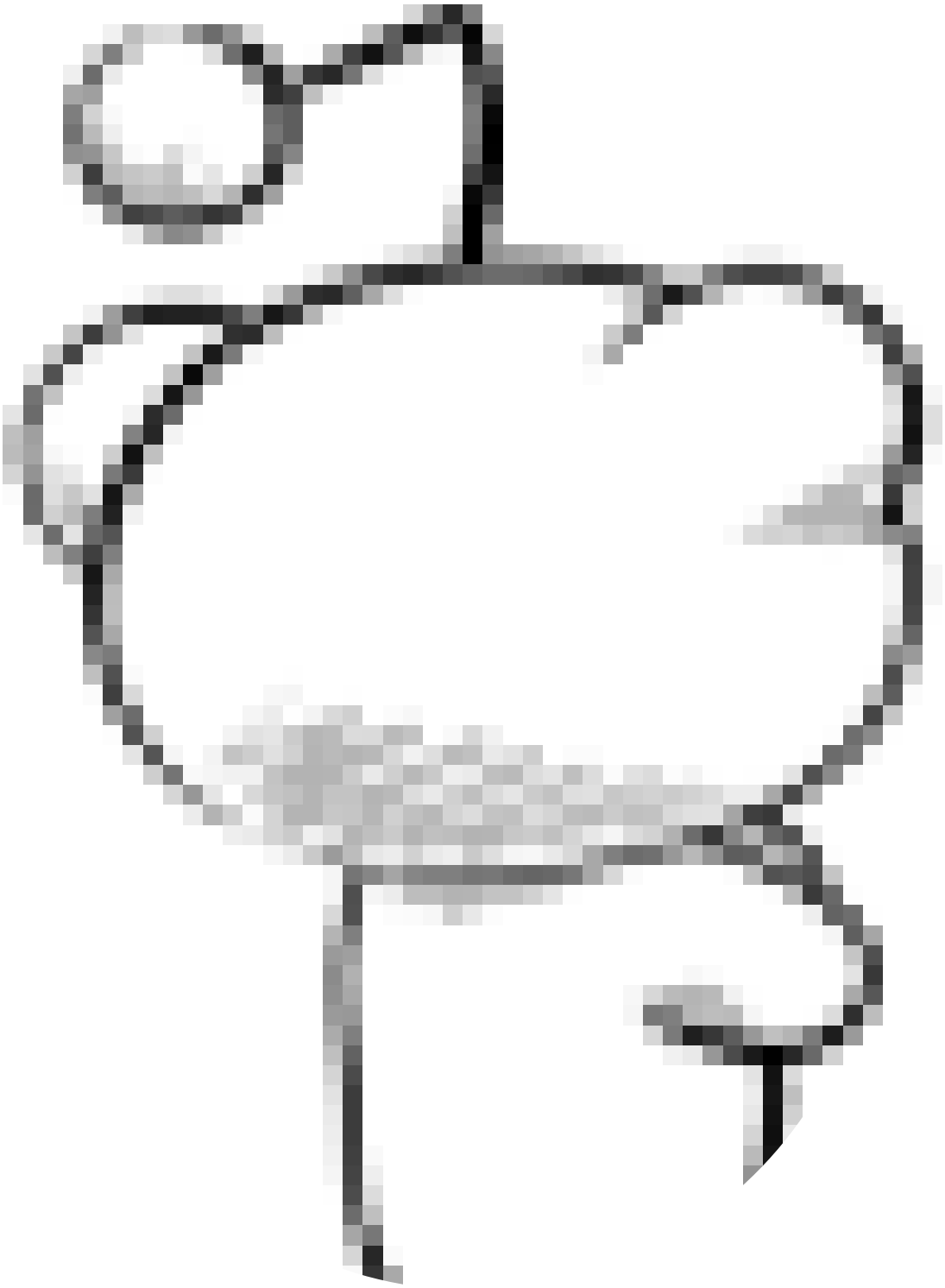

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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger (probably 10-13 years ago) me and my neighbor were sitting on my deck one night during the summer, and we see what looks like a coyote in my yard - which isn't a rare occurance, we are backed up to some woods. This was different though, there was this wierd mist surrounding it, but it was only around the coyote and it was one of the driest days on record, literally no humidity. For a second I could swear I saw it take the shape of a figure riding the coyote. I did some research and sure enough, in the late 1800s a young girl was attacked and killed by a coyote on the property my house is on now.

That's not where it stops, though. I always had wierd feelings about my basement since that night, and now that I don't live there anymore my younger sister is getting the wierd vibes. Not to mention my dog refuses to go anywhere near it now. Creepy shit.

Reply Share

vowdy
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was young I used to sleep with some form of light in my room and my bed was against the right side wall of the room.

Then this one time I woke up in the middle of the night. The light was out. So I was sitting there in the pitch dark and I decided to stretch my arms out in both directions as feelers to get a sense of location or whatever. On the right I felt the wall where it always had been, but then on the left I felt another wall. Freaked me out beyond belief.

Reply Share

bukesfolly
â€¢ 14y ago

This may strike you as peculiar, personally I'm still lost to any explanation. You see, the other day I found my hat. This of course not being a particularly odd thing, but the circumstances are... bizarre. But let's start from the beginning so that this weirdness can be fully absorbed.

Well over a month ago, let's say about 6 weeks, we were in the drinking zone. You know the one where you've been drinking for the past afternoon/evening and are managing to cruise along, your sloppily drunk mind still able to embrace sober manners (to some degree). If I hadn't blacked out I'm pretty sure I may have attained a Drunken-Nirvana.

After however many games of cards and beerpong it was decided to head out to town. One marginally coherent moment I'm standing in one of the flats, the next near the waterfront. I manage to lose the group I was with so I begin walking home. Simultaneously I get a text from the guys saying to meet them at the bar and run into a bachelorette party. My fuzzy memory can't pinpoint any specific dialogue other than being asked to list three things you should do in bed, and them laughing while writing notes.

I bid the drunken ladies adieu and headed the few blocks to the pub where I met up with the boys. As I walk in the bouncer tells me to take the hat off my head. No problem, this is par for the course at any club. I distinctly remember sticking it in my back pocket.

The flatties and I tear the Prov up as we were delighted to find out that it was a two-for-one night. More shots and many more beers later I succumb to the alcohol and the brain's a complete wipe. The last thing I remember was The Perv molesting some blonde on the dance floor (a woman too!) and J asking me what I thought about the Poly he was hooking up with.

Next thing I know I'm waking up in bed the following morning, fully clothed. Which is always a bit unsettling but still wonderful to find that you've made it home complete. Well, almost. I had my EFTPAS, passport and keys, but sadly no hat. I spent the remains of a Saturday morning (ok, haha, afternoon/early evening you caught me) looking without any success. To be fair, I love my Indians hat. It's something I always have to remind me of home. Plus I wear the shit out of that thing, look in any of my facebook photos for the past three years and I'll bet you it's in almost all of 'em.

I slowly come the realization that it's gone for good. I bitch and moan to anyone who would listen that Hat was gone. On the trip to the South Island I keep an eye out for any ball caps, I came close to buying one from the bunjy jump.

Life without Hat just wasn't as good. The sun's shining in your eyes, bed head hair unable to be hidden. I felt naked and incomplete, but got over it. All that changed Thursday.

I was in the middle of kicking The Perv's ass in a video game when Brit said we were meeting Twins for a beer at the Dog's Bollocks. Ended up (after much annoying and manipulating) at a different bar in that same neighborhood. Not sure what the name was but other than the five of us the only other customers was a big crowd of punks, sipping on their beers wearing jean jackets and bright orange mohawks.

We ended up staying for more rounds than anticipated and didn't leave until sometime past midnight. The German pedophile ran off to grab some McD's so Brit and I headed home, I was supposed to be completing an essay that was due in so many hours time.

As we get to the flats we stop to ponder the building next door. It's a nifty little tihng that for some reason they've decided to knock down. Guess it's been abandoned for so many ages and they want to be rid of it. So we decide in normal, drunken logic that we need to explore this place before it's lost forever. Let me preface this by saying I have, never ever, set food inside this building.

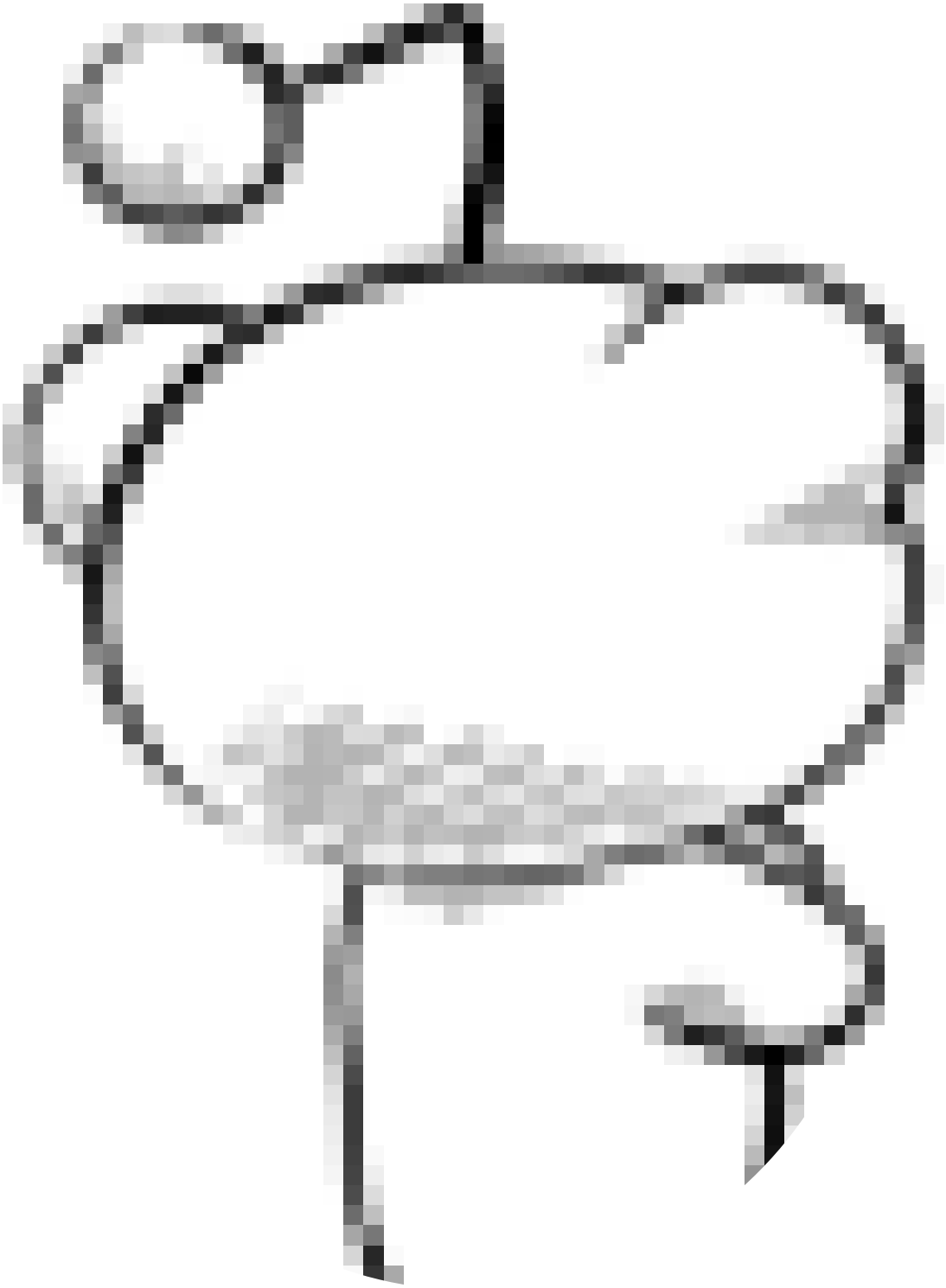
We wander around the downstairs checking out the layout and lamenting on the sad fact how cool it would to be to live there. It truly would have made an awesome party house. Up the stairs and you're standing out side again, they've already ripped up the roof and walls. I play around with a sledgehammer pretending to crush Britster, he doesn't share the level of amusement.

They've left a back wall, on it is a door that opens to an open area behind the house. A very nifty social place, there's a small deck with tables and chairs. What catches my eye is a few feet in front of me hanging on the corner of a hand railing. It's... my hat? What the fuck?

I pick it up and inspect the blue and white baseball cap. Yep, blue cursive I, looks like it's been battered and abused for a few years. There's the burn mark where they tried to set my head on fire the night it was lost.

So that's how I found my hat. I don't have any clue how it traveled across town (assuming I did lose it at the WaterFront) but even if I did drop it somewhere close to home, how the hell did it walk into an abandoned building I've never been in before? I'll never know the answer to this case but either way, I'm glad to have it back.

TLDR; lost my hat on a drunken night out a ~month previous, later re-discovered it when exploring an abandoned building I had never been in.



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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

This isn't that exciting, but there's a pendulum clock laying down flat in my garage. One night as soon as I walked by it, it chimed once. It hadn't made a sound since we moved in, and it's a pendulum clock so it wasn't running, since it was laying on it's side...I figure it was just a coincidence, but I still took the batteries out lol.

Also I just woke up. I had a dream that there was a girl I knew from high school sleeping over for some reason, and in my dream I nonchalantly said "Can I eat you out?" and she said "okay!", and I woke up and threw off my covers like I was going to head over to her. Not really unexplainable, just a sad dream from a lonely dude.

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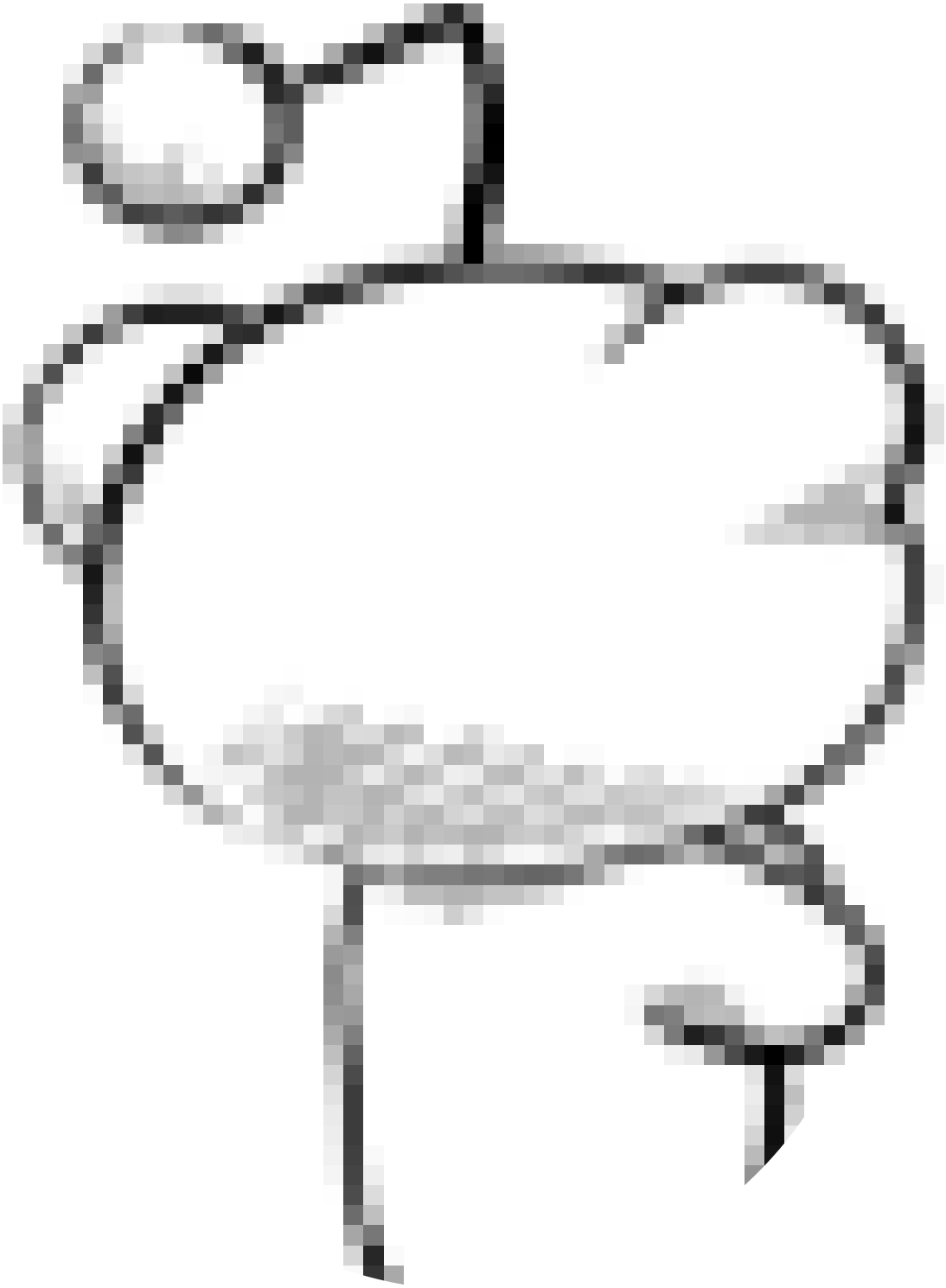

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â€¢ 14y ago

I saw this UFO in a field in England with some friends and all the farm animals went absolutely crazy. very interesting

http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1370307/UFO-frenzy-red-lights-hover-Colorado-town.html

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OverdueChaff
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was about 9/10 years old i woke up in the middle of the night because someone was opening my door, i sit up and say what? thinking it was my mum or dad and this black outline of someone was just standing there looking at me, stood there for about 10 seconds and then went back out and shut the door! I was so terrified i just laid back down and put the covers over me, my heart was beating so fast and loud and i was a pool of sweat! The next day i asked my family if anyone came to my room last night and they said no, i was probably dreaming. It definately was NOT a dream no one believes me god dammit!

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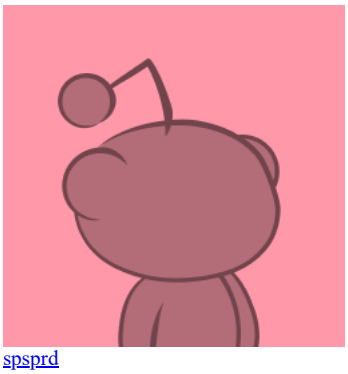
Lithium_X
â€¢ 14y ago

I used to live in a 2 story town home and there were these flashes of light, like a camera flash. It would happen in every room. It was really strange. And everyone in the room would notice when it occurred, although the first few times you would think it could be a figment of your imagination, but it's not when other people see it at the same time.

Reply Share

stolid_agnostic
â€¢ 14y ago

From when I was a child until I was in my early twenties, I would see a black figure of a man with a hat standing over my bed, presumably watching me. I would wake up in the middle of the night and see the figure, freak out and wait for it to leave (usually I would just fall asleep again). It never moved or anything. I saw it in probably 6 or 7 different houses in different states. Never told anyone about it before. I always thought that it was someone in my family, a great grandparent or something, watching over me. Still very scary, though.



spsprd
â€¢ 14y ago

Years ago during a bad thunderstorm two German-shepherd type dogs wound up soaked and shaking on our front porch. Took them in, of course, and put up posters everywhere. Days later, and I can't even remember how she found us, their human shows up from the dogs' home some TWENTY miles south of us.

Turns out, the MOTHER of one of those dogs had lived in our house years before. Not either of the dogs who showed up in the storm. The mother.

emtcj
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger I would see these black "blobs" float above the ground about a foot or so. They were about 3 feet tall and appeared to come from the ground. I watched them come from across the road and go into a house of this older lady that they found dead later that day. I've seen them at random times as well.

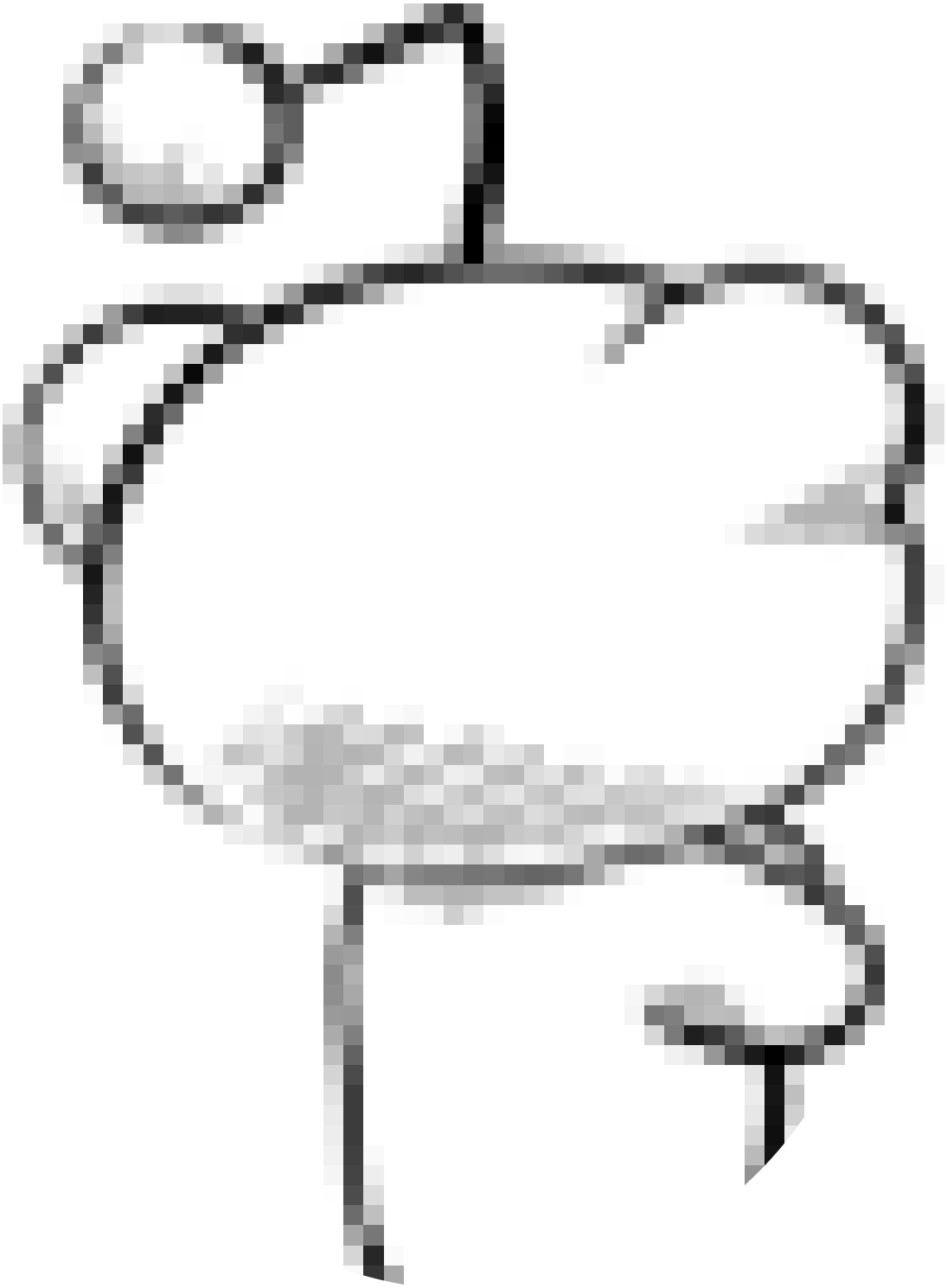
About 3 years ago I was pulling up to a call for a bad crash and I saw the "blobs" floating near one of the cars. The girl was dead in that car.

Seriously. I honestly wish I never seen these blobs whatever they are

imranorchid
â€¢ 14y ago

I played a concert venue called The Rave in Milwaukee a while back, I'm sure some of you must have heard of it. Itâ€™s reputedly haunted for a number of reasons. I have to preface this by explaining that whilst Iâ€™m intrigued by the supernatural, I firmly believe there is a scientific explanation for unexplained phenomenon. Iâ€™m sure than one day, men and women much smarter than myself will be able to go â€˜Yup, this is down to magnetic forces or ...â€™. Also, knowing that a place has a certain history will invariably make you more susceptible to its supposed haunted â€˜effectsâ€™. That said ...

They have an incredible swimming pool in their basement since it previously used to be a men's athletics club, which a few of us went looking for. It's a tricky find since there's actually a few sub-levels to the building (and staff will NOT help you find it), so we were wondering around for a while until we eventually came across a large room (which turned out to be a separate venue to the one we'd just played upstairs). We walked to the stage end of the room hoping to find a way out to the pool and to my left, about 4-5 yards away, was a staircase leading downstairs. By this point, there was only one other person in the room - a friend who was a good 30 yards away, on the far right side of the room. I called out to her to say I'd found a staircase and I'll never truly be able to explain what happened next. I physically felt someone pull me towards the stairs and next thing I know, I'm falling. I wasn't pushed, I was pulled. Next thing I know I'm at the bottom of the staircase and my friend's hysterically running over to see if I'm alright. I fractured my hand (though didnâ€™t realise til later) and was pretty shaken but truthfully, I felt an overwhelming sense of respect for the place rather than fear. What's more is that the staircase just lead to double doors that were chained shut. Let it be know that I wasnâ€™t intoxicated in any shape or form (although we did later find the pool and smoked a bowl in it, so all's well that ends well :D).



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â€¢ 14y ago

A collection of atoms came together to become a thing called "I". Apparently this is a temporary phenomenon.

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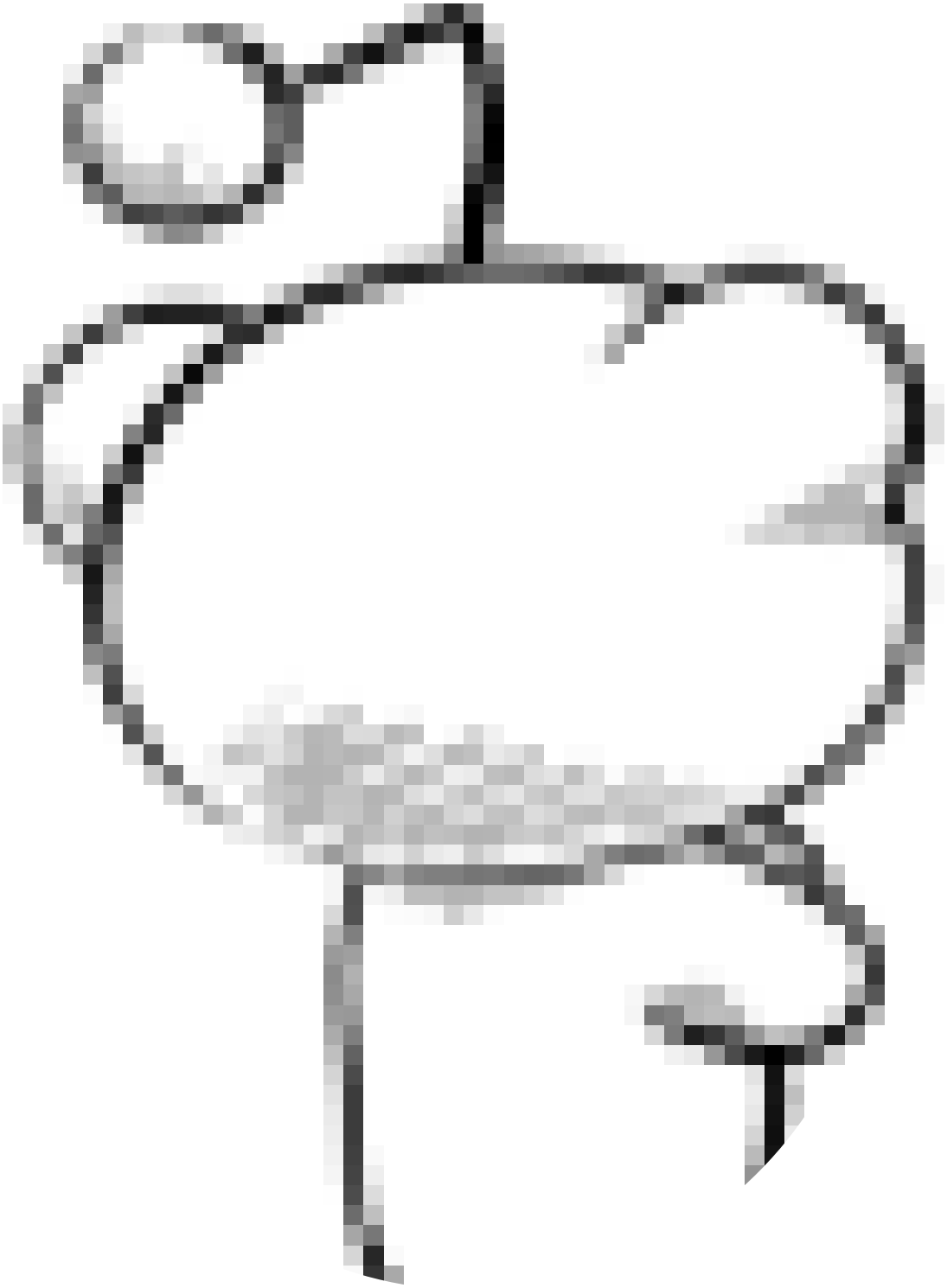

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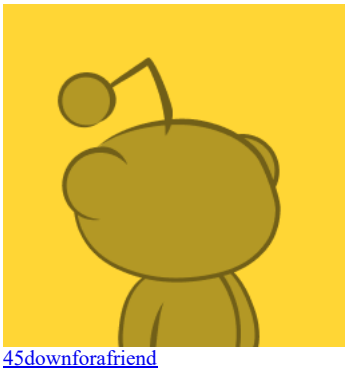

45downforafriend
â€¢ 14y ago

Last summer I was backpacking with some friends in Washington. Two friends and I went on a day hike to a glacier about 10 miles up the trial of where we were camping. We reached the glacier, took pictures and such, and started heading back towards camp as the sun started setting. I was on the look out for wild life, as dusk is when the most of the most impressive animals start becoming active. We turned a corner on the trail and I saw a large bipedal animal walk up a fallen tree. I saw the siloette of this creature and I alerted my friends. Startled by the sound of me telling my friends to look, this creature reached its left forearm around a tree and positioned itself to take a glance at me, then ran (on two legs mind you) into the bush. After a brief moment of it looking at me, I watched it take a solid 4 strides before it disappeared out of sight. Whatever I saw was about 6'4", hairy, and very skinny. I tried to tell myself that I just saw a bear, but in my experiences with bears, I have never seen one that skinny nor have I seen a bear that would run from a situation on its hind legs. I could not explain what I saw as anything but a Sasquatch. I am not one to believe in superstition, and I highly regard the scientific method. This however, was outside of my realm of understanding, and to this day, I believe that I saw a Sasquatch. I talked to a park ranger the next day, and he said that there was a fugitive that was living in the woods around the area, but he was reported to be 5"4" and accompanied by a pack of 3+ dogs. I concluded that this is not what I saw, but still I could not identify the animal that I saw.

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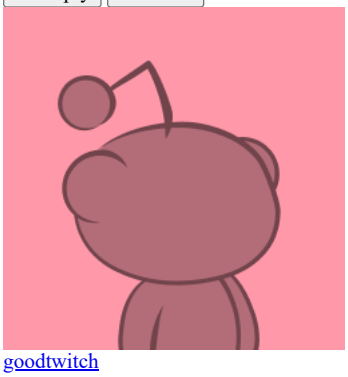

goodtwitch
â€¢ 14y ago

This is a story told to me by someone in college, but I didn't get the sense they were lying to me. He said that before going to college he and his friends were tooling around in a truck on some dirt road through the woods at night. They'd heard rumors of some sort of cult out there. They go over this hill and there's a bunch of people all standing around. When they see them they start chasing after them, so they turn and rush out of there. The people are screaming animal noises and throwing small bits of white powder wrapped in plastic wrap at them, which are exploding on their truck.

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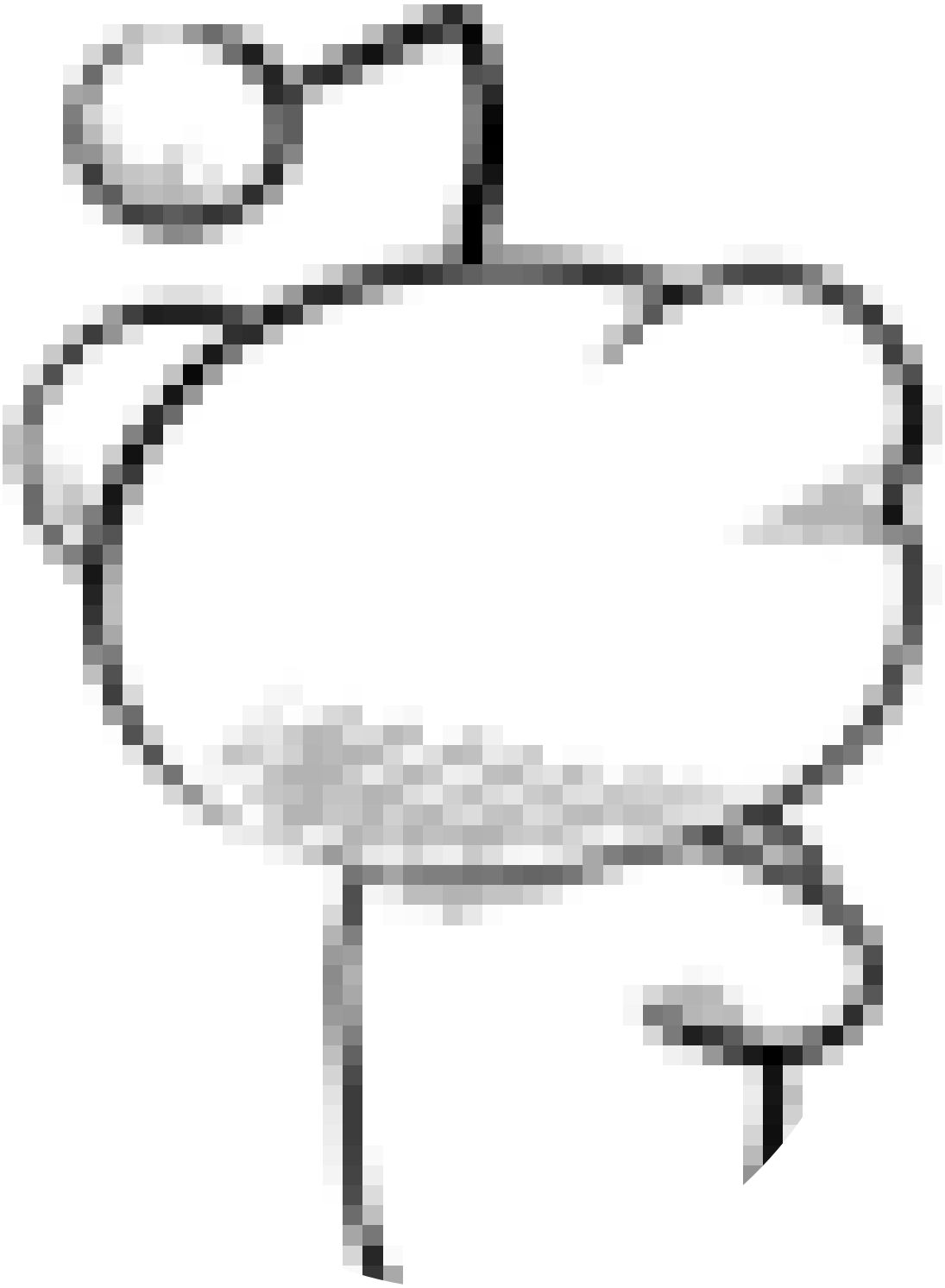

MikeHDYGO
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 8 I saw a WWII soldier in my downstairs bathroom [according to my mum], I ran to my mum and told her, and gave her a perfect description of how he was dressed, stood, the weapon, etc. No clue how/why i saw him.

3 months later, my younger brother reported the same thing, in a different part of the house.

=)

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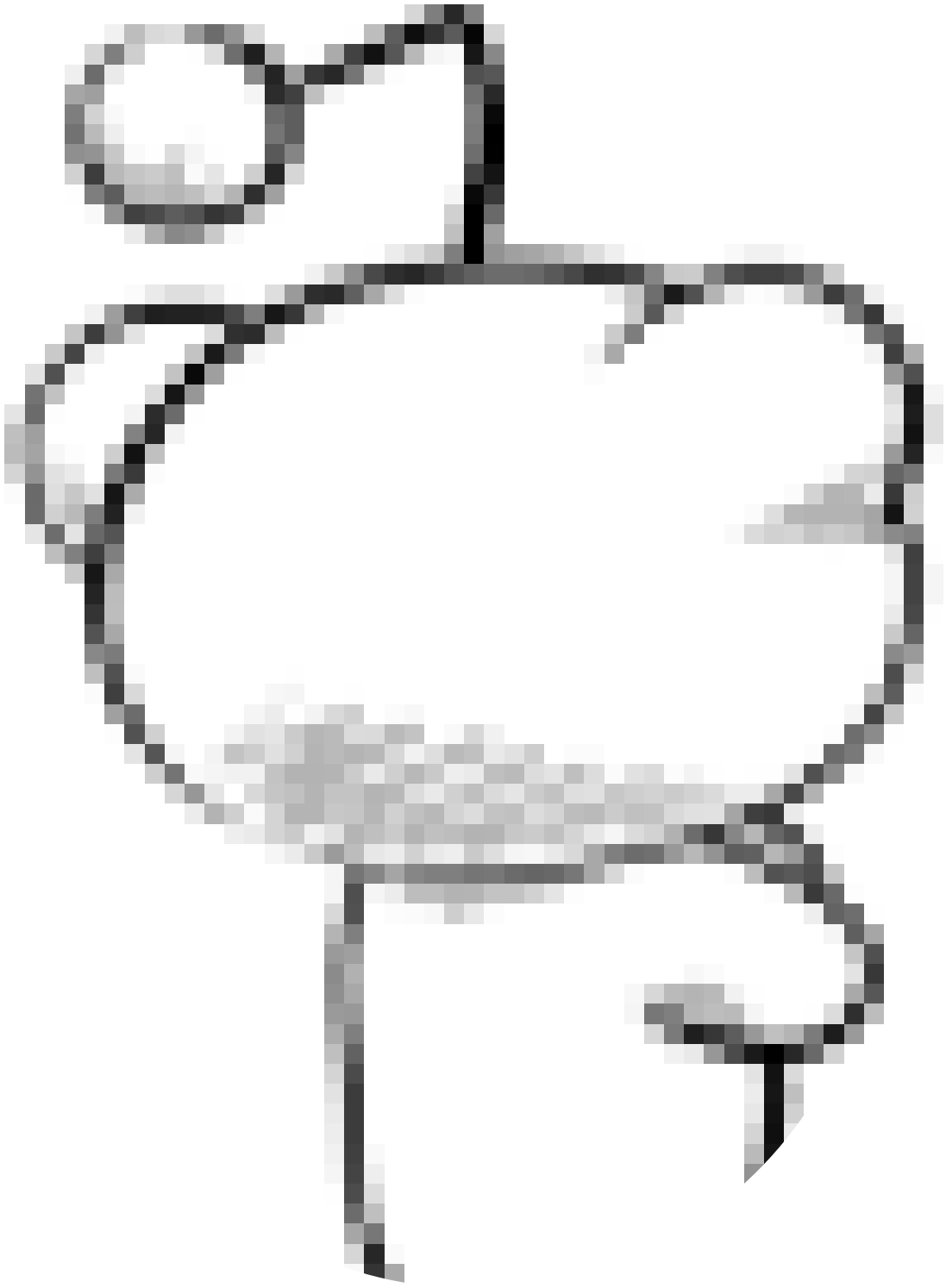

gentleblumpkin
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay I haven't told anyone about this but what the fuck. Probably about two years ago I lived in an apartment building with elevators that were fancy looking, but very slow. They had a kind of light on the top that covered the whole ceiling, but it was behind a semi-transparent glass tile (also covering the ceiling). Anyways, one day in the spring I am taking the elevator to the third floor and soon after hitting the first floor the light starts to get a lot brighter. Like staring into the sun bright. As it gets brighter I start laughing, unprovoked and uncontrollable laughter. By the time it hits the second floor (about 1minute) Im on the ground literally rofl-ing and can see the light glaring through my closed eyes. This was scaring the shit out of me because it was getting harder and harder to breathe and I couldn't open my eyes without hurting them. Right when it reaches the 3rd (top floor & where I live) the light changes back to normal, I stop laughing and the door dings and opens up.

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Yeager99
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was about 7, my family went to yellowstone national park. We were just there for the day as we were driving across country. We just did the normal drive throughthe park, saw a whole bunch of animals and old faithful. The wierd part waz asweweredriving by an open field, my family was looking out one side and i was looking outthe other, and there i saw it. No on else did and my dad refused to turn around for a second look. But i know what i saw and still remember that day that i saw a Stegosaurus!

King_Manipulator
â€¢ 14y ago

Oh lovely, unwanted memories are surfacing.

When I was a young lad about the age of seven, I woke up in the middle of the night with a strange feeling of something staring at the nape of my neck. I got up to get a glass of water (I commonly wake up thirsty) and as I made my way to the kitchen in the dark the feeling of apprehension and steadily rising panic continued to escalate. When I made it to the kitchen, I remember PURPOSEFULLY avoiding the window, because there was something in the back of my mind screaming that if I looked at it, I would see something fucking awful. So, unable to take the sensation of being watched and toyed with anymore, I fucked off like any little kid would do to my parents room.

Now. If you believe in ghosts (I don't) or spirits, or demons, or anything supernatural, this is where the story takes a strange turn. I really want to believe what I was experiencing was a dream but I remember the life-like qualities of everything TOO much. It was TOO vivid. And that's what scares the all-living-shit out of me.

When I opened the door, there was no lightning bolt of realization. There was no chill down my spine, there was only a dull sensation of absolute and utter wrong, as though I was watching something that defied reality as it should have been. Hovering over my parent's bed was this ghastly creature, a freak of a humanoid whose skin looked as though it had been dried in the sun and stretched tightly around its bones to freakishly thin proportions. Its mouth was open, and while it made no sound, I remember it slowly rotating its head until it looked at me and a noise similar to TV static building up in the back of my head accompanied by a dull, low, high-pitched screaming.

The worst part was the lack of eyes. There were just these empty, black, sockets. It felt like the longer I stared into them, the longer they were staring into ME. I'm not sure how to explain it using the English language, but there was some part of me that felt like I was LOSING myself by continuing to stare into them.

And that's where my memory ends. All I remember is a few days later getting that prickling sensation at the back of my neck. I confronted my mom about it but she just laughed it off.

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doileybobbins
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

EDIT: Holy shit, wall of text. My bad. Intense story! Scroll down for *tl;dr*

Alright, I've only told a couple people about this because it still freaks me the fuck out but here goes nothing...

Back in 2002 or so I went with my youth group to do some service work and teach vacation bible school at this small church in Yakima (in eastern Washington). We stayed at the church for a week, painting fences and window frames, cleaning the grounds, and running a little daycamp/bible school for the church's kids. We mostly just killed time and had the run of this old methodist church. It was a really great time but one thing about it still haunts me to this day.

After spending a week doing chores and babysitting little tykes, we all settled down for our second to last night, our sleeping bags laid on the pews in the big sanctuary room. The two female youth-leaders passed out first leaving all us kids and Geoff, the youth-pastor, awake waiting to fall asleep. Then **SLAM!**...a few seconds go by...another **SLAM!** By this point we were all jolted upright in the pews just staring at each other. Another **SLAM!** from what seemed like the big kitchen downstairs got us rushing to the back of the sanctuary faster than you could imagine.

Okay, so here's where it goes from crazy to insane and I start to question my whole reality when I think of what happened that night. So the two ladies were still sound asleep, and the 8 of us were all huddled together in the back of this giant, dark, spooky church sanctuary wondering what the hell is going on. Then what sounded like a great

ripping or crumbling sound emanated from the very top of the huge vaulted ceiling, starting at one end and "rolling" down the spine of the roof to other end. It sounded like the entire roof was being ripped off or collapsing. Absolutely terrifying! Gives me fucking goosebumps remembering it. *Shivers*. Now this really got us just scared as all hell and clinging to each other in abject terror.

Next the **most fucked up thing that I have ever experienced** happened. We hear A YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE singing "JESUS LOVES YOU" coming from the front of the sanctuary. I shit you not. **SO. FUCKED. UP!**. It was like a little girl sing/talking the words in a loud whisper, like seriously the creepiest voice you could possibly fathom, that sounded like it was coming from the entire wall, not just a single small source. I can't even explain how *unearthly* it sounded. We are now downright spooked, confused, utterly helpless to all this crazy shit going on. Not crapping our pants terrified but certainly in that place where you feel completely unable to rationalize what is going on. Even Geoff, a 30 year old musician and youth-pastor, was reacting to all this with near the same primal uninhibited emotion we 14 and 15-year-old kids were.

Then the final nail in the coffin. **Slam!**, again. **Slam!**, and again. And again, and again, this time in a rhythmic pattern, about once every couple seconds. **Slam! Slam! Slam!** still coming from downstairs and what could be the kitchen. At this point the youngest kid, Zach, who was maybe 11 or so, was completely in tears, begging Geoff to let him sleep in his car. So this being just completely too much weirdness, Geoff decides he'll investigate downstairs. At this point we have reasoned it if it wasn't something...*other-worldly*, maybe the pastor of the church messing with us or something, it was safe to check out. After a minute or so, Geoff comes rushing back in saying he saw a little a girl out of the corner of his eye in the hall downstairs. He said it looked like she went around the corner the moment he turned to see her. Then one more time, a little girl in a sunday dress, then gone in an instance. I'll never forget the unease on his face. He was clearly spooked!

[If you're still reading, stay with me. I known this sounds too strange to be true, but trust me, this shit really happened...]

Needless to say this had us all so frightened that it took about an hour or two of turning the lights back on and nothing happening to get us to go back to sleep. The next morning after explaining what happened to the deep sleepers, who were understandably incredulous, we kept going over what happened, trying to explain it any way we could, even the feasibility of it being a prank, but always coming up empty.

Then I got a stroke of genius. Next to the big kitchen downstairs, accesible from the dining area, was the boiler room for the church. A big old-fashioned boiler in the center. Yeah, an *old* church. The door to the boiler room was a giant steel fire-door that rolled open and close. I remembered from our exploration of the church that the door kinda slammed shut when you closed it, and it might be the source of the slamming noise. But if was far too heavy for one man to slam it as fast as we heard it. We decided to do a test. We had one person go upstairs to the sanctuary and the rest of us slammed the door together as fast as we could. Two different people confirmed that was the sound we heard, but 6 or so teenagers and one adult couldn't move it as fast as we heard it the night before! ...!

Next we decided to investigate the room behind the front of the sanctuary where it sounded like the girl's voice was coming from. It was clearly a storage room, lined with shelves full of boxes containing all kinds of documents. Church records; old newspapers; that kind of thing. Sitting on a table with the lid half off, was a box of papers. One of the newspaper articles sitting on the top was a story about a fire that burned down the church in the 30s and killed a little girl. **A FIRE**...**AT THE CHURCH**...**KILLED A LITTLE GIRL**. This immediately got us all thinking ghosts and unfinished business and the like! Freaked us out so much we decided to try to get a confession of some sort of funny-business from the pastor when she came to have breakfast with us. Not so much as a smirk out of her. So we said we were looking at old clippings and asked if anybody ever died *at* the church. She said she had heard of a little girl that got sick and had her funeral at the church but that was it. We were convinced it was a little girl's spirit contacting us!

So after *all* this freaky shit happened and we came back home, we hardly spoke of that night and were never really sure of what caused it all. Its been years since I've since anyone from that church and want nothing more than to ask one of them how they remember it! And yeah, it could have been one crazy huge prank, but I don't think so. After everything that happened that night, I'm convinced there are things in the universe we rarely perceive and can hardly explain [they just don't show themselves to frat-boys with cameras in empty buildings]!

TL;DR Stayed at a haunted church on mission trip with youth group. Dead little girl's spirit or greatest prank ever. Most memorable night regardless!

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wafflesareforever
â€¢ 14y ago

Everything that has ever happened to me has been easily explainable by science. Fuck me, right?

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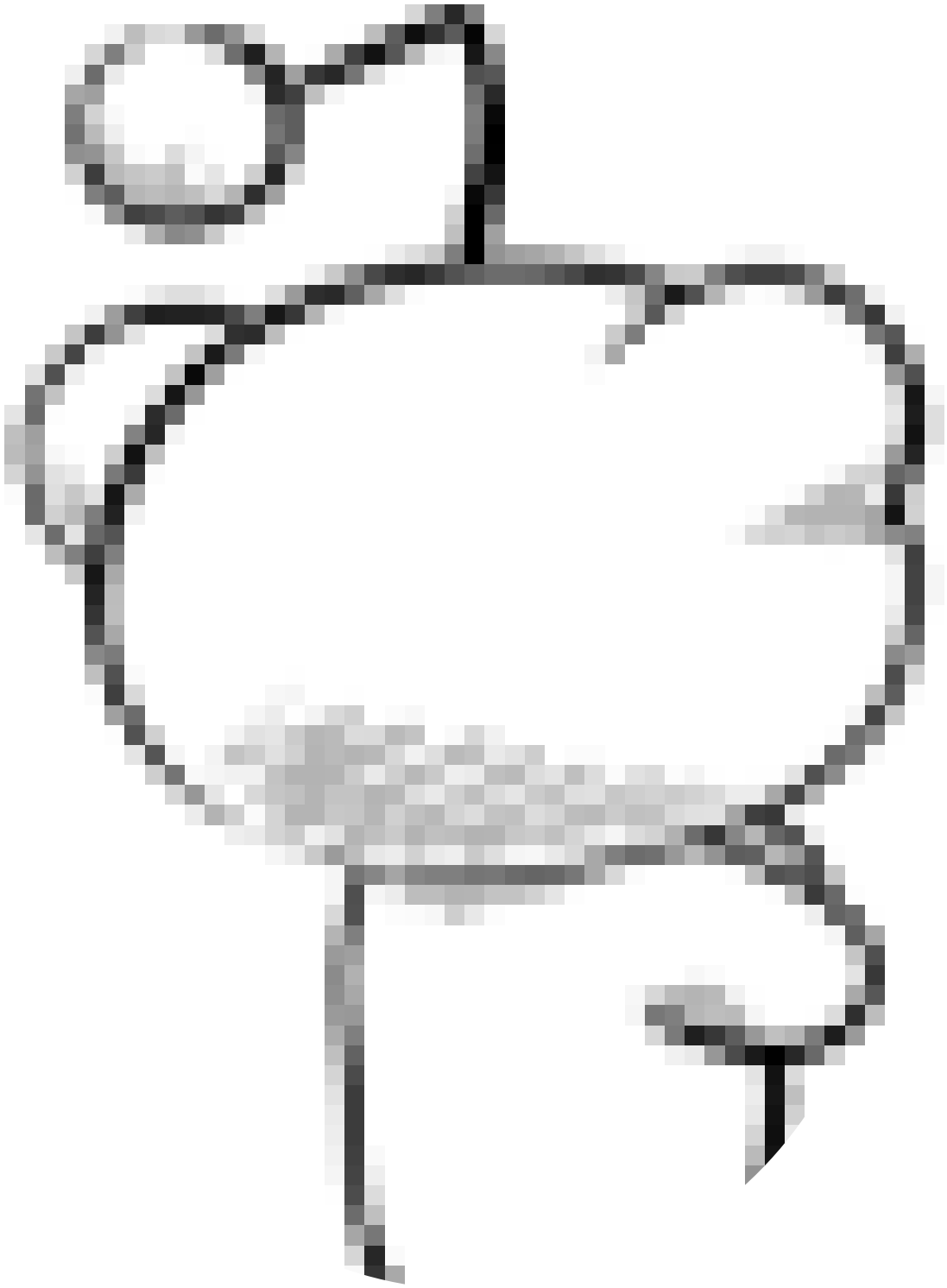

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â€¢ 14y ago

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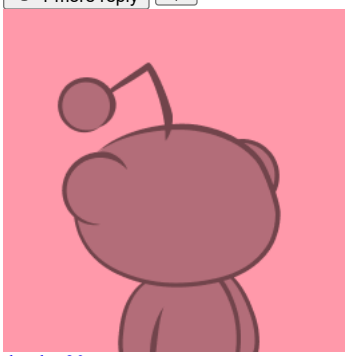

denden90
â€¢ 14y ago

I was 12 and I could not sleep one night. I heard a gunshot and a car drive away. I then heard a man screaming in pain, asking for help. I go to my window (8th floor apartment) and see in the distance on the main road, a car and could make out a man standing near it. I went and woke up my mother and told her to rush. Came back, car and man were gone. No noises of the car having left. I still to this day have no idea if I hallucinated it, or if the person get away in their car in that 10 second period I was away from the window and heard no noise.

Reply Share

Zombiewizards
â€¢ 14y ago

I chalk this up to the masses of bullying i used to get as a kid, but for the most part of 4 years I had to sleep on my parent's bedroom floor (mum's side because it put both my parents between myself and the door) due to horrible nightmares. Anyway, the worst of what I assumed was a nightmare, but I could have sworn I was entirely awake, was when I felt a vicious tugging on my foot, followed by a swift rush of air past my ear and the slamming of my wardrobe door. At the time I had a bed similar to this:

https://www.miniatureliving.co.uk/719-1825-thickbox/blue-kids-beddesk-combination.jpg

So the wardrobe was attached to the bed and it was impossible for anyone of my family to fit inside of it. At that point I either woke up or was already awake and bolted right out of there, literally diving into my parents bed. Was not fun. **TL:DR - Something tugged viciously at my foot, sped past my ear and slammed my wardrobe door when I was a kid in bed once. Might have been a nightmare.**

number311
â€¢ 14y ago

I have two "odd" stories. First, when I was little maybe 8 or 9, the house we lived in was an old house and was basically kept in the family. Once my grandma was sent off to an apartment complex for old people (not retirement home or resort, just I can't recall the term for it) my mom received the house. Anyways, one summer day it was just myself and one of my brothers home that afternoon, he would often watch me during the summer while the rents were working. We were going about our day, me being younger I would get harassed and told to do some crazy things or else all the bad things I do will be told to our parents, etc. Once we calmed down we settled and was watching TV on the second floor and suddenly from the third floor we hear a loud crash. I'm not too religious or believe much in ghosts, but we were terrified. Now no one (even in our family likes the bloody third floor during the summer because it's hot as hell up there and wasps were known for nesting up there. Once we heard the crash we stopped what we were doing and looked at each other. He grabs a bat as I grab something plastic, you know in case some dumb ass with a ladder broke in from the third floor. We were young so that's the first thing that came to mind. Anyway, we get up there and we had painted glass-like figures that happened to be religious and we put them under the tree for Christmas. Turns out Mary either went on a suicide plunge from the window sill or something knocked it off...we just looked at each other freaked the hell out and ignored it. Our parents came home and of course we got blamed for it because we are kids and rough house. Turns out an old man did die on our second floor toilet, but that was the only incident we ever had was the Mary thing. So why just that one story? Surely, if it was "haunted" there would have been more...right!? Second story is when i was 11 or 12 I was standing at the bus stop early in the morning during the cold. Not only am I cold but of course tired as hell. I looked up at the sky at the horizon and thought I saw a UFO at the time because it was this bright light that just zoomed across the horizon. I had no idea but that day my friends just thought I was weird because I stopped one of them mid-sentence and asked if anyone just saw that, probably was a shooting star though.

Reply Share

abugguy
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 8 or 9 I read Bram Stoker's Dracula in one sitting. It was probably a condensed version but I remember it being pretty big and it took me all day to read. After I was done it was bed time and I got kinda freaked out lying there in the dark thinking I was about to be visited by a vampire, so I got permission to sleep on the couch outside my parent's bedroom.

I slept really hard, and remember nothing until morning... when I woke up there was a hole in my pillow exactly the shape and side of my head, almost as if my head had dissolved the pillow case. My mom still thinks I ripped it myself to make her angry or something but I have no idea how that hole got there. Was pretty freaky.

StudMuffinz
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay, this happened about 4 years ago before I had to get glasses.

It was about 10:00 at night and im about 9 or 10 years old. Its a school night and I usually dont fall asleep to quickly. I was just laying in my bed looking out the window that is right in front of it when suddenly I see a small red dot. I blink and its still there and it hasnt moved. Its also seemed to be about a couple hundred yards from my window. A couple more seconds and BOOM, 5 feet from my window about a foot in diameter. Its still red. It stays there for a couple seconds and bang it seems to be miles away from me and it starts to blink and have a spaz attack. It starts blinking everywhere, distances changing and it started to slowly move up.

Yeah, 10 year old me didnt like that very much. Safe to say I slept with the lights on that night.

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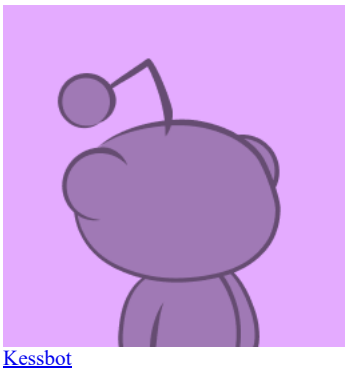

Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

ITT: real or fake (all valid) reasons why you should stay the fuck away from the woods

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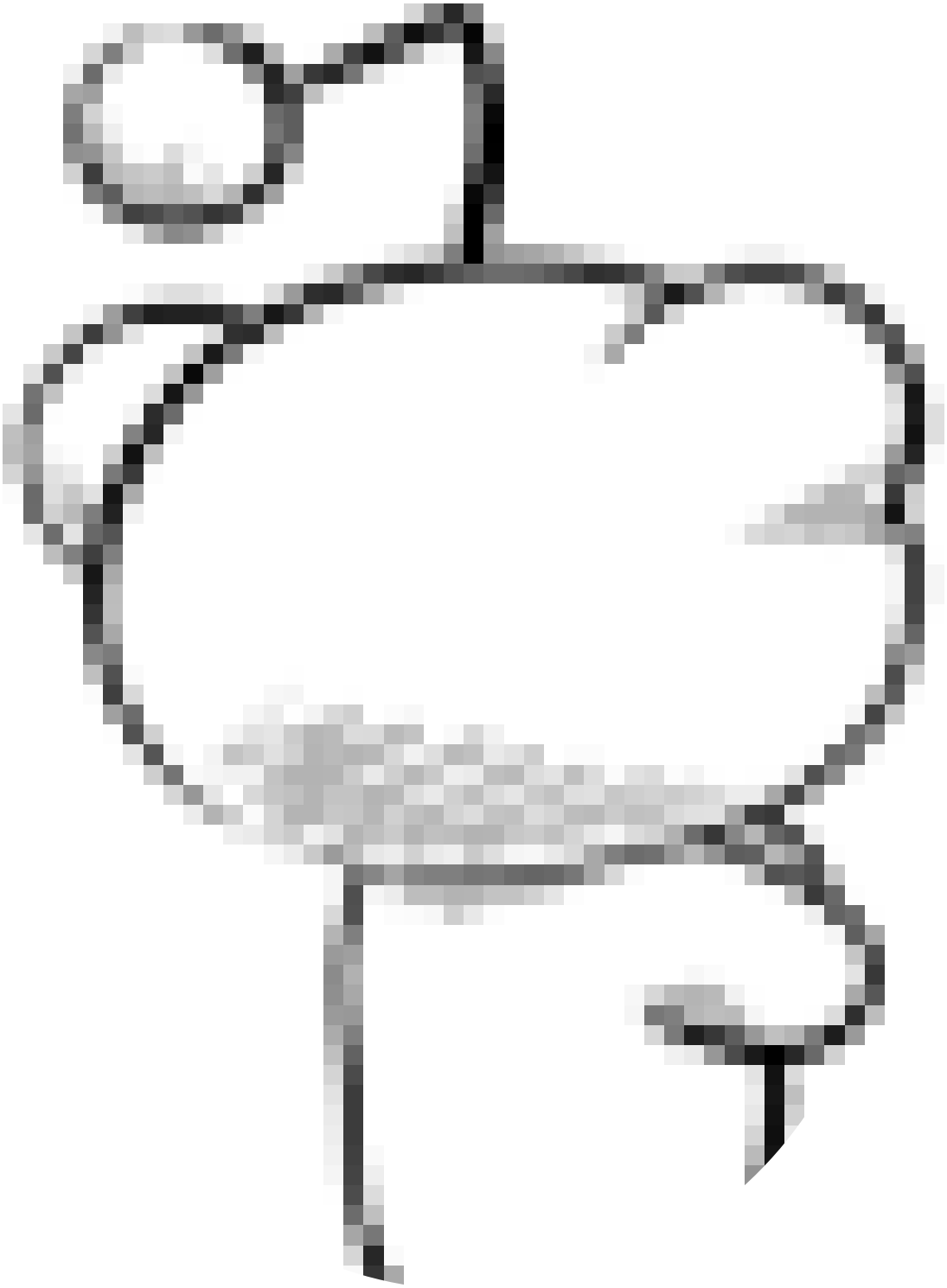

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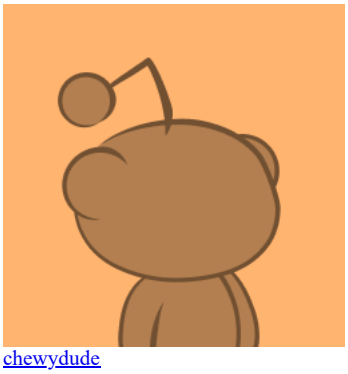
â€¢ 14y ago

A few months ago I had a dream I was standing in my parents bedroom beside the side of the bed where my mother sleeps on just staring down at it. No one was in the bed, I suddenly felt a presence in the room and I look to my left and there was a man in a black suit, tie, and a bowler style hat. Im not religious at all but I immediately knew he was the devil. He had no face, but I just knew. I just stared at him for a few seconds before I woke up at 4 in the morning in tears from the fear I had. I've never been so scared in my life. I ended up not going to sleep for 3 days after from being so afraid. I've never told anyone about my dream nor do I know what it means. I haven't dreamed about him since though.

Reply Share



chewydude
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger I had weird hole near my stomach it wasn't deep but only the very top skin was missing. It did not heal right away and stayed open for weeks or more no scab or anything. I would squeeze it and a clear liquid would come out. It didn't hurt but it now has healed but has a couple of long hairs that keep growing on it and a scar. I had told my mom about it but I don't think she listened

rr1252
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 14, my friends and I were sitting on my front porch around midnight, relaxing and being teenagers. Then, out of no where, the sky went from night time black to bright green, like an Aurora Borealis or something. It kept flashing and lasted about 30 seconds. Much discussion was had over what it could be (aliens, a portal to another world, etc...)

Eventually, we went to discover the cause, and found that a drunk driver hit a transformer down the road.

Reply Share

versikendra
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago, I was driving a route I'd driven many times to a friend's house in a neighboring town. I was approaching an intersection with another road where people driving on the other road had a stop sign (the way I was driving did not.) It was impossible to see if a car was approaching due to the stone bridge immediately before the intersection, hence the placement of the stop sign.

As I approached the intersection, I had a feeling that I should slow down (which I never did because of the stop sign for the cross-street). So I slowed down drastically, almost to a stop, and a car blew past the stop sign and through the intersection.

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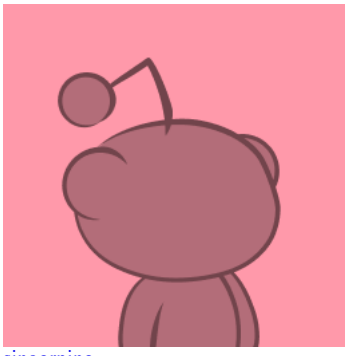


singorpino
â€¢ 14y ago

Oh I got a good one for this. Not actually mine, but a story from my dad. Quite a few years ago (more than 20) he was visiting Italy, which was a normal thing to do because have friends over there. My parents were in a hotel in Rimini, doing their usual holiday stuff, then one night my dad was walking along the boulevard and saw some staring up in the sky. He also looked up and saw, what appears to be a big plane (he couldn't actually see the plane, but it was apparently very high up in the sky and had the usual plane style light pattern) the only thing was that it was hanging in the air. My dad, being the sober fellow that he is, thought it was probably a heli or balloon of some sort and continued walking. As he walked he saw more and more people looking up in the sky and even: Ooooh'ing and Aaaaawh'ing, so again he looked up and the flying thing was still there but maybe slightly different location and although very high up in the sky it appeared to be moving horizontally, since so many people were looking something had to be happening with that thing so he kept watching. Not a moment later it shoot upwards into the sky, with the speed of a giant rocket and later vanished when it reached to far above the clouds. He said everyone was weirded out by it and it made the local paper or something. The thing weirds me out is that my dad is extremely sober and doesn't believe in anything and always has a rational explanation for everything that happens or every story he hears or sees on tv, but to this day he can not even slightly comprehend what he saw that day.

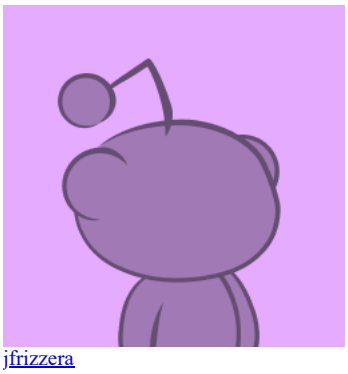
Reply Share

chrbir1
â€¢ 14y ago

So my friend always said that her house was haunted but I hadn't seen anything in the years that I hung out with her until about a year ago. We were setting up for a party (the house is huge so it's great for parties) and we go to her room to get some crafts. There's a man standing by her bed holding some craft stuff, looking like he's helping out. My friend smiles at him and takes the stuff from him. He then promptly vanishes into thin air. Now I was obviously perplexed by this occurrence, but she explained to me that that was her "room mate" and he just didn't want to be forgotten so every once in a while he would show up to do random stuff like hand someone crafts, or turn of a light when they were leaving the room. I didn't freak out, but I was thoroughly creeped out.

I never did see him again but I was always aware of his presence, and I think that's all he wanted. He must have known that I wouldn't freak out so that's why he revealed himself.

tl;dr: My friend's helpful room mate is a ghost who doesn't want to be forgotten.



jfrizzera
â€¢ 14y ago

As a youngster I lived in a rowhome in Baltimore that had a very narrow room in the basement.

A large sink took up one whole side of it.

I had a recurring dream where I'd run past the sink, in the dark, and something would trip me. I'd struggle to get up and fall down again.

This went on for two years. One night I was about to have the dream when my father and uncle showed up, and pulled out a bug the size of a horsehoe crab, complete with wriggly legs.

"That's why you've been falling down," my father said.

"We took care of it, John John, now you can sleep," said my uncle.

Never had the dream again, but remember it like I had it last night.

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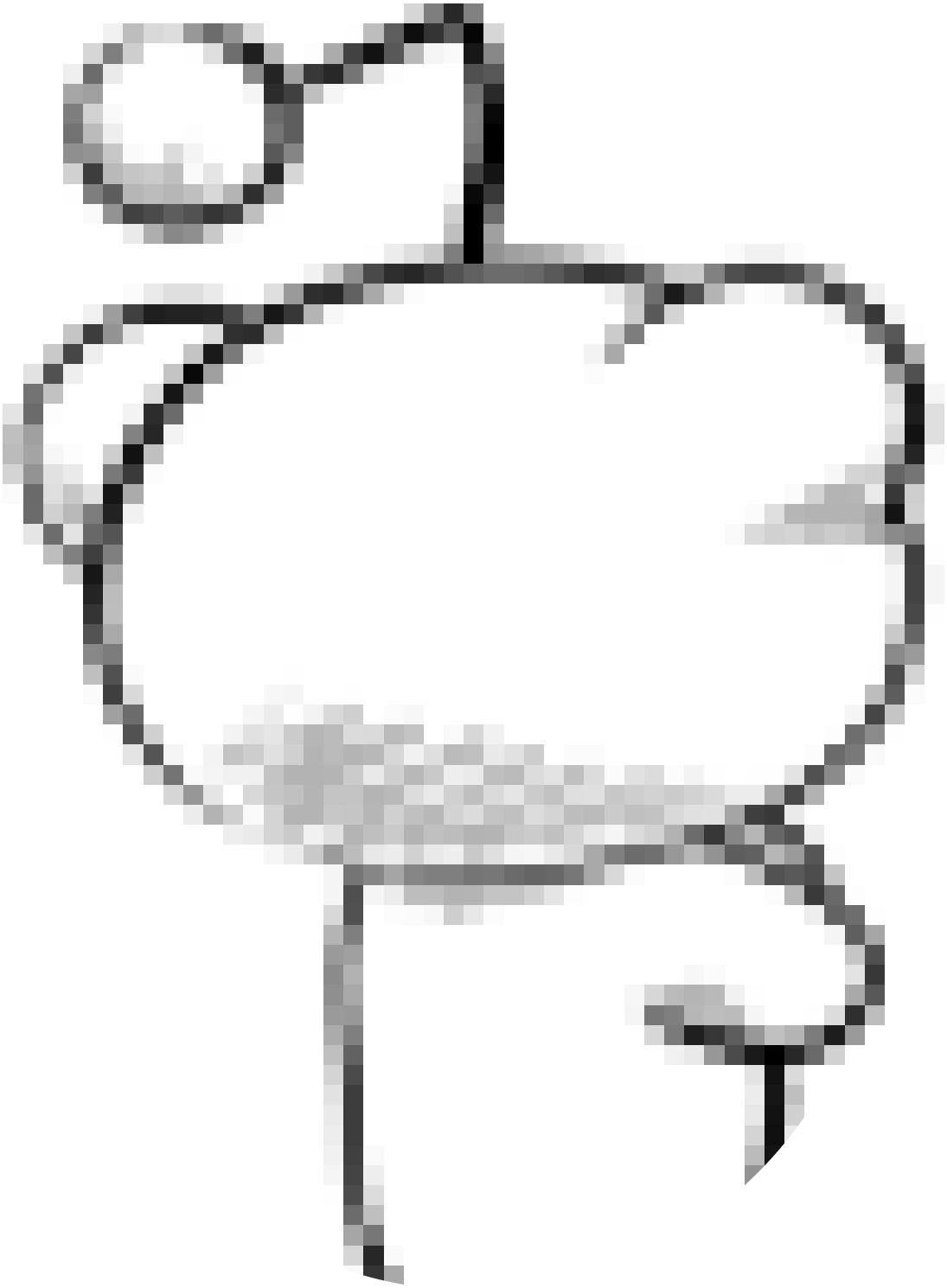

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â€¢ 14y ago

This has always bothered me because I genuinely thought I was going crazy, I was in high school so around 16 or 17 and was getting ready for school taking a shower. While I was washing my hair I heard the loudest laugh that can only be described as the most evil sounding laugh I have ever heard in my life. It sounded like it was all around me and right in my ears, nobody else was home. I was trying to rationalize it while it was happening but I couldn't. I started to think the laughing was in my head and I had lost it. My mind was blown and all I could do is think about crying because I was so fucking scared haha. I don't scare easily so it really freaked me out. It never happened again and I was the only one home so I really cant explain it. Almost ten years later and I never forgot the laugh, it was so fucking evil.

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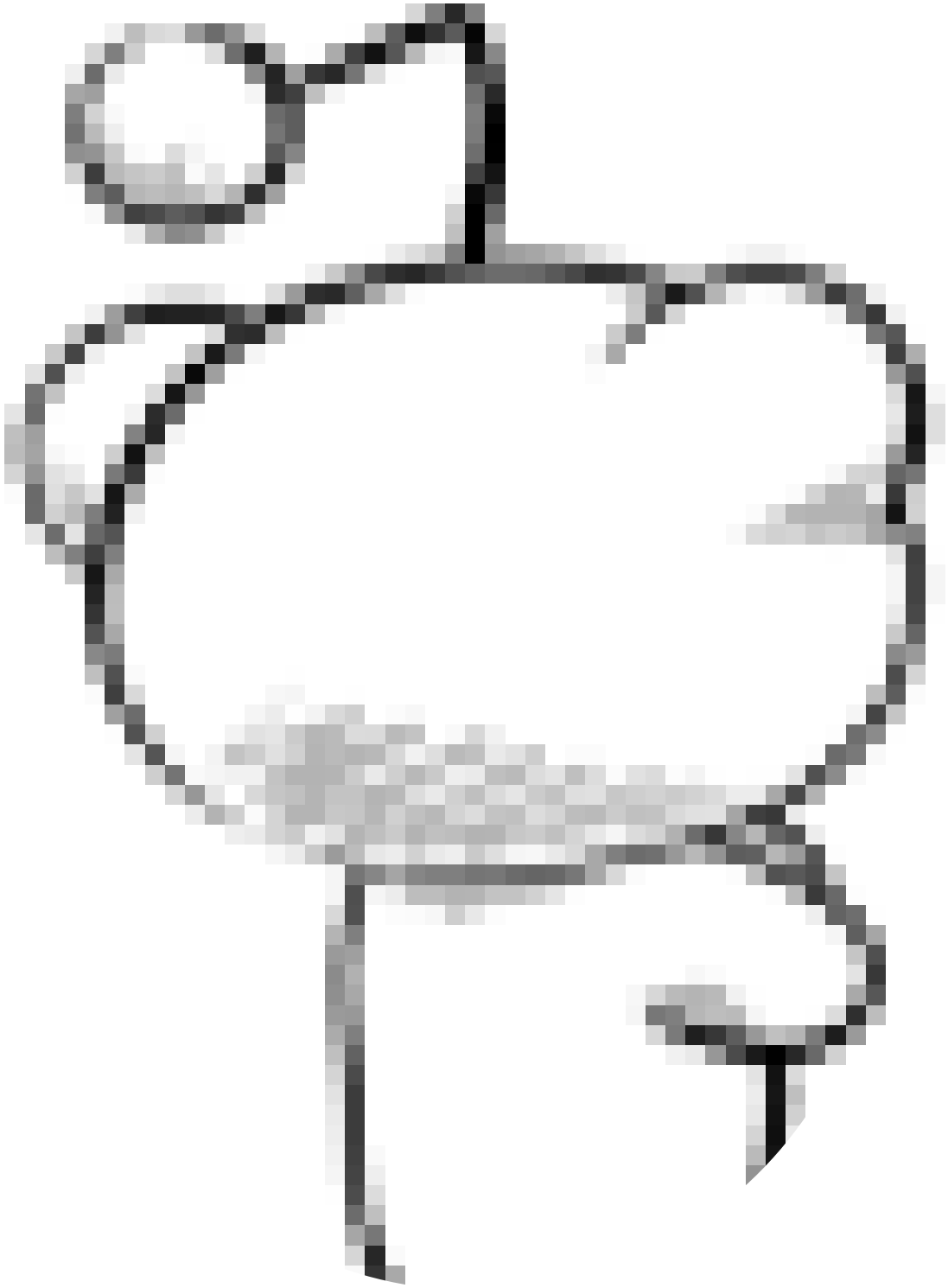

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â€¢ 14y ago

Sorry for the wall of text, got kind of carried away.

I was probably about 17 years old at the time this happened, and I don't remember ALL the details but I do remember enough of the story to get chills every time I tell it. This was when the Paranormal Activity movies had started coming out and everyone was either ghost hunting or had some kind of demon experience, well I didn't, and I wasn't really one who believed in that kind of stuff. Well we decided it would be a great idea to get a ouija board (in retrospect it wasn't that great of an idea) and play with it. No one else wanted to play with it at their house so I decided "Hey, we could go play with it in my room! What's the worst that can happen right?", wrong.

Being the retarded teenagers we were we looked up what we should and shouldn't do, the best way to get something to talk to us and just overall tips and what nots. So we went to the store, got some candles (which was stupid because it was a glow in the dark board, which also should have been a dead give away that we were just being stupid) and lit them and set up in my bedroom. No one except for me and one other person were willing to actually use the thing so we turned off all the lights, set up the candles, placed the board on our knees so we were touching and we could both comfortably touch the center creepy demon talker in the middle. We started asking it questions like where are you from? Who are you? Is there anyone even here? You know, just the typical, demon hunting questions, and it was giving us the typical, gonna-kill-you, demon type answers. Somewhere down the road we started asking it stuff like "Are you evil?" and "Do you wan't to harm anyone here?" and sure enough, it spells out "Yes".

Okay, so I'm kinda spooked out here but I figure its just the other person moving the demon hell portal opener to freak me out since were in my room playing, so I looked up and saw the same exact look in her face that I had in mine, she was just as spooked as I was, and it was around that time that we had stopped asking questions for about a

second, that the candles started to flicker, and not just a little sputter like candles normally do, like a full on some one was gently blowing ALL of them to one side at the same time (we had about four candles and my fan was turned off, we made sure to turn it off because we couldn't light the candles while it was on, duh). There were about four of us total in my room at the time, and everyone looked pretty freaked out by the candles, but we kept playing anyways, now this is where the story gets weird (and kinda dumb on our part), we asked whatever we were talking to WHO it wanted to hurt, and it went straight to the letter D, well MY name happens to start with a D, and we happened to be playing with it in MY room. I freaked the fuck out and noped my way to "Goodbye" at the bottom of the board and closed that shit up right away.

We had one of our friends writing down the letters that the demon-portal-opener had gone to and see if we could get anything from it, a lot of it was just gibberish but there were a few things that made a little sense, it said it was a little girl, around the age of 11, who had died (I don't remember how she said she had died) maybe 100 or so years ago. Okay so that was pretty creepy but it was about what I expected to happen so I didn't really give it a whole lot of thought.

Until one night later that week, I was sleeping in my bed, facing the wall just like any other night, but how I was woken up was probably the freakiest thing I have ever experienced in my life. I was rolled up in covers facing my wall because for whatever reason i feel most comfortable that way, and it felt like there was someone laying right next to me, being the big spoon, just breathing on my neck. I could actually FEEL something breathing on my neck, and out of no where, I hear "DGat" whispered into my ear, and thats about when I lost it. I didn't even open my eyes, I laid there for what felt like 10 minutes just debating on what I should do. Eventually I started slowly rolling over to see if there was actually anything there, and what felt like another 10 minutes later I had managed to roll over enough to see the rest of my room. There was nothing there, no one was in my room, my door was closed and its pretty squeaky so I would have heard if someone had open or closed it. I was just laying there by myself, creeped the fuck out. Idk how I managed to get back to sleep after that but since then nothing has happened and I have not touched another ouija board after that. Don't plan to either.

TL;DR - Played the Ouija board, got freaked out, weird freaky event happened, never touched it again.

I know this kinda just seems like a freaky ghost story but till this day I still don't know if it was just my mind playing tricks on me or if I actually had some kind of paranormal experience.

Reply Share

rweber2015
â€¢ 14y ago

So one night I was at this party, nothing big it was for my father's friend and there were many adults there, but after a while it had become boring and me and a couple other kids from the party went over to one of their houses to play some basketball. Thinking nothing of it because he lives only a street over we went. When we were there we played a quick basketball game and in the middle of the second one we heard a crazy sound. It sounded like metal scratching together but also a car screeching to a halt. We had all stopped and turned around and all we saw was a massive blue line form from the road at least 100 miles in the sky, it lasted for about 5 seconds and then it was over. We all stood there and about 2 seconds later a red line scans us. At this point we are all flipping shit and scared and we run inside this kids house for the next 10 minutes and then one of their fathers called them back saying they had to go. So we grab an air soft gun and slowly walk over there. We hid the gun under a car so the parents wouldn't ask what happened. I still see all of the people I had experienced this with and we never speak of it. The same party is coming up next weekend and I have been hearing that sound again. I have no idea what it could have been.

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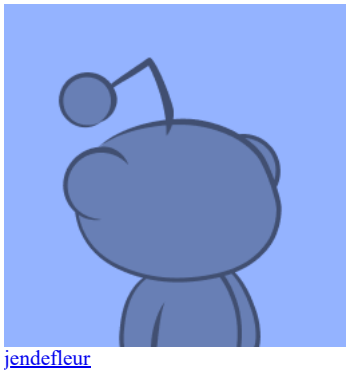
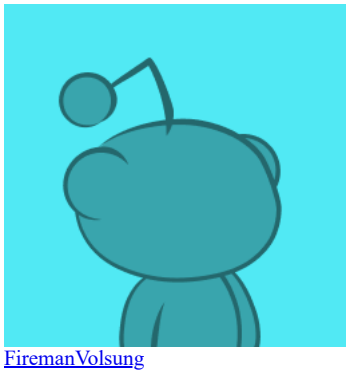


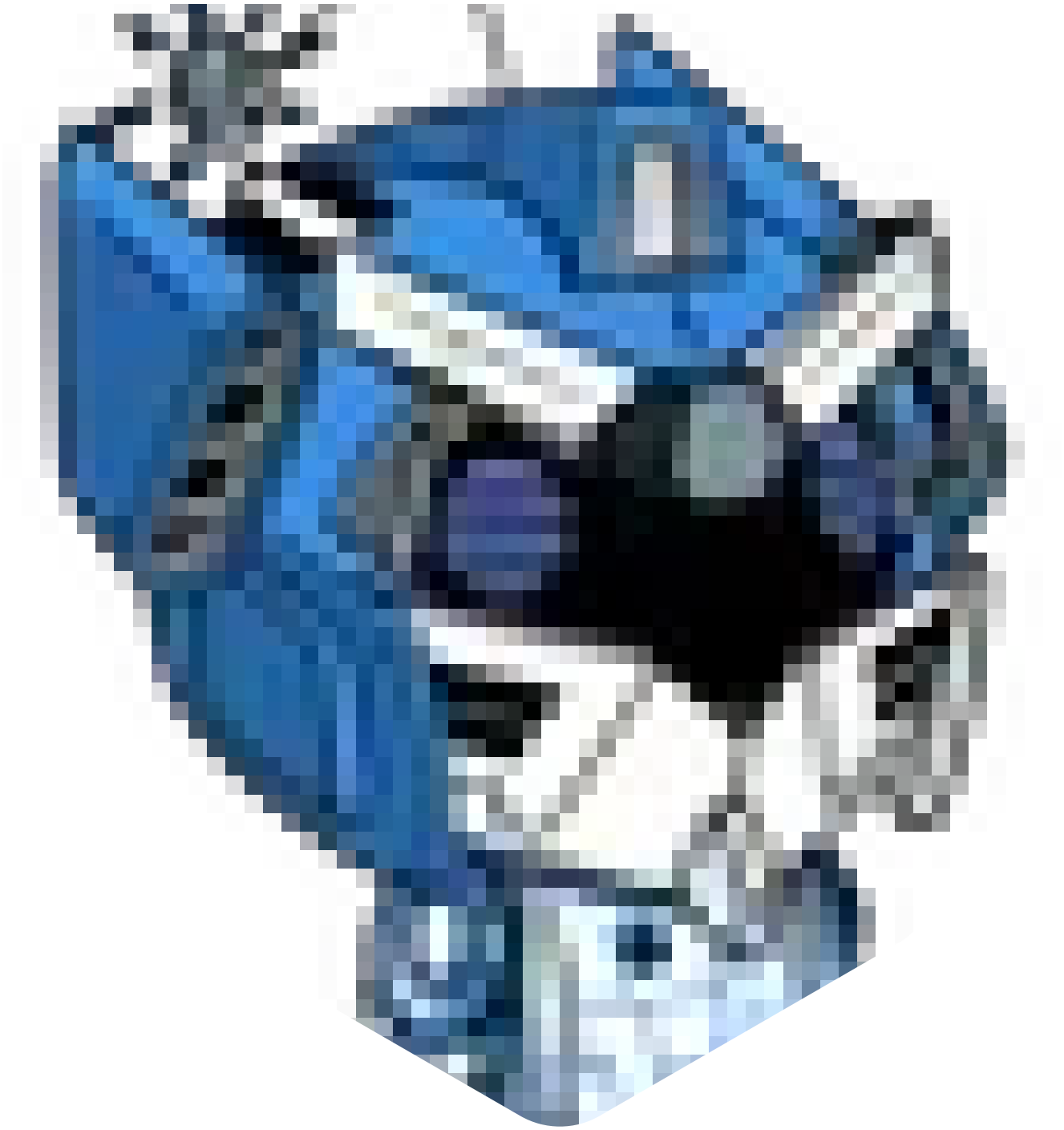
jendefleur
â€¢ 14y ago

I was at my ex's house when his mother bursts in to the room asking if we're okay. We looked at each other and said yeah, we're fine. She shows us a massive pool of blood that had appeared on the landing at the top of the stairs. we're both fine, she's fine, cats fine. No explanation. I remember it bringing tears to my eyes at the time.



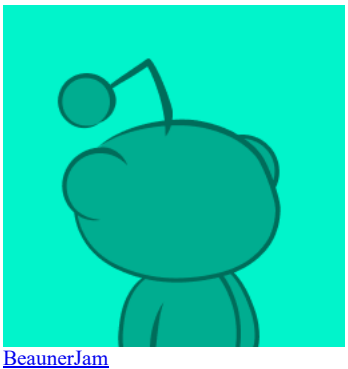
FiremanVolsung
â€¢ 14y ago

Thank you for this, I will keep this question in my back pocket from now on.



Digitalizing
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 4 years old I was woken up by my grandfather and he started telling me about how he makes the grilled cheeses that I loved. After the story I realized he was slightly transparent and didn't have legs. I got freaked out and ran into my moms room and fell asleep at the foot of her bed. I found out the next day that my grandfather had died in the hospital. My dad told me several years later that they had cut both of his legs off as a last attempt to save him. I still don't know if it was a dream or not but its still pretty crazy that I saw him as a legless ghost the night he died.



BeaunerJam
â€¢ 14y ago

I would first like to say that this is NSFCL (not safe for cat lovers). I know y'all are big fans.

Anyway, I lived in a 130+ year old house in a small town in southern Oregon for about a year and a half. I was 11 at the time making me desensitized enough from movies and video games. However, one day, my brother and sister get back from school before our parents and see our Great Dane sniffing at a door inside the house. The door belonged to what we thought was an old cold storage. Purely brick walled with no windows on the outside part of the house.

Playing hot potato between my siblings on "who turns and opens the door first". One of us eventually got that job, another the light. Upon doing so we all stood mouth open to what lay on the ground. A cat was there on its back freshly eviscerated. We all thought it was the dog too at first. Until we realized that the door was also kept shut with a little latch.

We didn't even own a cat.

ILikeSoggyCereal
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 13 I apparently had an 'out of body' experience. I was in my bed, just about ready to fall asleep, when my mom calls my name from her room. When I answer 'What?' rather groggily. There's a long pause before she replies quietly, '...never mind.' and I thought nothing of it. Fast forward to the morning where mom tells me she saw me through her open door last night, standing in front of our birdcage. When she called my name to see what I was doing and I replied from the other room, 'I' walked away from the birdcage like a track was skipping. She explained it like I was in one place, then walking away, but with jerky movements that disappeared and reappeared. 'I' went in the direction of the basement and nothing like that has happened since.

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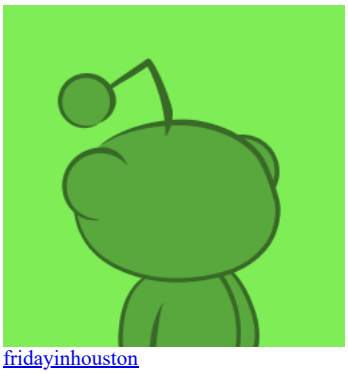


fridayinhouston
â€¢ 14y ago

I play the viola, and a few years ago I would practise every day. Our neighbours (elderly couple) would sometimes comment on my playing to my mum when she hung up the laundry outside... Anyway, one time I was outside and the male neighbour was too, and he spoke to me over the fence, and told me he always loves to hear me play.

A couple weeks later, his wife came to our house to ask if it was ok for her to prune a tree that was hanging over the fence into her backyard.... And apparently, her husband, who I had only spoken to recently, had actually passed away months ago.

Wow!

Traumatic_
â€¢ 14y ago

In 2001 I was living in a shared house with people I'd met off a university housing database. In the house was myself, T - male - 26, and his long term girlfriend S, I think she was 26 as well. We also had the obligatory older guy who lived in the front room who does not feature in this story at all. He was 43.

At this point I'd been living with this particular group for close to a year, the lease in the first house had expired, and we all felt we had known each other long enough to feel comfortable enough to sign onto a new place for a year.

We'd been in the place a couple of months, and had occasionally noticed occasional bumps and thumps in other parts of the house, and had always put it down to people in other parts of the house doing stuff, and thought no more of it.

On the night in question, T and I were sitting in the lounge playing Playstation, We'd both had a beer or two, but still sober. Everyone else was out for the night.

During a pause in play, I'd gotten up to grab the next round of beers, when there was a massive thump from one of the front rooms. I looked at T, we both kind of shrugged and went back to Playstation.

We were playing for about another five or so minutes, when we heard a kind of slap, almost like a bare foot on the tiles in the kitchen behind us.

We paused play, looked at each other for about half a second before we heard what sounded like someone in bare feet running as fast as they could across the tiled kitchen, into the laundry at the end of the room, then stopping dead, followed by a gentle click like the door closing. As a side note we always kept the door closed because front room guy had a serious case of body odour, so the stench of his laundry was contained.

We both hesitated for a minute, then both got up and went into the kitchen, opened the laundry door, and nothing. We checked the hall, and all the other rooms, Nothing. All doors and windows were closed and locked.

To this day We haven't been able to come up with anything at all to explain what we heard.

charliesbucket
â€¢ 14y ago

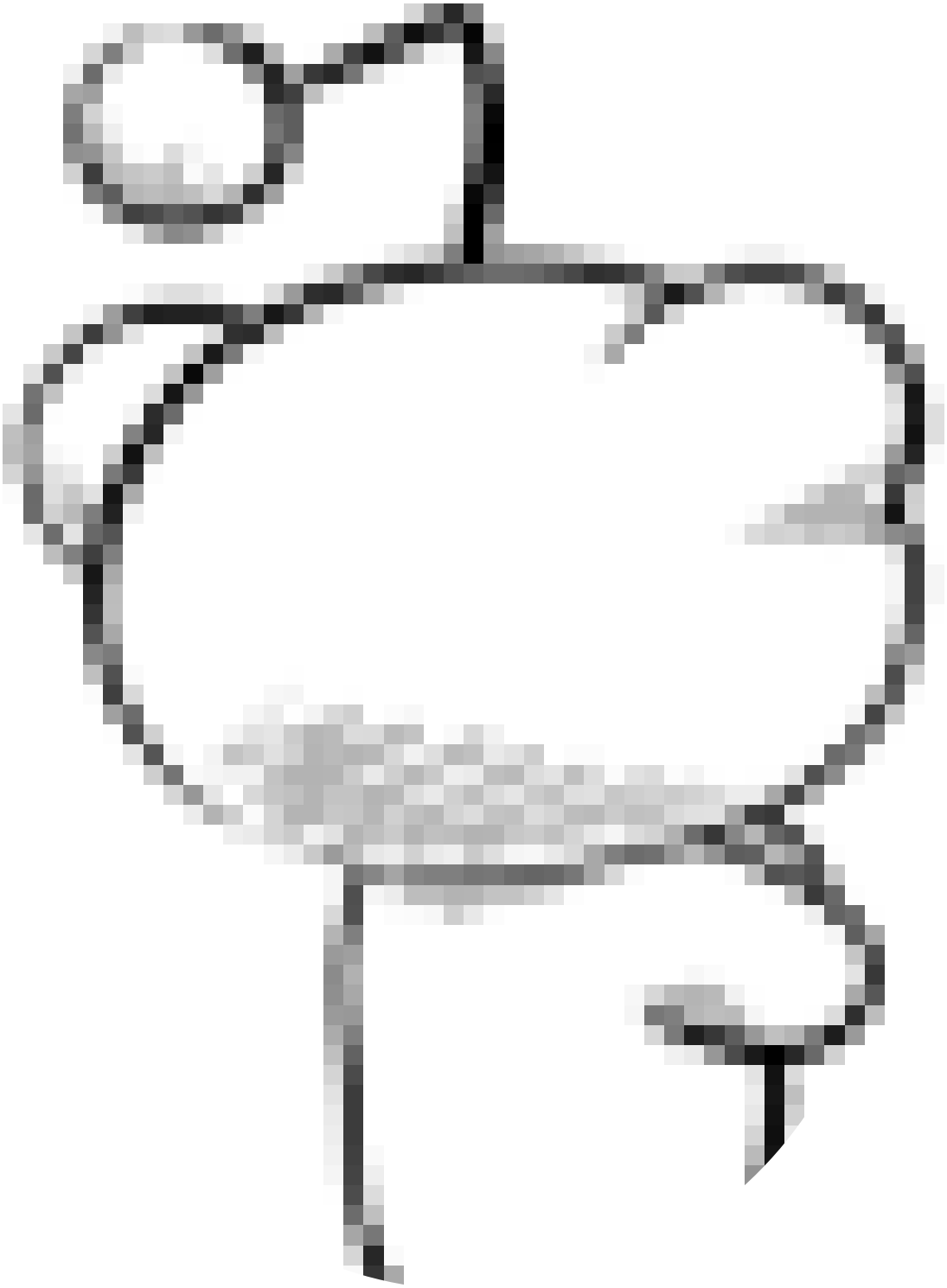
My best friend at the time and myself go to a low-lit lookout to smoke a joint. We are sitting in her car, talking and giggling and singing along quietly to songs as we knew we would get into trouble if we were caught.

About an hour goes by, the area is totally dark by now and we see this car pull up, guy jumps out with a flashlight and starts running into the wooded area. We see the light waving around, some yelling. He runs back to the car. We started saying things like "maybe he lost his wallet, his keys, maybe he found something?". We start getting paranoid. Next thing we know another car drives in slowly, lights off. It passes us and then speeds off to the other exit. Guy number 1, with the flashlight runs back to his car. He drives towards us and jumps out again. He slams his hands on the bonnet of the car and yells "LOCK YOUR FUCKING DOORS!" We notice that his car is a public security vehicle.

We lock the car and huddle in our seats, we couldn't drive yet. Time passed and we made our way home which was a 3 minute drive.

Next day, police were all over the place we were sitting in. No news. A couple of months later which is quite recent they found a dead body that had been hidden.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get buried.

A few years back I lived with my ex-boyfriend in the house both his grandparents died in. Before we got together he had some creepy poltergeist stuff happen but it all went away. Knowing this alway freaked me out and I never liked being there alone. I had a hard time believing his grandparents would be the reason for the creepiness because they were wonderful, nice people when they were alive.

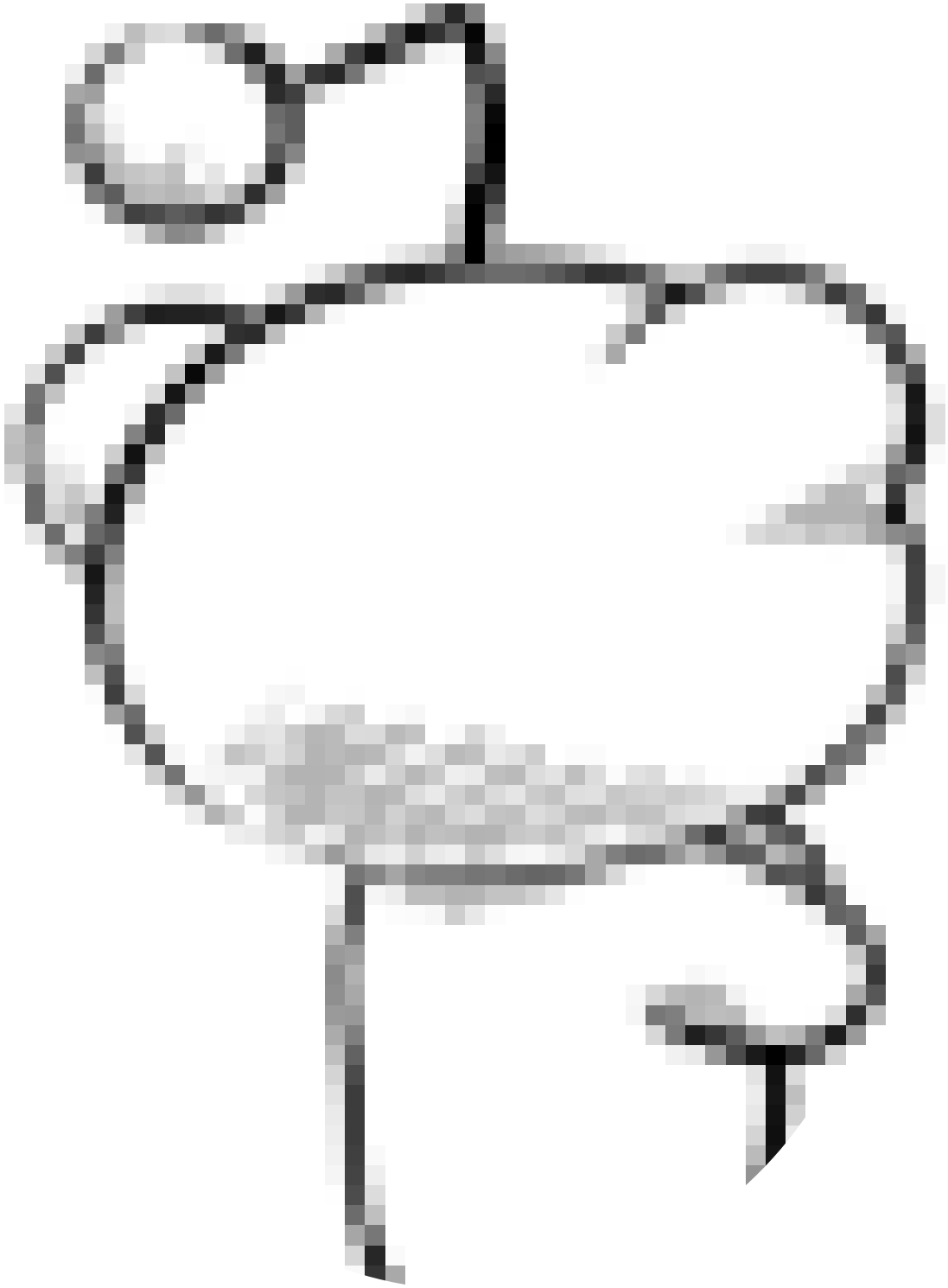
One day I was home alone and went out to smoke a cigarette, leaving my phone sitting on the couch. After I was done I turned to open the door and the damn thing was locked! I jiggled the doorknob, slammed myself into the door as hard as I could and nothing budged. The sun was starting to set and it was getting cold and I knew no one would be home for hours. I went to check for the hidden door key but it wasn't there. I thought "Fuck, I'm going to freeze to death. Great." I sat outside for close to 2 hours.

So I walked back to the door and decided to try just one more time. As soon as I touched the doorknob the door swung open, almost by itself like someone was opening it for me from the inside. I was freaked out, but not nearly as freaked out as I was when I realized the only lock on that door was a deadbolt.

TL:DR - Ghost locks me out of my house, decides to let me back in to keep me from getting hypothermia.

djmanning
â€¢ 14y ago

Here's my weird story: One day, the word lightning was secretly replaced with the word lightening. All the English majors went insane. The end.



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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I must have been 8 or 9 years old when this happened.

It was late at night, in my old bedroom. I was cuddled in my blankets, sleeping peacefully, when my right foot, the one closest to the wall, got wedged between the wall and my mattress. I didn't notice this until I felt *a hand reach up, grab my foot, and yank it down into the crack.*

I woke up upon feeling this, and even though my brain fully registered it I didn't freak out, at least not yet. I wondered a bit about it. I hadn't dreamed about anything that could grab my foot in my dreams, so it wasn't dreaming crossed over into real life. I decided to keep my feet well away from the edges of the bed and went back to sleep, thinking we would sort it out in the morning.

The next morning, I was sitting on my mom's bed (avoiding the edges) and told her about what had happened. She started asking me questions about how the hand felt - was it cold? Warm? Scaly? Dry? Smooth? Was the grip strong? Weak? I started getting scared thinking about it as she prodded me, because if something wasn't a threat my mom would reassure me and explain it away as best as she could. All I knew was that it felt like a strong hand jerking my foot down into the crack...it wasn't either of my parents or my little brother playing a prank on me, because the area underneath my bed was cluttered with stuff.

To this day I don't know what it was.

Edit: My blood is running cold just reading this thread and typing out my story.

Edit 2: I have more details and other stories if anyone's interested.

Reply Share

Elnateo
â€¢ 14y ago

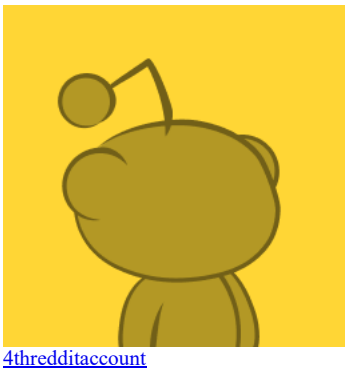
Many years ago, I dated a witch. I was, and am a skeptic, but willing to try and understand someone's beliefs. She had a friend who had lent us poor college kids her empty (no roomates) apartment for the weekend. After dinner, we decide to play with magic. Tarot, spell books, candles, ouija- it was interesting, but nothing happened. Following that, we decided to drive up to get more beer together. We exit the apartment and get to my car, which we discover is covered- every inch from the roof to the tires- in ants. Just swarming with ants, at night under a bright moon and a distant streetlight. I have always attributed it to coincidence, but damn if I can explain it. We took her car. The ants were gone the next morning.

Reply Share

dameon5
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

My wife and I decided to go to New Orleans for Halloween one year. We stayed at the Le Pavilion Hotel. The first night there I had this very vivid dream of a woman sitting on the bed next to me stroking my hair.

I mentioned it to my wife the next morning because I rarely remember my dreams and never so clearly. She pulled up this website (read the second to last paragraph about Le Pavilion) and then informed me she had purposely booked the hotel because it was supposed to be haunted and thought the idea would add some fun to our Naw'lins Halloween experience.



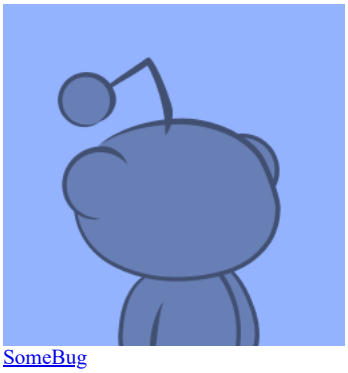
4thredditaccount
â€¢ 14y ago

Right after my gran died, I went for a walk on my own. I was at university, living in an almost suburban area near the main campus, so there were loads of people who lived near me and had my number, I suppose. I was pretty upset and I think I sat down and cried for a minute on a bench, then I composed myself and started walking again. I went to the supermarket and bought something (it was 5 frying steaks - don't ask how I remember), but I still must have looked pretty red-eyed. I was whistling when I came out of the supermarket, and I got a text from an unknown number saying "was that you whistling coming out of Tesco? x"

I replied "Yeah probably! Sorry I don't have this number, who is this? x".

They replied "You looked pretty beaten up for someone who was whistling. You should talk to someone. I hope you're OK [name] x"

They never replied when I answered that text. I have no idea who it was to this day, and that's just over three years ago now (27/10/09). I really appreciated it, because some of my friends were being less than helpful when I was actually seeking help from them. I still have the number saved as "guardian angel", which is pretty cheesey.



SomeBug
â€¢ 14y ago

You are the navigator.

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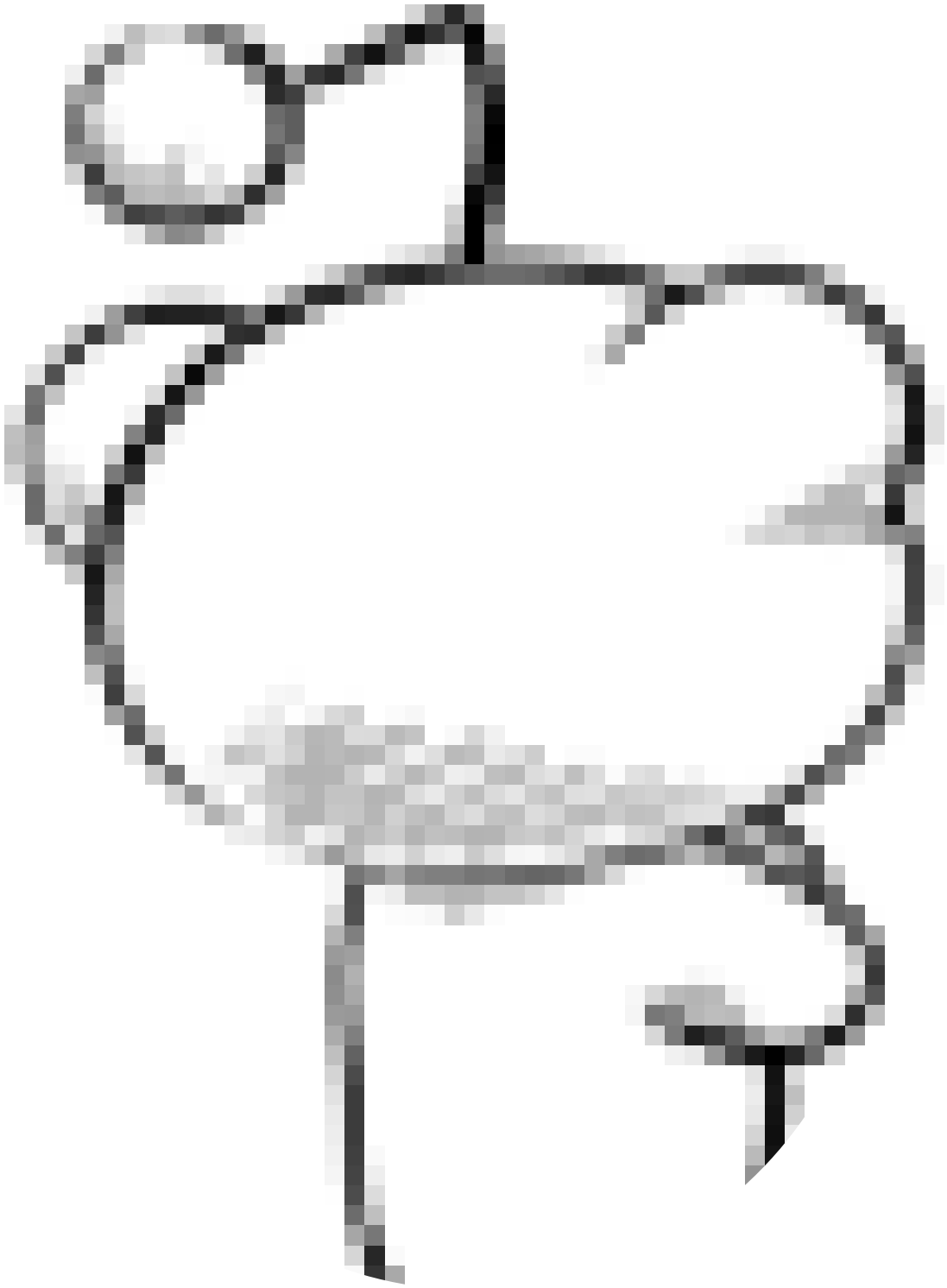

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â€¢ 14y ago

About 30 years ago we (a group of about 10 friends) ended up in the house of one them. The parents weren't at home and we were having some beers, smoking a few joints and were just chilling. One of our friends told she had been experimenting with the ouija board, so of course the idea arose to have a ouija session. We made paper letters, numbers and the words 'YES' and 'NO' and put them in a circle. A few friends didn't agree with this 'dangerous' idea and went to another part of the living room. After finding a glass which could smoothly be moved across the table we put it in the center of the circle. First we blew some smoke in the glass as this make it easier to connect with ghosts. The 'experienced' girl took the lead and started asking: "Ghost, are you there? Please give a sign you want to make contact". After a while the glass slowwly started to move in the middle. First we were laughing because we all thought one of us was cheating by pushing the glass. But we soon found out that even when we only put the tip of our finger on the glass, and

each of as let go of the glass one at the time the glass was still moving. Restless. Some friends on the other side of the room became curious when they noticed what was happening and came to take a look. One of them suggested we could try to contact Brian Jones to ask him if he was or was not killed (?!). The medium asked 'Brian Jones if he was there' and the glass moved straight to 'YES'. It was not logical to believe it really was Brian jones at the time, but we were sure SOMETHING was happening. The next question was: Were you murdered". The glass moved a bit to the middle and then moved back to the 'Ã ES' (Still, nobody was pushing it, I'm 100% sure about that!).
What happened next scared the shit out of one of our friends who just joined at the table: So, the glass started to move spontaneously and formed the words: 'Bart weg' (Bart, go). Medium asks: "Why?". Immediately the glass forms the Dutch and perfectly spelled words "geen geloofsovertuiging" (translated : no religious conviction.). The friend turns pale instantly and goes to the other side of the room immediatly. He felt 'chased and watched' for months after this happened... I'm sure he still remembers that night. At this point nobody feels this is very funny anymore, so we decide to end the mission. The medium says the ghost needs to go first and asks: "ghost, we want to stop this session, are you OK with it?". The glass rushes to 'NO' and at this point we all get scared. We are there with 5 people still touching the glass, but 2 take away their hands at this point. I feel that the power between my finger and the glass is increased now there are only three fingers left on the glass. The medium now tells the ghost we are going stop and again the glass moves to the middle and again to 'NO'. We decide to count to three and let go of the glass simultaneously. After we take our hands of the glass we all take a deep breath. There is an awkward mood in the room. We are all very loud and excited and laughing nervously. Than the medium picks up the glass and blows the smoke out of glass. At that moment the glass breaks and again we get scared because the ghost is appearantly still with us. As nothing happens from there (just something falling of the cupboard, but that would be a coincidence, wouldn't it?) we try to not think about ghosts anymore and go out to have our friday night fun. Everybody was coping with wath happened on his own and it seemed like we had made an agreement not to talk about what happened for the rest of the night.

In the years that followd I've been thinking about how this all could be explained. I am convinced what happened has nothing to do with ghosts or whatever. I cannot explain what happened but I'm convinced it has something to do with subconscious power. We cannot use these powers, and we even can hardly recognize these powers if they are manifested. I do think it can be dangerous because something happens what cannot be explained, it's frightning and most of the people think there are ghosts involved. That can be very traumatic for people who are not able to rationilize such events. (I hope I make myself clear).

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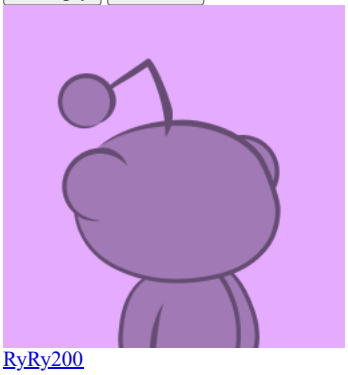


RyRy200
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

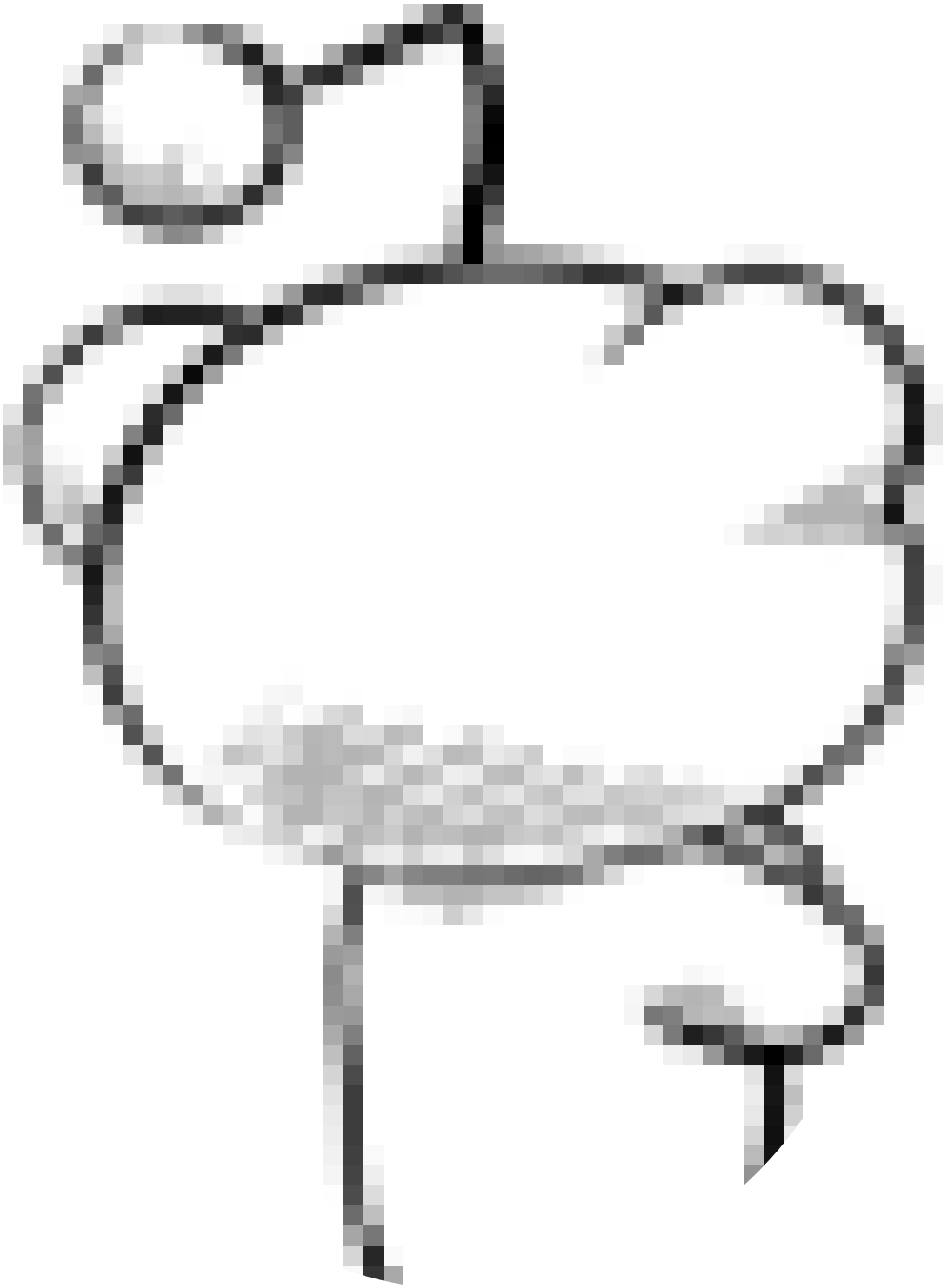
I've heard other people talk about this before, but I'm still not sure how to explain it. Sometimes when I'm home alone I'll hear someone call my name. It is usually the voice of someone I know, such as my father or brother. But it is impossible for it to be them since neither of them are home. It happens probably once every couple months, and it gives me chills every time.

Reply Share

Rick200
â€¢ 14y ago

I once lost a wallet, was gone for at least a month before it appeared on top of a desk next to my my bed. Everything was in the wallet except my company's debit card. That showed up a few days later on the dining room table. It was almost the same as the original except the expiration date is 12/49. I still have the card and the bank cannot explain it.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies



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â€¢ 14y ago

OP my friend has a video of what you described perfectly ill upload it when I get home

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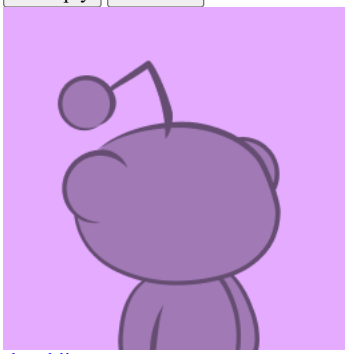

sharabii
â€¢ 14y ago

I work in a community centre and a couple of years ago, i was working a night shift with another employee. In the 70's there was a plane crash not to far from the ice arena. They needed somewhere to keep the bodies frozen, so they stored the bodies on the ice arena until proper burial was established. Speed up a couple years there has been countless stories about random ghost encounters. The shift i was working late one night we had to do a set up in the hall. We had to set up about 80 chairs in a theatre formation, we finished the set up left and came back maybe an hour and half later. To find the chairs set up perfectly in a triangle position. The arena was closed at this point and no one else came in or out on are shift. We still cant explain what happened.

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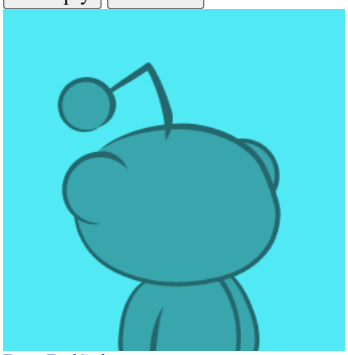


DeusDelSol
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was a bout 10 living in a townhouse near Virginia Beach. I was in the kitchen fixing a sandwich and pouring some milk when I heard a piercing sound of silence kind of noise. This noise grew to a high pitched piercing wail or scream that grew in intensity till i fainted. I woke up a few seconds or minutes later sprawled on the floor. To this day i can't explain what happened.

This isn't unexplained but it is one the scarier moments of my life. I fell asleep listening to a New Found Glory cd when i woke up later hearing "There's someone in your house, there's someone in your house" in a intense whisper. http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8JOr1Wmu0_Q Scariest thing to wake up to in the middle of the night.

eraise
â€¢ 14y ago

I have a couple of stories. The most recent- my husband was on the interstate stuck in a traffic jam when he called me and asked if he should get off St the next exit and take the local hwy home. I told him yes, so he got over to the slow lane and as soon as he did the car that was directly in front him got slammed from behind by a Guy going 70 MPH Another weird car incident- I met my husband with our son after we had both gotten off work for dinner. We were driving different vehicles so he was telling me bye and he would see me at home. As soon as he said this I got an eerie feeling so I pulled him to me and gave him a good kiss and said BE CAREFUL. he laughed and said you're weird. He hydroplaned on the interstateabd ran into a wire fence that saved his life. The crazier part a few cars ahead of him 5 cars wrecked and people didn't make it. So maybe taking an extra few seconds to kiss him more passionately helped?

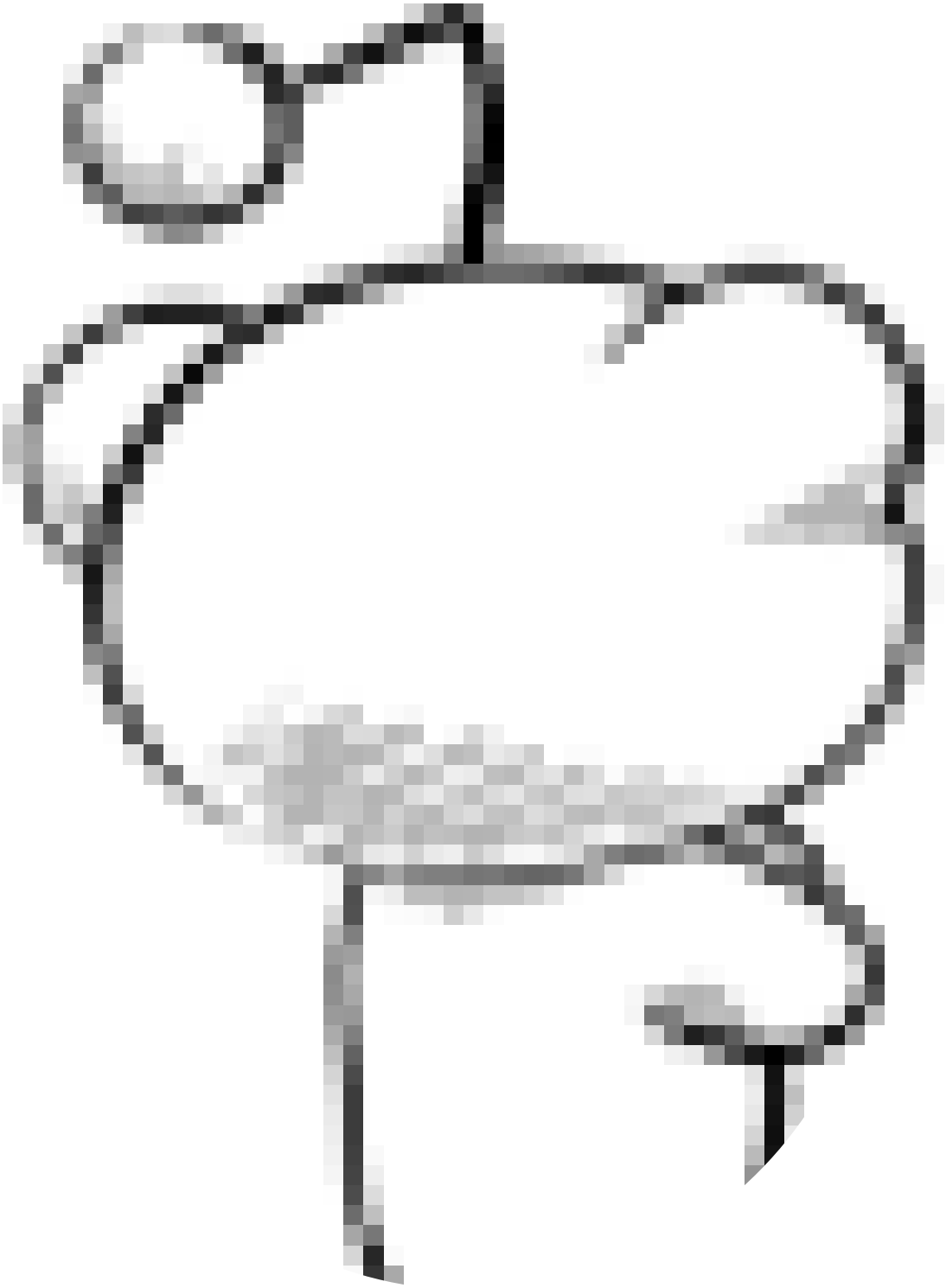
TL;DR: possibly saved my husband from two bad accidents with split second decisions. Edit: grammar, a word Edit 2: he called to ask because I happened to know that particular area a little better.

y_am_i_right_handed
â€¢ 14y ago

I was home alone a few years ago, painting my nails in silence. There was this whistling coming from my bedroom so I thought it was someone outside, walking. Didn't think twice about it.

10 minutes or so later, the whistling started again but this time in the same room where I was. Loud. As if someone was standing in front of me.

Just writing this is freaking me out again.



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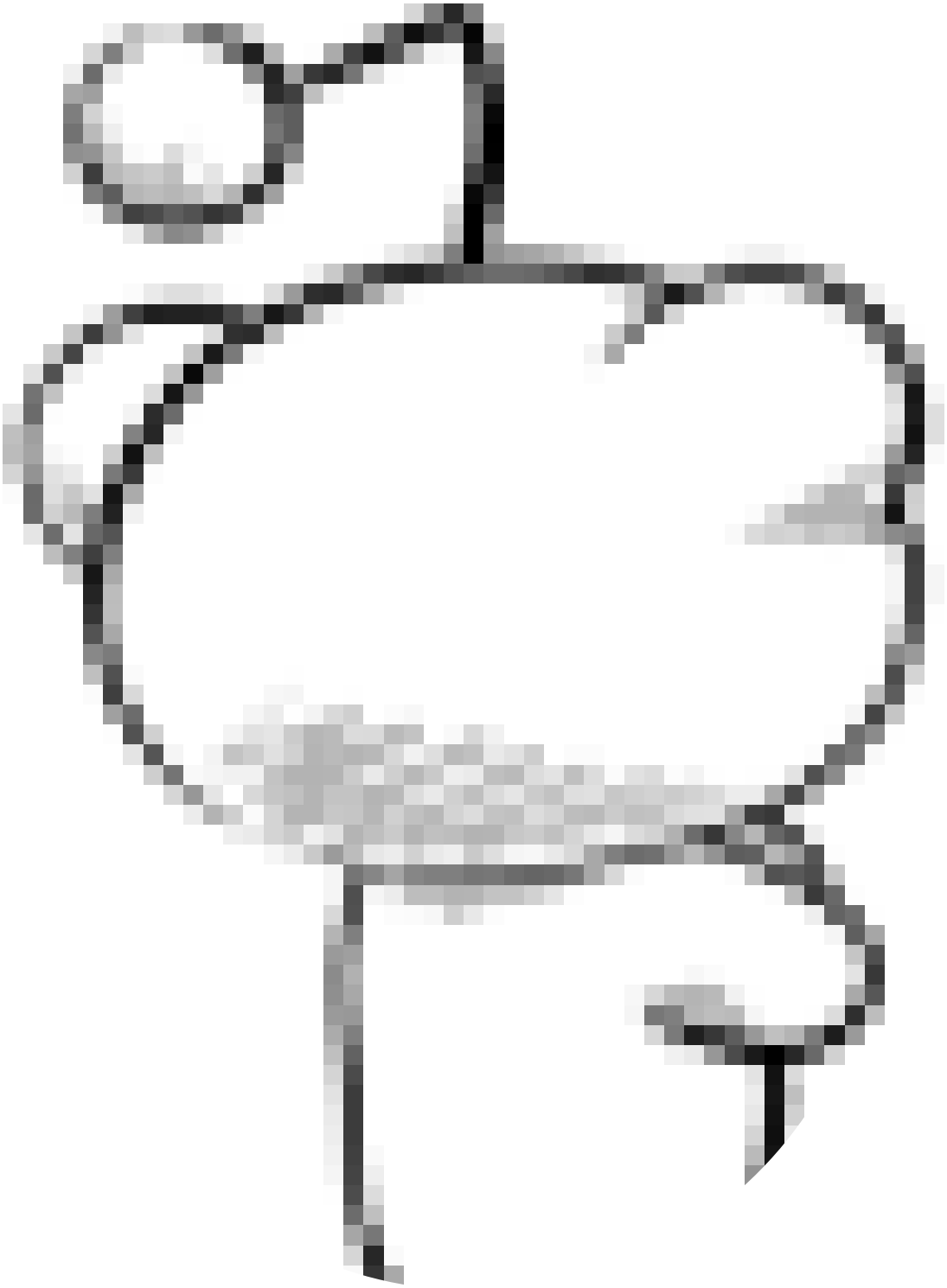
â€¢ 14y ago

This going to get buried but I went to my aunt's house to get something and no one ended up being home. Well they have this cat and when I came into the house he was just sitting in the middle of room just staring at nothing it's a little weird so I decide to pet on him. He's being unresponsive so I decided to just go and look for what I came for and as soon as I step into the hallway I saw the saw came cat come from the opposite direction and walk right past me to go into the room where I had just seen said cat. I'm freaking out and I decided to follow him and when he goes there the cat that I thought was him is gone and he goes and sits in the same spot and stares into nothing. I decided it would just be best if I came back when people are home so I just left.



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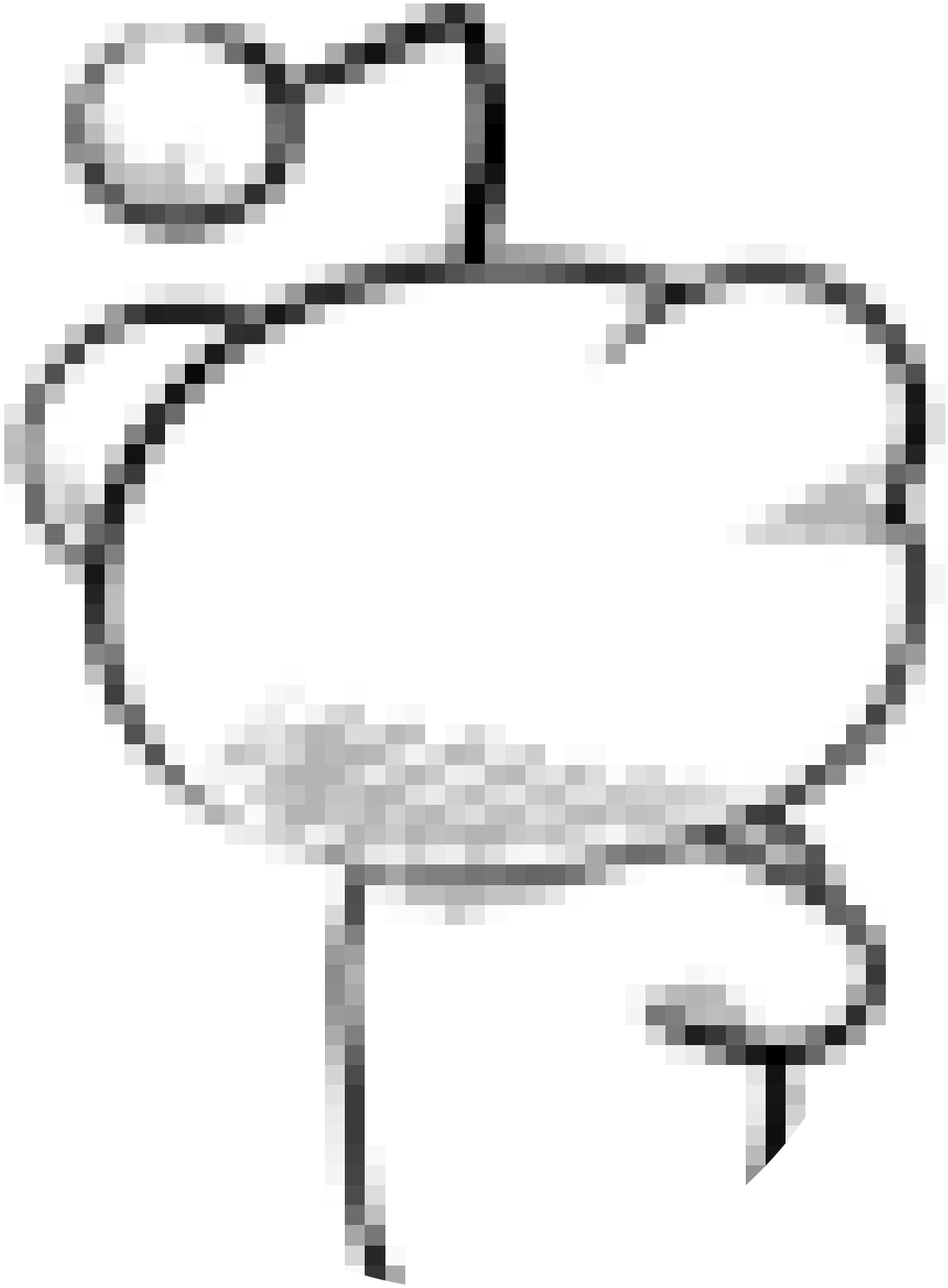
â€¢ 14y ago

It's funny because it just happened last night. My girlfriend left my house and about an hour later I was tired as shit so I went to call her goodnight. I live in a pretty up-tight neighborhood and the phone service here is incredible. (Note: this part is explainable) For I guess a span of five minutes, the service just went out, no bars and no 3G. (This I cannot explain) Then after the phone service came back, I called her. My area code is (856) and she told me when I called her it was coming from a (609) number that she had never seen. I restarted my phone and called her back and it was back to normal. Any clue how that happened?



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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 16 I woke up in the middle of the night one time. I couldn't sleep for about an hour. The next morning I woke up and found out that my cousin had been killed in a car accident leaving a party. We were both the same age and pretty close, he tried to steal a couple of my gfs and I did the same right back. Anyway a few months later my best friend is over. At this time I wasn't living at home because I had been kicked out so I was living with my grandmother, two of my other cousins also lived in the house. Anyway my buddy and me had probably blazed at least a quarter that night and he looks out my living room door and says "I think one of your cousins just got home". I'm like no she's gone for the night. He tells me it's a guy. My guy cousin living with me was like 6. I tell him he's fucken cut off for being chewed. Anyway, the next day were in the other living room with pictures in it and he says something about the picture of my dead cousin definitely being the guy he saw the other night. I should also verify before any one says "he probably saw the picture and his brain made him think that" that my father has 8 brothers and 4 sister, so I have about 10 cousins my age 5 of which are guys, and there are pictures of all of us in this living room.

Anyway kinda creeped me out.

Another time me and the same buddy were in my living room again, and the TV would turn off, then turn on again. We figured it was a short in the outlet, but the Xbox stayed on the whole time.

Another time me and my little cousin were watching TV and a cuckoo clock fell off the wAll... Not a big deal, except it landed 3/4s of the way across the room.

davedrave
â€¢ 14y ago

At my aunts house for christmas last year, she owns a largish house about 200 years old just in the countryside. I arrived alone, let myself in and headed towards the living room where I could hear some relatives. Before going into the livingroom I knelt down across from the living room door to pet a cat sleeping on a cushion on a windowsill. While petting the cat I noticed a white blur move from right to left in the reflection of the window, as if someone walked past behind me.

I turned around to say hello, thinking perhaps it was a relative on the other side of the family who mightnt know who I was and was slipping past quietly, but there was noone there.

Now at the time I was aware of a couple of people saying theyve seen this or that int the house and while i didnt believe in ghosts I was sure interested in it and intriqued by the notion. I stopped to think what could that have caused that blur.

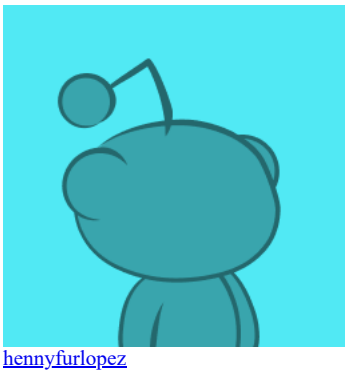
- I could see clearly down either side of the hall there was noone there there
- was also a stairs behind me leading down to a kitchen but I definately went over and looked down in time to catch someone silently moving down it.
- The living room door was heavy and I remember it even creaking when I later joined my family. in fact all doors nearby were too heavy to quickly open and close

-I went back over to the cat and tried to recreate the blur myself perhaps i half imagined it and it was just my hand catching the light; I couldnt recreate it, i was petting the cat with one hand and holding my motorcycle helmet with the other. even moving my head hands shoulders anything i couldnt make any sort of blur appear in the window reflection.

-the curtains were pulled back, and it was dusk outside with the lights on inside, perhaps it was my uncle who i spoke to outside walking past the window and i caught a glimpse of a reflection? The rear and side areas of the house are a floor lower than the entrance. so while i entered on the ground floor and went down a hallway, looking out the window there was a 10-15 foot drop, noone was walking past there unless on stilts.

felt a bit creepy and while i still dont know if i believe in anything as far out as ghosts I couldnt explain or recreate what looked like a figure pass behind me in the reflection of the window

tl;dr at an old house rumoured to be slightly haunted I see someone pass behind me in a reflection but noone was there.I then took the time to rationally try to explain what i saw but couldnt



hennyfurlopez
â€¢ 14y ago

On Thanksgiving when I was 11, my grandmother passed away. At 3:33 am, I woke up startled, and just "knew" she had passed. A couple hours later my mom came home to tell us. I told her I knew already and that I had woken up at 3:33. She started crying, and told me that 3:33 was the time my grandmother was pronounced dead.

Turtlezipper
â€¢ 14y ago

This past summer for my birthday, my mom and I went to New Orleans. On the night of my birthday, we went on a ghost tour in the French quarter, as my mom and I are intrigued by these things, but skeptical as well.

During the ghost tour, we come upon a house that the tour guide explains as once belonging to a serial killer named Delphine Lalaurie and her husband, where they tortured their slaves. The guide then goes on to describe this special room that they had for their more grotesque desires, where they would more violently torture their slaves by breaking their bones and putting them in cages too small, cutting and peeling long strips of skin of a person, etc.

As he's telling our group this, I immediately felt sick, but sick in a way I've never felt in my life. I felt like a black hole had just formed inside me, so dense that I had to sit down on the street and hold my head in my hands. I started seeing images of these people in my head and feeling enormous amounts of pain, and I wanted to cry so badly but it was like my body wasn't my body anymore but a void of darkness and anguish.

I remember my mom and the tour guide asking me if I was okay after I sat down, and I didn't answer until maybe two minutes later when all the pain stopped. That was the weirdest thing that's ever happened to me. I don't know what I was, but it was freaky.

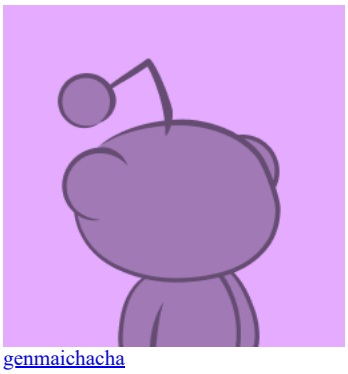
Qwertyrocks7
â€¢ 14y ago

While reading this thread, I hear a scratching or scraping on the other side of the room, being followed by a walking dead female walker scream every now and then. I dont even want to look in that direction.

chriss1111
â€¢ 14y ago

This happened about mid-September this year. I was at my then-girlfriend's house, and we were just sitting on the couch watching TV. Her dad came back inside from taking the trash out or something and said "Did you guys hear that explosion? It sounds like someone's shooting artillery out there!" He's a vet, so I trusted him on that.

Her and I kind of just brushed it off, and went on with our show. All of the sudden, we heard the same thing. It sounded like someone was slamming massive weights on the roof. These were *loud* too, like a firework going off at close-range. This happened in about 2-minute intervals, and was pretty terrifying. I called my mom, and asked her if she had heard anything on her side of town. She had been hearing the same thing, called the cops, and they had said that they received several reports of the same sound. This continued for a couple of hours, and the booms slowed and eventually just stopped. No one said anything about it after that night, and I still have no idea what it was.



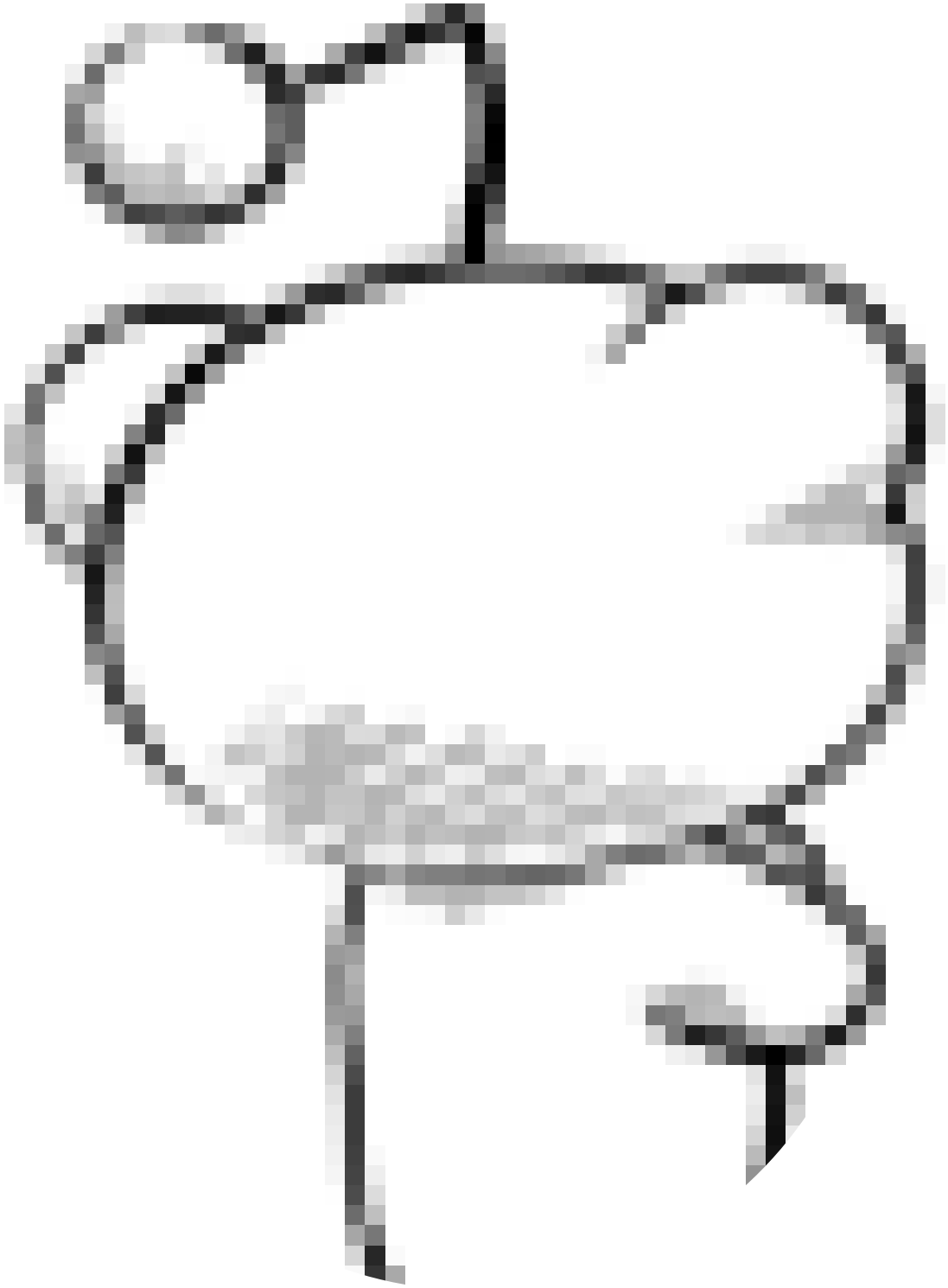
genmaichacha
â€¢ 14y ago

Probably no one will read this far down, but I've had two such events. Each took place on a seemingly normal day. Each time, I woke up that morning feeling strange and jittery, like something bad was going to happen. I'd spend that day looking over my shoulder and being unable to concentrate due to being pretty freaked out. There'd be no immediately discernible reason for it.

The first time this happened, that same day my brother ended up having a nervous breakdown and I had to call public safety on him to make sure he wasn't trying to kill himself.

The second time this happened was the day of the Virginia Tech massacre.

Probably just a coincidence, but it shook me up a little at the time.



creativeodd
â€¢ 14y ago

There are too many comments but I hope someone hears my strange incident of my life when I was young. It was night and I was going to sleeping with my teddy bear, I was sleeping on the ground and my sisters on the bed. I was maybe playing with my bear and after a while I saw a dark shadow that seemend like a devil with a horn(no joking really) and out of nowhere that shadow that seemed like a devil laughed in a horror tone and I remember despite of being very young that time my sisters got up in horro and ran screaming out of the room, I was the last one to get up and it was one of the most horrofying thing that ever happened. Whenever I try to tell this event , my sisters try to make me shut up by claming that im making up stories but one of my sisters also was with me telling that she also saw one.

Reply Share

FLYbaconhawkFLY
â€¢ 14y ago

People always yell bullshit at me with this one, but here it goes. December 15, 2007, My cousin had just graduated from college and we were all celebrating. We spent all day at their house and had an overall great time. Well my other cousin, his brother, wanted us to stay a while longer, but we couldnt. We all had things to do the next day and just couldnt hang out any longer. It was about 2-3 hours away from home, depending on traffic. He seemed disappointed, but didnt really seem to care. We decided to take a few pictures of everyone before we left, but he refused to take any. So we left and all headed home, and I decided to spend the night with my grandma. For some reason, I couldnt sleep. I was wide awake, and scared, for no reason. Then, about 11 o'clock, I got a terrible feeling inside, I literally cant explain it. Like someone had stabbed me in my gut, but it went away quick. I suddenly felt tired and decided to go to bed.

30 minutes later, one of our friends who was a pastor, called us to tell us my Cousin's brother had committed suicide that night by a gunshot wound to his gut. I have never felt more terrified in my life. I didnt sleep for days, and days, and days. Ive only really told that to girls Ive dated, and they thought I was bullshitting but appreciated my "storytelling." Except thats not a story, that was a life changing experience for a kid in 7th grade.

Reply Share

SirTommyHimself
â€¢ 14y ago

Im no good at getting points across but i will try my hardest to recite it. 2 years ago my father was in a hospice for a brain tumour. On the tuesday he started to get very weak and we(my family) knew it was his time to go. So anyway the next day comes and he is a bit better, nevertheless we all decided to take the rest of the week of work/school etc. When we arrived at the hospice for some reason I kept hearing my dads voice saying 'Not long'. This repeated for a good 2 minutes untill we arrived at my dads room. He was awake for 10 minutes and then he fell to sleep, for what seems to us would be the last to he will be awake.

So it came to half 2 in the afternoon and me and my brother got very hungry aswell as my mother. So we decided we would quickly pop home to quickly get some food. My sister still at the hospice quickly whispered 'you'll miss'. To this day she still doesn't remember saying it? It was as if took took over her. Anyway we arrived home and i started making sandwich's for my brother as he was only 9 and would struggle to make them fast enough. When all of a sudden i hear him start getting angry. I ran upstair and he was holding a miss of paper. It was plain, completely plain.. But he was saying it was a picture of dad smiling in his hospice bed. It was absurd. I was shocked. I took the paper of him gave him a big brotherly hug and said he will be proud of you. As soon as i said that my heart dropped and at the same time my brother looked at me and said 'He's going' I had the exact same feeling as he said it. It was as we were connected. My mum came running in literally 5 seconds later my mother came running it and said she had a horrible feeling and she wanted to go back to the hospice. We al agreed and ran to the car but as soon as we got to the car i got a phonecall from my auntie telling us to come back fast as my dad was on his way out(dying). My brother started crying but there is no way he could of heard my aunt say it cos' i could barely hear it. I told my to drive fast, there is 'Not long' through my brothers crying he could not hear me say that nevertheless i knew for a fact he knew anyway. My mother holding back the tears did a fantastic driving us to the hospice safely. As soon as we arrived me and my brother launched ourselves and ran as fast as we could to reach our father hoping we woulden't miss it. We were both extrememly fast but the speed we managed to reach was immense if i do say so myself. Usain Bolt would be proud.

The hospice was fairly small so, it seemed like it had grown when we was trying to run through it, all of a sudden my brother and i decided to take a right instead of a left? It was crazy. At the exact same time we went in the wrong direction. At this time i just wanted to get to my dads room. All of a sudden i felt someone grab my hand. Very feminine like feeling. It pulled my in the right direction but the feeling left as soon as it came. It was indescribable but we saw his room. Through the window he was awake, looking at my sister. My mother holding his hand she managed to get the before us. I was shocked. Quickly running to the door pulled the door open and the instant we arrived there he's eyes closed and he took his last breath, as if it was fate.

I broke down, it was over. Completely wrecked, i didn't know what to think. Around 15 different family members crying and i could think of was he voice. Upset i want to grab my brother to hold him, and at the same time as my sister and my mother all 3 said simultaneously 'How?' All three do not remember saying this but all our family members heard. To this day I still don't know what the fuck was happening that day. But it makes my faith in some sort of life after death to its very peak.

TL;DR A lot of paranormal/psychic activties took place on the day of my fathers death in which i still cant explain 3 years later.

girrawrnwessx3
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay I have a couple weird stories.

One

When I was younger 5 or 6 my parents would take my sister and I out hiking a lot. We would go to parks and walk around, climb, whatever. We are at this mountain that had an elevator built into it we took it up and were looking around we could see that the clouds were below it was pretty neat.

There was this guy up on the top of the mountain I don't think I'll ever forget. He was so close to the edge. I just couldn't stop staring.

Then someone who worked there said that they were closing and everyone had to take the elevator down. The path was closed because some mudslide or something I don't remember.

As I was waiting for the elevator I couldn't help but continue to watch this man who ignored that we had to leave just we load up into the elevator and the door begins to close I saw him step further over the edge and disappear.

I freak out. We get to the bottom and alert a worker they tell us we are the last people to leave and everyone else had been accounted for.

Two

When I was like 7 or 8 I was really afraid of the dark and my sister would take advantage of that. She was 10 years older then me and loved to scare me. One night I went to sleep and started hearing something in my closet. I knew it was her but I was a dumb kid so I freaked out and screamed.

Then I ran out into the hall and told my mom my sister was being mean. I went back to bed I climbed up my bunk bed. (No idea why I had a bunk bed. I did not share my room with anyone).

I am lying there trying to sleep and I find a toy stuffed bear in my bed. I find it wired because I did not notice it before so I throw it towards the closet.

It flies back up at me and lands on my chest I hear some noise in the closet and I book it. I open my door and run down the hall and see my sister in the living room talking to my mom. My dad was out of town for work. No one else was in the house.

Three

When I was 15 I got really sick. I had the cold sweats and was throwing up a bunch. It is day two or three of this and I am tired. But I can not fall asleep.

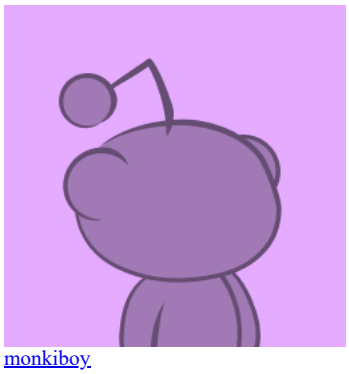
I have really bad eye sight in the dark I see all there yellow dots that move around. When I was young I would imagine them trying to get me they would change colors and surround me.

I was dreaming. And I saw things I can't explain I would be in a huge room full of old books and I would be searching for something as the books began to fall off the shelves. The floor would fill and I would be almost swimming in books. Then the center of the room a whirl pool would form sucking me and the books into it. I emerged in a black void with one of there large tubes of light. Tubes that were so beautiful it scared me. A color I have never seen noir could I explain but so beautiful.

I wake up outside crying in my fathers arm Screaming "they are coming why arnt you ready we need to go. We need to be ready. We have to go. They are coming." Then I realized I had no idea what I was talking about. I am 21 now and I still have that dream once every year or so. Every time I am just as afraid of those tubes of light. I don't think anything will ever scare me so much.

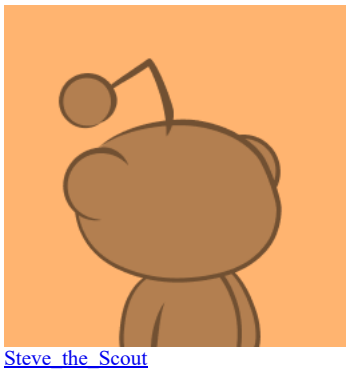
TLDR;Missing Mountain Man. Bad Bed Bear. Scared Shitless Sleeping.

Wow that was a lot sorry for all the spelling mistakes I'm on my phone.



monkiboy
â€¢ 14y ago

First of all, I've lived in Japan for a long time now. A couple of years ago, I was at a sleepover at a friend's house. He lived in a Japanese neighborhood and his family was the only American family around. We, my 3 friends and I, decided to go to 7-11 for a snack. It was about 7 or 8 at night so it was dark out. We took a shortcut through a rice paddy(field where they grow rice). As we're walking, we hear a little girl's voice yell, "Run!" in a clearly American accent. We all look at each other with wide eyes and take off running the rest of the way. Needless to say, we took the long way back. We all had a really bad feeling the rest of the night. It was this dark, foreboding feeling that we couldn't shake. When we went to bed that night, I was on the bed, and the other 3 were on the floor(I don't remember why it just happened) in the middle of the night, I wake up screaming as I feel like multiple pairs of hands are pressing down on me making me bounce. This lasts for about 5 seconds and the next I know, I'm on the floor at one of my friends feet. My friends woke up when I was screaming and say they saw me fly off the bed. No one wanted to look to see what was up there.



Steve_the_Scout
â€¢ 14y ago

One time I was *really* bored while on summer break, and so I just imagined blowing on this one piece of paper without actually doing anything (it was halfway across the room, anyway). Eventually the paper actually jumped a little, and it kept jumping when I focused on it. Of course I had to get something that could hang and see if I could make it spin, and after something like 10 seconds it did end up spinning (slowly, though). Kept doing that sort of thing for the rest of the summer, eventually moving on to odd aluminum foil shapes and such. My only explanation would be that telekinesis is real but really weak, or that instead of applying a direct force it's indirectly moving air or whatever. That or there was a HUGE amount of coincidence going on.

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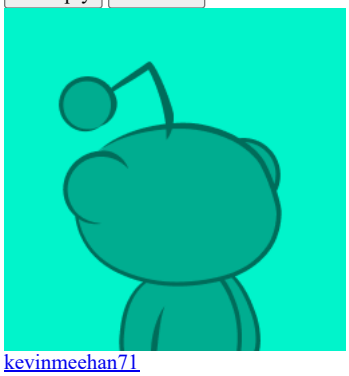

kevinmeehan71
â€¢ 14y ago

Well i live in ireland on the east coast beside the sea in a town called rush. 2007 was the year a huge bang or explosion took place long the cliff sides at 11 at night. Everysingle person asleep in the small towns near it woke up and went onto the road to be greeted by puzzled neighbours in pjs wondering had a bomb gone off .Huge amounts of police were called out and a bomb specialist team went out looking for explosives incase there was a real threat. Gasd pipes took the blame but later on "freak weather " was the blame which is a load of crap. Heres the link to a mini post by our countries main news company which they didnt elaborate on
http://www.rte.ie/news/2007/0702/rush.html

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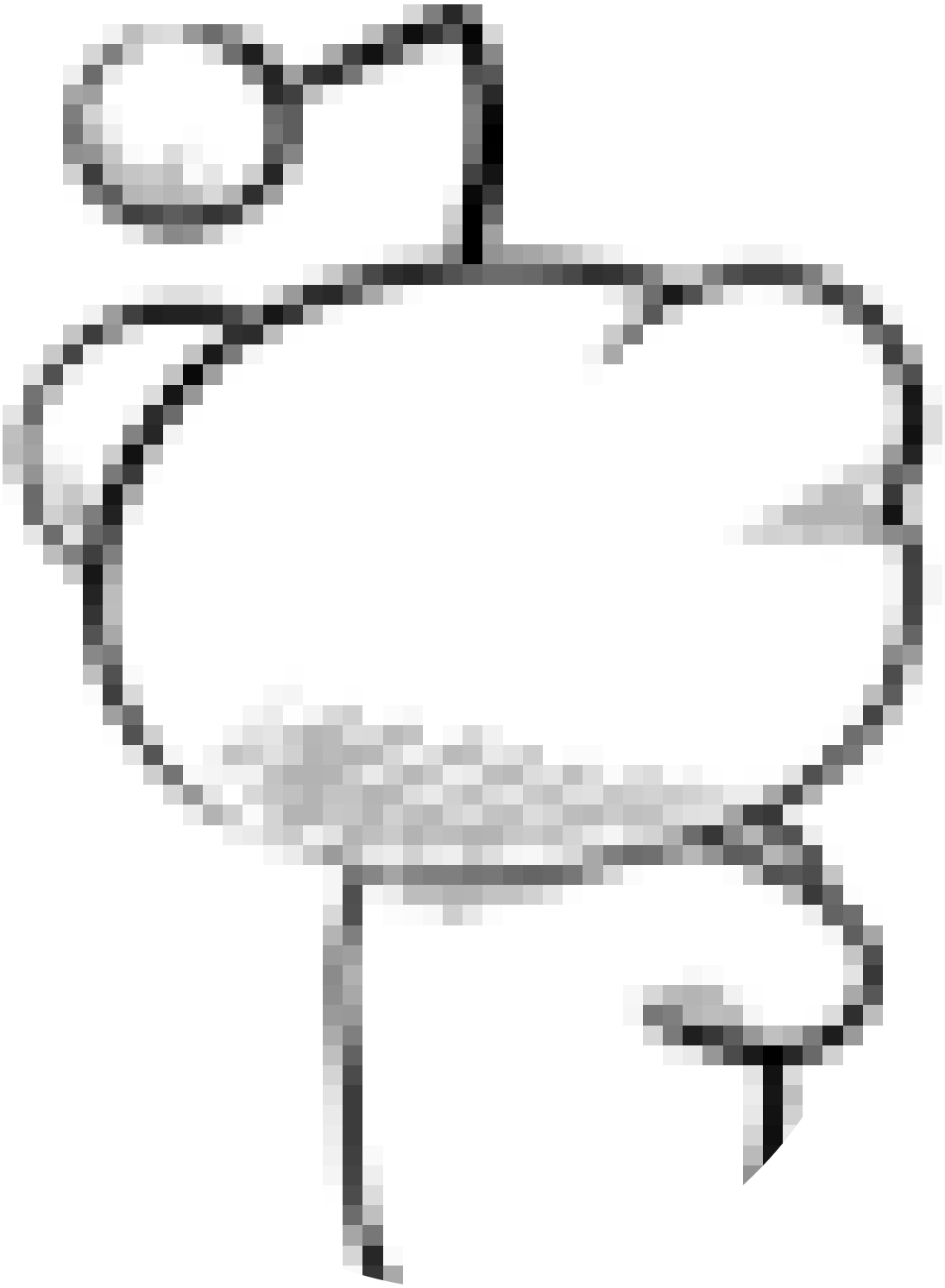

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Me and my boyfriend live in York. One night he couldn't sleep, so he went for a jog in the middle of the night. Maybe 2 or 3am. After a while it started to rain extremely heavily, so he headed home, running down the shambles he past a weirdly dress old man. Not wearing clothes suitable for the rain, but didn't even seem to notice it, just walked slowly and steadily, didn't have his head down against it or a hand held up to cover his head or anything. He didn't even glance at my boyfriend, even though they were the only two people in the whole street, just kept looking straight ahead, fixated. One or two seconds after he passed this man, he's thinking that was really fucking weird, so he turns round to have another look, and the street is completely empty. I still refuse to believe it was a ghost, (even if there's no natural explanation, why not a wizard or a shapeshifter instead?), but I can't say what did happen, and I think it's pretty weird.

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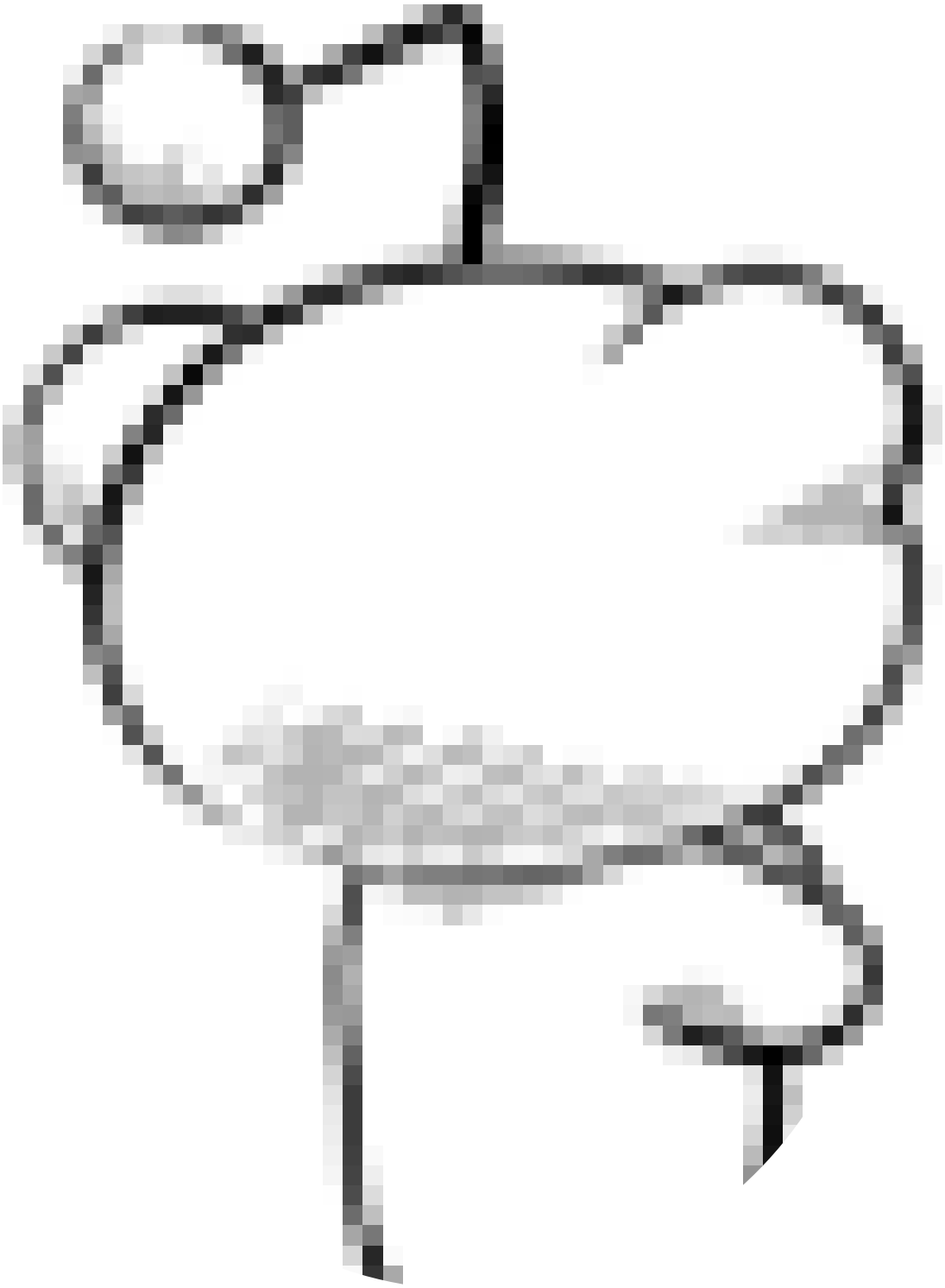

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â€¢ 14y ago

OUIJA BOARD STORY: Ok so my mom was born catholic, and her father would make them go to mass every week. When she got older she went to live in Scotland (We are Irish) to study. One bored night her and her housemates, all girls, decided to try the Ouija Board (A way of "communicating" with "spirits"). Now my Mom is literally the most trustworthy and morally perfect person I know. I am not religious and would definitely consider myself a skeptic, but the fact that my mother promised me this story is true really shook me.

My mother did not like one of her housemates at all, claiming that she was sneaky and there was something off about her. Lets call this girl.... Tabitha. Tabitha suggested that all the housemates play the ouija board. The others didnt want to but Tabitha insisted. They had a glass that everyone put their fingers on and the idea is that spirits would spell out words with the glass in response to questions.

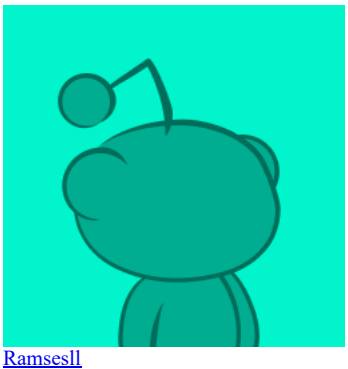
So Tabby does some weird ritual shit on her own for a bit, and then they start asking questions such as "If there are any lost spirits here make yourselves known".. They went on to "talk to" 3 or 4 people who had either been murdered or committed suicide in the area, one man who had hung himself in their very house over a 100 years before.

Eventually shit got weird. My mom had one hand in her pocket the entire time clutching her rosary beads as hard as she could. The glass spelt out "TELL MARY TO GO TO BED" (Mary is my mom)... they ignored and played on a bit but after a while it spelt out "TELL MARY TO GO TO BED NOW OR SHE WILL REGRET IT" It was now

that Tabitha started staring strangely at my mother and said, "Mary you should go to bed right away". Mom was freaked out and went to bed, not wanting any more to do with it, and she held her rosary beads all night.

I laughed the time she told me this but she was very very serious telling me. Im not easy to convince but after many questions I believed her 100%. This story convinced me not to try the ouija board, although I may try it sometime just to see for myself.

TL;DR: EVIL SPIRIT TARGETS MY MOTHER IN OUIJA BOARD GAME, SAYS ITS BED-TIME



Ramsesll
â€¢ 14y ago

Probably will get buried, but I guess I have one. Not as exciting as some of the others, but sort of strange. When I was around 13, I was camping on Vancouver Island in Pacific Rim near Tofino with my dad, who was a field biologist of 20 years. We decided to go for a hike along the beach with the scuba gear to search for a promising looking dive spot.

We found a rocky point that extended out probably 100 metres, and at the end dropped straight down into the water, we figured because of the current sweeping plankton and such past the wall, there would be neat anemones and soft corals and such, so decided to suit up and check it out. As I was sitting on the edge of the point, I saw a shadow go past where we were sitting, but couldn't make out what it was from the murky water. We obviously decided against diving there that day, but decided to sit and see what it was (we figured harbor porpoise or sea lion or something).

After about 10 minutes, the largest orca dorsal fin and back I have ever seen breaks the water about 10 metres out from the point. This whale must have been at least twice the size of any orca I have seen before or since. Probably 12 metres long with a 2-3 metre dorsal fin.

Afterwords, my dad talked to some colleagues who worked with orcas at Fisheries and Oceans Canada, and none had any record of a whale that size, although there was a fin whale corpse found later with bite marks matching one. Anyway, for what it's worth, that's my creepy, potentially near death story.

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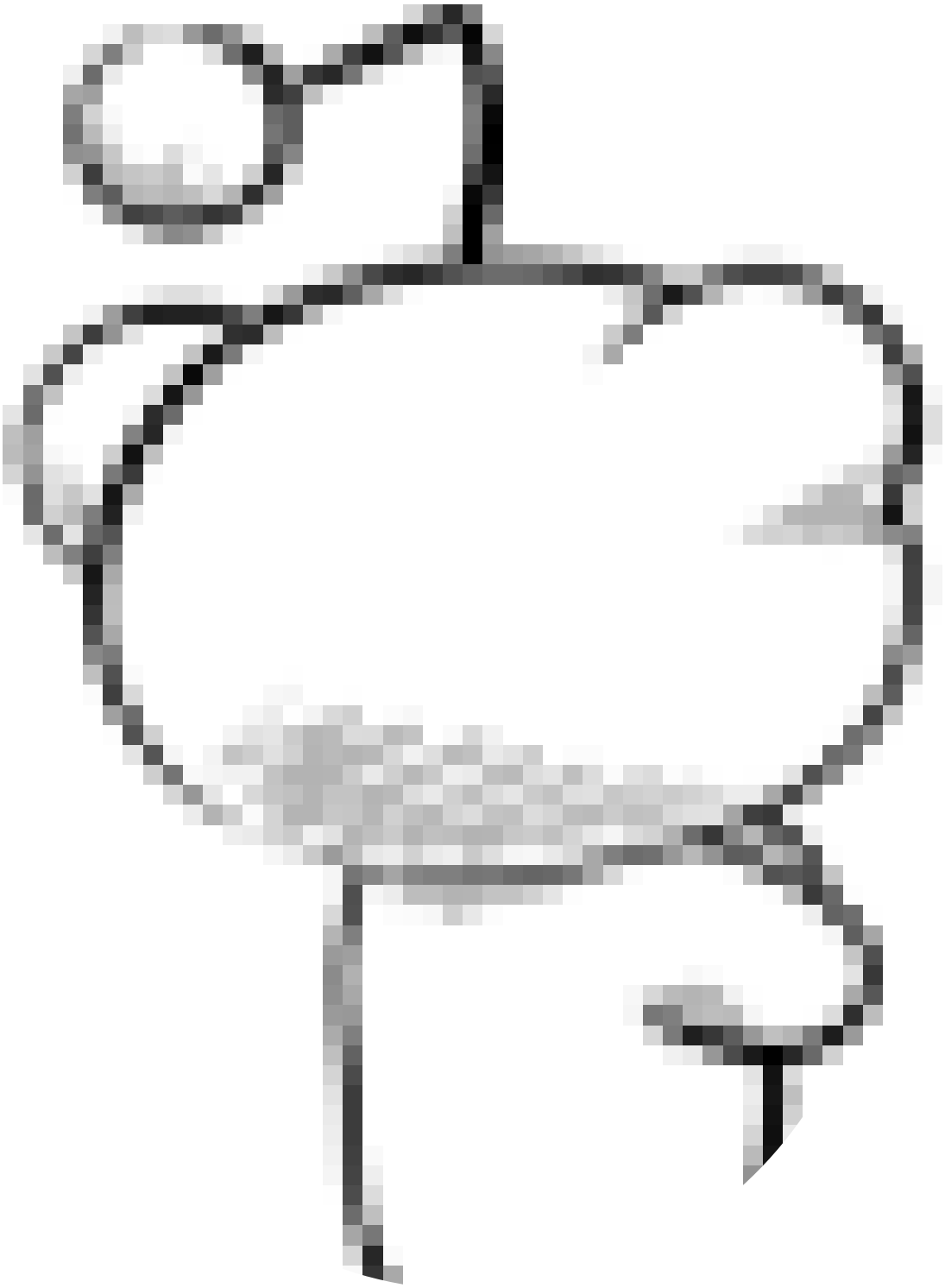
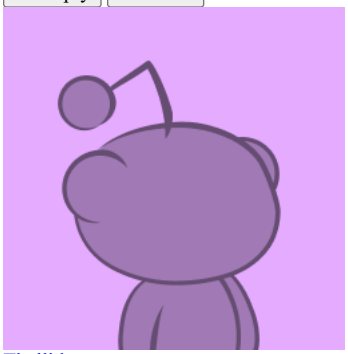


despace
â€¢ 14y ago

This might be too late for this thread. One day when I was younger I was taking a nap in the living room of my dads house. I was sleeping on the floor and next to my head was a fold up chair leaning against a reclining chair. I had a dream that the chair fell over on my face. As soon as the chair hit my face in the dream, I woke up. The chair then actually started falling and I was able to dodge it. If it wasn't for that dream, it would've landed on me

Reply Share



Thallidan
â€¢ 14y ago

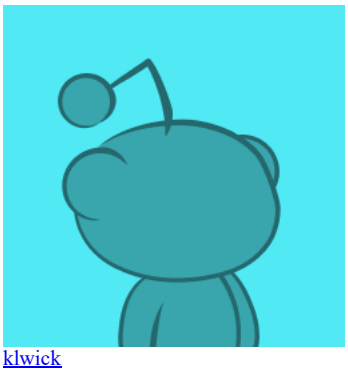
Mine's a bit late to the party and utterly mundane comparatively, but I still can't explain it.

I had a dream, shortly after we received our first Nintendo Entertainment System that an Extra Live existed in the very first level of Super Mario Brothers. Shortly after the green pipes, right near the beginning, with the little hills in the background.

When I woke up and tried the spot, the Extra Life was there.

I am a Video Game Prophet.

Reply Share



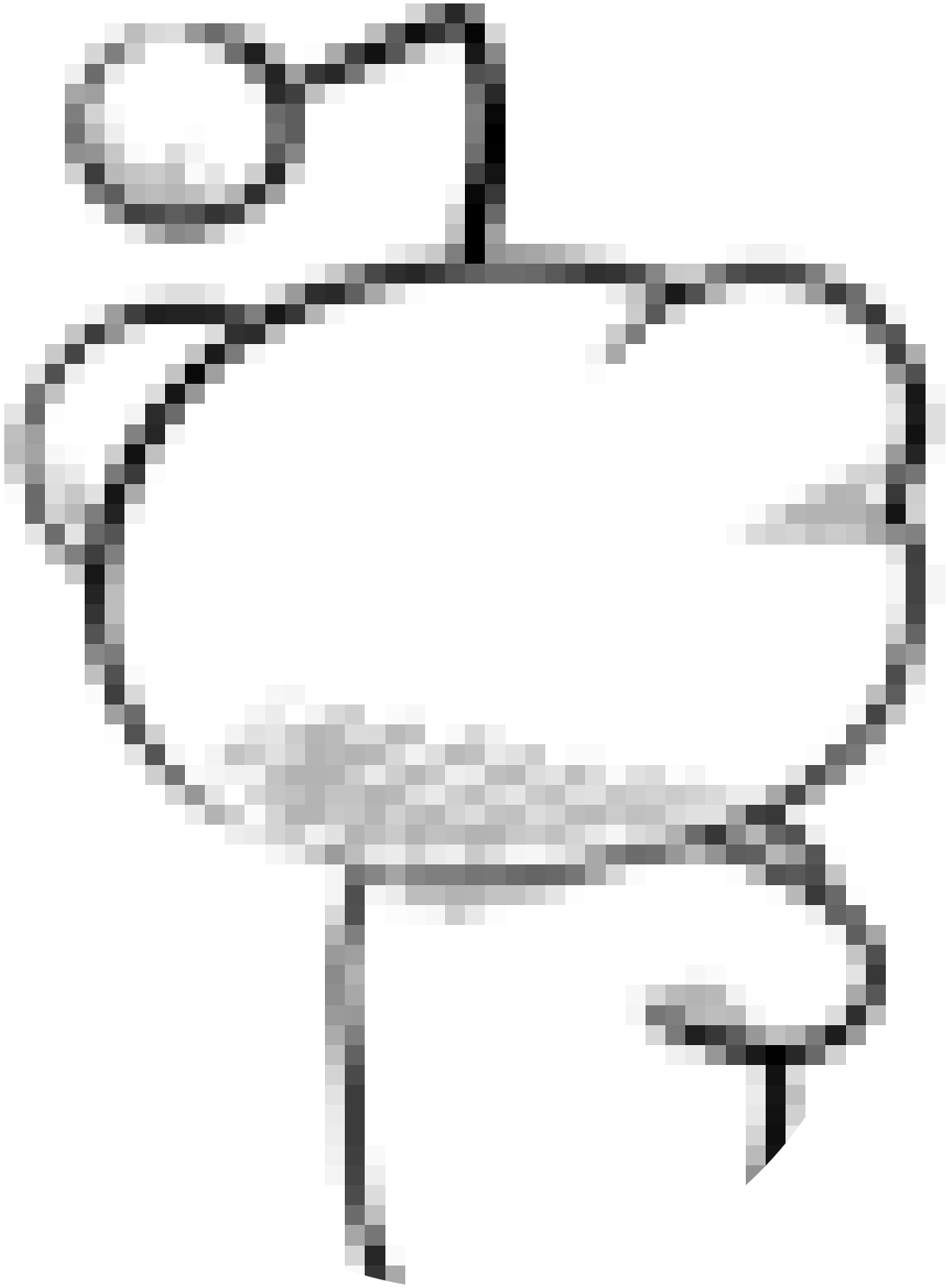
klwick
â€¢ 14y ago

My friends and I went camping once a couple years ago. The campground was huge with a couple lakes and trails that were a few miles long. We got pretty drunk one night and decided to go for a night hike.

I'm a nature freak and have excellent night vision. I led the way a few paces ahead, listening to animals scurry away from us, ducking down a few deer trails, generally being very fearless. I asked them to turn off their flashlights so I could see the path ahead more clearly in the moonlight.

We walked through a small clearing, and on the opposite side was an opening back into the woods. One of the girls hesitated but followed us reluctantly. About 20 feet in, I stop dead in my tracks. The hair raises on the back of my neck. Something isn't right. I can't place it though. Without telling the others, I take a few more steps. My panic rises, and I can feel my limbs shake. Before I tell anyone my trepidation, the majority of the group voices the same feelings. We leave quickly.

The next day a couple of us went back to see what was around there. Within view of where we stopped and turned around was a cabin.



trypanic
â€¢ 14y ago

I was walking my dog once, on a route we would always go. I was gettin bored of the same old routine and decided to turn left instead if right at a four way stop. This is in a small town mind you, dirt roads, only houses no stores or other buildings. So we take this unexpected turn, and travel about a half a mile down. When suddenly we approach this old house that looks like no one lives there anymore, no cars, dead plants, ect. My dog stops dead in his tracks. I pull a little on his leash to get him going but he won't budge. I call for him to keep going. He won't move, and at this point he won't even look at the house. He starts whining. I turn around to head back, but he still won't move. Finally I have to pick him up just so we can go home. I set him down when I got tired, but he still wouldn't move. I carried him all the way home that night. He won't go on walks with me on that part of town anymore... It's so weird..

Reply Share

renzor
â€¢ 14y ago

Well this is kind of hard to explain but I'll try my best...

So this neighborhood I used to live in I would always go on runs (trying to get in shape and what not), I would usually take the normal path which would be a quick 20 minute run. Everyday I would pass this one house which on the curb had sort of a drainage thing leading to the sidewalk and everyday I would pass the pipe it would shoot out water. I didn't really notice anything until one week my schedule was pretty different and no matter what time I would run by it it would shoot out water whenever I would get within 20 feet of it.

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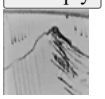


pteroso
â€¢ 14y ago

My grandmother had a funny habit of always calling back after she hung up the phone because she forgot something. One day, when my grandmother was ill, the phone rang and my mother answered it. There was no voice on the line. The phone rang a second time; again silence. My mom was freaked, and she called my grandmother's apartment. My aunt answered the phone and told my mom that my grandmother had just passed away.

I witnessed this. I was sitting in a couch in the family room while my mom was standing in the kitchen. I remember it vividly.

Reply Share

Dark-Artist
â€¢ 14y ago

I used to share a bedroom with my brother and sometimes he's talk or sit up in his sleep. One night while it was pitch black I heard him mumble and then actually get out of bed and walk to the door before stopping. I called out to him to get back into bed a few times but no response. I got quite freaked out so I turned on the light, and sure enough he was still asleep back in his bed tightly tucked under the covers.

This reminds me of similar story my boyfriend told me about his brother. He woke up in the middle of the night to see his brother standing in the middle of the room watching static on the TV. This is just a regular sleepwalking story, the explanation is there, but still a bit creepy.

Reply Share

go_on_without_me
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm an atheist, and I don't believe in any form of afterlife. I also have very few memories of my childhood due to two different factors: 1: I have PTSD over something (no one has been able to figure out what), which caused me to have amnesia and dissociative personality disorder for several years, and 2: I had undiagnosed petit mal seizures (like lag, just in real life) until I was 17. The nuerologist estimates an average of 300 seizures per day.

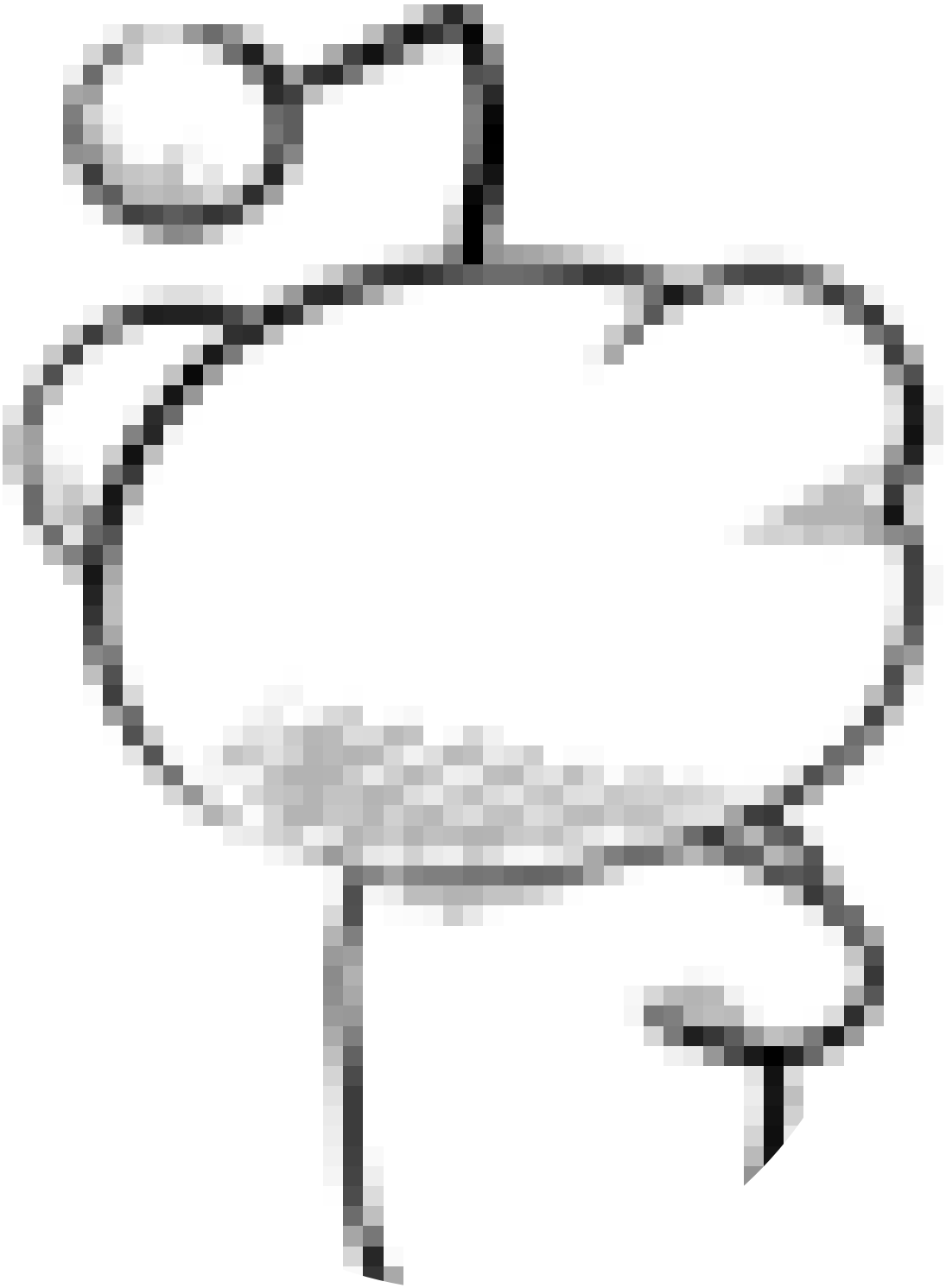
One of the few memories that I do remember happened when I was 7 or 8. I was a huge brat, though in hindsight the migraines might have contributed to that. After a fight with my parents, I was storming up the stairs because they sent me to my room. As I walk up to the first landing, I thought I saw the air move weirdly, but I figured I must've teared up for a second, because I hated fighting with my parents, and that happens. I turn 90 degrees to go up the rest of the stairs, and halfway up, I look at the top landing. There was something there, and to this day I have no idea what it was. My first thought was a ghost, though I've shied away from that idea in the time since it happened.

It looked white, but at the same time, transparent. It was like mist. It became thicker and more solid near the middle, and it was about 1.5 times as tall as an adult. The mist seemed to move slightly, but not all at once like you'd imagine a body to move. The outside of the mist moved around chaotically, as if it was an outer covering of the solid mist in the center. The hallway around it seemed darker than normal, even though the lights were on, and the mist seemed to be both absorbing light and giving off its own.

I was in shock for about 30 seconds, during which I had the distinct feeling that whatever the thing was, it was looking at me. It didn't feel curious, or malicious, but rather like it had a purpose and was simply accomplishing it. After the shock faded I screamed and ran down the stairs. I didn't imagine things as a child, and I never asked my

parents to protect me, so when I came with a terrified look on my face, they knew something had honestly happened.

We all went up and looked, and even though it hadn't even been a minute, it felt like hours or days had passed since I'd seen the thing, and I knew there was simply no reason it would still be there. My mother tried to comfort me by telling me it was my grandfather (who had died when I was too young to know) just wanting to see me, but even then I knew it didn't feel like a presence that cared one way or the other about me, or really anything around it.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I recall posting this is another topic before but I'll write it again. Now, I'm not saying its ghosts or whatever but its certainly unexplained to me at least.

One In 2010, I was asked by my aunt to help prepare the food for my uncle's birthday celebration that was to be held in the church events hall. It was getting pretty late and everyone was taking a break. My cousin and I decided it would be a good idea to vist the columbarium (where they store urns).

We walked around and the mood was pretty sombre as we discovered several memorials of people who were born around the same time as us. Just as we were leaving, we were chatting near the exit. I commented: "You know, if the lights suddenly went out, I'm going to FREAK".

The lights, exactly in the corridor we were in went off. We hightailed it of there.

Two When my grandmother passed away around 1991, several things occured. My parents had an exercise bicycle that had a timer that will tick continuously and chime a bell when it ran out. Every morning, sometimes once or twice, I would either hear the time being turned on or the bell would randomly chime.

Now the bike was old sure but it still required some force to turn. I told my parents and they dismissed it as being spoilt. Every now and then, I would also hear my name being called. It wasn't loud or very soft either. It was just audible enough.

It wasn't until a few years later, that I realized all those strange occurences never took place when there were people around. It was always in the mornings when I would be alone.

Three I moved out of my old place and into a new one. My dad was a furniture salesman and had acquired some exotic ones from Indonesia. The entire house was filled with wooden chairs, tables, chests and the like covered with carvings of the local culture.

We often had friends over and the general consensus was that, our house never felt right. I had friends tell me while sleeping in the hall, they could see something shifting around at the back of the kitchen. Even my mother said she could see some something shadow like standing in the corner of the hall, seemingly staring at her.

Up to a point, I had never personally experienced anything until one day, I had fallen asleep midday and woke up at night alone. I got up. My mother's room is directly facing mine. I always avoid peering into the bedroom for some reason. I walked out with my head turned away as usual but this time I froze. There was something in my head telling me to look into the room. I did. It appeared as fast as it disappared. What looked like someone wearing white with arms outstretched. It was so vivid, it made me jump and curse.

The atmoshphere in the house was gradually becoming worse as we had many disputes, even leading up to a divorce of my parents. We ended up moving out after much difficulty. The house was for the most part clean but there was still some cleaning left to do before the new owners moved in. Maybe it's all just in my head but everytime I stepped inside, the air got heavier and you just never really felt all that pleasant. On one occasion, my mom and I paid a final visit to clear the rest of the junk out. Didn't take long for us to start fighting again.

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Sweet_Tooth_VII
â€¢ 14y ago

So.. To put it simply.. One day in my 11th grade English class we had some free time, so I started to draw. I don't draw. But, what I ended up with was a picture of a cartoony, zombified head of a rabbit. I thought it looked cool, didn't think much of it and soon forgot about it considering it was just a doodle in my english notebook. Not that night, but soon after I had a dream about a zombified rabbit, cartoony and all. It said "I told you I'd come back." and it just ended up following me around my dream and providing some commentary. Some good lines were "I've learned so much since we last spoke." and "I'm so proud of how you've turned out."

So yeah, again, I didn't think much of it considering my dreams are usually pretty out there. But I kept thinking it seemed so much like.. Okay, you know those really vague memories you have of childhood? Like.. Say you remember the way something looks or how something felt or how something smelled, even though you were too young to even have that full memory stick with you? Well, I kept feeling like that when I thought of that zombified bunny, like it was something like an imaginary friend or something that I don't remember having. Well, I asked my grandma (who raised me) if I had an imaginary friend when I was little and she said yes. She said his name was Bubby and before I could even ask she told me he was a bunny-rabbit.

I should also mention, although I have no idea if these are connected or not, but my mother was gone from my third birthday until I met her again when I was 17, which is around the time this happened. So, that's neat I guess.

So uhh... TL;DR The imaginary friend from my very early childhood was a cartoony bunny rabbit that left me when I was too young to even remember him and came back to me in a dream when I was 17.

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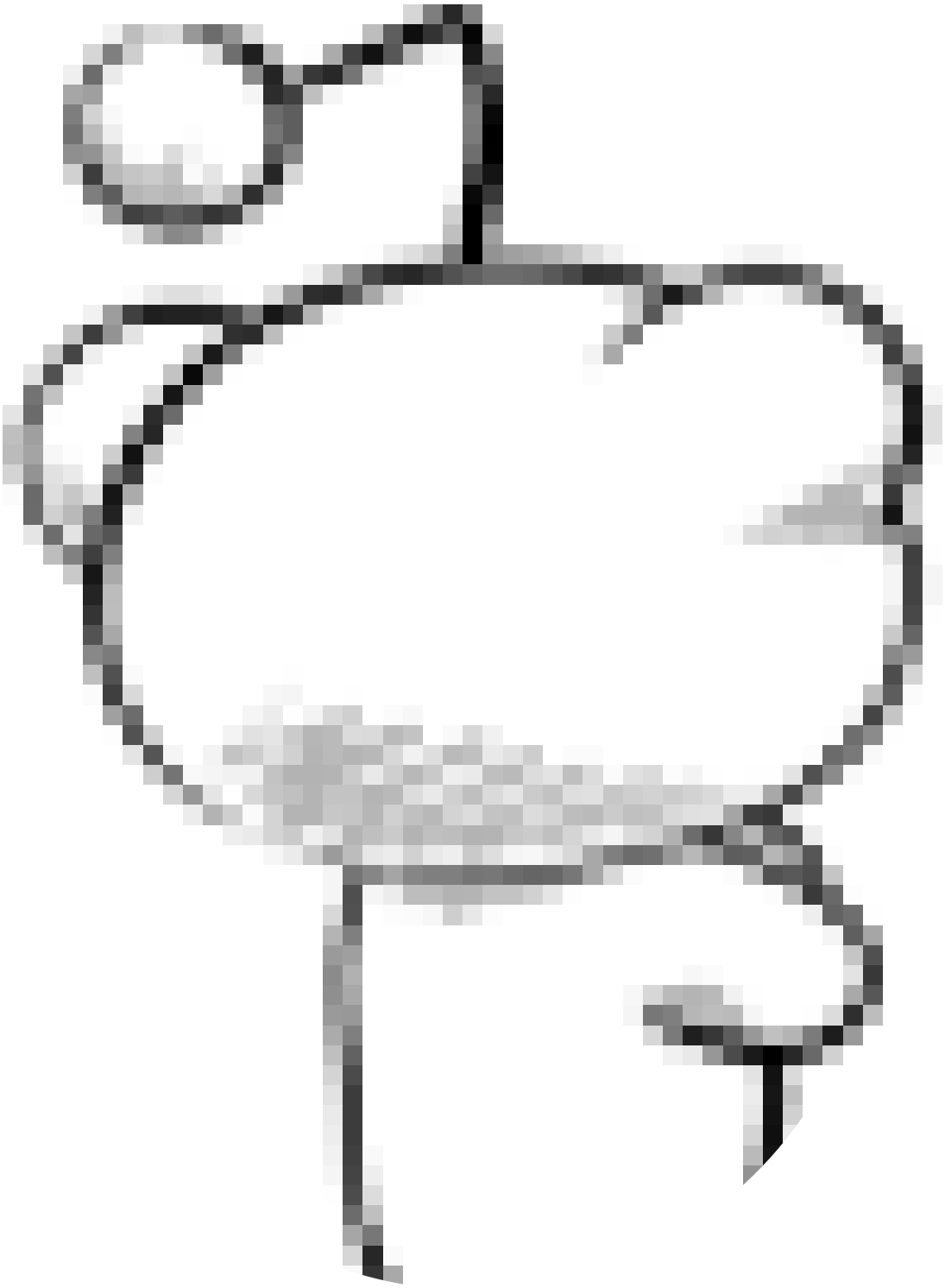

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â€¢ 14y ago

One night after a birthday party a bunch of people went to the local middle school to play ultimate frisbee. At one point everyone had stopped playing to watch some lights that were hovering above the neighborhood. the stayed there for a while, in a rectangular formation, then went away. they came back a few minutes later. none of us have any idea what the hell they were.

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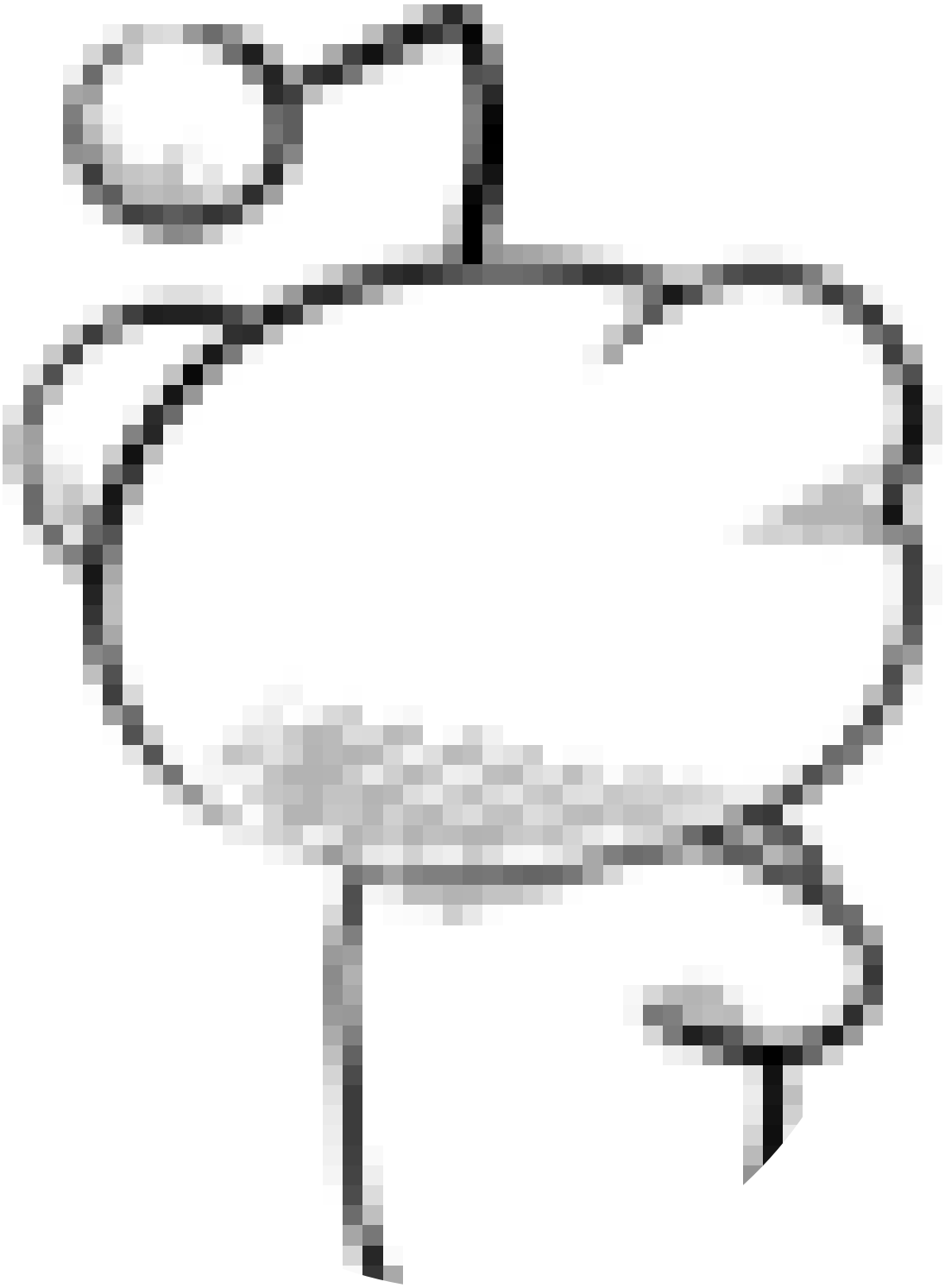

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â€¢ 14y ago

I was driving down a Chicago street with my family on what was usually a semi-busy street. There's no one else walking down the sidewalk except some middle-aged man in a gray jogging outfit with a massive red, seemingly bloody stain on his jogging pants. He was also walking with his legs spread wide.

To this day, I don't know what happened. I figured there might have been a movie scene being shot.

Edit: typo

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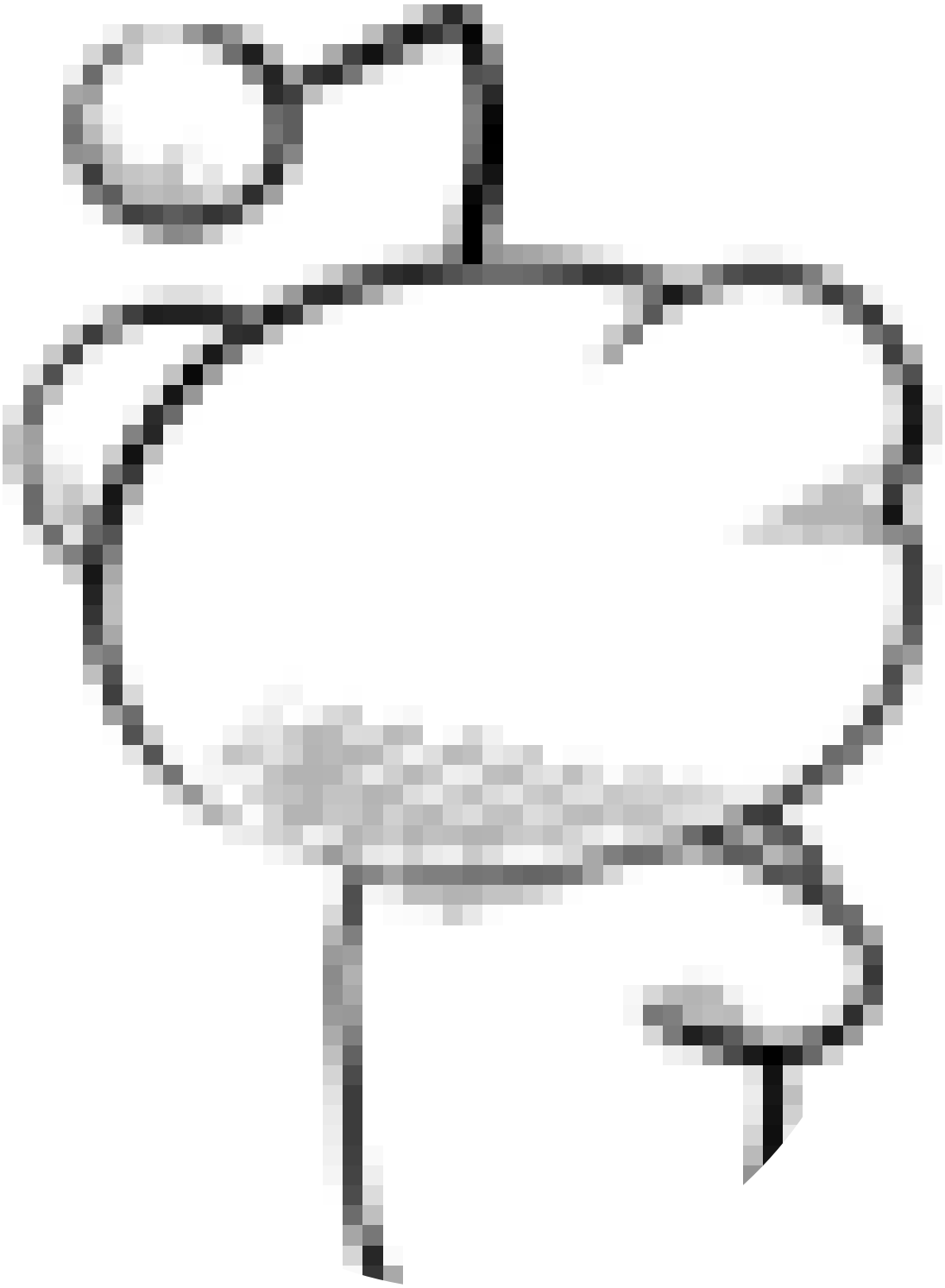

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â€¢ 14y ago

Can we turn this into a subreddit? or is there one that exists already?

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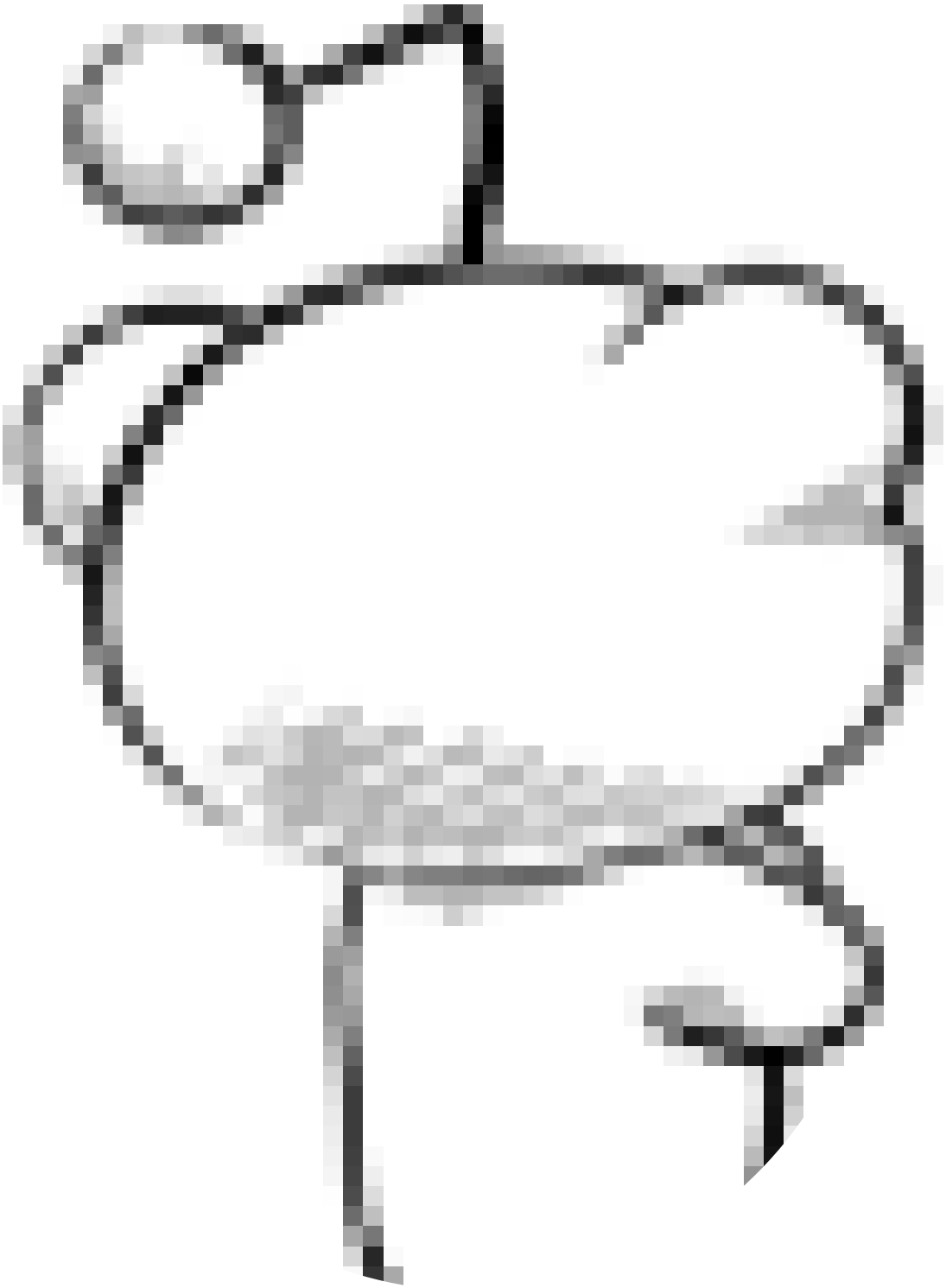

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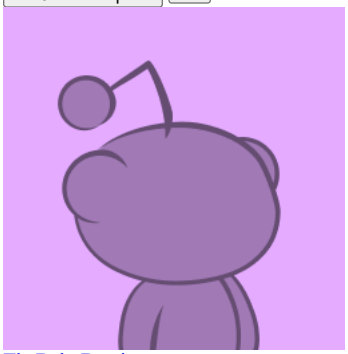

TheBabyBurrito
â€¢ 14y ago

Damn it I was reading some of these and I got an email and it scared the shit out of me

RunsLikeAGirl
â€¢ 14y ago

I was driving through the countryside on a pretty empty highway. It was a bright summer morning. There was only one car on the highway besides mine, a large black Cadillac sedan in front of me. I noticed it because in the area I was driving in (a very rural area), you were more likely to see pickup trucks and SUVs.

I decided to pass it. I signaled, went into the passing lane and passed it. When I checked my blind spot to merge back into the right lane, the sedan was gone. It just disappeared from sight. There were no roads it could have turned off on, it didn't pull off to the side of the road. It was just gone. It was there and then it wasn't. I have absolutely no explanation for it.

We were the only two cars on the highway for at least a half an hour and then it was just me. So strange.

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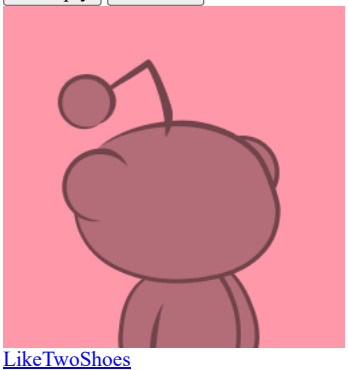

LikeTwoShoes
â€¢ 14y ago

Super late to the party, but I've got two to share.

Both happened in my teens, the first time was a backyard party a friend and I had at her house, we had tents but they got taken by everyone else so she and I curled up on her trampoline and tried to get some sleep even though the sun was coming up. We were staring up at the sky and a large chrome football shaped thing went across the sky above us. It had to seems or base to say it was a hot air balloon or anything. To this day we both remember it and can't explain it.

The second time was a bunch of friends and I were sitting in a car outside my parents house just chatting late at night. Out of no where a man walking his black dog walks past the car not more than 6 inches away. When we looked at his face it looked like he had a plaster cast over the whole thing. Immediately we all got scared out of our minds and looked at each other to make sure we all saw it. Being that I was with a bunch of guy friends they decided to drive around to look for him and see if we didn't just make it up in our head, we never found him and I've never seen anything like him or his dog around my parents house since.

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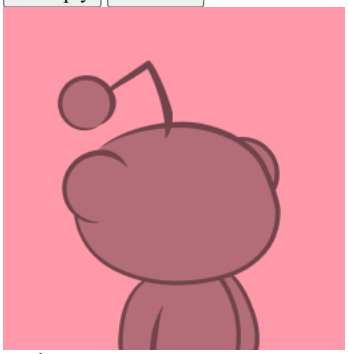
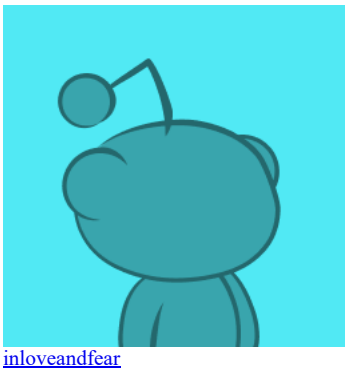


zandrews
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was much younger, around the age of five, I had a weird experience. It had to have been late, it felt like I was looking at the glow in the dark stars on my ceiling for hours. I heard my door creak open. I was expecting my mother, but it wasn't her. It was a large blonde woman and her family. I was so scared I didn't say a word. They start walking towards my wall and just disappear. I screamed and my mother came in, she asked why my door was open and I said because someone came into my room. She didnt believe me, but it was quite weird.

When I was a freshman, I had an abandoned house next to mine. The house was hundreds of years old, and three years before my dads best friend died from cancer in it. The house had also seen the deaths of my dads best friends mother and father, and I'm sure others died within its walls. It was a cold fall day in New Hampshire, and it happened to be October 31st. My friend and I had finished smoking a cigar when we decided to go visit this abandoned house. I had been in it hundreds of times over the years, and shared countless memories with the family who formerly lived in this old, decrepit, white home. We decided to go in through the back so no one on the street would see. We make our way down to the basement, as soon as we make it down there I get an eerie feeling. My friend and I are just observing all of the old tools and left over books. We decide to get out of here. As we go over to the staircase, we look into a pitch black room. We both see a shadow of a man in the doorway appear, and scream. We never ran faster. By the time I got back to my house, I was out of breathe and scared. We couldn't explain this. We went back a few days later just to check out the room, and it was completely empty.

When I was a little kid playing in my living room, I would always see a man in a black coat and black hat go from my room, to my parents room across the hall. My mom never believed me, but it happened so many times.



inloveandfear
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago while I was staying at my parents' house, I woke up without my shirt on. I was completely taken away by this because I can't stand to sleep without a shirt on. I just thought it was strange, but when I later told my parents about it, they said they heard me open my bedroom door during the night, stand in the doorway, turn the hall light on for a few seconds then turn it off and return to my room. This was a bit odd for me because I've never had any encounters of sleep walking or why I would've done this.

femmenon
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years back, I was laying in bed, reading a book. (Yeah, the days before a laptop and reddit...) When I hear a loud thump come from downstairs. I mean, loud enough to shake the floor beneath me. I stop, and wait, and listen. I assume it's my grandparents, because my grandmother has a bad leg and kind of limps. It happens again, more frequently, like someone is limping really, really heavily.

I get out of bed, kind of annoyed, and go to my grandparents' room across the hall. I shine my light in there. Both my grandparents are sound asleep. I hear the thump again and the floor shakes some more.

So, I try to use logic again. The cats are fucking around, right?

Well...fuck me. My one cat is asleep in my sister's empty bedroom, and the other was sitting in my closet looking mildly annoyed that I disturbed him.

THUMP THUMP THUMP

FUCK. FINE. I'LL FUCKING GO DOWNSTAIRS.

Armed with a shitty prepaid nokia phone and my lack of balls, I go downstairs. As soon as I hit the bottom step and open the door (for some reason we have a door at the bottom of the steps...) the thumping stops. Just stops. Like a bad horror movie, it keeps being obnoxious until I touch the doorknob.

I check the locks, check the house, give a good shout (like that would scare off a serial killer...) then run back upstairs.

I go to bed with my door locked that night. The next morning, I ask my grandparents, hoping to god that it was a dream, if they heard the thumping or if one of them had gone downstairs the night before.

They say no, and told me that they had woken (presumably after I went to bed, or at least was back in my room) and thought it was me thumping around for at least a good half hour.

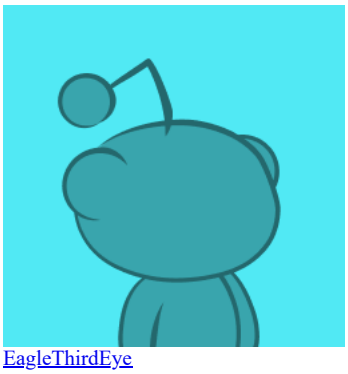
I went into the bathroom, where the basement door was, and it was open. We keep our basement door locked with both a chain lock and a regular lock at all times due to our cats. You can access my house from the outside via the basement. No sleep was had after that for at least a week. I'm still paranoid about people getting into my house.

GroundhogExpert
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm gonna add this to my standard questions when I'm meeting someone. Sounds like a great way to get fun stories, and to learn something more than just their job, aspirations and what they know.

cullinan
â€¢ 14y ago

My father and I were watching TV in the living room (I should mention that the kitchen door is clearly visible from the living room), suddenly I see a black cat strolling by the kitchen door. At first, I thought I was imagining things and ignored it, but a minute later, the same black cat passes "again" by the kitchen door towards the pantry. This time I was sure of it, so I told my dad: "Dad, a cat just entered the pantry". The both of us walk towards the pantry, open the door slowly and begin searching (the pantry is very small, mostly empty, and has no windows). 10 minutes later, we gave up searching, that's when my father looked at me and asked me in a worried tone: "Son, are you sure you saw a cat enter the pantry?". I didn't want to worry my father, so I told him that I was might have been mistaken (I wasn't). Till this day, this black cat still baffles me.



EagleThirdEye
â€¢ 14y ago

About seven years ago, My first labrador retriever was lying on the porch dying, it was early in the morning about 1 am and just a few minutes before his death, a bird starting chirping loud from across the street. The instant my dog passed, the chirping stopped. I lived here for a long time and have insomnia and am up at the time of the night regularly and at no time have heard this type of bird and so close to the house. I believe that he showed up to fly my dogs spirit into the afterlife, very strange.

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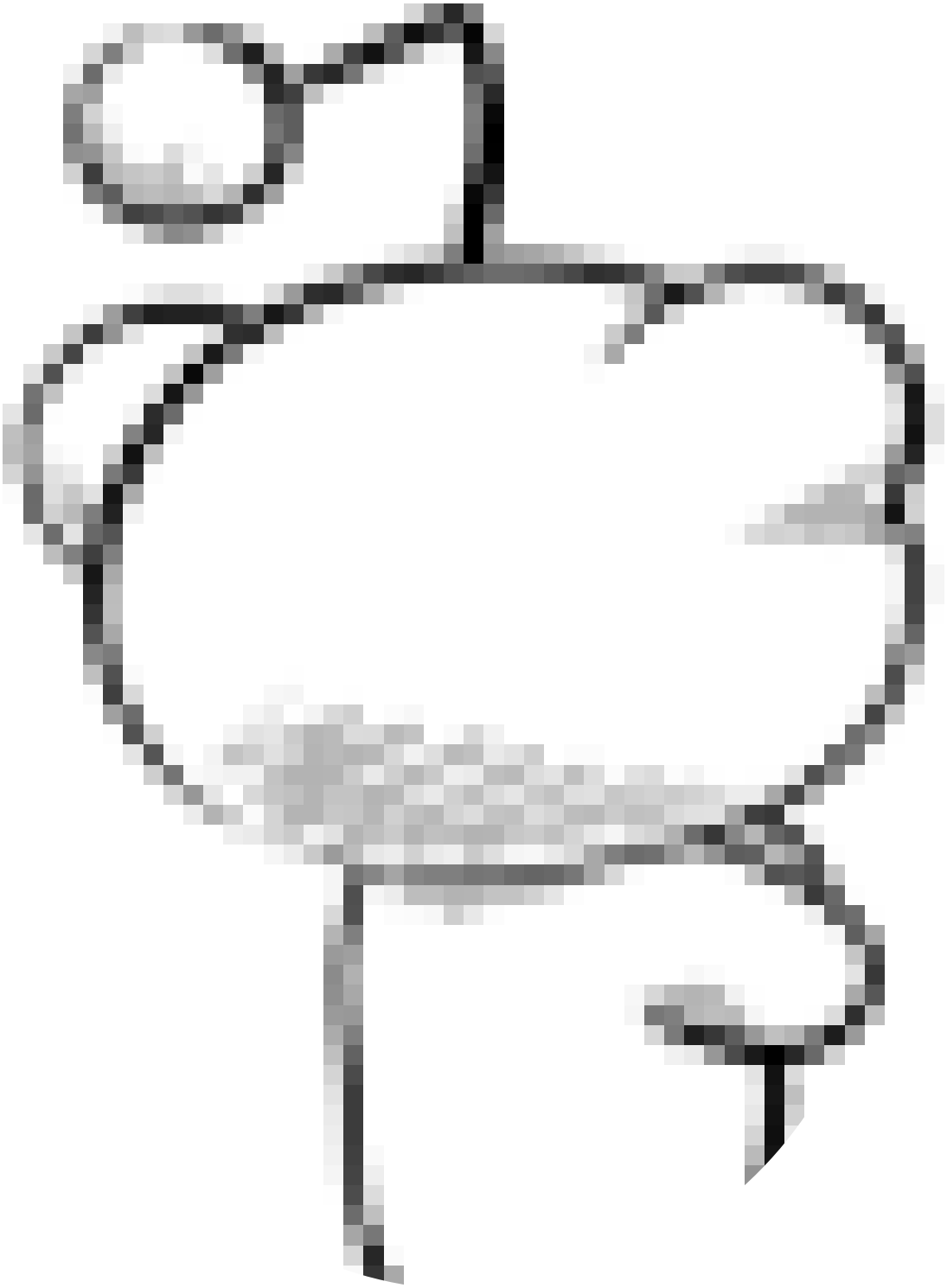

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â€¢ 14y ago

That is a really sweet story. Bow-wow little doggie. Have an upvote, I like when stuff like that happens

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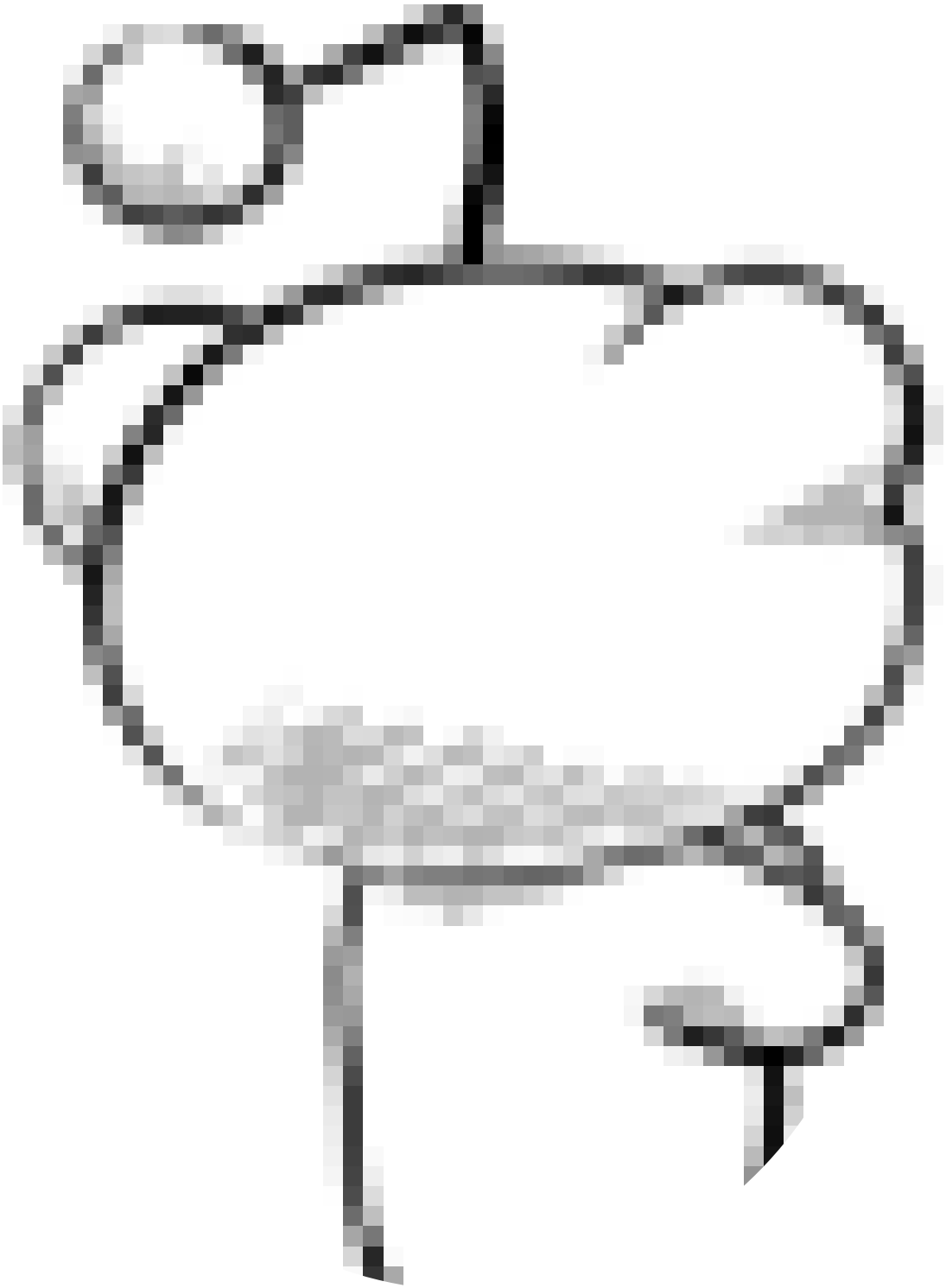

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â€¢ 14y ago

This may be a little late but it's a short one. One weekend in high school my parents left town and it was just me in the house. I went to bed around midnight and then I woke up in the middle of the night to a faucet on at full blast. I get out of bed and go to the bathroom and sure enough both handles of the faucet were turned to max. I can't explain it but it was the only creepy thing to happen to me in that house in the 19 years I lived there.

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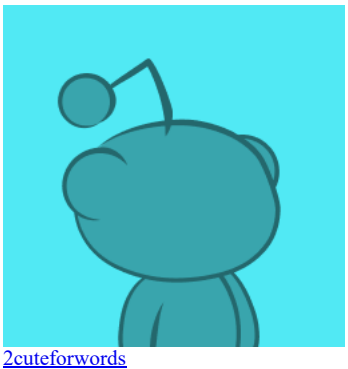
valarmorghulis
â€¢ 14y ago

Do you still live in Wenatchee?

Reply Share

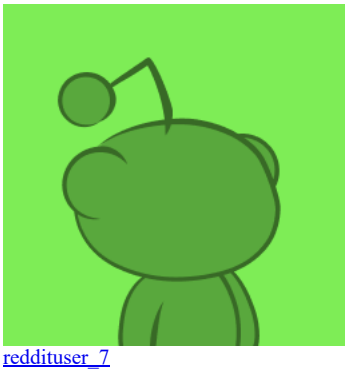
tillerwills
â€¢ 14y ago

One night about a good 20-30 years ago, my friend's dad (who is very religious and now our pastor) was walking down a street with his girlfriend after church. About halfway through their walk they started talking about the devil and all of those shenanigans. His girlfriend suddenly blurted "I HATE YOU SATAN" as loud as she can. Every street light went dark and every house with any lights on went out for a good 200 yards causing them to bolt home. The next morning they asked their parents if there was a blackout and there wasn't.



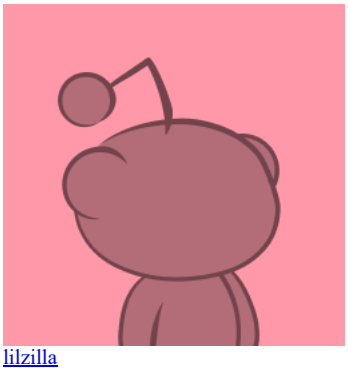
2cuteforwords
â€¢ 14y ago

Back when I was an undergrad I had just matriculated from community college to my four year college. My old CC used to be very close to a small mom and pop pizza place that sold the best deep dish I have ever had outside of Chicago. I had only eaten there a couple of time before I transfered to my new school. The weird thing is my first week on campus at my new school this guy who I did not recognize from any of my classes at the CC or from the pizza place came up to me in the quad, knew me by name and asked me if I missed going to that mom and pop pizza place. I have no idea how he know I had eaten there, why he approached me to ask me that very specific question and then walk away after I answered that I still live close to the restaurant and can go any time I like. I never saw him again on campus.



reddituser_7
â€¢ 14y ago

Sometimes when I don't get enough sleep, I get this thing where I'm awake but cant move, sorta like paralysis? That in itself is pretty weird, but then I started seeing things. One time, when this was happening, I heard something under my bed, some sort of rustling. Then this dark shadowy thing crept up from under the bed, and crawled over me and laid down right by my head and it was, not really sure how else to put this, but it was purring. Creepy shit.



lilzilla
â€¢ 14y ago

Sounds like normal sleep paralysis to me.

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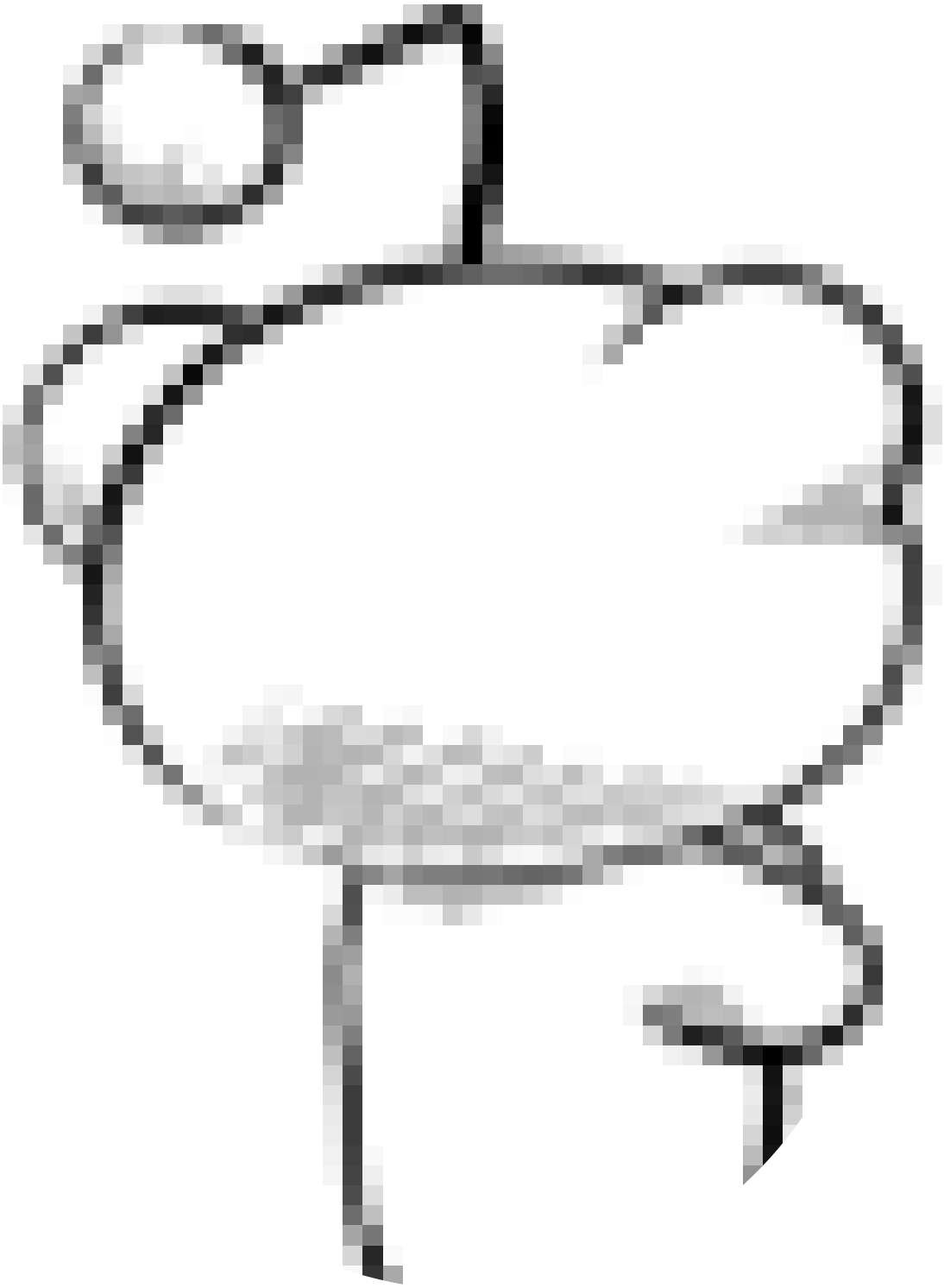


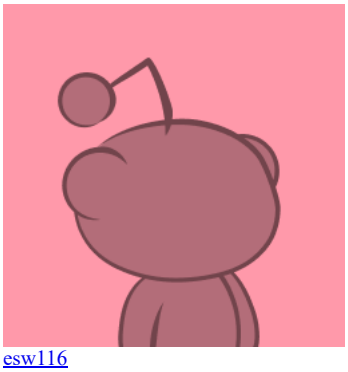
Huck77
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a child, maybe seven or so, i had a weird experience. I was sleeping over at a friend's house. When it was time for bed, I was in the bottom bunk and he was in the top. He had a small fan clipped to the bed, and it was completely dark in the room.

I hear the switch on the fan clicking back and forth. I wait for it, wait for it, and GRAB for the hand of the switcher. Here's where it gets strange. I proclaimed, "I gotcha!!!" and got a puzzled, "what?"

So, I pulled on the hand pretty hard and got no response. Here's the thing. I still kind of think he was messing with me, but the hand was at the wrong angle to be him reaching from the top bunk. It was coming from directly behind me and not above. That still makes me wonder. Also, when I got up and turned the light on, he was firmly in his bed.

In the end though, he was a pretty dickish childhood friend, so I'm pretty sure he was just screwing with me. There's just those two little details about the angle of the hand and the way he said, "what" that stick with me a bit.



esw116
â€¢ 14y ago

Nothing super out of the ordinary for me.

But there was one night where I was upstairs just watching TV, and all of a sudden I hear this massive shreak outside, like a siren but instead it was a single, long note (about 6 seconds). It didn't sound like a person, but there weren't any emergency vehicles nearby and it was a clear night, so no tornado warnings. It COULD have been an emergency vehicle, but it was so loud that it had to have been right next to my house - and again, there was nothing there.

It was just a very loud noise, from which I could see no origin, that simply came from nowhere. Never heard it again.

Reply Share

mayhem77
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Way late and on a phone but I'll try my best. This happened to me I would say around 1990 while working on staff at a Boy Scout camp in western PA. The camp was fairly huge and there were many access roads running through and around it.

One evening, maybe around 10 or 11 pm as it was pitch black, myself and a bunch of others were heading up one of these access roads to meet up with other staff and a few campers we knew. We had about a 2 mile walk ahead of us and as we were heading out of the main campground area, someone requested that we all stopped so they could get something out of their bag or whatever. While we were standing around waiting, myself and a couple others noticed what looked like a lit cigarette cherry about 2-3 yards off the oath floating at about head level.

Our initial reaction was that someone was following us and we spotted them so we started asking who was there, shining lights, etc. This went on for a minute until it occurred to us that nobody was there. At that point we assumed someone was fucking with us from afar with a laser pointer but when we stepped off the access road nearer to this light, it moved. Keep in mind there maybe ten people here and we are all like "What the fuck is going on?"

We crowded around so that it was impossible for someone with a laser pointer to get a consistent clear shot but it had no effect, we shined all our lights, jumped around, moved into the woods, all kinds of shit and this tiny little spec of light remained just out of reach.

Eventually, maybe 10 - 15 minutes, we grew bored and started walking again and we noticed the light followed us. This was too weird and some of us took off and some kept walking. Then, maybe after another 100 yards, the thing just disappeared.

By the time we got where we were going we were all totally freaked out but we never did find out what it was. I do recall that nobody was really "scared" though, myself included, just curious. Like there was anxiety present but for whatever reason nobody what really afraid.

Anyway, I've had some other weird shit happen, some of it downright scary, but that is the thing that has always stuck with me as being a truly unique experience.

Edit: Myself and others have experienced some other truly strange occurrences at this camp.

I've also had the pleasure of seeing hunched black humanoid shapes in the woods near my childhood home in western PA. Nothing to tell other than friends and I were in a spot of the woods that we hung out in daily and had built benches and brought a few chairs to. Up the hills someone spits this shape and we all looked. This thing then moved fast as hell to another spot at which point we all took off and never went back to again. The spot is adjacent to a large sled riding hill and paths, etc and had been used by all the neighborhood kids but as far as I know, at least while I was young, never got used again.

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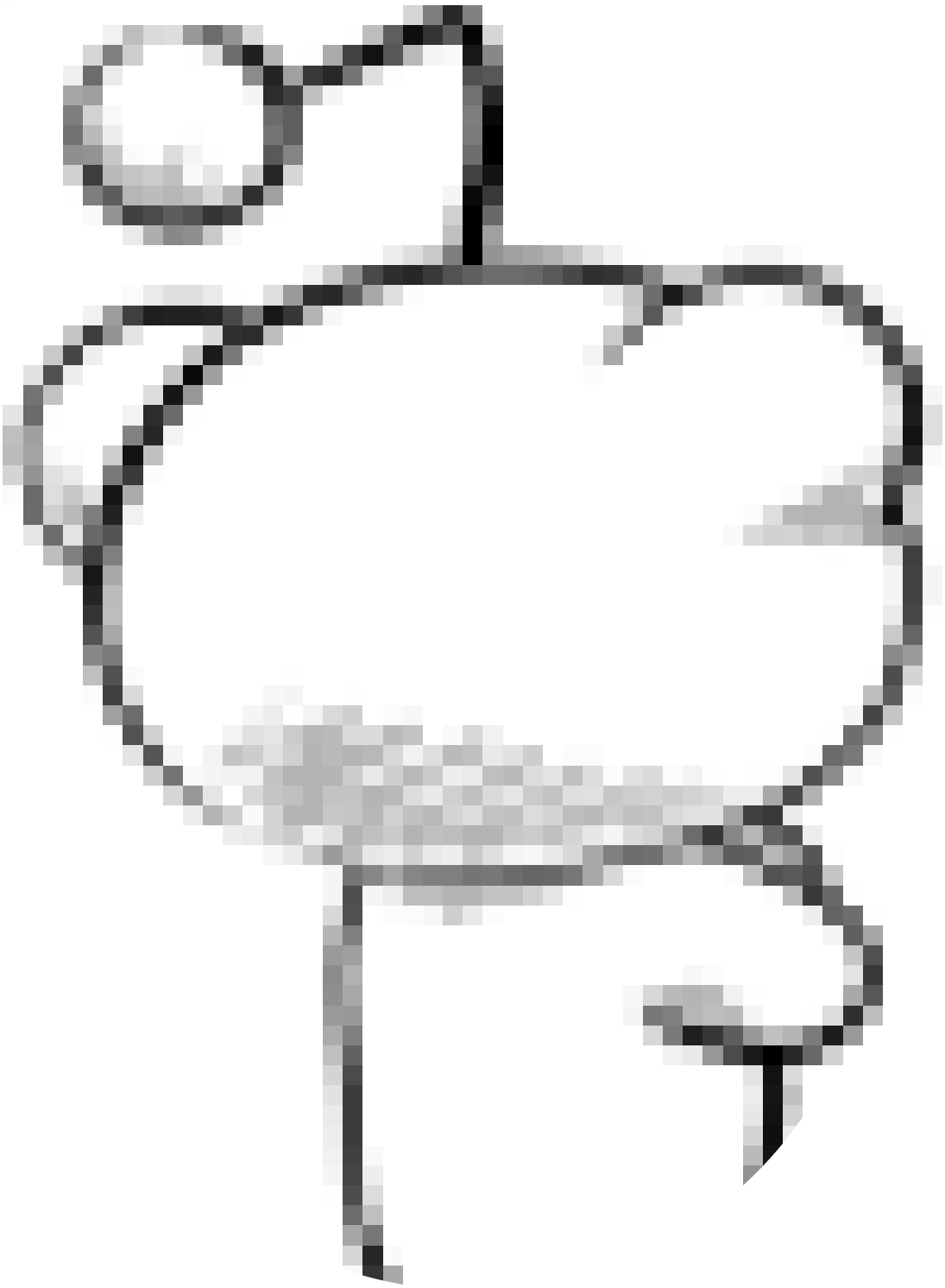

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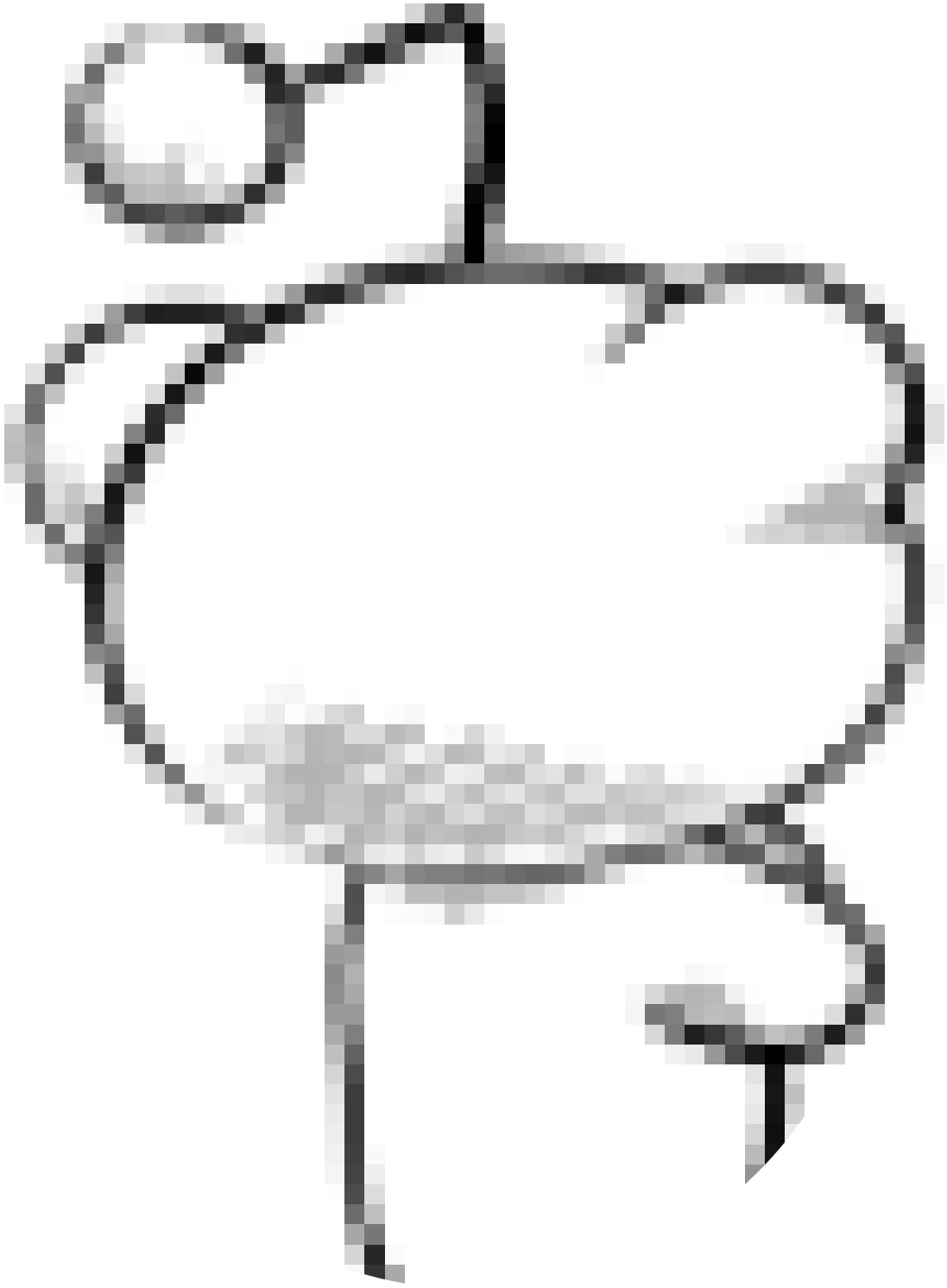
â€¢ 14y ago

I asked my girlfriend this exact question, and she had a few of stories.

1. She used to creep out her mom because she would see random future events in her dreams. Not just every once in awhile, but quite often.

2. One day when she was 15, she was in their family's barn getting some hay for the horses. She said that even though she was alone, she started hearing this music. She couldn't make out words, but it was highly audible and she said she could almost understand that the song meant, but not quite. She walked all around the barn looking for a source, but never found one. It was coming from the South of the barn, so she tried to climb up to see what was out there. As soon as she had a view, the music stopped. She never heard it again, but said that it wasn't creepy; she had a warm tranquil feeling about it.

3. When she was 20, her grandmother's health was failing. Her grandmother had got to the point where she was sick enough to slip into a coma. She had been talking about how things were going to get better for my gf not long before this happened. Anyways, after hearing about this, my gf drove as fast as she could to go see her grandmother before she passed away. No less than 5 minutes after she got there and had said goodbye, her grandmother passed away. She says that there was an odd breeze in the room while all of this was happening that ended the moment she stopped breathing.



woahmanchillout
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a little kid, my family lived in a house we all thought was haunted. My parents heard the voice of what sounded like a little girl calling out for her mother by the side my mom was sleeping on the first few nights we lived there; it only stopped when they switched sides of the bed the next night. To my knowledge, they haven't ever switched back.

My bedroom had a certain *feeling* to it I can't describe, but others can attest to. It was a dark, awful feeling. It's embarrassing but as a grown man writing this I'm actually kind of freaked out to write or think about it to the point where my breathing is strained and there are tears in my eyes, like doing so will bring the feeling back. I would

wake up shaking and moaning, helpless as I sat up in down in bed with this horrible low noise coming out of my throat that I couldn't really control. This would happen many times throughout my childhood, only ever in this bedroom. I eventually switched rooms and felt a little better.

Coming back from college to visit, I stayed in my old bedroom. Waking up one morning, years after I thought all of this stuff had just been a child being scared by a spooky house, I felt the most horror I have ever felt in my life suddenly overcome me. The room wasn't dark, there was nothing wrong, but I immediately jumped out of the bed and ran the fastest I ever have in my life downstairs and didn't go up for quite some time.

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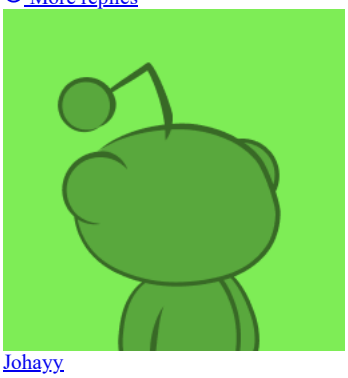

Johayy
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in first grade (or sometime around that), my dad and I were flying to AZ to visit my aunt and uncle. About half way through our flight (right after the drinks were served) our pilot activated the seatbelt light. We thought nothing of it, until we started to hit extremely rough turbulence. Within a few minutes, we hit even harder turbulence, causing the plane to start spinning and flipping uncontrollably. I remember being super confused and wondering why everyone was screaming. After about a minute-two minutes, the plane just stopped spinning and we began flying normally. To this day, I have no idea how we were able to gain control or how we gained control so quickly.

Souljapig1
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay so this took me reading a lot of posts to remember this happened to me, so it probably won't be a great story and will probably be buried. When I was younger, maybe 13, I used to have what I call "black outs" a lot. No I did not lose my mind or anything, its just my word for what happens when you are inactive for a long time and then you try to do something and your head starts to hurt and your vision goes black. So, I was in the shower sitting down, cuz who doesn't like to sit down on those shower seats, and I get up to wash my hair. I start to have one of these blackouts, but it was normal so I shrugged it off. Literally next thing I know, I'm just laying there in the bottom of the shower, water still pouring on me, and I jump up and turn the water off. I ask my brother if he heard me fall in the shower, as his room is maybe 15 feet from the bathroom, and he said he didn't hear a thing... Not great, but unexplainable.

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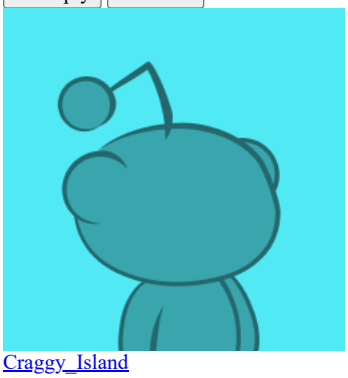

Craggy_Island
â€¢ 14y ago

Great thread! Mine goes something like this: When I was almost 19 some friends and I camped out one night in a tiny little forest in my town. We had a bonfire going all night, and all was well. The next afternoon we were still hanging around in the area but had all moved a few hundred metres away to bask in the glorious Irish sunshine. We had all left most of our things in the forest, but after a while my friend's phone rang. The caller was my other friend, who was sitting there with us and whose bag and phone were both still in the forest. Thinking someone was there messing with our things, we ran back to check it out. We found one of the bags beginning to catch fire. We all searched the area and couldn't find anyone there, and it was such a small place there really wasn't any way anyone could hide. The weirdest part of it was that it happened a

few weeks after a very close friend of ours had passed away, and who had lived at the top of a hill overlooking the area. We all think she saved all our things from going up in flames Tldr: my dead friend saved our things from a firey end

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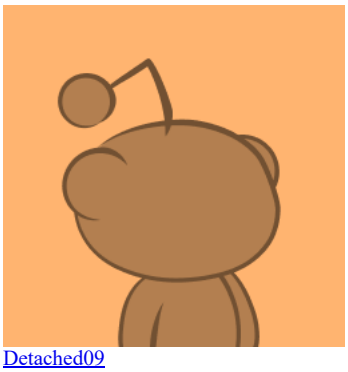
TheOnlyUsernameLeft3
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm constantly making predictions in my dreams, and it's strange because these dreams give me the impression that they are going to come true before they happen. One that stands out is one night when I dreamt about a party that I was going to the next day. I dreamt that the party got busted by the police but we escaped just fine, and I had this sinking feeling that I should heed the warning. My girlfriend convinced me to go, even though I didn't want to.

The party was going fine, we were all relaxed and having a good time, and I felt at ease knowing that my dream was just a dream until suddenly, I became very tense and nervous. I looked at my girlfriend and told her "We need to leave. This party is going to get busted soon." I couldn't explain why I felt that way. She brushed it off so we stayed. Less than a minute later, cops show up, we get away just fine like in the dream. I listen to my dreams now.

There was also an instance where I had a dream about police officers finding marijuana in the trunk of my car. I forgot about it. The next day, I bought some goodies from my brother and he told me to put it in the trunk of my car instead of the house so that our mom wouldn't smell it. I foolishly did this, and later, the cops found the bag in my trunk and arrested me. I did not realize until that night that I had predicted this in a dream.



Detached09
â€¢ 14y ago

Really late to the party. I was reading this last night, but I was on my phone. I've got three for you.

These all happened over a decade ago. I've mostly kept them to myself, because who would believe me?

The first one. We're living in this little four-plex in a less than pleasant area of town. It's late summer, just before school starts. Us and the family next door are hanging out having a barbecue. I looked to the south, and see this giant light in the sky. Bigger than a plane, or a lot closer. I couldn't really tell. Then it splits into four smaller lights in a perfect line, and they all shoot off in separate direction. A few seconds later they all came back, merged into the one giant light again, and vanished. There were 8 or so of us out there, but I was the only one that saw it. The adults were drinking/cooking and the other kids were too busy playing. No one believed it until about 4-5 years later when my dad saw the exact same thing at work one night, after we've moved 200 or so miles away.

The next one happened after the move. My grandma died in 1997, this happened in 98-99 sometime. I was laying in bed. It was a school night, so I was trying my hardest to go to sleep. But every time I closed my eyes, my grandma's head was there in my vision. I've never since been able to replicate this. It wasn't like imagining something, it was like she was literally there. I was never very close with her, as dad was the black sheep of the family, but there she was. And I could feel someone sitting on my bed. My blankets were tight, and when I opened my eyes, I could see the blankets looked like someone was sitting there, but no one was.

The last one was a few years after that. I was very, very close to my great-grandparents. I spent every weekend basically at their house. When we moved away, my dad forbid me from seeing them because he thought they were trying to 'turn me against him'. They weren't, but he was paranoid. I was at my mom's parents house, laying in bed one night, and out of nowhere the entire room started to smell like Grandpa's house. Immediately, I knew something was wrong. The next day, I was at a family reunion/barbecue/something with my mom's family and I told her "I think great-grandpa died last night". Sure enough, two days later his obit showed up in the Tribune.

To this day I remain atheist, but those experiences have led me to believe that even if God doesn't exist, that doesn't mean death is the end. And the first experience just deepened my desire to know everything, because more than 15 years later I can't explain what happened.

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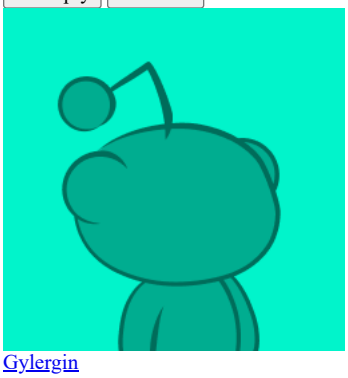

Gylergin
â€¢ 14y ago

Sadly, I lead a pretty uninteresting life. The weirdest it's gotten so far has been that one night where I close my eyes for a second and suddenly it's morning, with no time in between. So very weird, right?

My mother, however, has a good story. Once in college she and her roommate were watching TV with their door open when, out of the corner of her eye, my mother notices a shadow coming out from under the door of the room across the hall. Mom questions her roommie and she says she saw it too. When they investigate, they find the room unlocked and devoid of people and other exits. They went back to their room and locked their door. TrÃ¨s spooky.

Reply Share

ColumbianRedTail
â€¢ 14y ago

Very late but... My mom was a caretaker for and older relative (Her name is Faye and is my uncles mother) and one day while putting sheets on Faye's bed she was tucking the sheets under the mattress and something sliced the top of her hand open. It was a deep cut and she still bears a nasty scar today. She called my father and he came over with tin snips to try and find what cut her (possibly a steel wire) and found nothing. Nothing on the mattress, nothing on the frame. That's not all though. In the same house my mom babysat for my cousin (30 years ago) he would always tell her he saw a girl playing the piano in the house. My mom asked him if it was a pretty girl? She says the look in his face just sank and he said no... really ugly. Also my uncle has witnessed pigs walk through walls and ended up in the hospital one night when he was sleeping on the couch and thought he saw something standing over the baby's crib. He got up and immediately was knocked down he turned on the lights and was covered in hives! finally sold the house 4 years ago...

JRollEr
â€¢ 14y ago

I ate half an ounce of shrooms a week ago, they're many things i cant explain on that experience, it was quite an amazing journey.

Locusthorde300
â€¢ 14y ago

Growing Darkness:

There may be a reason for this but... Back when I was 14ish I remember every time I tried to fall asleep (but wasn't tired) I would just think to myself with my eyes open. I noticed that everything would grow darker and darker, and this wasn't because I was falling asleep. I would open my eyes as wide as I could, and stare at a single spot.

As long as I didn't move my eyes it would become pitch black, but right before all the light went out I would feel scared, and my eyes would move, and disperse all the darkness. I notice this as I go to sleep now with my eyes closed. If I stay absolutely still everything will grow darker in waves.

Shapeshifter:

This was probably the worst time i've ever had. Re-remembering it is making me feel weird.

I remember going around my house to get food or go to the bathroom or whatever. I would always have this heavy feeling on my back as if someone was creeping up onto me. And this was every time I opened my door, and/or went to the kitchen.

Now, my house DOES get dark at night. But this was different. This was off-ly dark. I started seeing.. something out of the corner of my eyes. Significantly small, but still there none-the-less.

Well some time later I opened my door, and in the hallway was... it. Some kind of imp-ish *thing*. As soon as I saw it, it was gone. But it's image was stuck in my head. I kept seeing it when I left my room at night. It would always be hiding in the dark. It was both creepy, and fascinating at the same time.

Anyways. I started talking to a (supposedly) psychic friend of mine who can see/talk to spirits. I started describing it to her, and that I wanted to talk to it and whatnot. She immidiently told me that I should leave it alone and not think about it. Not talking to it was easy, but thinking about it was hard.

Anyways, fast forward about a week. I started getting freaked out by it. It created this anxiety feeling in the pit of my stomach, and on my back. Like it was watching me, or thinking of something all the time when I wasn't looking.

It eventually got into my dreams. Again, my dreams would be generally be darker, and it would be lurking in the dark. It would change it's shape to whatever I was afraid of as well. Needless to say I couldn't get any sleep. So I talked to my friend again, she told me it was some kind of spirit called a "Nightmare".

It eventually got so bad it took on the form of a friend... but it wasn't my friend. It was like staring at a lifeless body. Or something of THIS nature. I told my friend that night. She said "i'll deal with it". Then, after that night it was gone. I felt this heavy energy lifted off of me.

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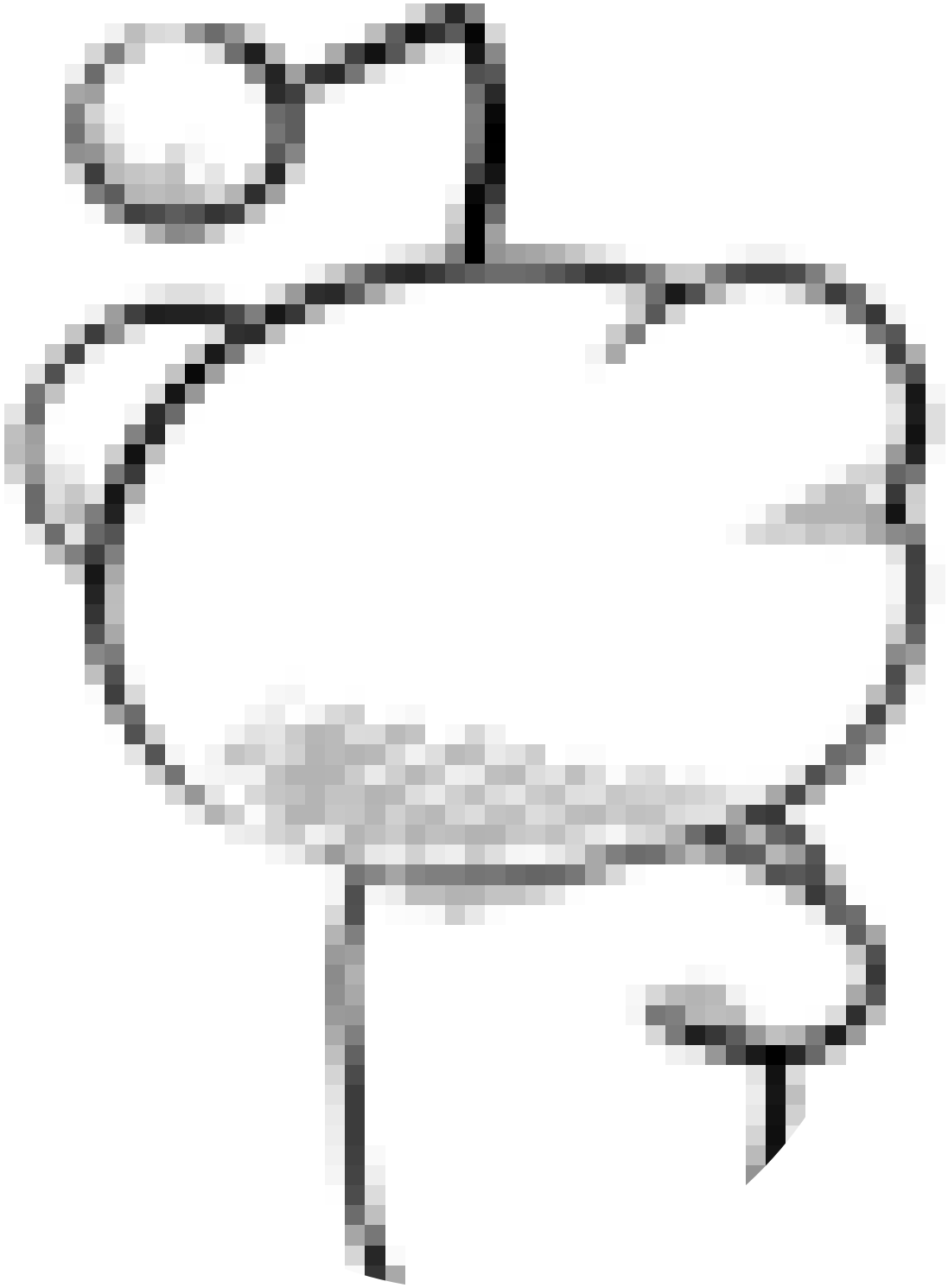

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

i was watching tv with my mom and dad, and suddenly a fim knock apreared ln the secound floor. all three of us walked up and found a spot as big as a fist kept knocking with a 2-3 sec delay. it kept doing that for a hour and we even openee the floor but nothing stopped it, there was no logical way it could randomly knock...

edit: im not good at english spelling at all

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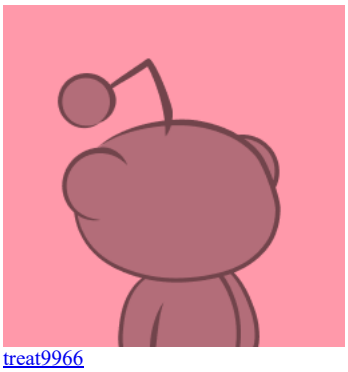

treat9966
â€¢ 14y ago

I have never told anyone this, because I wouldn't believe it either. When I was 17 or 18, I was sitting at home in the middle of the day. I had just watched Powder or Phenomenon or so other movie along those lines and I decide to practice my "telekinesis." There is a tennis ball laying on the floor across the room from playing with the dog. The floor is carpeted. I reach out my hand and concentrate and the ball rolls across the room to the chair I'm sitting in and stops. I have never since been able to replicate this feat.

tay95
â€¢ 14y ago

Probably 7 or 8 years ago when I was back home visiting for Christmas, I was lying in bed trying to sleep one night (insomniac), and I started hearing what sounded like modem noises. We used to have a dial-up modem in the house, but my parents had long since switched to DSL and my room even had an ethernet jack in the wall they put there when they renovated (still the coolest part of the renovation).

Anyways, I get up and try to track down the sound and it's coming from my old computer tower that hasn't been turned on in years. It's still plugged into the ethernet, but nothing else, so I yanked the cord out of the wall and the noise stopped and I went back to bed. Strange, but whatever.

Later that night the modem noises starting going off again. I bolted up, turned the lights on, glanced at the computer from across the room, saw it was completely unplugged from *everything* and then ran my ass to the family room and watched TV until the sun came up. Threw the computer the fuck out the next day.

Reply Share

thatoneguy102
â€¢ 14y ago

About a year ago my aunt and uncle came down from Ohio and my uncle has a big and expensive telescope that we went outside to look at the stars with. I went inside to turn the lights on the front of the house off and went back outside and I looked up at the sky and it got very windy and a large, bright blue circle formed in the air above a big cloud and slowly drifted behind another large cloud. I half wanted to say it was just a shooting star but.. it was BIG. I don't know how to explain what it was. Definitely spooked me out though

Reply Share

ggwpty
â€¢ 14y ago

I think I was about 10 years old and one night I was having a bit of difficulty getting to sleep. My brother and I slept in the same room and our room just adjacent. I was pulling the covers over my face; trying to get to sleep when I suddenly noticed a short ghostly figure on top of the bookcase across the room. Immediately got freaked the fuck out and pulled the covers right up over my face. After a few minutes or so I gathered enough courage and pulled my blankets down. The figure was still there. The ghostly figure was posed a bit strangely - kneeling down a single knee and arms raised up.

I tried calling out to my brother but alas he was still asleep. So I kept the covers over my face, trying not think about it as my forehead dripped with sweat. At one point I heard my brother wake up and begin to walk out of the room. I pulled the blankets down and timidly asked my brother if he could see anything on the bookcase. He ignored me, lol. I could still see the figure on the bookcase but as my brother turned on the nearby bathroom light, our room was partially illuminated and the figure disappeared. I breathed a sigh of relief and figured that was the end of it. Wrong!

My brother turns off the bathroom light and immediately as our room goes back into darkness, I see the figure appear again. Again I ask my brother if he can see something and he mumbled an incoherent reply and went back to bed. I pulled the covers back up and didn't ever pull them down again until I had woken up the following morning.

I told my mum about it and she gave me a weird kind of look. After I kept insisting I saw something, she told me that grandma had snuck in and decided to play a joke on me. But I knew that couldn't have been true.

I stand by what I saw - it is a very vivid memory and very much remains fresh in my mind 13 years later. I suppose my mind played an epic trick on me or ghosts really do exist.

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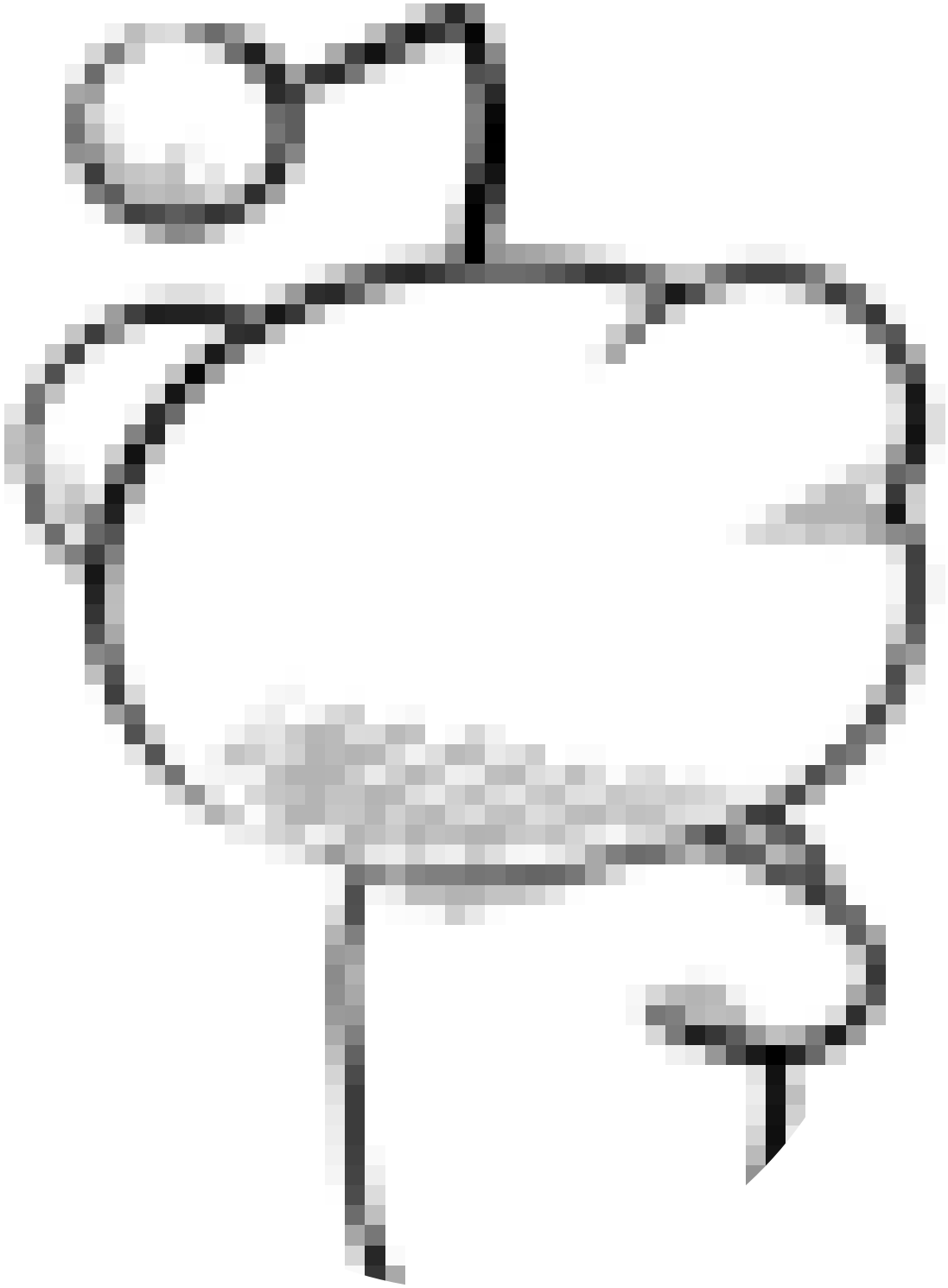

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â€¢ 14y ago

I guess I'll say this one. It's not really 'scary' but more of a weird thing.

So around 3 years ago, I lived in Chile. As my father worked for a Hydropower company, they payed for our bills etc. As a result, we got a somewhat big house.

In this house, there were two floors. The whole house was completely concrete (it was made of bricks) and it was in the mountains, or in a valley kind of place. There wasn't a lot of natural greenery, it was more or less houses and planted trees and grass and lots of mountains. As a result, the only birds was the occasional normal bird, but even that was weird.

But around 3 years ago, for every night, for a year or two, I would hear a tapping noise. It was like metal against glass. It didn't sound like a normal finger, it sounded like if you put a spoon against a wine glass, except sharper and outside my window.

My room, is on the second floor of my house. There is no way to get outside of it, unless you have a ladder or go out my window. To this day, I still have no idea what it was. It wasn't a bird, as no birds would come out at night *and tap on a window*. Hell, I didn't actually see any birds that were even up at night. There were no trees near my window, all that was outside was the roof (there was a small bit of roof outside my window) and the backyard.

It stopped after that huge earthquake in Chile. Our whole house shook.

Reply Share

ccassidyx9
â€¢ 14y ago

I was sleeping at a friends house one night and we were just passing time talking before heading to bed. I was about 2 or 3 in the morning and all the lights were off. Next thing we know there are blue lights shining in her windows. We figured it was neighbor kids with flashlights so we went to the window to look. There was no one anywhere near the window, just these lights. We ran outside to see if we could find out where they were coming from but by the time we got outside they were gone. There were no footprints in the mud and its a pretty secluded spot. There was no way it was a car or anything either, it was more than two lights and they stayed on and flashed repeatedly over about a half hour time span.

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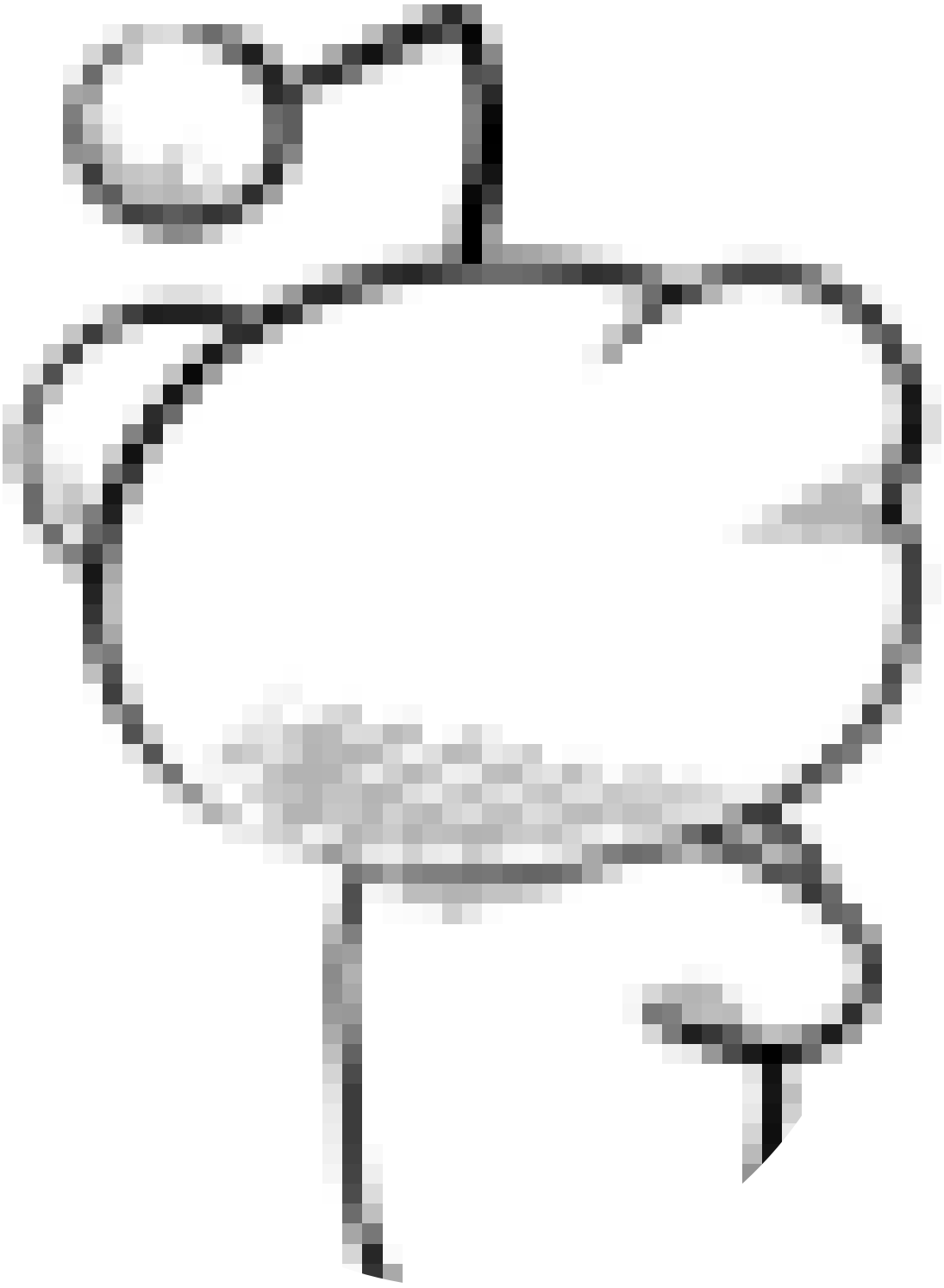

Tiralina
â€¢ 14y ago

When my dad had an heartattack my mom showed up at the hospital before anyone had called to inform her. She told me she knew something was VERY wrong with me, so she hurried to the hospital because she knew I'd be there. She was at my side before the doctors had told me what had happpened excatly. This is not the only time my mom have known when I was sad, happy, scared to death or desperate. I have also been haunted by a nightmare for about a year, several times a month - the nightmare was about me, my mom and my SO driving in my moms car. It was snowing, twilight and a red car hit us frontally. My SO and my mom died in the dream, and I would wake up. the 22nd dec 2009, my 21st b-day, a red car hit us frontally in the hour of twilight. They survived, but that was the only detail that wasn't the same as the dream. When I was a kid, about 9, I had a nightmare about my schoolbus crashing, so I took my cycle to school. It did crash the same morning, luckily noone was injured badly.

Reply Share

asmallkitteh
â€¢ 14y ago

this didn't happen to me but to my ex husband. When he was 21 he was out shooting pigs near Towoomba QLD. He was looking through the (sorry dont know the technical term) sights of the rifle and as he was doing so he saw a little evil man looking straight at him grinning.Even though I described him as a man he said he was not human. After this incident he started to drink heavily and it was obvious that this incident had a profound effect upon him.

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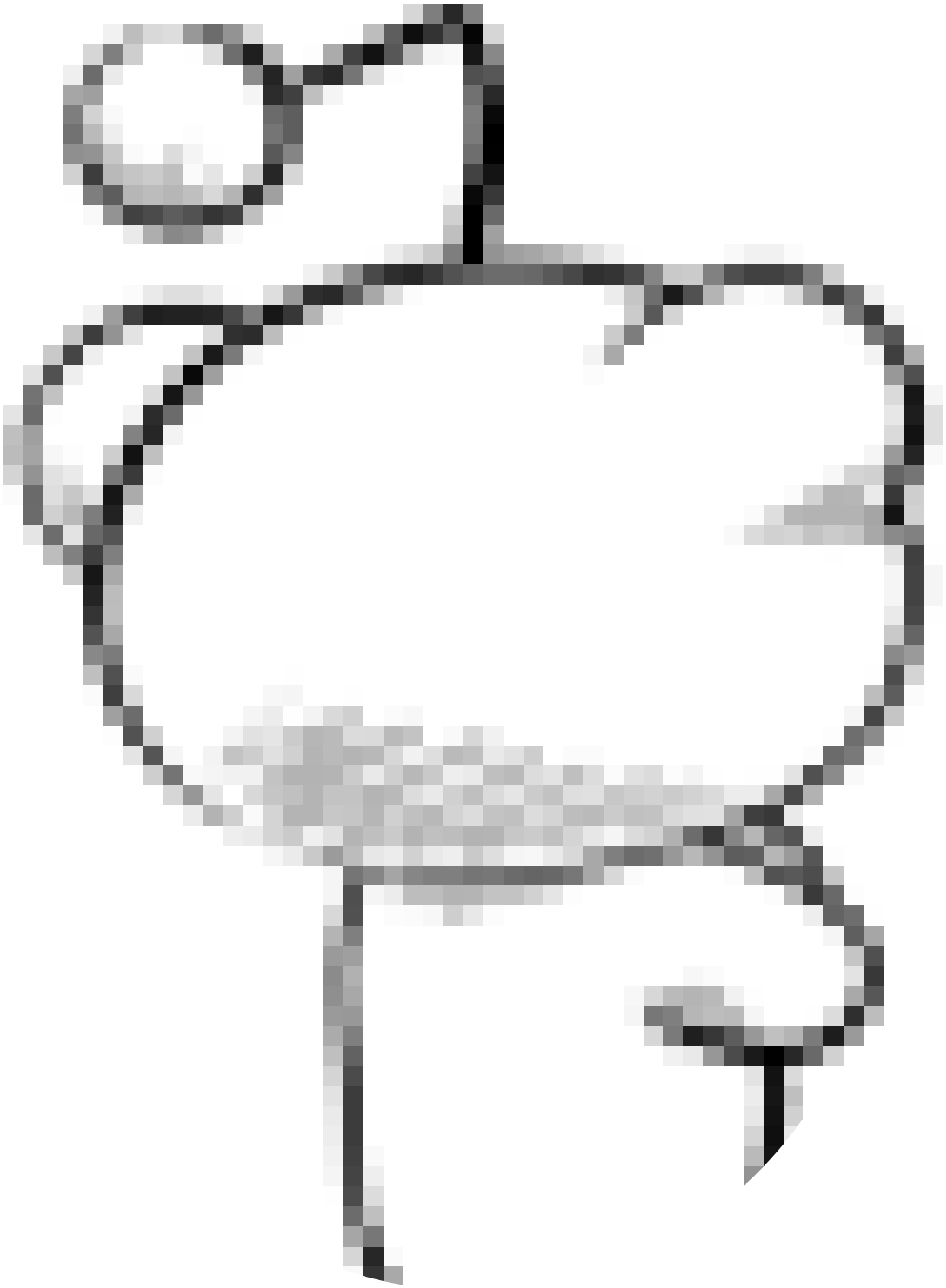

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â€¢ 14y ago

Damn reddit.....you scary

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standrightwalkleft
â€¢ 14y ago

One time I lived in a rowhouse, and my roommate and I would constantly hear a phone ringing in the basement. It sounded very loud and close, as if it was embedded in the wall. Our next door neighbors (who we shared that wall with) couldn't hear it.

After a couple of months, the ringing stopped, and we never heard it again.

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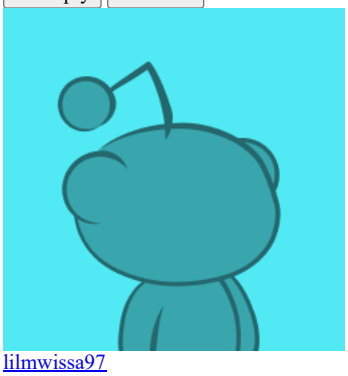

lilmwissa97
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 7 or 8 I was playing in a trailer park. It was a dirt field behind all the trailers that my two friends and I would play in. One time I saw this guy walking through. I hadn't seen where he had come from but there he was. He was wearing a hat, zip-up hoodie, baggy jeans, and had over-the-ear headphones on. I blinked and he was gone.

Another time I was dreaming that I was sliding down the banister of my staircase. It was the sleeping form of me. I was curled up with my hands under my head. I fell off the banister and two angels caught me. They took me into my room and dropped me into my body. At the moment they did that I felt like something was dropped into my body and awoke with a jolt. The only explanation I have for this is that I was dying and the angels dropped my soul back into my body.

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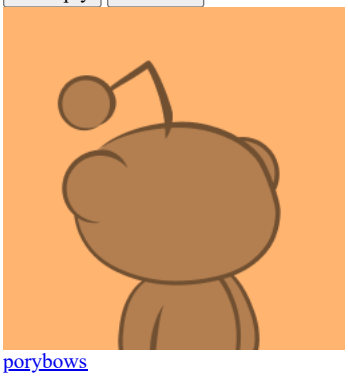

porybows
â€¢ 14y ago

I woke up with a blue stain on my boob.

Twice.

Reply Share

yaosio
â€¢ 14y ago

You rolled over onto a perverted smurf.

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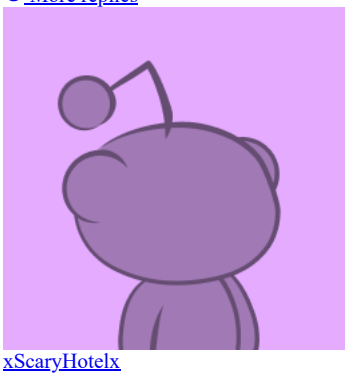


xScaryHotelx
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 13 or 14 my family went on a small vacation. It's not something we do very often, but when we did it was always somewhere not too far away, and my parents still tried their hardest to give my little sister and I a good time. So my little sister could not have been older than 7. We were staying in a big hotel in a resort town. It was in the USA, not a shady area at all, but lots of tourists.

Our hotel room was on the first floor, and we had grown up in a wholesome small town. This may or may not be relevant, but basically we were not used to being so concerned about security. After a big day of sightseeing and whatnot, we retire to our hotel room and go to bed. My sister and I were sleeping next to each other by the door and my parents had the bed by the window.

When I woke up, I felt the need to tell my parents about a strange dream I had. I had imagined that a tall, thin man, maybe in his 30s, came silently into our hotel room through the door. He then proceeded to meticulously search through our things: suitcase, dresser drawers, etc. while paying us absolutely no heed. He did this quickly and purposefully, with the utmost silence and concentration. I couldn't tell if he took anything or what he was doing, but when he was done he looked over the bed and his eyes lingered on my sister. I didn't think to do anything this entire time, and honestly I don't think I could have moved if I tried. It was like one of those dreams where you try to run but everything is numb and you just end up falling over, except that I was already lying down so I didn't do a thing. He blinked, quickly turned his head, and walked out.

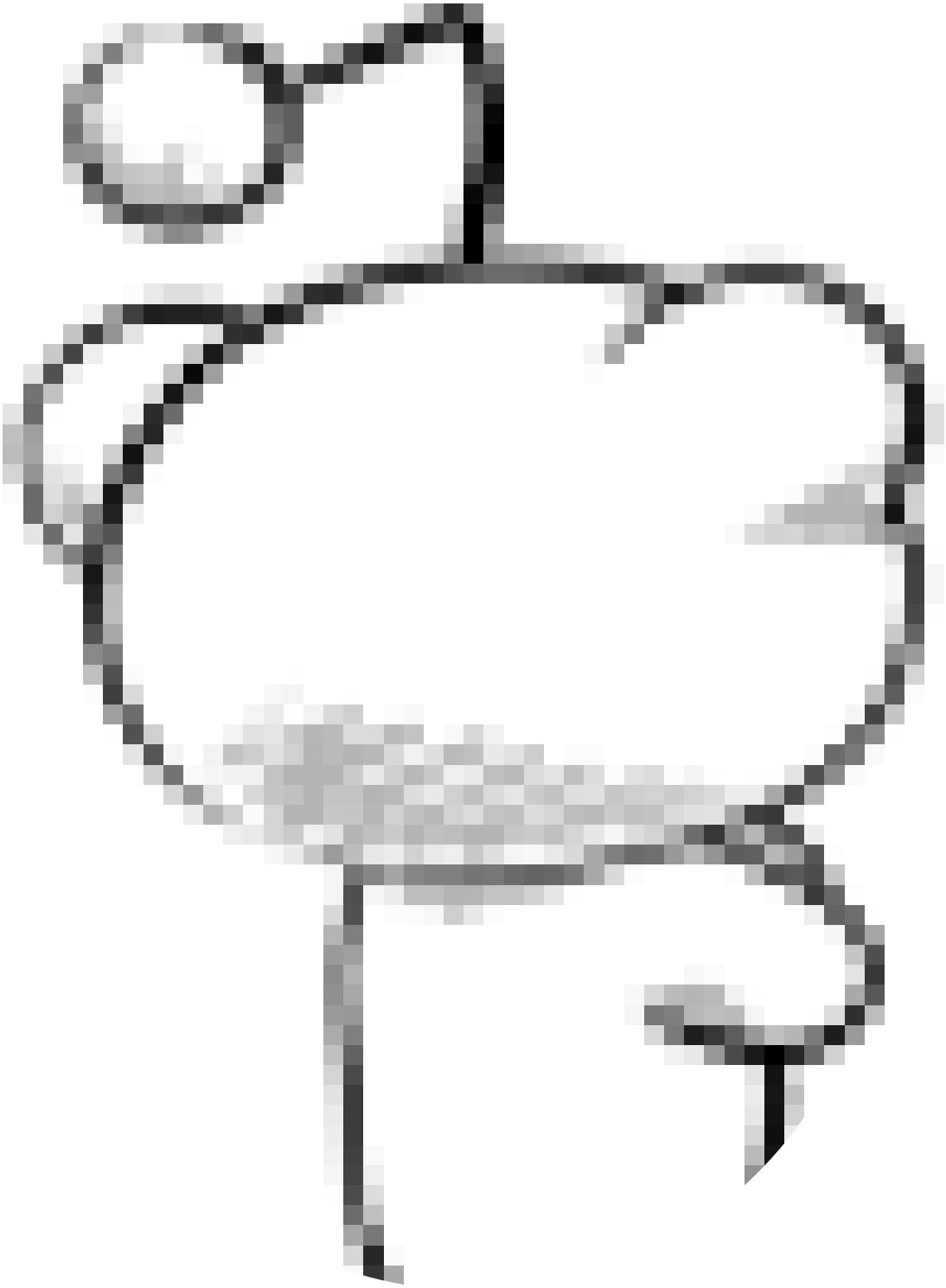
As I was relating this tale to my parents the next morning, we were just about to laugh it off as a silly dream. But then, my sister sits up and asks me, "Did the man have a nice white shirt and a beard like daddy?"

Mother of God he did. I tell her so and she claps her hands all excitedly. "I had the same dream too!" At this point I was a little uneasy, and my parents were sort of freaking out. They were trying to hide it, but I could tell. Sis thought this was super cool thing, and I began asking her more details about this "dream." The coincidences were just too uncanny.

I asked her, "Did he make any sound at all?" "Nope! He was quiet as a mouse!" Understand at this point she is smiling and excited and thinking this was awesome. "Where did he come in?" "The door, silly!"

At this point my parents scolded me to stop that, and I'll admit that I was getting pretty freaked out too. When my sister said that, Mom goes to the room door and secures the deadbolt. At that point I realized we had never actually locked it. I can tell that they are both pretty freaked out but trying to hide it. Mom turns on cartoons, pulls cereal out of the snack bin and tries to distract my sister as Dad and I carefully go through all our things, but nothing is missing. I couldn't tell if my stuff looked tampered with - I mean, I didn't notice what arrangement my clothes were in when I threw them in my suitcase.

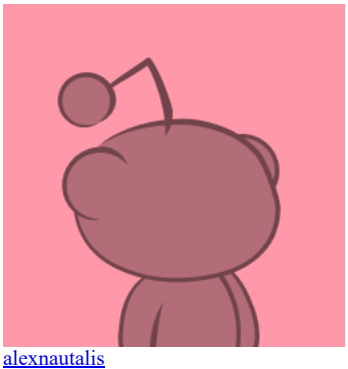
So in the end nothing bad happened, and mostly for the sake of my little sister we brushed it off pretty quickly and tried to have another fun day. She had no idea anything could have been wrong, and honestly we don't even know if this was real or not, or if my sister was even telling the truth. It was just so surreal I don't see how she could have made that stuff up, she was so young. Either way, though, we changed rooms that night and from then on, whenever we stayed in a hotel, it's never on the first floor and no one forgets to secure the deadbolt.



kushy7
â€¢ 14y ago

closest thing i have to anything remotely interesting is;

you know the trick to get a cigarette out the packet, flick the bottom of the packet hard and they pop up? well i did it, cigarette flipped out the packet into my left hand inbetween index and middle finger, felt like a boss nobody seen it. nobody believes it.



alexnautalis
â€¢ 14y ago

My sister had a friend in high school (we'll call her Katie) who had a mother that claimed she spoke to God and he told her things, etc. Now my sister had never met Katie's mom and Katie's mom had never even seen a picture of my sister. One day Katie told my sister that her mom was asking questions about her. Her mom then started to describe a man. She said that he was very sad and very depressed. My sister realized that Katie's mom was describing my dad *perfectly*. My dad isn't very common looking either, he's got longgg curly hair and he's very tall. Katie's mom then started to describe my mother. My mom died when I was 3. Her mom said, "I want you to tell ___ that her mom is doing okay. She's in Heaven." She described my mom as having a glow around her and she was smiling and was happy. It freaks me out because we had never even **met** this lady before and she's already describing my parents!

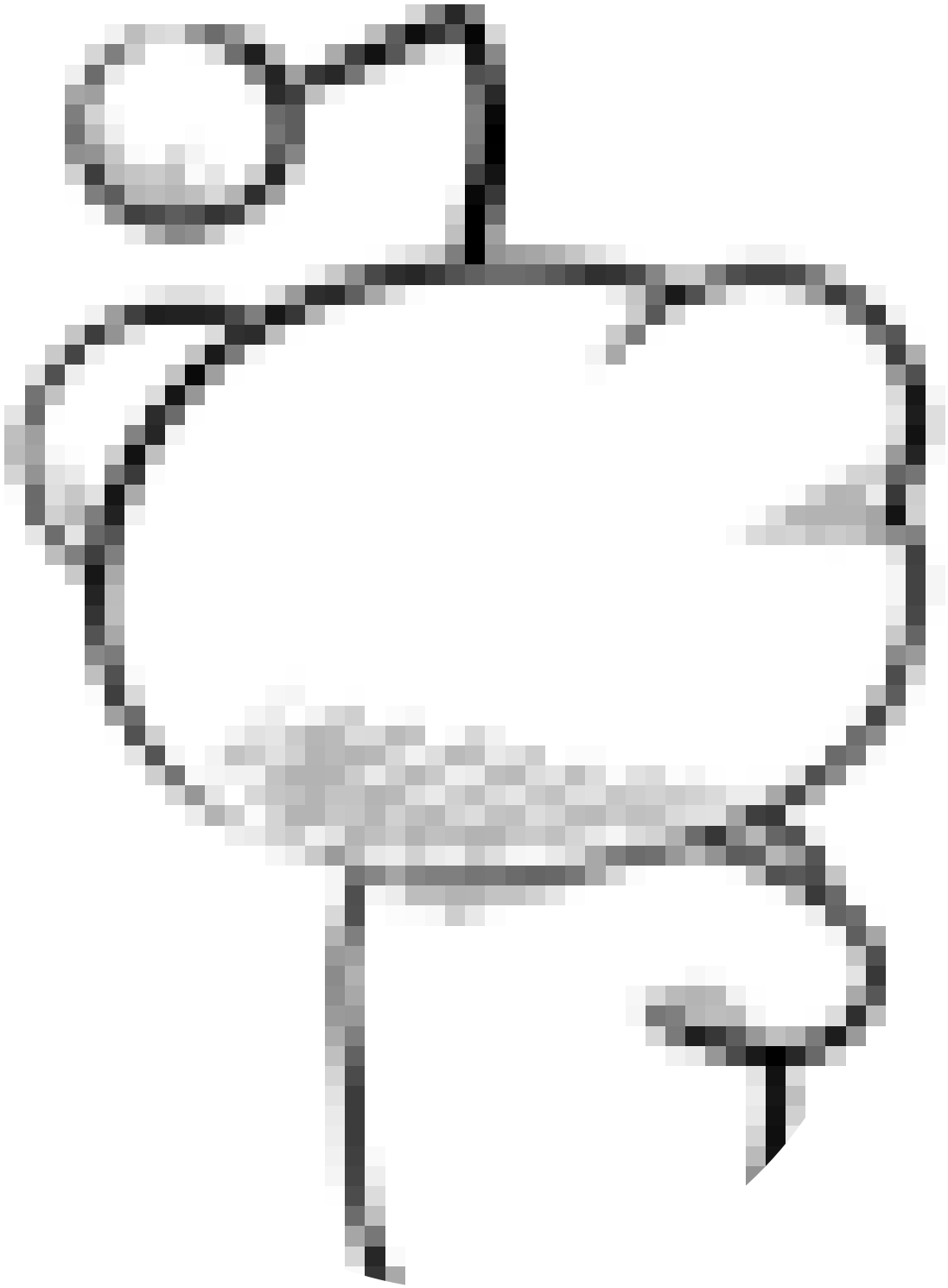
Ikhtionikos
â€¢ 14y ago

I had a few stories, but though I was late to the party. I see people still read this thread, so, here are a few.

1. It was in the first weeks of my freshmen years, and we used to stay up till late in the lounge of the dorm, talking with all these new people, making friends, ect. One night I was up with a guy called Steve, basically talking about stuff that would totally fit in this thread. It was around 3 AM when I went to bed. Right before falling asleep, on the limit of awake and unconscious, I 'dreamed' that someone opened the door, two silhouettes appeared in the frame, but they were by my bedside at the same time-on the side that was pushed against the wall. I recognized them as the two doors down neighbors, Luke and Ben. Then one of them said "Poppa Nick" in a slow, monsterlike voice. Next second I was fully asleep, deep and dreamless. Morning come, I go over to these guys, and while chatting, I asked if either of them came in my room last night. They both denied it, so I asked them if poppa Nick meant anything to them. at which point, Ben, the one who spoke in my 'dream' looked at me weird and said "Yes, he was a neighbor and good friend back when I was a kid. He died a while ago. How did you know about him?"

2. I was walking through the city one night, and it so happened that I had to step on the grates of a building's ventage: This grate had iron bars placed horizontally, but when I stepped on them, I could swear I felt them as being soft (softer than metal at least) and oriented in the opposite direction. It totally felt like I have stepped on someone's fingers who was grabbing the grate as I was walking over it. Naturally I saw nothing as I looked back, but till this day I can't shake the feeling, that I stepped on someone back there.

3. Not supernatural, but still a bit astonishing. You know these games, where someone sets the scene, and you have to guess what happened, by asking yes/no questions and getting very little hints. So, we were playing this in the dorm lounge, and after the manyeth, I was getting bored, and sleepy, time being again past midnight. The setting for this particular story was that a man is lying naked on top of a high, barren mountain, clutching his fist. how did he get there? I just pictured the scene, then fall asleep there in the armchair. Woke up after 10-15 minutes, the same story was still going, and I just threw in the answer: "The man was flying in a hot-air balloon!" (More detailed answer for the curious: they were about to crash in the mountaintop, so they threw out ballast, including their clothes. The balloon was still too heavy, so they drew straws. This man drew the short one, so he was thrown out of the basket.)

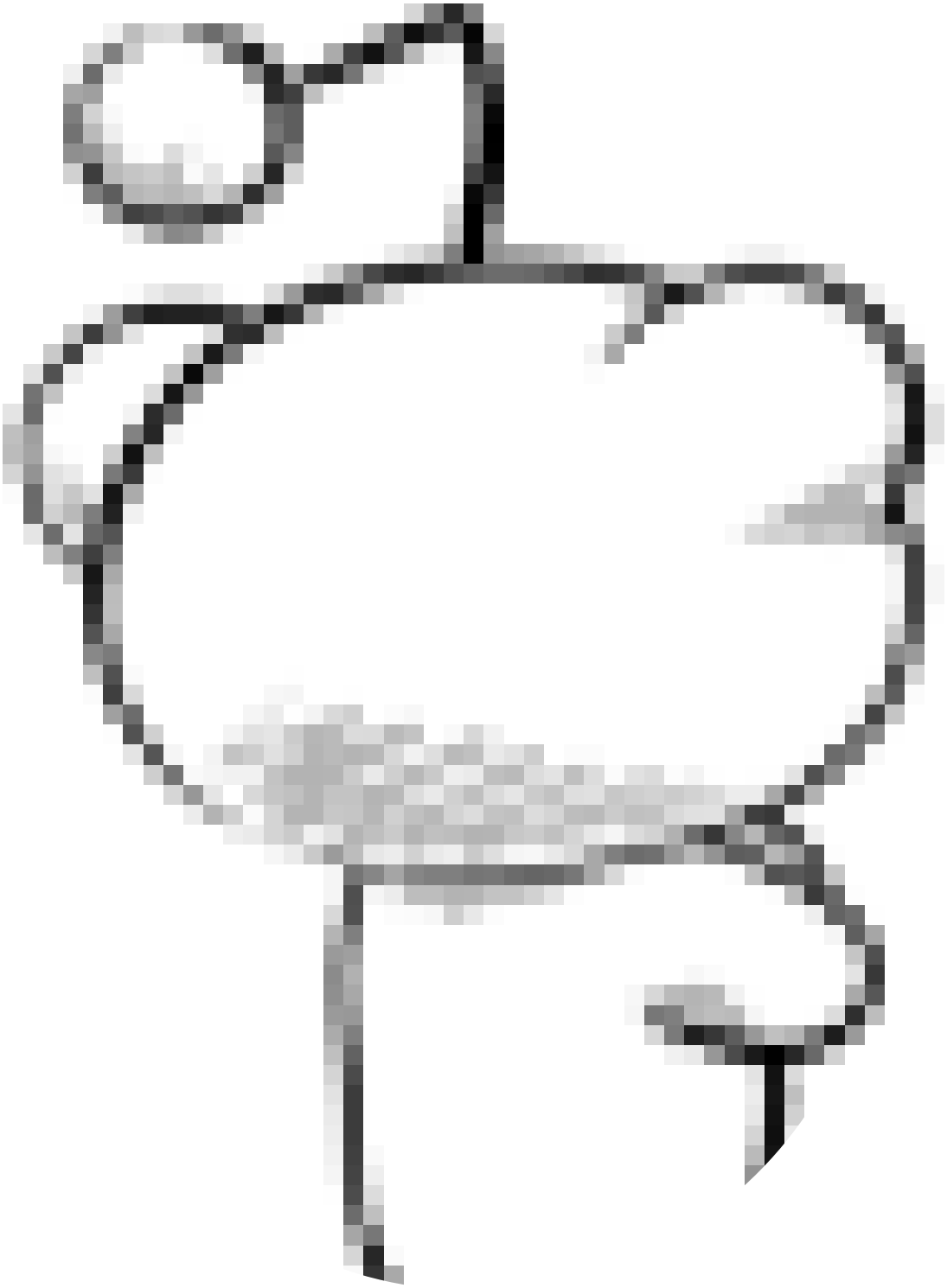


[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay, I'm a little late, but here is my story. The house I grew up in had all sorts of odd things happening constantly. I'd hear my name being called out when no one was home, you'd hear footsteps and dragging in the attic, random "paranoid" feeling moments, and so on. We grew used to it and just always figured it was nothing. Anyway, I had to be around 6 or 7 years old and my bedroom had one window in it with my bed facing diagonally to it on the opposite wall. It was Christmas Eve and I could not sleep. After tossing and turning for what seemed like hours, I opened my eyes, rolled over, and saw a red figure just standing in my window. I was terrified. I grabbed my covers, threw them over my face, and tried to pretend I didn't see anything and try to force myself to sleep. I told my parents about it the next morning, and they just kind of joked about it. I know what I saw without a doubt, I was not dreaming. It still freaks me out to this day.

DiatonicGenus
â€¢ 14y ago

Where in Central Washington?



Taodeist
â€¢ 14y ago

Wenatchee

1 more reply
1 more reply

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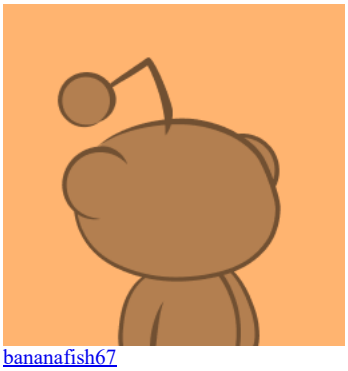
Thisisopposite
â€¢ 14y ago

I always have these experiences at my flat, we were having a summer party one night in the back garden at around 1am and it was just my housemate and his friend having a smoke. My housemate said he saw somebody standing in the bushes, he assumed it was one of us and asked what we were doing in the bush, no response. He then walked towards the figure which apparently turned around and walke dfurther into the bushes, once they both got there they couldn't see anything, the figure had seemingly dissapeared.

My room is at the back of the top flat, my radiator is next to my bad so I keep it ajar for some fresh air. A few months back I heard a child like scream around 3am one night, was fucking freaky as shit.

cralldaddy4
â€¢ 14y ago

Going to be another sleepless night thanks to reddit. Whoohoo.



bananafish67
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm way late to the party, but here goes:

1. One night when I was about 8, I had a dream that the back gate of our fenced-in yard had been left open, our dog ran out into the woods, and I was chasing him. The next morning as I was eating breakfast, as I was telling my mom about the dream, I looked out the kitchen window towards the gate. A tree had fallen during the night, crushing the gate.

2. My friends and I were in a hotel in Ireland. It was late, and we had just gotten the keys to our rooms and were ready to go to bed. My friend and her sister tried to unlock their door, but the key wouldn't turn in the lock. One of the girls kept trying, and it still wouldn't turn. Frustrated and tired, she jokingly banged on the door and whined, "OPEN UPPPP." The door swung open.

Reply Share

beleaves
â€¢ 14y ago

Awesome post. Forgot to add my story.

Actually involves reddit.

I woke up one morning from a dream and got up and started browsing reddit. Within 10 minutes I was looking at something from my dream.

Here's the post & details: http://www.reddit.com/r/gaming/comments/wrj45/id_have_bought_it_already/c5g8lbo

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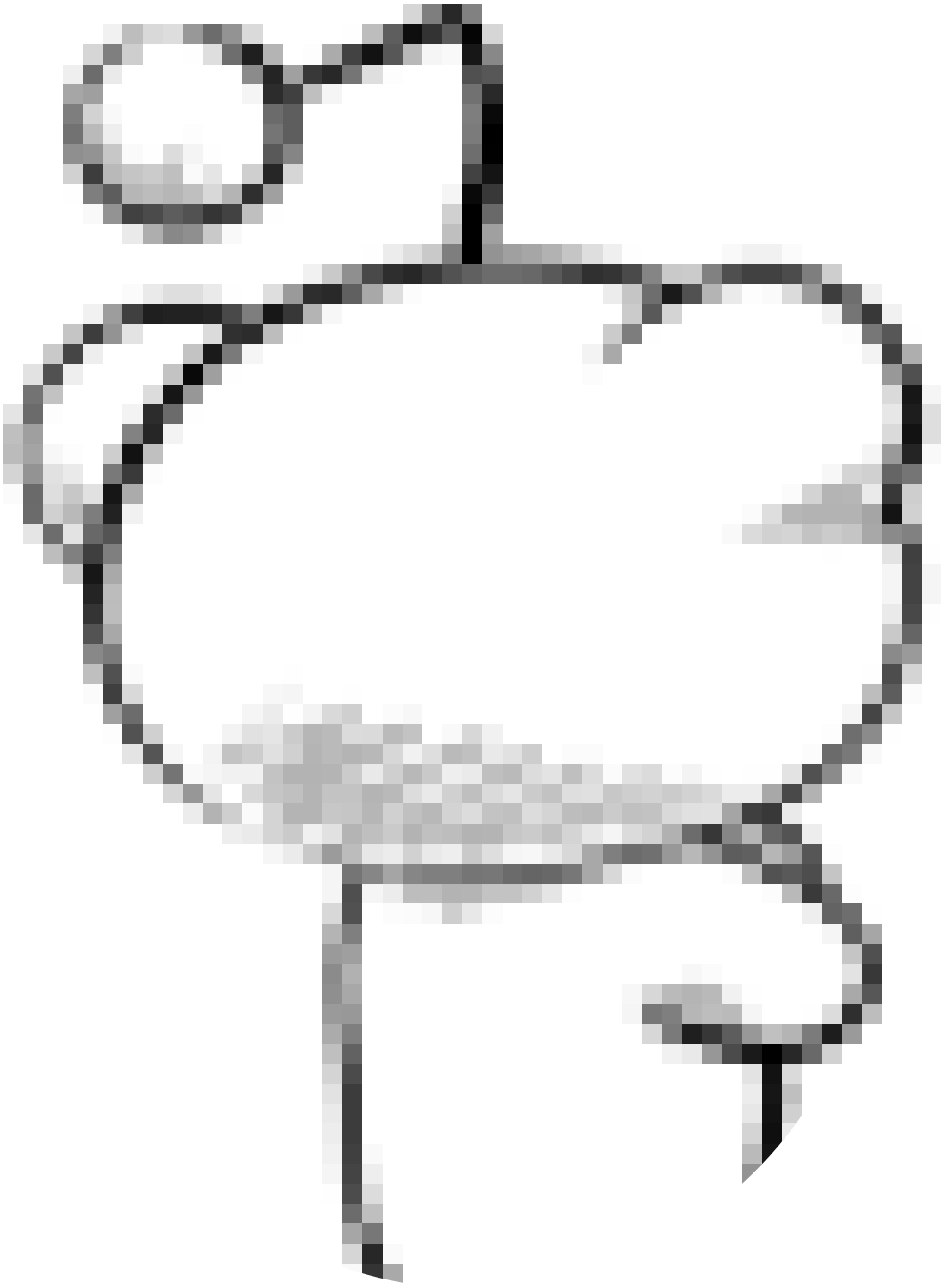

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

This isn't a firsthand story but it's one my parents told me so I really doubt they were lying. About a year ago I was visiting their house and noticed the back door (french door, glass) was completely stripped of glass. I'm thinking "What the heck could've happened?" and ask them what caused it..

I guess my dad and sister were just at home in separate rooms, and they both heard the back door crack in about a thousand places out of nowhere. They both stopped what they were doing and checked it, and shards of glass just fell right to the floor.

I don't think anyone knows to this day what made a glass door completely shatter in mild temperature with no traces of a blunt instrument left behind and no one around...

1 more reply
1 more reply

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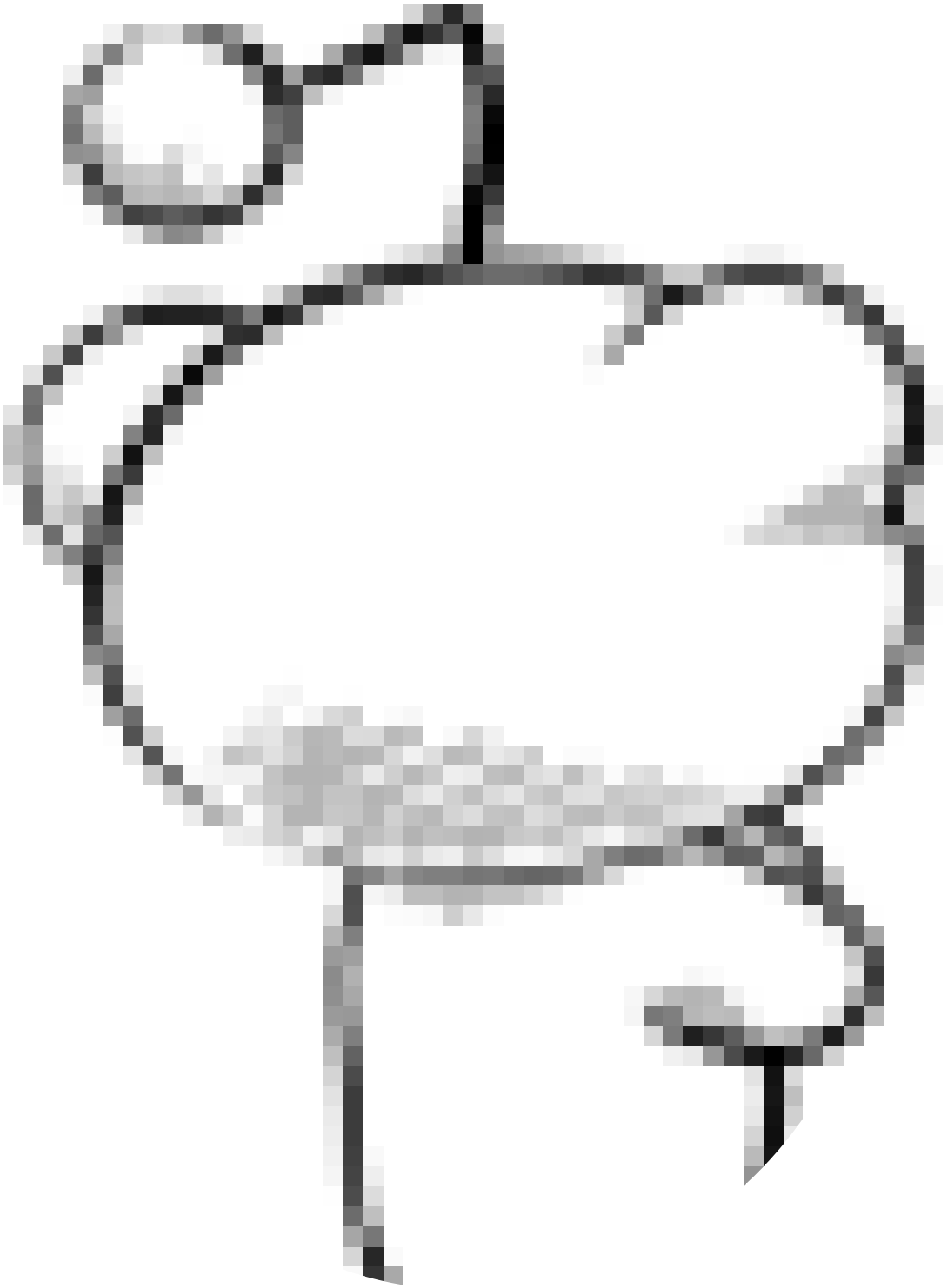

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I've heard footsteps on the roof right above me when I was bout 17 and trying to sleep.

And not bird footsteps or anything like that (I've heard that shit in the middle of the day and it freaked me out haha) but heavy, human-sounding footsteps running on the roof. Glad I moved out for college lol

Edit: It was a two story house

Oblivion000
â€¢ 13y ago

Ah, mine are pretty boring.

T h e G i r l

It was one night during summer, i can't seem to remember the date, but that's unimportant.

I was up on my laptop at around 2AM, probably playing Leagues of Legends or wasting time in some other form or shape. I felt a chill, and a sudden urge to look up.. About 10 feet away, at my door, was a young, translucent girl, with flowing black hair covering her face... Her white dress was stained red around its centre... she smiled and I saw several vicious teeth, but me being hardheaded that night, decided to go back to playing my computer games.

The next morning at around 6 o' clock, i got up to get some juice, as all juice loving people just waking up do, and walked past my mother's room, only to see the same girl from last night infront of my mother's television set.... She turned and snarled at me... To which I replied "F*** this" and went back to bed.

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Theinvisiblehands
â€¢ 13y ago

I had a strange occurrence once. It was back around the age of eight. I was in my house, in that half awake half asleep phase. I wasn't dreaming anything. That's what makes this event so memorable. While I was lying there I suddenly had this feeling that someone was choking me. I felt hands around my neck. I was young and my family plays messed up jokes on each other. So, my first thought was that my siblings were trying to play a joke. When I finally awoke no one was there. Thinking they must've just ran away I checked the rooms. There was no one inside of the house but myself. I have never forgotten about that day.

Reply Share

ManFishSam
â€¢ 13y ago

So like everyone else, way to late. but i have a BUNCH of weird things that have happen to me. I just want to let anyone know who is reading this, i suck at grammar and spelling so im going to try my best though.

So first off when i was about 8 or 9 me,my mom, and brother moved into our first house. as kids we where super excited to finally have a house and have a backyard to play in, anyways a few months go by and haven't notice anything out of the norm, until one night as a family we watch a scary movie (cant remember what it was but this gave me disbalif on the events that occurred after words) after the movie my mom tells me and my brother that we have to go to bed. So we get ready and she's in her room, which is right next to mine, and my brother comes in to talk to me and hang out a bit before he goes to bed. well our new dog we had just got, was a sweet dog that never really barked at anyone, and was kind, we had her in the cage in the living room. She starts going F***ing crazy that night barking and scratching the cage and make so much noise, to the point that my brother convinces me to go see what is going on. (he's 2 years older then me) so i go into the hall way and see foot prints in the carpet coming closer and closer to me, and my dog is getting even more violent the closer the steps got. I freaked out and went screaming in to my room and i tell my brother in mom and they dont believe me. my dog then got quite for the rest of the night.

A few months later me and my brother where home alone, and on the couch having a good old wrestling match for the TV remote when we accidentally hit the power butten and it turned off. well the problem was it wouldn't turn back on so we get closer to the TV and try to manully turn it on we both see a tall older looking man walk behind us to the hallway.

A few months after that i was sitting at the dinner table eating cereal before going to school, and i look at my bowl and then look up and see the man sitting across the table looking at me and smiling, but this freaks me out and i jump backwords falling over in my chair and hit my head on the ground and wake up and he's gone. and then just a bit after that one night i was in my room and my brother and mom were fighting again, like they always did because my brother wouldnt get into the shower and my mom wasnt going to the bed until he did so, but my bro like had this super strong erge to not go in. well they continue fighting and he goes to his room for a bit and im still in my room playing games, i hear water start to run and im thinking okay he's finally in the shower and then i can get in after words. well 40 minutes go by and its still going so i get up and check the bath room and no one is in ther, so i go to my mom who was in the living room and i ask if he got in and she said no, so at this point im really confused on what i heard so i go back towards my room and notice my moms room door slightly open, i open the door and the entire ceiling right about my moms bed a collapsed in and there were pillars of wood going right in the area where she slept on top of water everywhere. we then proceeded to get the hell out of there and never saw (Steve the ghost) again. and some how i know his name was Steve, it was really creepy.

Another thing i have is me and my mother both share a certain "ability" where we have just kinda of very vivid flashes of an image or people or other events that are happening that have caused pain or suffering, and sure enough ether that moment or day or the next what we saw came true. like multiple plane crashes, people getting shot, ect.

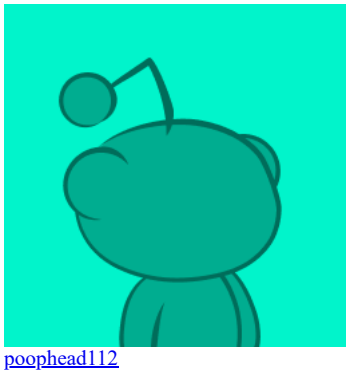
I have so much more weird things that happen to me but im at work and about to leave so if anyone wants more just let me know, also my wife has a bunch of things too. oh and on that note one weird thing that happen is when my wife went to the doctor to confirm her being pregnant (have to do this in the military) the second the doctor said well congratulations your pregnant, the power in the whole building went off.

ChanceMabry
â€¢ 13y ago

One night my parents were gone out of town in Austin. It was about 7 years ago, and I've never believed in religion, the supernatural, the occult, or anything like that. Besides what I'm about to tell you, I've never had a weird encounter like this. So I was laying face down on the bed, in half sleep, still semi-aware of everything around me. I felt what was almost like my small dog jumping on the bed, but it seemed to light. I just dismissed it as the fan moving the sheets. I felt a weird presence on my back, like a very super light weight, and I felt warm air blowing down my neck and back, and a faint breathing noise in my ear. I immediately became petrified, and didn't know what to do. It was pure terror, of the like I have never felt before. I decided their had to be something there and I wasn't going to just let it kill me lol, so I threw my right elbow as hard as possible, and the weight lifted off, and it sounded like something moved away on the carpet. I still think about this today, and can't think of any possible answer, except maybe some weird chemical happening in my brain, even though I am a normal person.

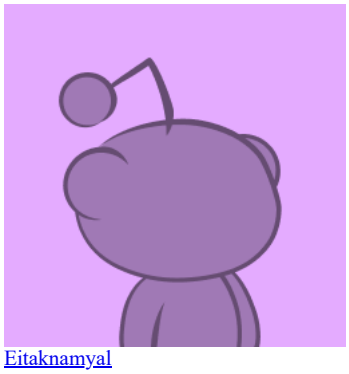
homeslice234
â€¢ 13y ago

This happened when I was around 7. My dog had just died and I was lying awake at 2-3am. I also had just gotten this toy robot dog that you could control with a remote and make it sit etc. Although I hadn't tried it yet since we didn't have double a batteries. Well I suddenly heard this squeaking noise and I look over and see it on my dresser walking towards me. It fell off the dresser and rolled over and continued walking towards me. I was extremely freaked out. Suddenly my dad comes in with a baseball bat thinking someone broke in. The toy dog just fell over and turned off. I would've thought this whole saga of events was a dream if my dad had not been there.



poophead112
â€¢ 13y ago

I only read about five of these stories and i am done. Too eerie.



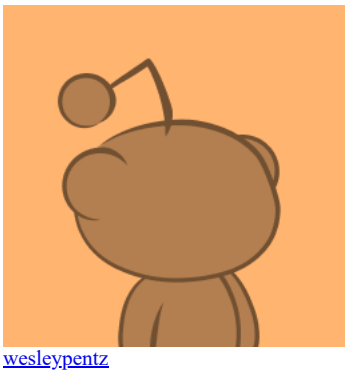
Eitaknamyal
â€¢ 13y ago

I was staying at a friends house one night, and as me and my friend and her sister were going to sleep it began to get really hot in the room. I suggested something about a window they had in the room but it was covered in plastic. My friend wondered why it was even on there then took it off. She then began to try to push the window open. She was having trouble with it because it was wood . It was a really old house, all of the windows were like this. So I helped her with my body weight to push it upwards all the way open. It was really hard. Well we were all laying there giggling being young girls when all of a sudden the window just slammed shut with ease. With how fast the window slammed shut, there was no way that it just slid and closed itself. It was stuck once we got it open, probably would have taken us the same strength to close it. I still don't know what closed that window so violently. It scared the crap out of us

Reply Share

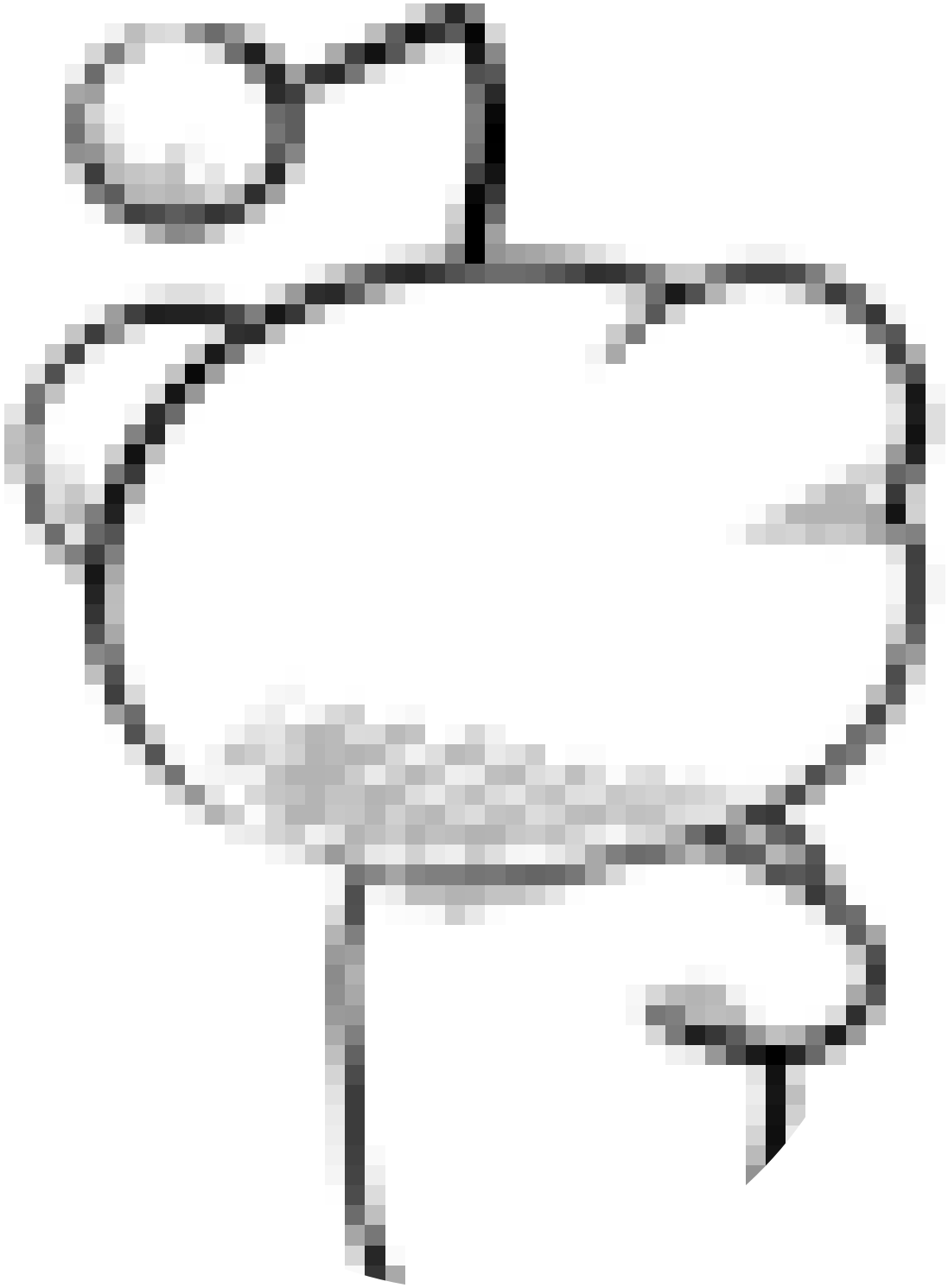
Maleeeeeeah
â€¢ 13y ago

When I was younger, probably around the age of 10, I was home alone a lot during the first couple days of summer. My mom worked up at the school we lived next to, so staying home wasn't that big of a deal. One ordinary day my mom and dad were working, and my sisters were out somewhere, so I just stayed home. It was probably mid afternoon and it was hot, so all the windows and door were shut with the AC blasted. I sat on my bunk bed and was messing around with a coloring book when I heard a scream. Having quite a weird imagination, I assumed I hadn't really heard it and I continued coloring. It happened again thirty seconds later, and I was shocked. It sounded far off but close at the same time. I waited this time dropping my crayons back into the box, and sure enough, I heard it again. After hearing it a couple more times I ran upstairs and booked it out my front door. I was crying and shaking as I ran up to the school, but my mom just told me it was my imagination. I had another few occurrences at that house, one being pushed down the small flight of stairs leading downstairs. But the other ones weren't as scary.



wesleypentz
â€¢ 14y ago

one night my roommate and I were in bed had just said goodnight, when everything on her vanity suddenly flew off onto the floor at the same time. freaky shit. we had many other strange occurrences.



shikhargpt
â€¢ 14y ago

99% going to get buried, but here goes.

One day, my dad and I are just sitting talking about his childhood. Then we come to the topic of ghosts, and I go "Pfft, ghosts don't exist!" Suddenly he gets very serious and says that until he was 22, he didn't believe either.

What happened was that my dad had just got his first job interview after graduating, and he had to go to another city. However, his grandma fell critically ill, and up till the date he had to go to the interview, he stayed by her side. A few days after he left, she died. My dad got the job, and came back.

One night he was sleeping and suddenly he felt hands on his throat that were cutting off his air supply. He woke up thinking it was a thief, but surprisingly, he saw no one. My dad attributed it to the theory that the thief was wearing camo, and that the room was pitch black. My cousin (then a kid) was sleeping next to him, so my dad tried to get his attention. However, he discovered he could not move his hands. He panicked, and even though he wasn't very religious back then, called on God, and suddenly the pressure was gone (this lasted about 20 seconds). Obviously, now he woke up my cousin and asked him if he had heard anything, but my cousin said no.

Fast forward to him in another city, now married to my mom. One night, while sleeping, he felt the same pressure and inability to move. However, this time, he heard a voice. Who? You guessed it. His dead granny. She was berating him for not being by her side when she died. She said that now that she was dead, she would only go to the heavens if she took my dad along. My dad got pissed off, and (mentally) yelled at his grandma to fuck off. His grandma left, and he was free again. Soon after, he did some religious rituals that freed him from being haunted.

That story freaked me out, and while I have had no encounters with the supernatural, I would be less surprised if I did.

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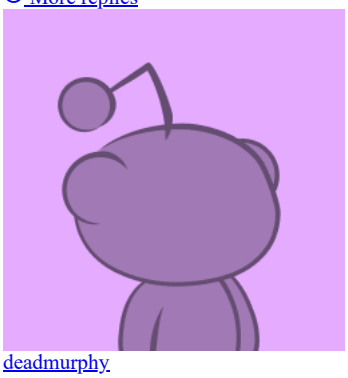


deadmurphy
â€¢ 14y ago

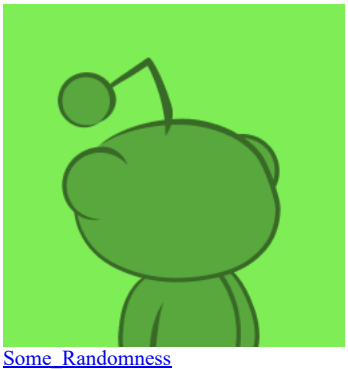
I was driving home from work late at night. I got that "somethings behind me" feeling and did a quick back seat check. There was nothing there, but as I turned back to face the road I saw this creature sitting shotgun. It was horrible. I couldn't stop the car, something was forcing me to continue driving. It had no facial features other than eyes. It's skin seemed to be dripping smoke, and it was shaking or jittering in a way that made me feel like it wanted to kill me with every atom in its body, yet it to was being forced to not move. It just sat there in the passenger seat, staring forward at the road, so angry I could feel its desire to kill me. A few minutes later it just vanished. Over the next few days I noticed strange things happening around me. The best example is. Driving home from work two days later, still light out and the car in front of me is driving painfully slowly and weaving in the lane. I merge left to pass him and glance over as I do. The driver's head immediately snapped to face me, but his face was blank, his mouth open like the dead closet girl in "The Ring", just, without the rot. His neck was also contorted in a way that should kill you, or at least paralyze you.

Mitz510
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 9 we were driving back home from the Central Valley where there aren't many lights and you could see a starry night unlike in big cities. I look out of the back windshield and see some (round?) object in the sky with red and green lights. It zig zagged really fast and flew away. I lived 5 minutes away from a busy airport I know how airplanes look at night and what their lights look like so I ruled out airplane.

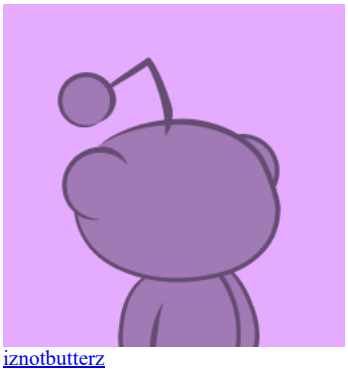
kittycatparade
â€¢ 14y ago

my sister and i were lying on a dock looking up at the sky when we realized that the cloud directly above us looked EXACTLY like the old pedophile from family guy, herbert. i said "does that look like...?" and before i could even finish she said yes. we thought about getting a camera but i think a lot of what made it look like that was the shadows, plus it was moving away kind of quickly. we both sat there, speechless, until she said "no one will ever believe how much this looked like him." it was like someone had sculpted him out of a cloud.



Some_Randomness
â€¢ 14y ago

Extremely late, and buried at this point, but: the day that my aunt died at 42 (wasn't really that close with her, but I was in middle school) I had a random flash of memory about her and had an extremely dreadful feeling about me, like I was about to die, or something along those lines. Turned out that my Aunt had died about the time I was heading to class that morning. Was a crazy afternoon, as my single mother was out of town, while my brother was off doing sports. Couldn't have been more than 11 then, not even sure if that memory is real or not anymore.



iznotbutterz
â€¢ 14y ago

All my life I've watched bodies of water. Lakes, oceans, rivers. This event occurred with the sea. The water is always a mysterious element, I've always felt our connection though. That's why when this event happened I began to question myself. The water at about 12 hour intervals, would disappear and reappear! Where does all this water go?! Do we too become less of ourselves over short time periods to only realize our folly and try to become more than what we are?

Tl;DR: Tide goes in, Tide goes out, you can't explain that.

aerodynamic27
â€¢ 14y ago

Already 4k comments but fuck it.

One day, I was walking to a park to meet with my friends to film a school assignment. I was alone on the street, shaded with many trees. All was well, but I start hearing a few crows cawwing in the branches above. I kept walking, but felt uneasy. Then suddenly, a crow flies into the back of my head and hits me, then flies away. There was nothing else I could've done at the time, so I just ran the fuck away.

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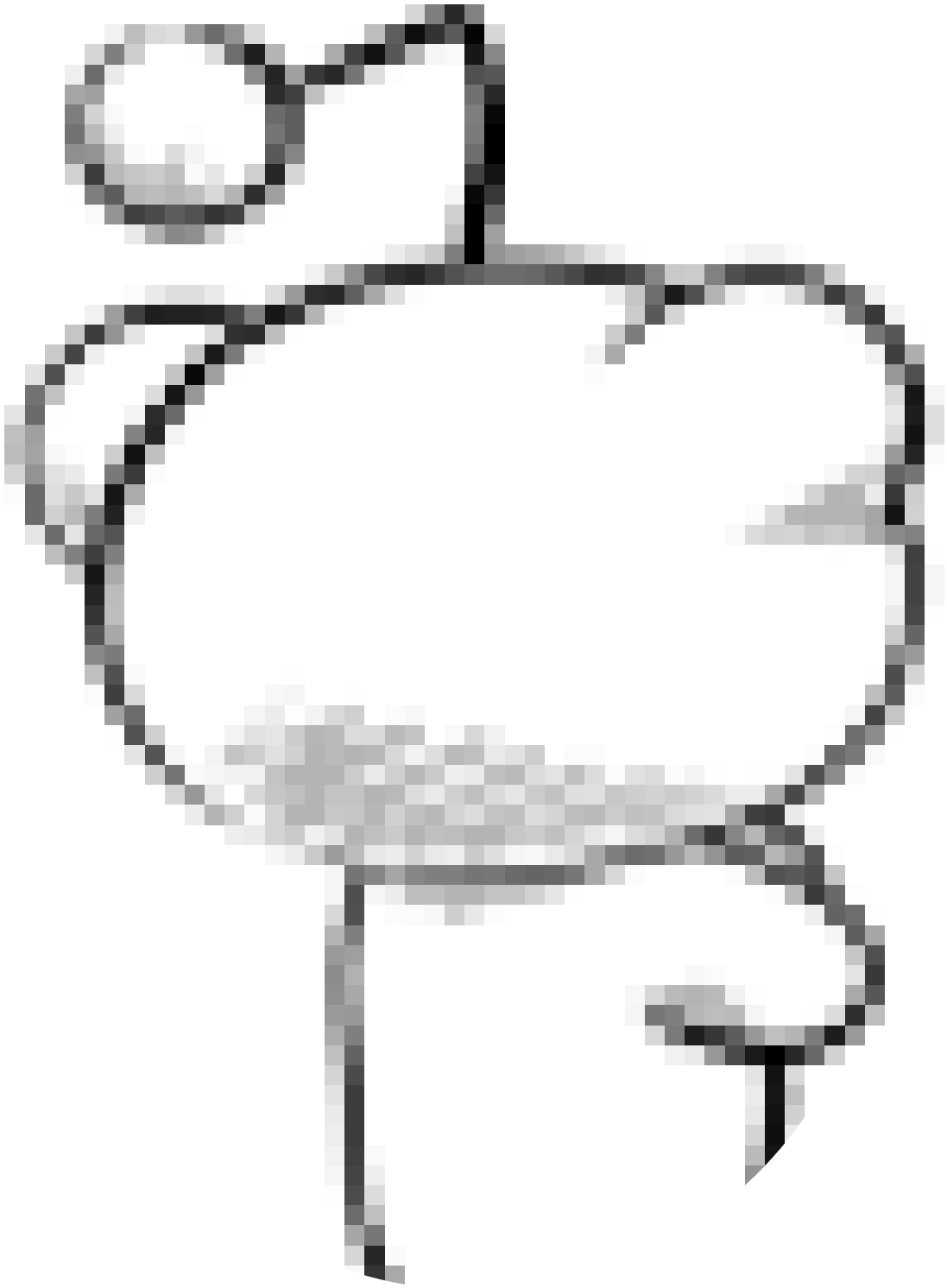

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â€¢ 14y ago

Love this thread...where do I start?

One of my coworkers recently lost his glasses while pheasant hunting on a huge piece of public land, like 100,000+ acres. At one point he lost his glasses. He looked a little, but couldn't find them. A few weeks later, we was back there hunting and as he was walking in some very thick vegetation, he looked down to his left and there were his glasses. Probably not supernatural, just very lucky and a little weird.

Okay, now more supernatural stuff...

My mom passed away 7 years ago at the age of 44 from a brain aneurysm. My mom had a lot of antiques that were owned by her grandparents, great-grandparents, and great great aunts and uncles. One of these things was a beautiful, very old piano and the top of the piano was covered in a lot of these antiques. It always gave me the creeps. When I was a toddler, my mom and I were in the house alone and my mom heard the piano start to play one of the songs that her grandma used to play (her grandma was dead at this time). Freaked my mom out and took me and the dogs and left the house until my dad got home. Much later, when I was 20-years-old, six months before my mom died, my brother's girlfriend heard some woman's voice mumbling something by the piano, but no one else was in the house. A few weeks later, my mom and I were home alone looking at something on the computer together and we both heard a loud thud. I thought it might have been the door down the hall that led to our garage and I thought someone had come in the house. I said, "hello, hello, who just came in?" At the time my mom said, "it wasn't the door, that photo album just flew off the piano." I

walked over to grab the photo album that was now 15 feet away from the piano and it was an album of my brother and I when we were very young. The album was resting above the piano keys held up by a 2" ledge. The thud sounded like someone hit the album hard with an open palm. A few weeks after that, my brother and I were home alone, I was in my bedroom down the hall from the room the piano was in and my brother was out on the computer editing his Myspace page (it was 2005). He told me that he was going to the bathroom and to leave the computer alone. Knowing me very well, my brother knew I was going to mess with his Myspace page, and turned on the webcam and minimized the webcam window. Sure enough, I went out and messed with his Myspace. My brother came out and watched the video, but instead of being pissed, he freaked out and called for me. The video showed my brother getting up and leaving, the computer chair then started to move and spin on it's own and then stop right before I walked into the room and sat in the chair and messed with his Myspace page. We saved the video and showed a lot of people, no one could explain it. A week after we got that video, our hard drive crashed and we lost the video.

Another one, my great-grandma was on her deathbed in the hospital while my mom was pregnant with me and my mom was pleading with her grandma to try to hold on a little longer so she could see me, her first great-grandchild. Later that night, my great-grandma flat-lined and was pronounced dead, then she came back! She sat up in her bed (something she wasn't able to do for a long time), raised her arm out in front of her, looked at my mom and said, "I'm allowed to tell you one thing, your son will be special." She then flat-lined again and died for good. My parents never wanted to know the gender of their kids until they were born and therefore, did not know what gender I was going to be. My dad was there when this happened along with many other family members. My dad thought that this meant I was going to have down-syndrome or something similar and was a little nervous. I turned out fine, I'm not sure why my great-grandma knew how I was going to be a boy or why she said I was going to special or who the fuck "allowed" her to tell my family that.

One of my other great grandma's had a heart attack and died on the table while surgeons were trying to save her. They were able to bring her back to life and she lived for another ten years. While she was dead, she said that she came up out of her body and looked down and saw herself being worked on, she knew what machines were brought in the room and what color the surgeons and nurses were wearing - green. She knew all of that, even though she was dead. My family verified everything she saw with some of the nurses that were there.

My great-grandpa told me this story. He also had a heart attack and died. He said that he went up through a beautiful tunnel and saw his mom (who was dead) at the end of the tunnel. She told him that he has to go back, he asked why and said that he didn't want to, he wanted to stay with her. She said you have to go back and he did. He lived a few more years before dying.

One last one, my grandma is in the hospital as I write this. She was admitted last week because she could barely breathe. A life-long smoker, she has stage 4 COPD (emphysema) and her CO2 levels were dangerously high and her oxygen levels were dangerously low. She went the ER and then to ICU in a medically induced coma while a respirator breathed for her. We (my siblings and our spouses, my grandpa, and my uncle) were told that her chances weren't good and to prepare ourselves for the inevitable. My grandma ended up pulling through and just this morning I went to go visit her and I asked her if she remembered anything from her coma. The memory she had went like this: She saw a tunnel of beautiful light and thought, well this is it. It was the tunnel that her dad saw in the story above and the one that we all hear about from people's near-death experiences. My mom (my grandma's daughter) came down from the tunnel and said, "mom, you have to go back." My grandma said, "but I want to stay with you, I miss you so much." My mom responded with, "look down." My grandma looked down and saw all of her grandkids, son and husband around her hospital bed, all of us were upset and some of were crying. "They need you," my mom said. My grandma understood and went back. She is expected to recover has committed to stop smoking and should be out of the hospital tomorrow or Monday.

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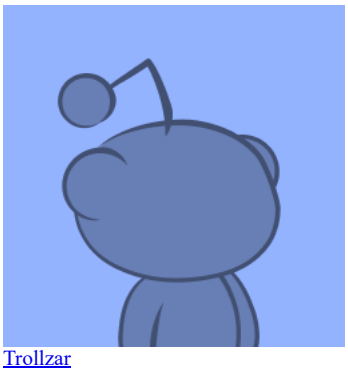
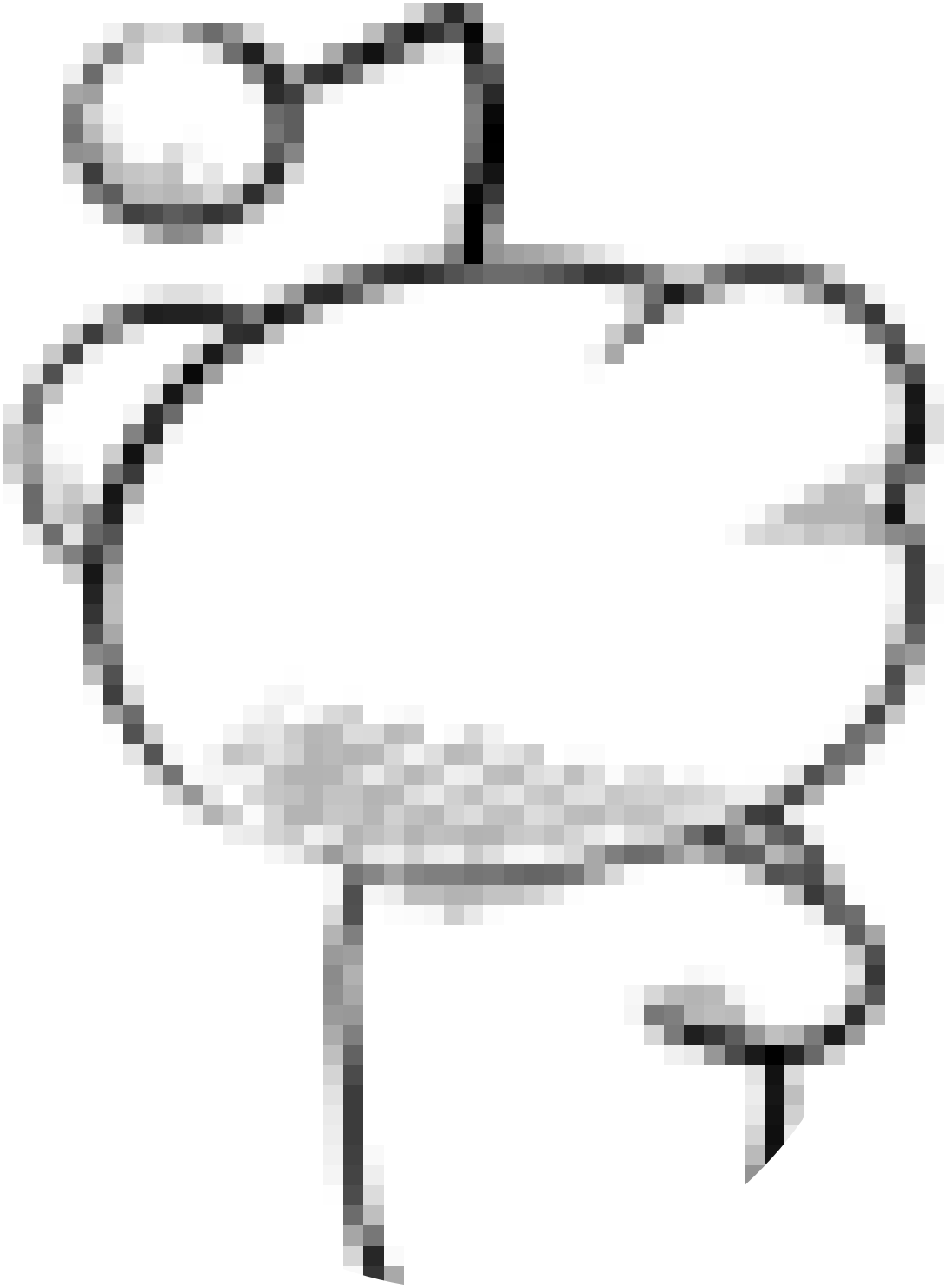


Trollzar
â€¢ 14y ago

I do have a really weird story. I was 15 (I'm 16 now) at the time and I just finished watching The Rite. It got me questioning God. I never questioned a lot before this day. I was absent minded and stubborn. But that night my phone was acting super weird. So I shut it off and turned it back on. I went to Forever 21 the day before and on my bag, it had a scripture from the bible. It was Matthews something. I was confused as hell. I even asked my friend if she had any writing on her bag. She said no. After that I went to go on the phone and sit in my living room. I was talking to my ex (who was super religious) and he just talked to me and calmed me down. So in the middle of our I love you's, I literally saw a man in a black suit walk past my mom's door. I freaked the duck out. I turned on the lights and everything. Now that I know about Slenderman, it creeps me out, but at that time it scared me so heavily that I stay in my room most of the time when I get home. The "man" didn't even acknowledge me. He just walked right past me through one side of the hallway to the next. Right in front of my Mom's door. I've told a couple people this, but I wouldn't believe myself if I heard it too.



freddafredian
â€¢ 14y ago

My weirdest story to date happened recently. I went to bed and I was thirsty so I brought a glass full of water. I put it on my nightstand and I didin't really drink it. I told my self since the glass is still half full, i'll just keep my phone on my bed while I sleep, just in case the glass falls somehow.

I wake up next morning to find all the water spilled on the floor, but the weirdest part is that the glass was still standing. I have no memories of dropping it or putting it back up. Since I had some sleepwalking problems when I was younger maybe I was so stressed about not spilling it that I woke up in the night to spill it... I don't know, but it was really weird!

JimJamJibJab
â€¢ 14y ago

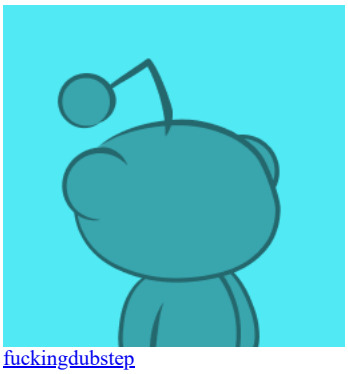
I lived in a house that I'm pretty sure is haunted. It was a house my friend had JUST bought.

1...the first night we stayed there the ceiling fan outside on the patio was on and literally disintegrated. All the blades just flew off.

2...one day I came home from work and went to my bedroom to change. All of the sudden I heard a loud bang on the concrete wall. Unexplained.

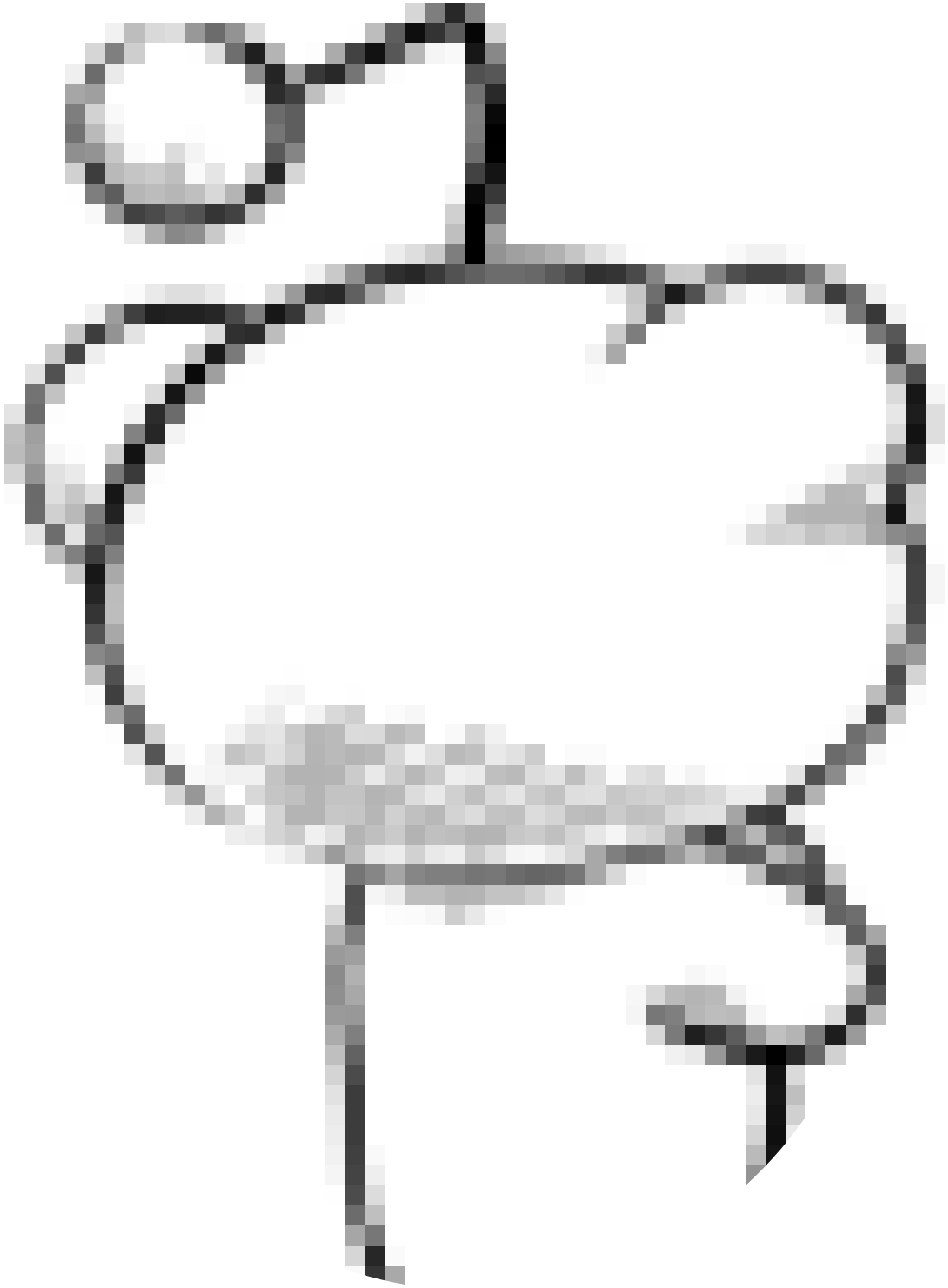
3...I was home chilling with a friend. We were talking in the kitchen and heard something rolling in one of the extra rooms. We opened the door to find a 25 pound dumbbell had rolled across the room.

Other weird shit has happened there. I don't live there anymore but the friend still lives in the house



fuckingdubstep
â€¢ 14y ago

I was over my cousins house and we were playing nhl 2004 on xbox (not sure if that year is right, its not my game). so we pause it half way through the game and go outside to smoke a blunt. Come back in and begin to play. The tv starts changing channels (channel 3 to 4, 5 etc). so my cousin shuts the tv off and then turns it on and it stops doing it. Then the game itself starts freaking out and scrolling menu's and doing a bunch of weird shit. Then the tv shuts off. so by now we are like wtf. so we turn the lights on to get a closer look, and THE FUCKING XBOX IS UNPLUGGED FROM THE WALL..... he has no pets or anything that could possibly have caused this. plus, the tv and the xbox shut off. yet the tv was still plugged in. i know we were high, but we honestly couldn't think of how the xbox unplugged itself from the wall... freaked us out



xLadyVirgil
â€¢ 14y ago

Once, I was with my girlfriend at my place, making out. My cell phone started ringing, and the phone number that came up was one that I didn't recognize... thinking it might be a potential employer, I answered it.

After I said hello, the voice on the other end snarled, "What are you doing with my daughter?" After that came a ringing silence and puzzled, I hung up. I looked at my girlfriend and said, "Uh, apparently that was your dad."

She looked up at me, shocked, and said, "My dad is dead."

Then who was phone?

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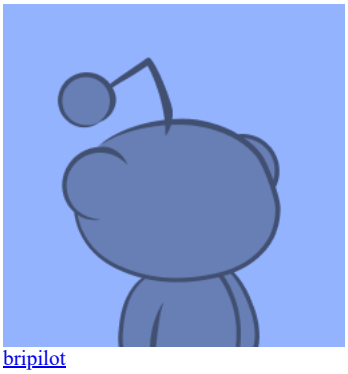

bripilot
â€¢ 14y ago

Dog.

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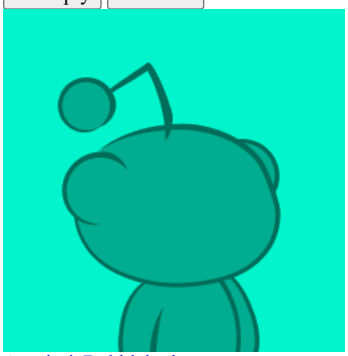

AmnioticBubblebath
â€¢ 14y ago

How did not know that your own girlfriend's father was dead?

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Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

à² _à²

Sigh.

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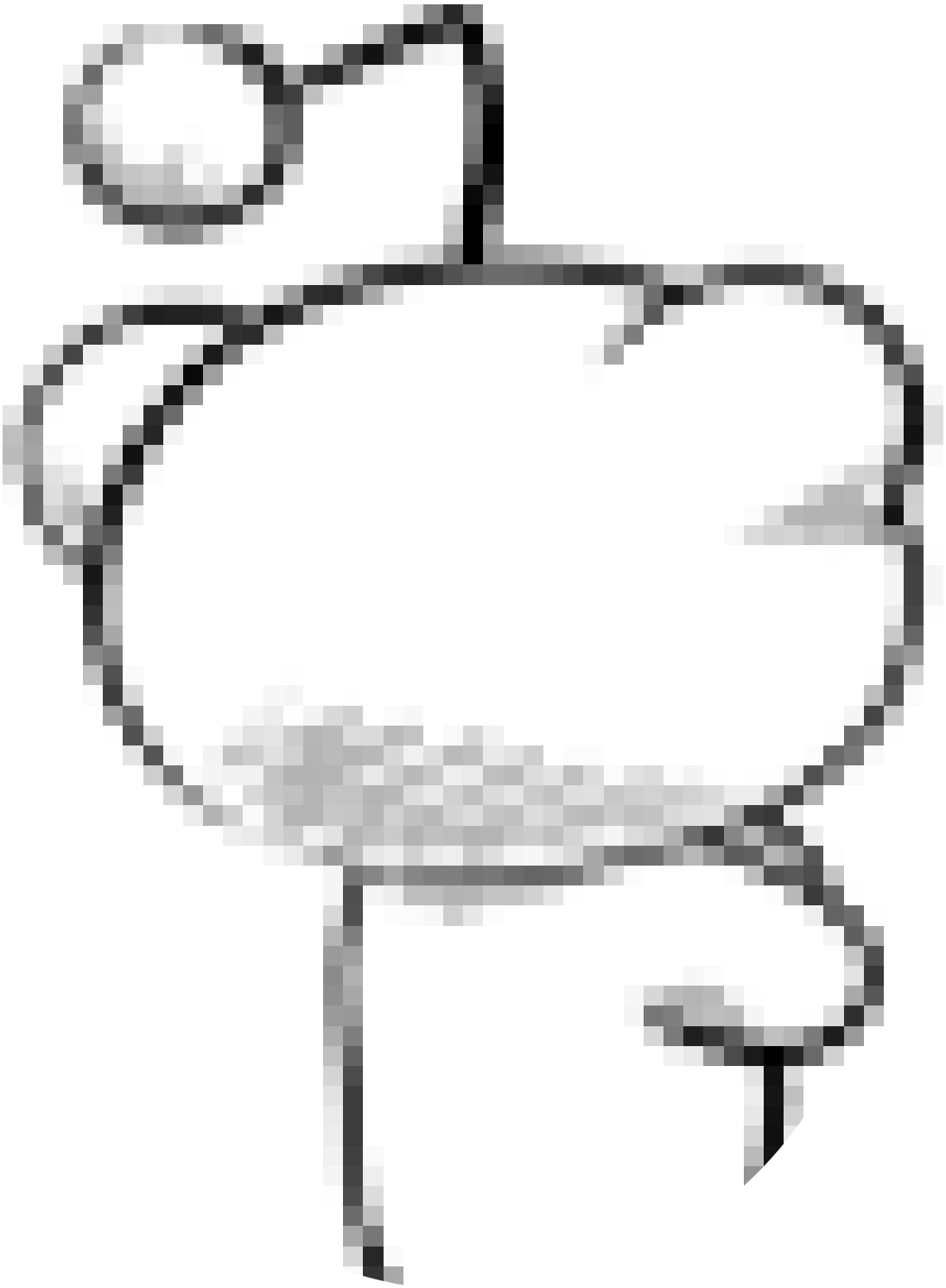

Catwoman8888
â€¢ 14y ago

I have one of those lamps that turns on by touching it. It will turn on by itself...fucking scary.

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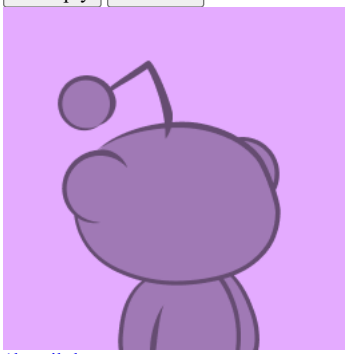

1brazilplayer
â€¢ 14y ago

i seen a point of light that looked like a laser beam hitting a flat surface moving slowly through the air. there was no surface, and when i put my hand infront of it thinking it was a laser. it didnt go on my hand

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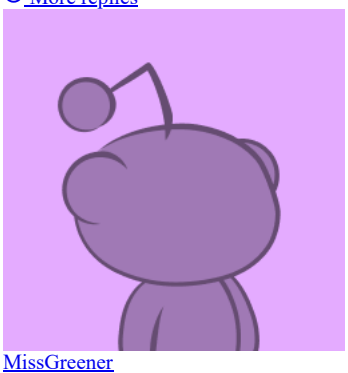

MissGreener
â€¢ 14y ago

I use to work in an Italian bakery not too long ago. Under the table 50 hours a week. Open to close person. Getting paud 7.25 a hour .

One day ,on payday, I went next door to get some chicken wings at the local billards. I stupidly drop 100 dollar bill in there through my apron. Immediately I noticed I went back to ask/look for it. (foolish young hopes) the man that worked there witness a man that found 100 bill with his pre teenager. The man was regular customer. He goes in there everyday.

Behind all of this there was man witnessing everything that happened. An island dark skinned man with long dreads was at my bakery early the day I got paid, played pool the time I placed my order for the wings , to when I came back looking for my money, finally to the next day where he was there again. He asked if the man ever returned money that he saw him back in billards that night and told him that the money was mine I dropped it. The man said hell being it to me tomorrow. I told him no he not come in he said he was sorry . I finished his order. He slipped 100 dollars and I was refusing to take it . He wouldn't take it back he said something about morals and how people should thrir children nice vales. See that second that man I left I never saw him again. The moment he left I thought I knew he was a angel . Really to me a angel. His aura his vibe was so sweet true heartily. His face is forever in graves in my head.

The man from billards never saw him again. His son still fgoes to the billards with his uncle

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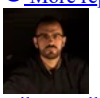

mikewoodld
â€¢ 14y ago

r/glitch_in_the_matrix

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Computerme
â€¢ 14y ago

The Marfa lights happen at a small town (Marfa, Tx obviously) a few hours from where I live. It's pretty freaky.

Also pics since the article didn't seem to have any

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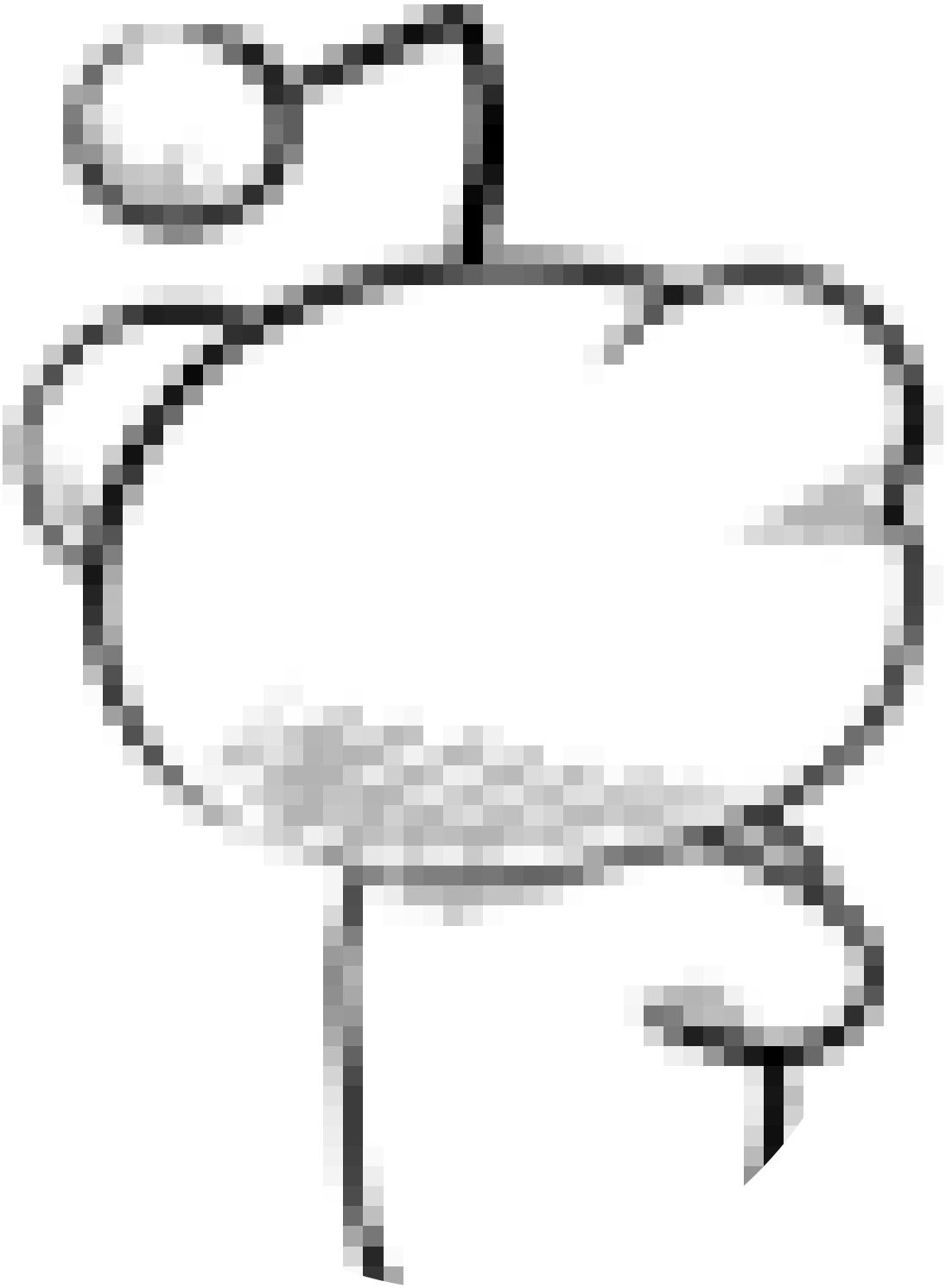

Shadic565
â€¢ 14y ago

r/glitchinthematrix

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YottaDren
â€¢ 14y ago

This one time, I tripped on NOTHING. Almost fell on my face and I turned around and the floor was completely level.

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wkuechen
â€¢ 14y ago

I bring this up every time I see a thread like this. Basically I had a series of nightmares, only to find that I had drawn the monster from the nightmares in my sleep. I later found that several people I've known have dreamed of the exact same monster. Full story here.

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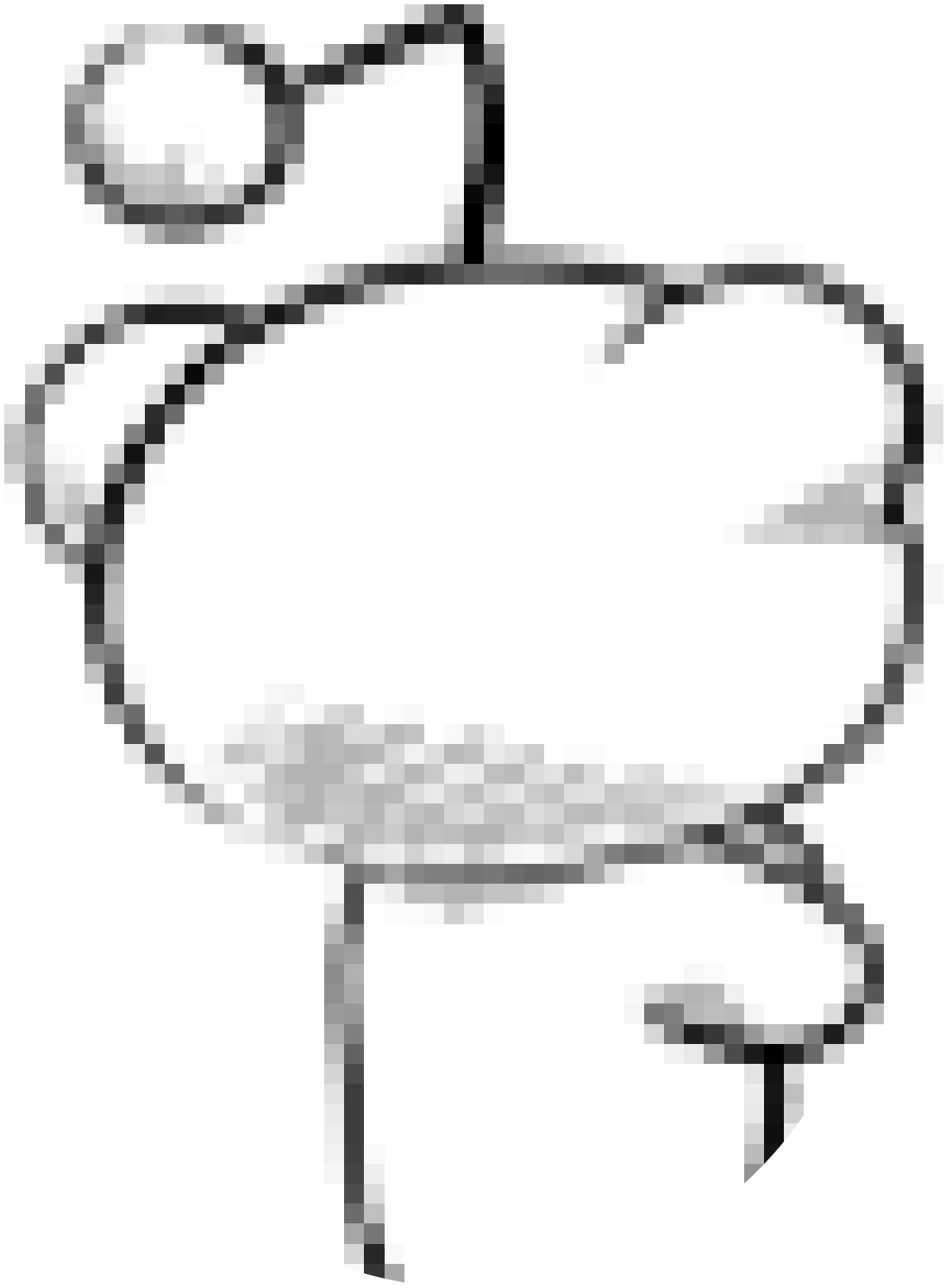

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

This will get buried but it's kind of a neat story, so here goes.

A little bit of history, first:

I live in what is considered by some to be the most haunted area in the world. A number of the ground battles during the war of 1812 took place here and thousands of people died, many of whom were buried or left to rot where they died, or collected and buried in mass graves. Or so I'm told.

As a result, there are a lot of paranormal experiences and honestly, most people from the area are kind of immune to weirdness. And everyone has at least one good spooky story to tell. Most are about nameless shadow men who sort of stroll by casually, as though they are simply stopping by to say hello. There are endless stories about haunted places, including the blue ghost tunnel and the screaming tunnel (Google it, for I am lazy). I've had a number of weird things happen to me, but - like most of my neighbours - I don't really think much about it. It's kind of just the way things are, and I can usually find a perfectly logical explanation. I'm definitely a skeptic, for the record. I believe science wins over the paranormal, every time.

Except this time.

We're in the car, driving aimlessly, talking about whatever and my friend has the brilliant idea of visiting the screaming tunnel. I veto this plan immediately, only because I feel like it's really disrespectful to the people who live in the area. We go anyway. It's boring. A creepy place, yes, but with enough build-up, anywhere can be creepy in the middle of the night. We leave, and the same friend starts telling this story about the Mackenzie Printery, which was evidently where William Lyon Mackenzie first lived when he came to Canada a bajillion years ago. She told us (and I don't know how much of this is true because I can find no information about this place online) that Mackenzie was involved in the war and his home was used as a combination hospital and prison before being attacked and razed to the ground by those damn Yankees. She said that part of his (or some officer's) duties during the war were really difficult on him and caused him to suffer terrible health problems until he died.

Some of the things she said happened in the place were terrible and do not bear repeating, but the most relevant to the story were the executions. When enemies or suspected spies were found, they were tortured, questioned and executed without so much as a trial. These men were made to suffer unspeakable, horrifying things and then they were simply ended, on the word of this man (who might be Mackenzie or could be this other officer - I'm sorry, I'm just not sure).

Anyway, there are two giant trees on the property. One is a normal looking tree, growing straight, like most trees do. The second is very obviously the same kind of tree and is probably about the same age, but vastly different from its neighbour. This tree is jet black, greasy looking - a twisted nightmare out of the head of a total madman. The tree looks wet, all the time, and I swear, even in daylight, it's just scary as shit. The story she told us was about this tree. Apparently, rather than go to all the trouble of engineering a gallows, Mackenzie decided lynching was far more expedient, and they would simply haul up the men destined for execution and let 'em dangle there until they died. Sometimes, this took a few minutes. Other times, it would take hours. In those cases, he would order a servant or soldier to shoot the poor fucker or - if he was feeling particularly malicious - he'd have people grab onto the legs of the guy and yank until his neck snapped.

So this tree and the printery are apparently haunted. And, as I'm being told about the history of this place, we're slowly meandering toward it. I didn't have any idea where the fuck we were going, though. I thought we were just going to drive to the parkway and loop back around home.

At about 2:15 in the morning, we turn onto a little road and suddenly, my heart feels like it's going to pop. I can't get a breath, I immediately break out in a sweat and my hands start to tingle. I figure I'm having a heart attack. Then, a giant "hand" smacks me hard in the chest and pushes me back against the seat of the car. I am flat out pinned there, unable to move or speak. This goes on for about five or six seconds - roughly 25 yards. By the time I get control of myself and manage to ask where the *fuck* these people have taken me, the car is in park and we're pointed at a dark, imposing stone house.

Needless to say, I am utterly freaked out.

I'm told we're actually *at* the house and I get out of the car for a look and a smoke, because why not? Remember, I'm a total skeptic.

So I'm standing there, smoking my cigarette, and a light goes on in the attic of this place.

This place is a museum. No one lives there. There's no light on anywhere else on the street, let alone in the house. It's pitch black, completely quiet and still and there's a fucking light that suddenly appears in an empty fucking house.

The best part? It's an oil lamp or maybe a candle. You can tell it's a wavering light, the type of light that comes from a flame. And there's someone standing there, holding it. The person is all black - no face, no skin visible, nothing. Just totally black. They stand there staring at us and every hair on my body stands up and I am a giant pile of gooseflesh for about another ten or fifteen seconds. Everyone is silent, everything is perfectly still, and we are all staring at the attic of this house where there is a black motherfucking shadow holding a goddamn candle that is probably made of like, some kind of tallow or some goddamn thing.

And then, the shape slowly turns so they're facing away from us and the candle goes out.

We were in that fucking car so fast, I'm sure were just a blur. I've honestly never moved like that before, or since. We peeled out of there and smoked about a full pack of cigarettes between the three of us in the 25 minutes it took to get back home.

I've been back to that place twice in the twelve years since this all happened, and both times were in daylight. Once, I even went inside. I've had all the same symptoms as the first time; tingly hands, shortness of breath, pounding heart. It was almost impossible to go in, but I had to do it. Nothing weird or untoward happened. It was just a place that gave me the creeps.

And that is the weirdest, most inexplicable thing that's ever happened to me. It's 100% true, exactly as I remember it, and no, it did not come from a book or a movie you once saw.

Okay, good night!

TLDR: Dead person shows us his new candle. We shat our pants.

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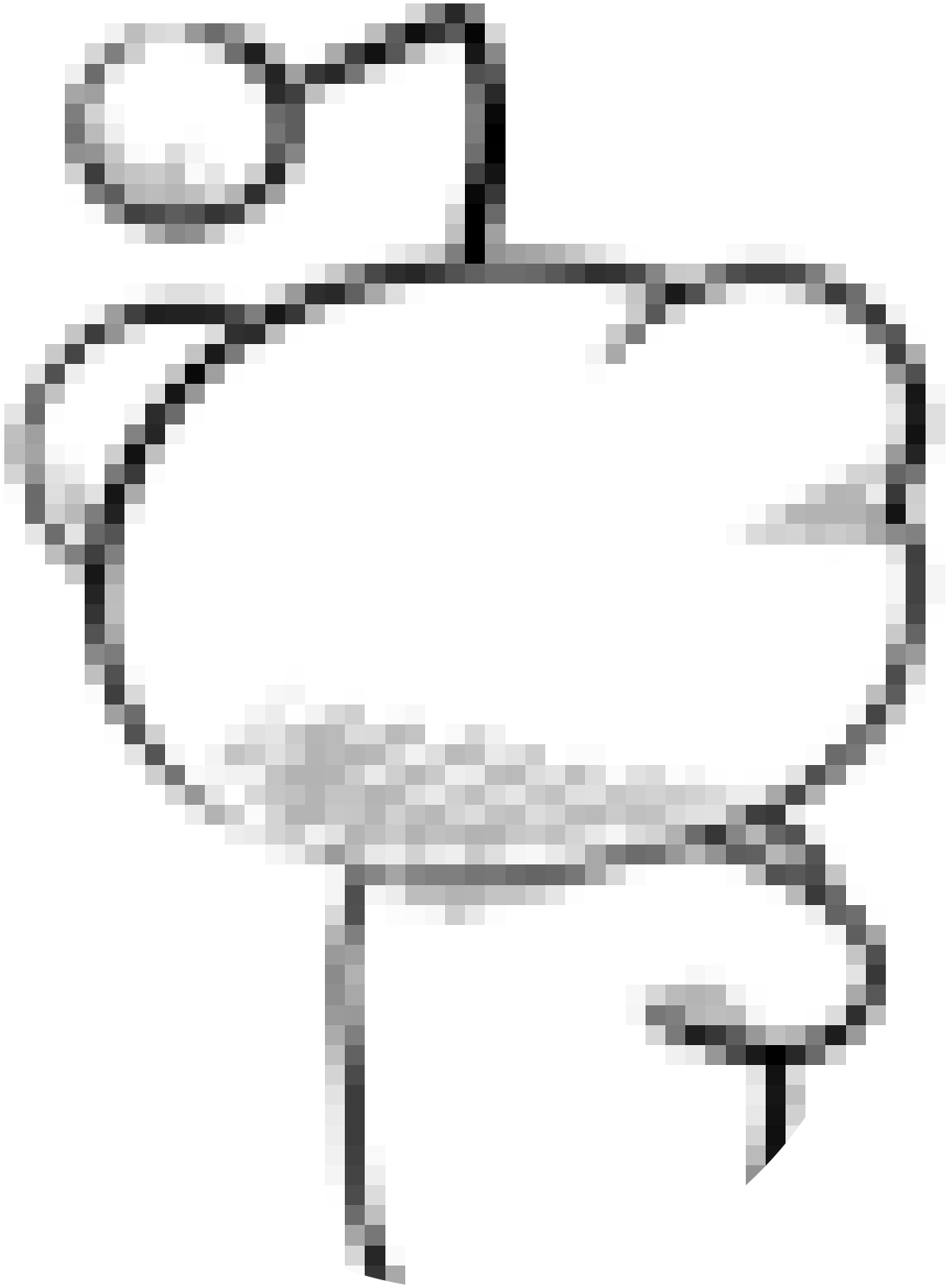

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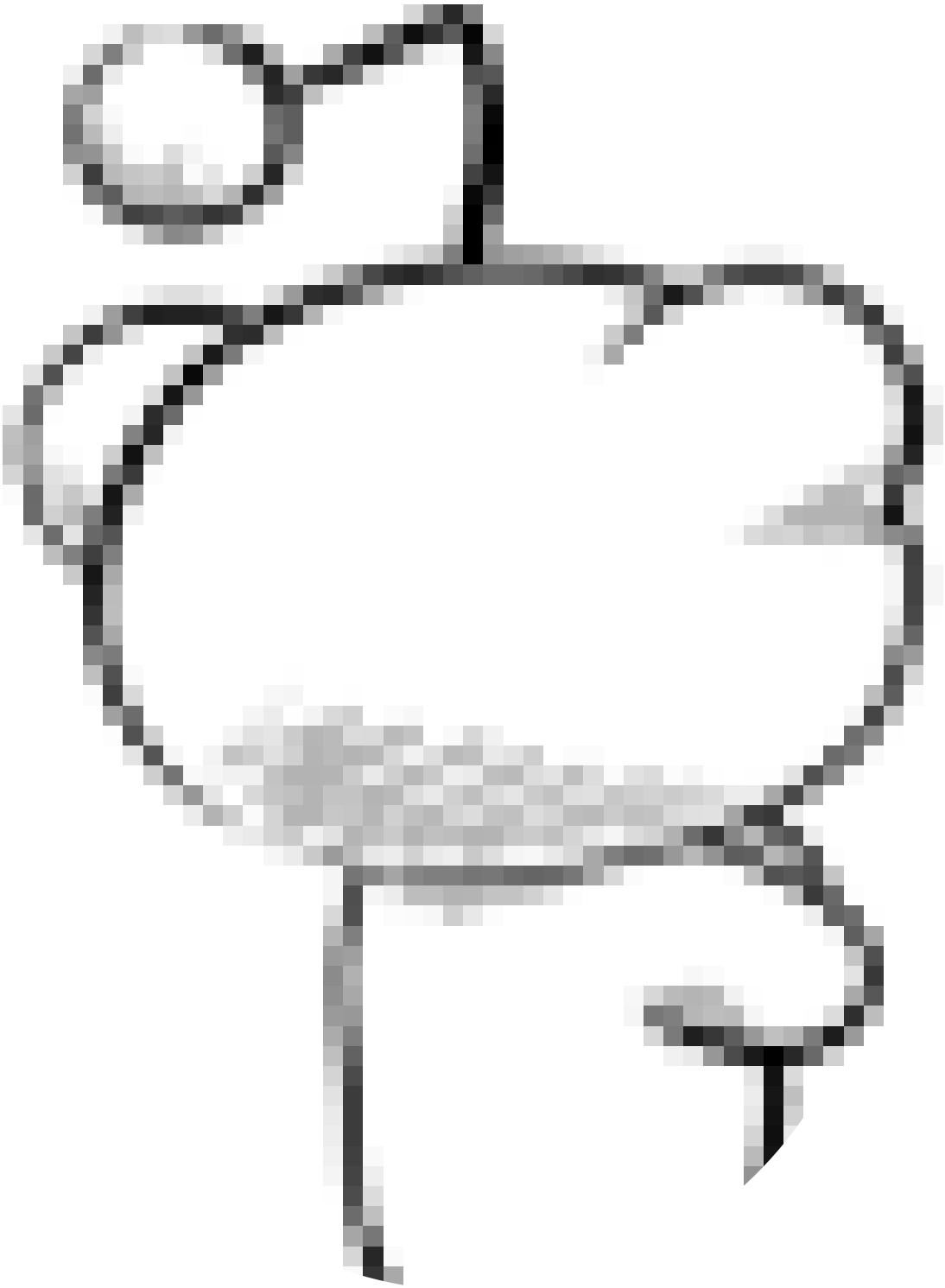

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â€¢ 14y ago

The morning of 9/11 i was in 8th grade and i was going to my grandmother's funeral,so no school.i woke up to my alarm around 7 and drifted back to sleep.i then have this stupidly vivid dream of being on an airplane. I can sense the tension and everyone being upset but i dont know why.i notice we are flying low and over what looks like the ocean.we approach a city off in the distance with several distinctly familiar sky scrapers.people panic and scream and i start to freak out.im jolted awake by my dad saying to get up and get ready, and to look at the news.first plane just hit minutes ago.i had this sickening feeling that those people were in such distress that i was able to feel and experience it.the dream was so clear and vivid...no clue what to make of it.

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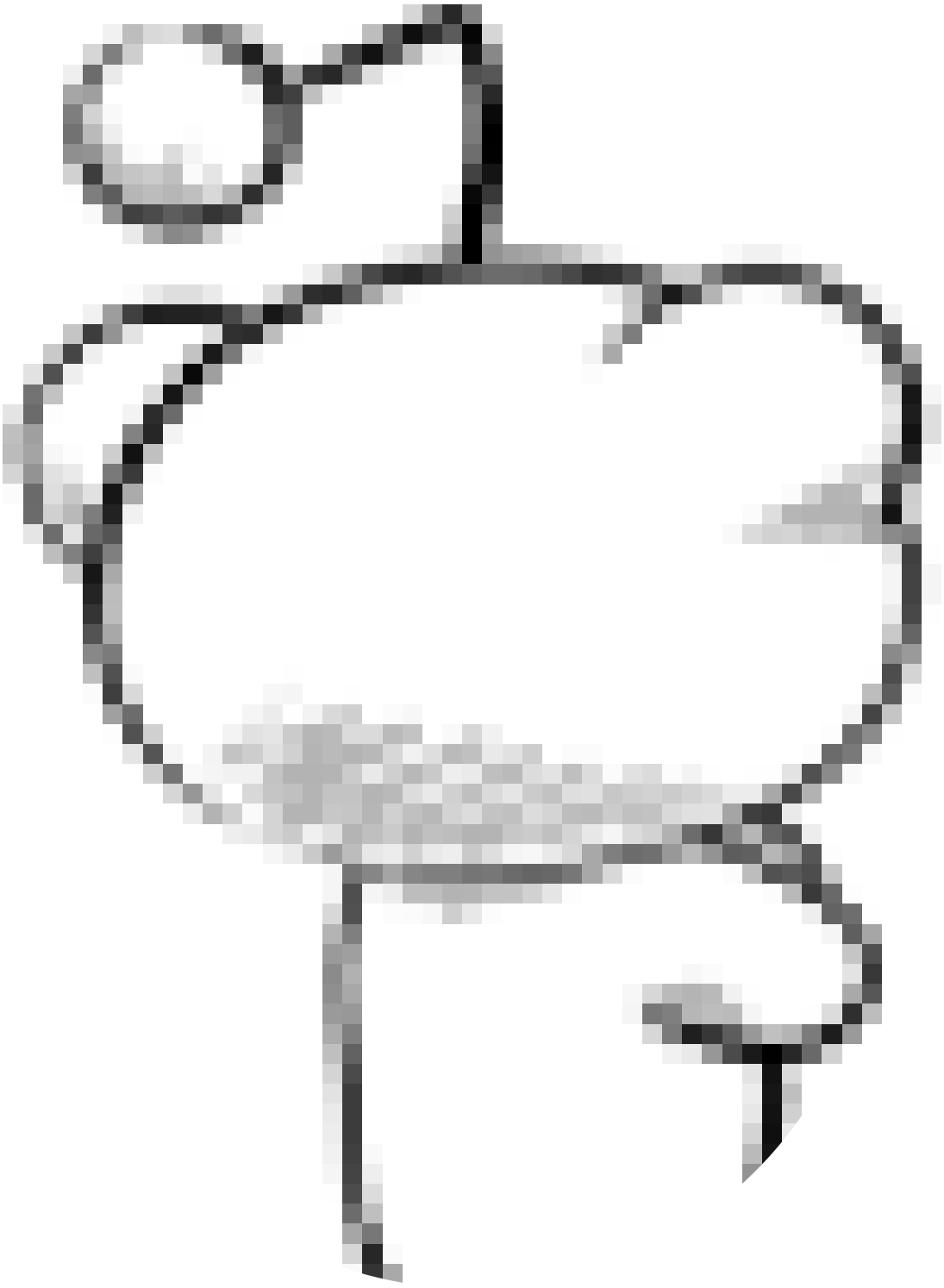

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â€¢ 14y ago

Sophomore year, I was sitting the bench during a soccer game, right next to a good friend of mine. During a lull in the game, we both burst out singing, "Flint, you have a call! Flint you have a call!" From Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs. We had never talked about the movie previously, never talked about movies in general, really. As soon as we finished the song, we just stared at each other for a good 10 seconds like, 'What the fuuuuuck...'

Reply Share

soap_dispencer
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in High School, I went to see Phone Booth with a friend of mine. In case you are smart, and didn't see this film, the basic premise is a man answers a pay phone as it rings, and the caller has a rifle aimed at his head, if he hangs up or leaves, he dies. Anyway, as my friend and I are leaving the theater, we hear a ringing. We look puzzled at each other, then we notice that to our left, about 75 feet away, there is a pay phone ringing. We both looked at each other in a confused terror, slowly walked to the car, then had a good laugh about the whole thing.

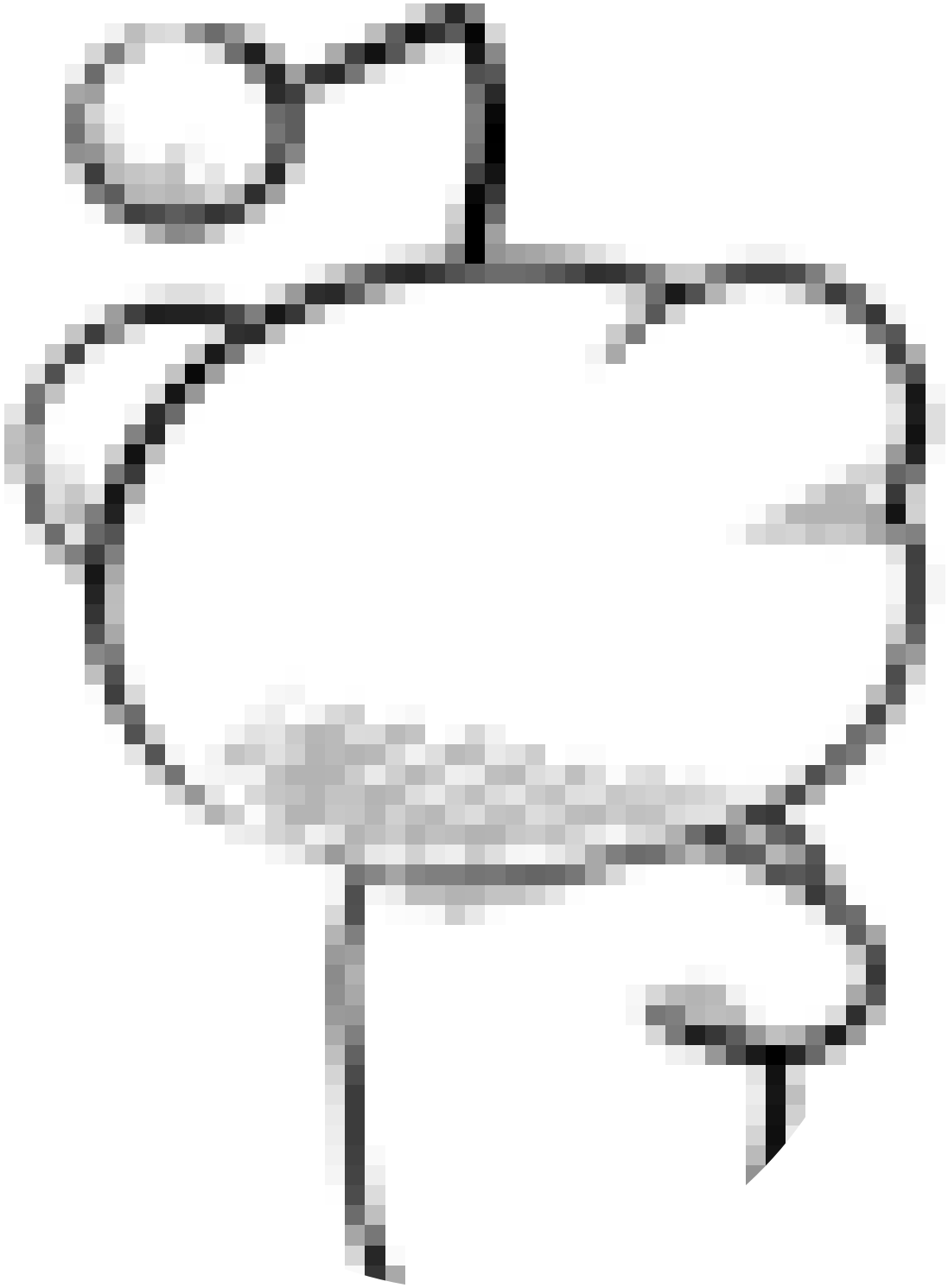
Reply Share

JamieFLUK
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 7, my parents owned a B&B in Scotland in a pretty old house. We lived downstairs, and the guest rooms were upstairs. Being a small town, often times the place was empty. The room directly above our living room was always cold. We could never get it warm, and guests always complained about the feeling they got from the room.

One evening, we were all downstairs watching TV with no guests checked in. We heard footsteps in the room and then a large bang. Thinking Burglar, my dad went upstairs to check it out. No one there, but the door to that room was shut. We always kept the unoccupied rooms open. The house was well renovated and there were no draughts or open windows. We heard the footsteps a few more times while we lived there.

Another time, going to sleep in the same house. I felt something scratch my neck. I jumped out of my bed and flipped my pillow. To this day I swear the pillows Shadow stayed in place longer than it should have. I also still look under my pillow before I go to bed. I'm 28.



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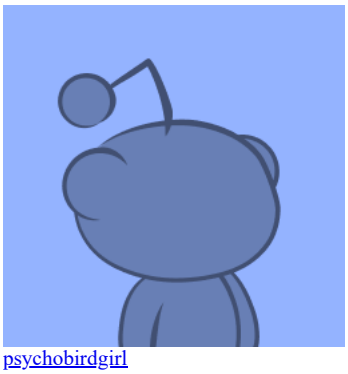
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Went on an elementary school field trip to the Peary-MacMillan museum at Bowdoin college. I'm not sure how old I was, maybe fifth or sixth grade? Anyhoo, the museum is full of artifacts from Arctic expeditions. Our group approached one bookcase display as the curator told us they thought the display haunted. Something about having insect problems in all the displays but that one, people feeling chills, etc. I get up and examine the artifacts, I think I remember them being Inuit scrimshaw. As I'm standing there, I get really light headed. As if I had just held my breath and stood up, all the blood seemed to rush from my head and I got black around my peripherals. Pretty freaky. Stumbled back and was all groggy, one of the teachers sat me down. Damn ghost made me miss the rest of the tour.

cooterbo
â€¢ 14y ago

I was sailing on the indian ocean off the coast of pakistan on a us navy warship sometime in 2001. It was days prior to invading Afghanistan and we were a couple weeks underway at this point. Due to the secrecy of the mission, we had no idea why we even underway, plus we weren't even allowed to contact anyone at all outside of the ship we were on including our families. On the boat I was an engineer and my job was keeping all the mechanical auxiliary systems working. I had the mid-watch, which was monitoring auxiliary equipment from 2200-0200. At around 0145, I was relieved by the next watch stander and went out to the smoke area outside to have a cigarette. What I saw when I got outside in the near pitch blackness was the craziest thing I have ever seen with my own eyes. I opened the door and immediately saw the entire ocean pulsating light, all the way to the horizon. There were about 10 of us out there, all dumbfounded at what we were looking at. The light the ocean was putting out was moving like waves in all different directions, but so fast that it took less,than a second to reach the horizon. It reminded me of some you would see in the rainbow road level in Mario kart. We all watched the ocean put on its disco light show for a while, but I was tired and eventually went to sleep. We had no idea what we witnessed, but the skeptic in me thinks it was plankton mating and or a phenomenon called milky seas. This was the oddest thing I ever seen.



psychobirdgirl
â€¢ 14y ago

One night, I was walking to the ice cream store, and I saw someone inexplicable. I am fairly certain she had to be a time traveller. Evidence: (1) we were in Waikiki and she was wearing what looked like a wool skirt suit and white gloves. (2) she was at least 6'2" (because future people are taller than average, obviously), (3) she was hunched over (like the same posture as the gravelings in Dead Like Me) in an alley eating ice cream like it was a secret, and when I made eye contact with her she looked like she was going to hiss at me, and when I attempted a double take, the alley was empty.

1 more reply
1 more reply

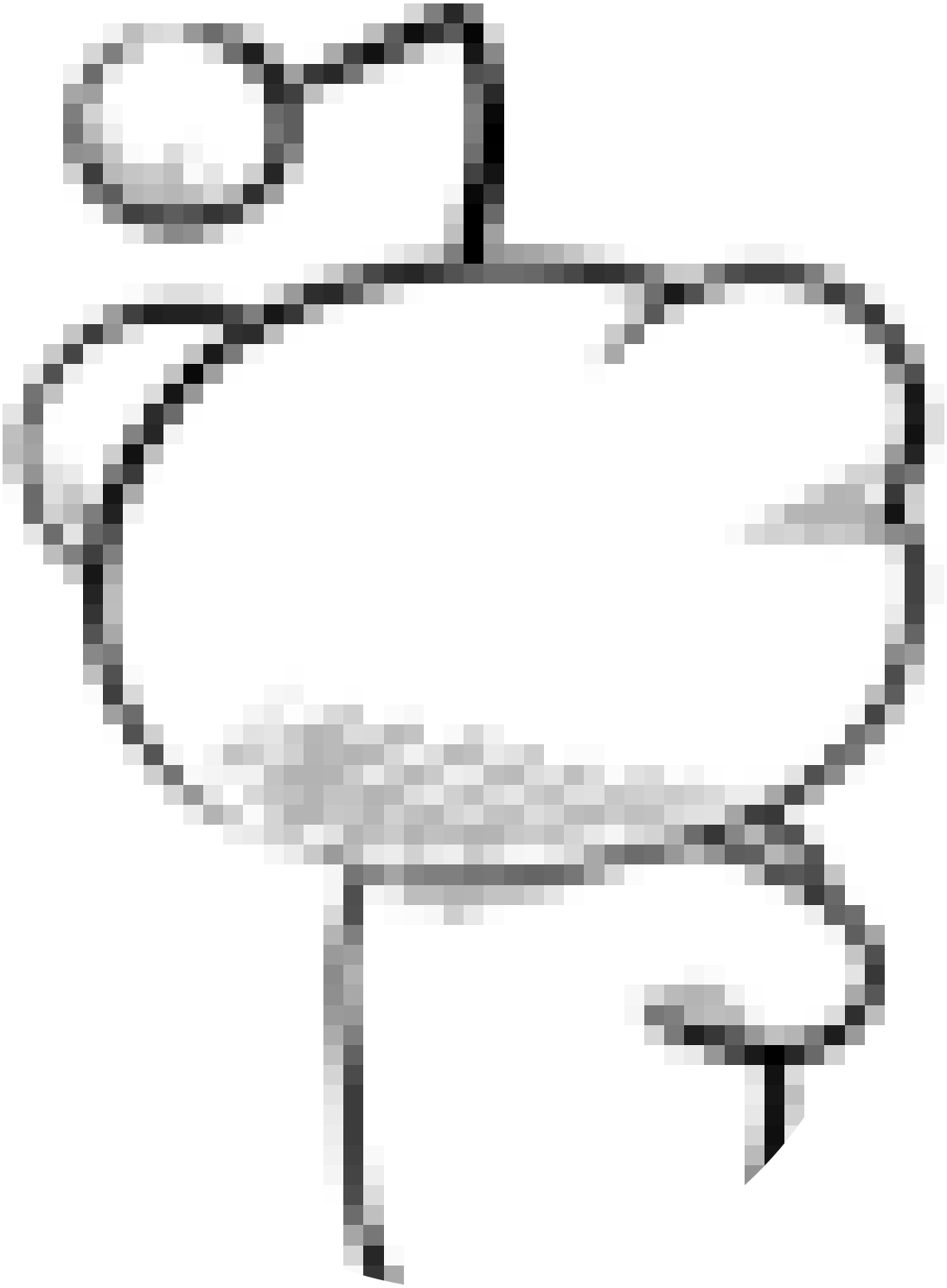
More replies

insadragon
â€¢ 14y ago

I have one from when I used to be a trucker. I was trundling along at night doing a long haul, the highway turned about 90 degrees so I had the full moon rising in my sight. It was the strangest moon I'd ever seen, completely blood red. It stayed that way for as long as I could see it, which was quite awhile. Wouldn't have been as bad/strange except for the small fact of where I happened to be driving, the one and only time I went through Roswell New Mexico. Never found out what caused it, but it was an extremely surreal combination.

Kakofoni
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger, I would experience something pretty weird while sleeping at my grandparents' house. It's very unspectacular yet it is strange. For years, I would always wake up at the same time (*on the minute*) in the middle of the night. I could remember hearing no sounds or experiencing any sensation which would wake me up. It was a very random time - 03.16 if I can recall correctly. However, this tended to change. Not going back and forth, just a new exact wake-up time which would go on for the next weeks. I just can't explain that. It's mildly creepy.



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â€¢ 14y ago

Bill O'Reilly must have a lot of good stories when you take in consideration his lack of ability to explain things.

Reply Share

Miezchen
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I'm pretty late but whatever. I have several stories that I cannot explain. I'll start with the least creepy one.

-My Dad is one of those lucky people, especially when it comes to money. Examples: We moved into a new house, needed a new kitchen but didn't have the money. My dad won the lottery, with exactly the amount of money required for the purchase of the kitchen. Also, three years ago, we wanted to visit some relatives in the US and my dad went to book the flights at some private travel agency, but the guy who ran the agency told him, he couldn't do anything for him. So my dad went to book the flights somewhere else. Months later, while on vacation, my dad read his online newspaper, which contained an article about the guy who sent him to another agency. Turned out he was a traitor and had disappeared with almost a million euros.

-last week, my grandpa had a heart attack. today, my mum told me that she had a dream about him the night before the hospital called us.

-My dad's dad died when my dad was 12. The night it happened, my dad heard the "Death Bells" (in the little village he grew up there were bells playing whenever there was a funeral) in his dream.

-And, last but not least, the story which I find both creepy and awesome. My great-grandma could predict when somebody was going to die. She had dreams about the person, and could exactly predict when it was going to happen. She hated it, because knowing it was a burden to her. My grandmother had this ability in a "milder" form. Whenever she dreamt about mushrooms (yep. mushrooms. no, she did not consume drugs), someone she knew died the next day. I know that my mum has an ability like this, too, but she refuses to talk to me about it, because she wants to protect me. I have never told anyone about it, but I can predict certain events that will happen, but only

small things. Example? Here you go: I work in a mall, and some months ago, I had a heavy crush on a girl knew. So, I was at work one day, and because we don't have a restroom in our store, we have to use the costumer restroom of the mall. I had to pee, so I went there. I had been daydreaming about this girl the whole day, and as I was walking, I thought of her crossing my way now. Two seconds later, she came up the stairs I passed by on my way. I almost had a heart attack.

TL;DR dad has a lucky hand whenever it comes to money, family members having dreams about relatives dying, all of the women including me on my mothers side of the family could kinda predict the future (yeah.. that sounds stupid)

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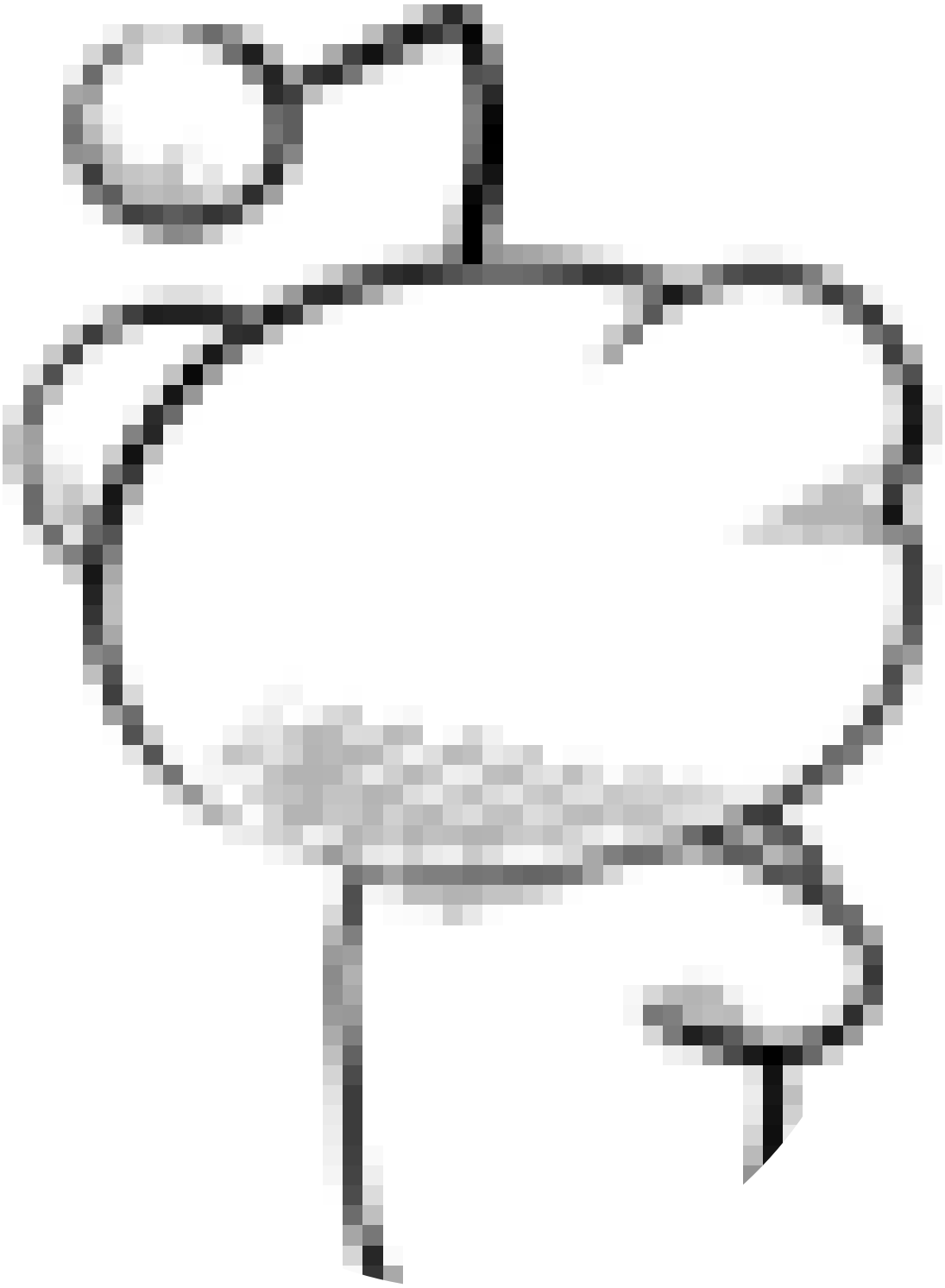

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â€¢ 14y ago

Okay I have a weird one. This happened last summer: my father and I like to go on fishing trips in the summer and we have a secret campground that only we and our friends know about. The road to this campground is a logging road but very rarely are there any trucks. Okay now to the story. My dad and I are driving alone, we are approaching a sharp corner twenty minutes away from our campsite and he pulls over and stops. I ask him what he's doing and he doesn't answer. About three seconds pass by and a logging truck comes speeding around the corner out of nowhere, we didn't hear it at all. A fucking logging truck! Those things are massive! Then it just rips off down the road we just drove on. After I was done freaking out I asked him how he knew it was coming, to this dad he has no recollection of why he stopped.

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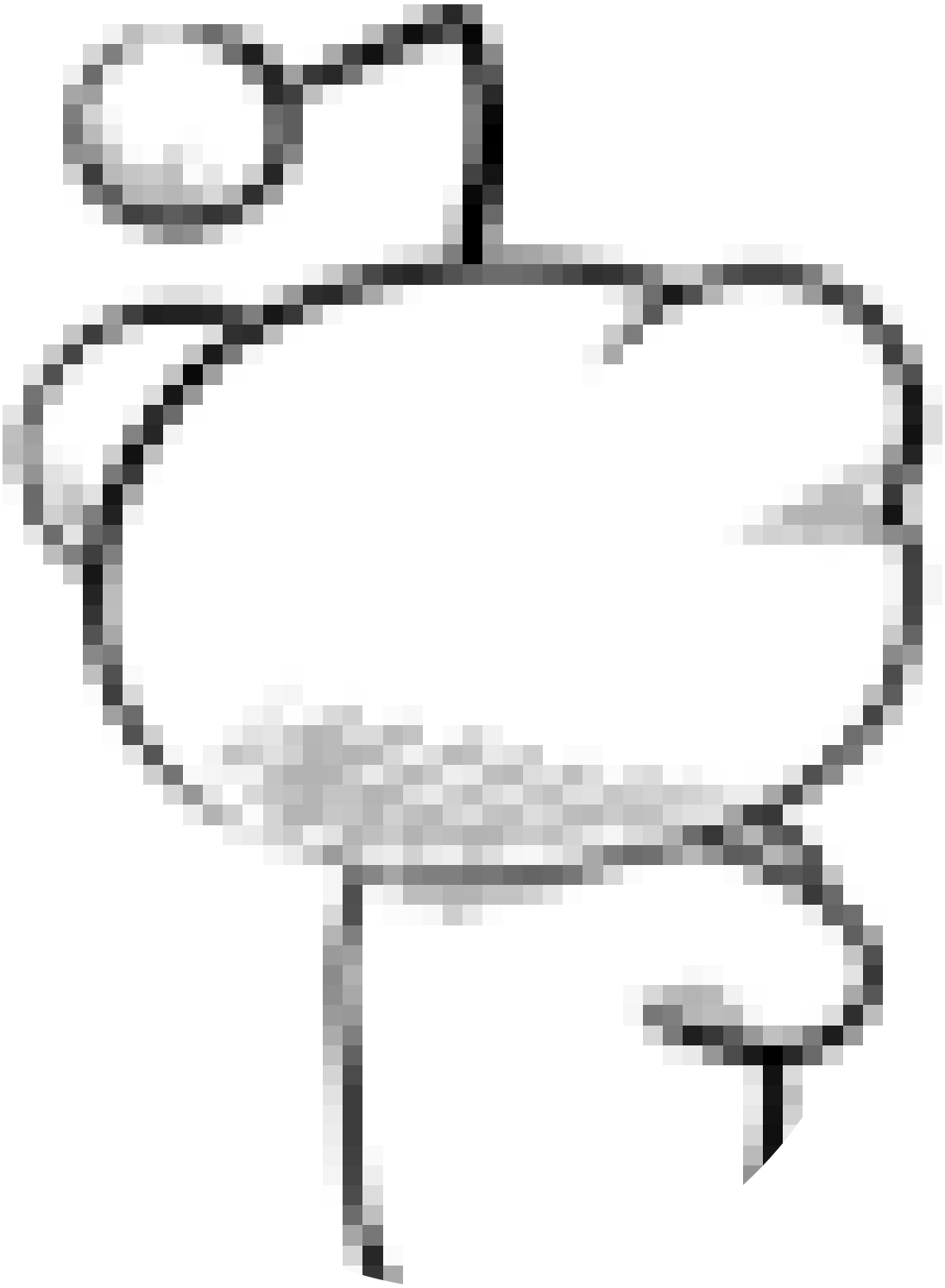

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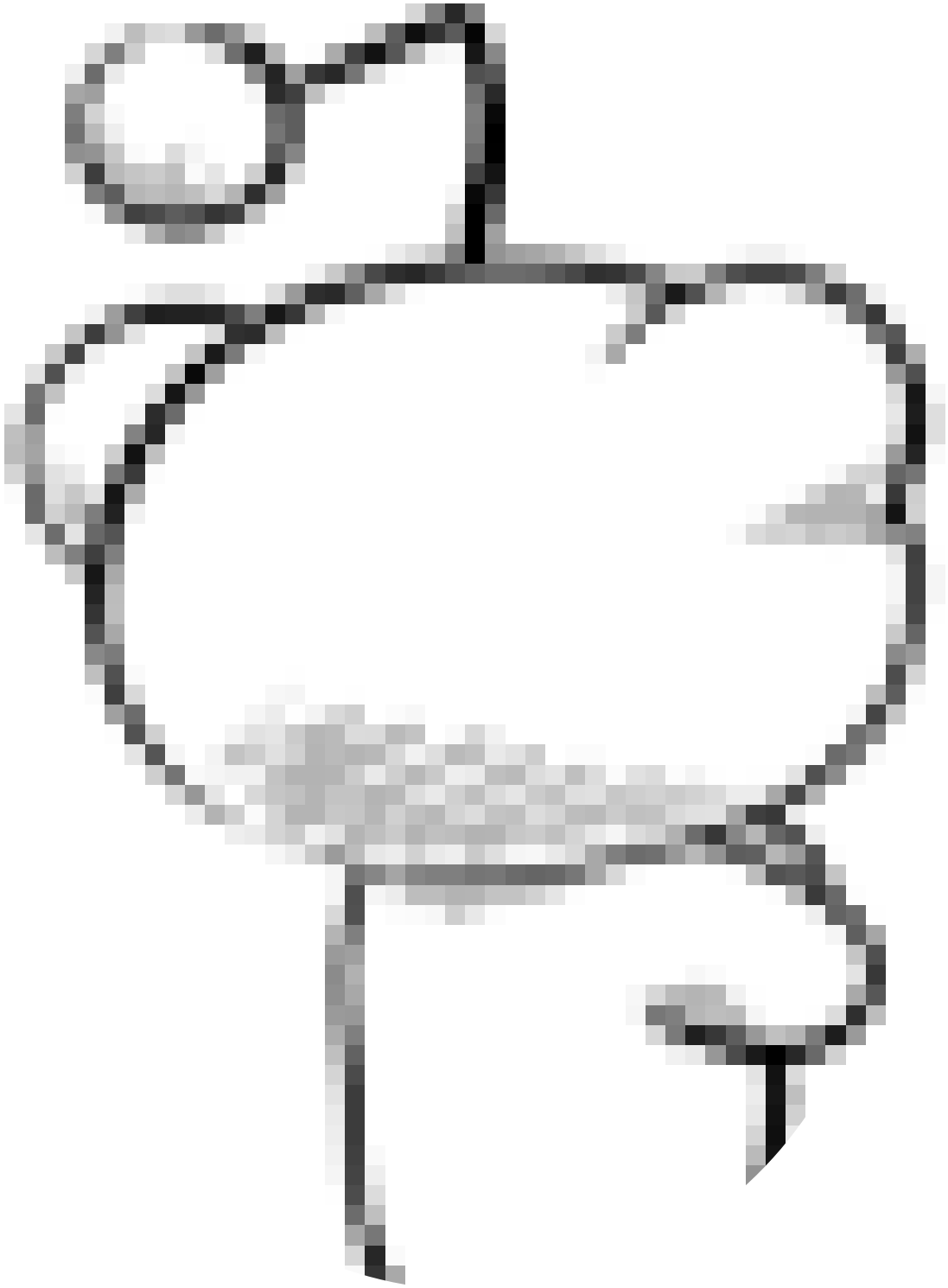
â€¢ 14y ago

Was this near the Columbia River in Vantage, WA?



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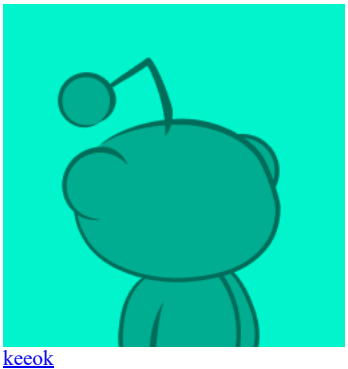
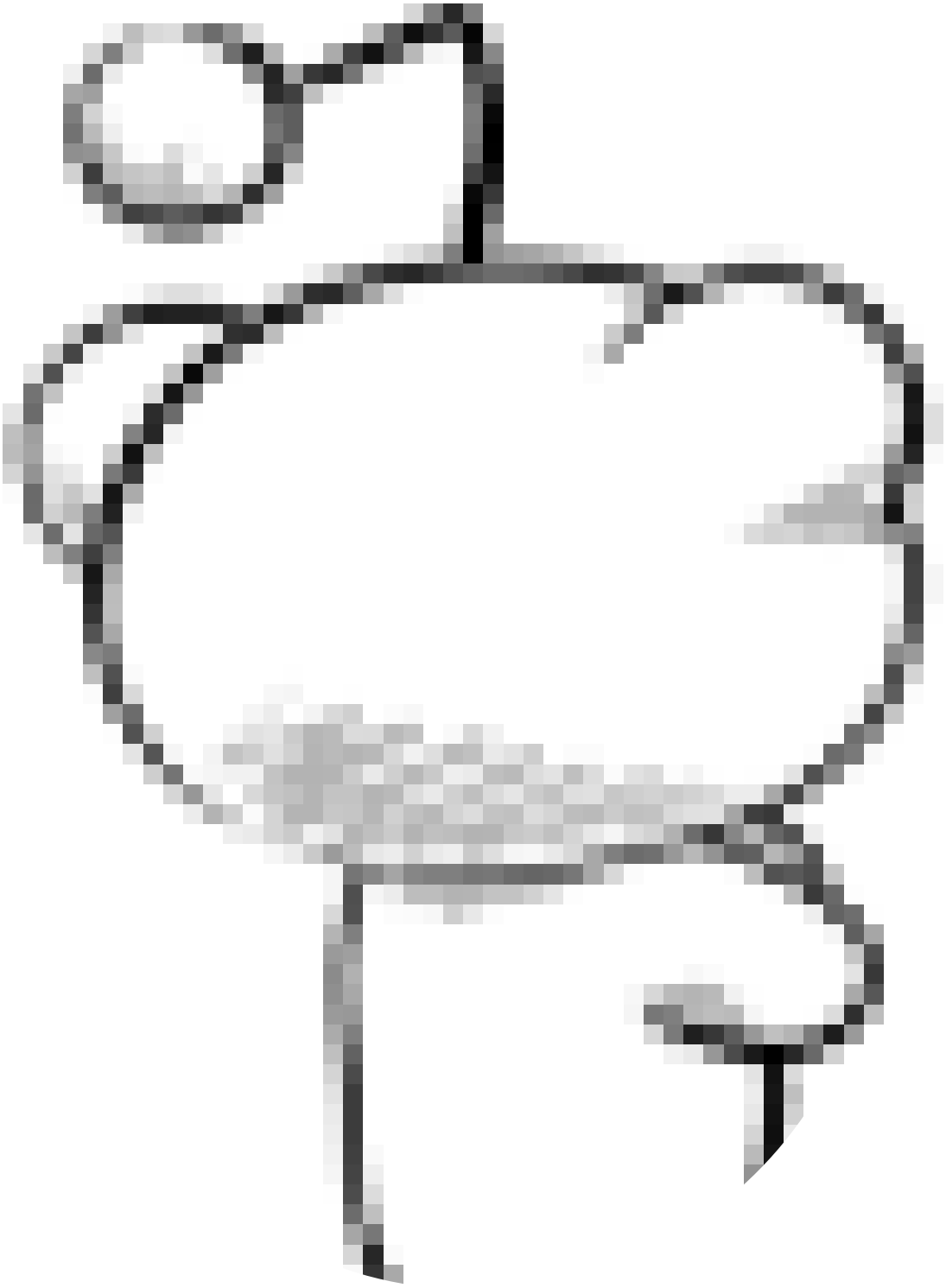
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

i cannot explain why I or friends I know can be moving along very slowly and carefully but if I hit my knee or my foot, head or elbow its WHAM!!! Slam my knee with such force I might as well have been breaking the sound barrier sometimes slamming me back onto my ass seeing stars. Its as if the laws of physics is reversed so that the slower you move the harder you hit.



keeok
â€¢ 14y ago

well... at least you're not watching Honey Boo Boo. So there's that.



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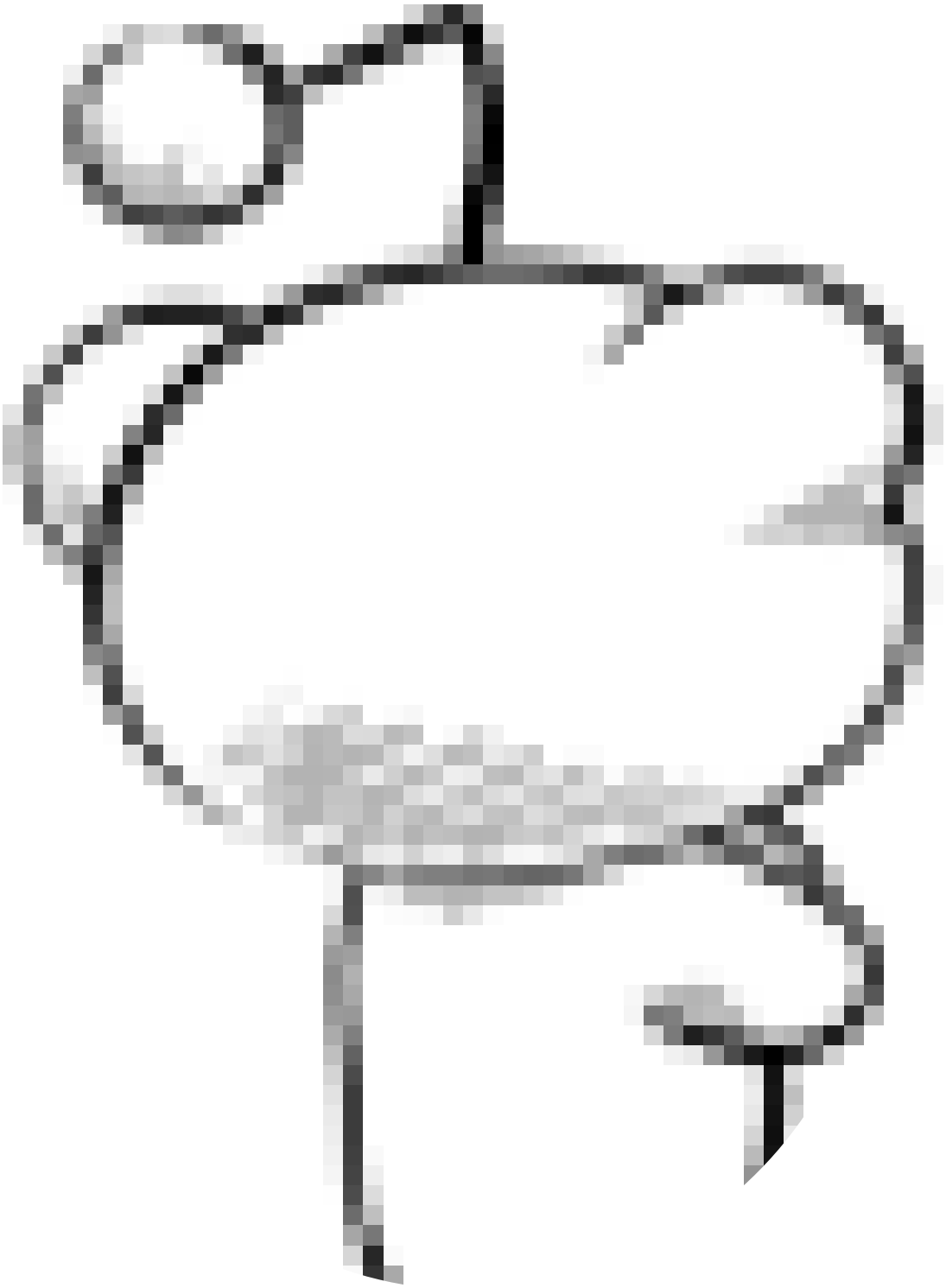
â€¢ 14y ago

I was out late at night at a park right by a river with my then boyfriend and we had just watched the ring movie. During a lull in the conversation, we're both looking out at the water and I suddenly get creeped out imagining the scary chick coming out of the water.

Look back at him with the intention of saying something funny to lighten things up and his nose had just started bleeding.



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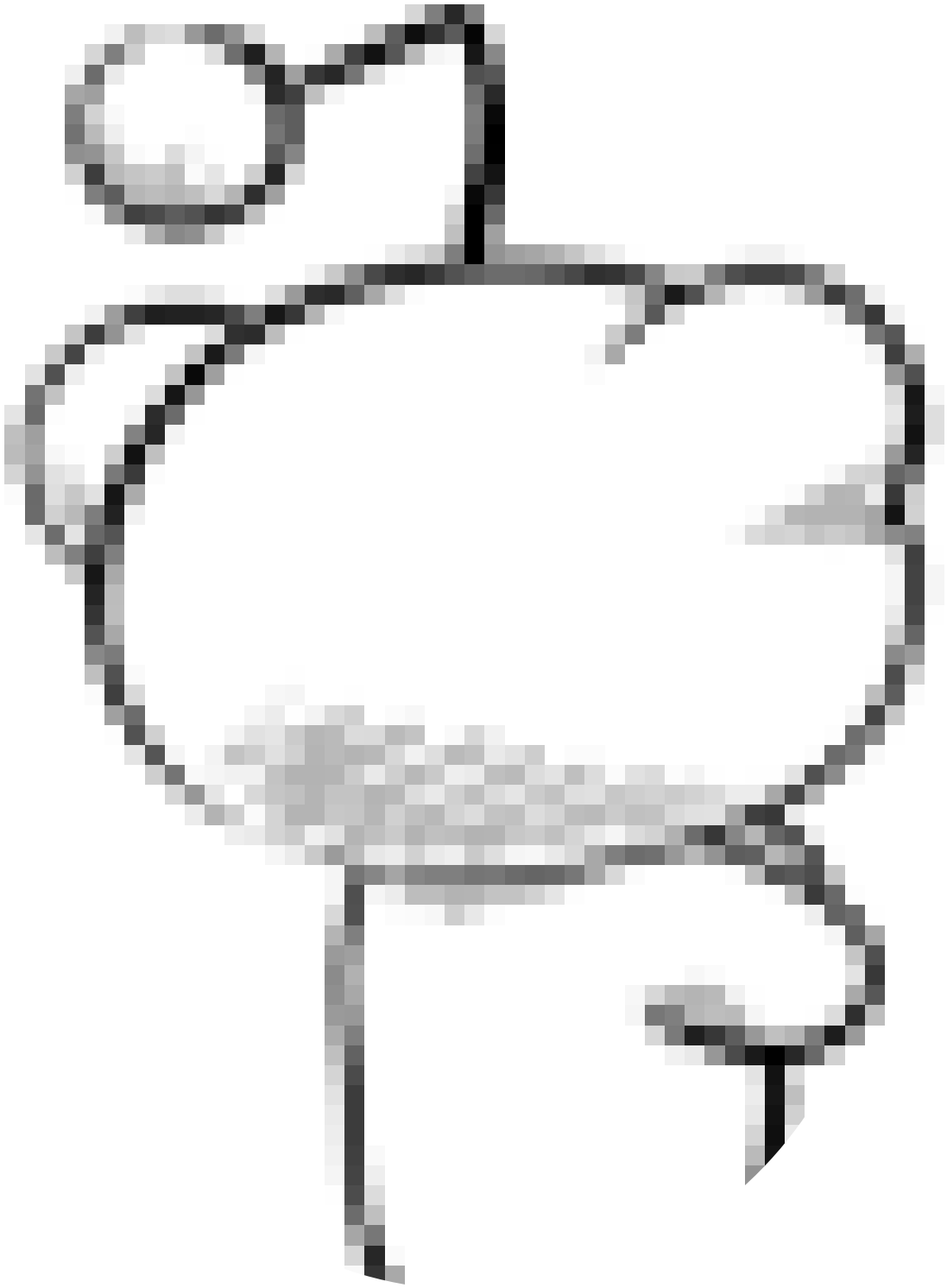

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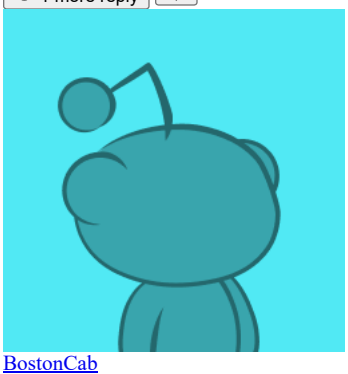


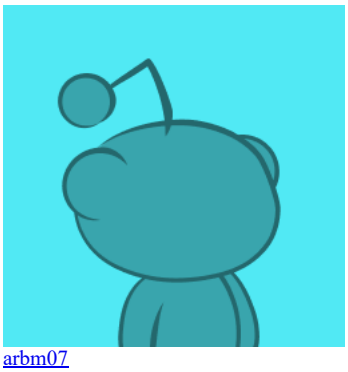
BostonCab
â€¢ 14y ago

On 9.10.2001 after midnight I kept telling people somethong terrible was going to.happen. I didnt know what but it would be bad. I wish I had known what.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



arbm07
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in the fifth grade, we had two yearly ski trips. The night before the first trip, I had a dream that I woke up 2 hours late and the bus had left without me. I wake up from my dream crying and upset that I missed the trip. My mom consoles me, tells me it's okay and that I still get to go, and I start packing up my stuff. Here's the weird part: somewhere in my packing, I forget to bring my helmet (helmets were only mandatory for kids up to grade four at my school). Early in the day, on a hill I'd done several times in the past, I swerve to avoid a snowboarder, crash into a fence, through it, wake up some amount of time later on the other side of the fence after blacking out, with nothing but trees around me. I can't walk (bashed knees) or breathe (bruised ribs and possibly some lung damage). I have a bump the size of an orange on my head. In the next few weeks, one of my eyes swells up shut and I am temporarily blinded. I can't walk up or down stairs. I have extreme difficulty breathing, to the point where every breath in and out results in an extreme stabbing pain in my chest. My parents keep me out of school until I heal, at which point they take me to a doctor for final check-ups to make sure I'm back to 100%. The doctor takes one look at me, and has one thing to say, basically: â€œYouâ€™re lucky you survived; the odds were such that you shouldnâ€™t be here.â€ Of course, when youâ€™re ten years old, that kind of messes you up. But even now, years later, I canâ€™t shake that dream out of my head. Iâ€™m not a particularly superstitious person, but I still wonder whether or not I was supposed to die that day, and if that dream was some kind of strangely odd sign meant to save my life (and if so, why Iâ€™m still here today anyway, given my decision to go despite my dream). The worst part is, a few years later another kid close to my age died on the very same hill. Needless to say, I havenâ€™t skied since.

VividVeracity
â€¢ 14y ago

I saw the universe unravel.

5 more replies
5 more replies

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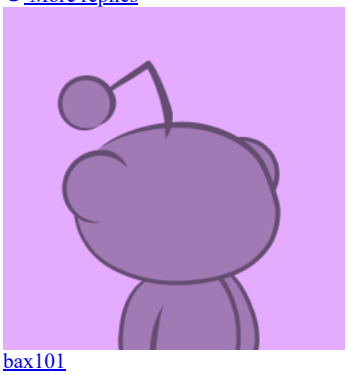

bax101
â€¢ 14y ago

I went to the Knobcreek Gun Show in KY in 2009 and met some of the most hypocritical KKK members in my life. Now my friend and I are from NH so we are considered "damn fuckin yankees". We were walking by these guys in this big lifted truck blasting some old country music that was basically singing about killing black people and the whole nine yards. My friend said as an "experience" we should go talk to them. So whatever we walked up to them and asked about there KKK flag they had on there truck and before he answered he said "We don't talk to no fuckin yankees." So being a smart ass I got pissed and told the guy KY was a neutral state during the civil war so how the fuck did he know what side his great grand parents were on. This made him pissed off and he got out of his truck. But then all of a sudden these 3 black guys walked by and he got all excited for a second and ran to his truck to change his music to some Jay-Z. So I didn't know what to think after that. That entire show was fucked up. One of the biggest redneck conventions I've ever been too.

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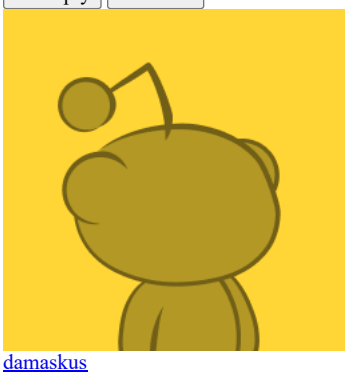

damaskus
â€¢ 14y ago

My mom dragged me to the Breaking Dawn part 1 midnight showing and my mind was full of fuck from the ending scenes. so when we got home we heard rustling near our trash cans. turns out it was a pet ferret that probably escaped and we kept it that night. We asked around the neighborhood and sure enough we found the owner who was a friend I Knew when I was little and moved away. Out of all the houses in the neighborhood, it belonged to that person, we didn't know what happened to them when they left. and it came to our house of all places. that is what i will never be able to explain. and just recently that same person who owned that little furry dick shaped turd machine ended up in the hospital that my mom worked at, on her floor.

1 more reply
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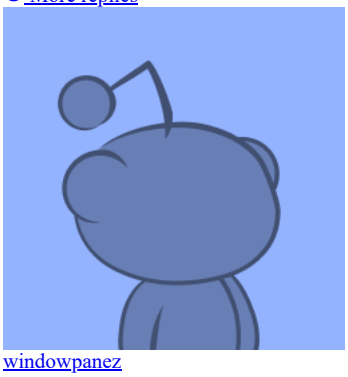
More replies



windowpanez
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I have had many strange things happen to me in my life, some I can't remember well anymore which were quite thrilling. So here are the two most interesting events that I can remember:

1. Some friends and I were having a little party, and I took a good handful of magic mushroom. I saw all sorts of interesting patterns and brilliant colours, too difficult to describe but if you've ever taken a psychedelic drug before you would know what I am describing. I started staring at my friends car for a while, and it completely transformed. It became dark and rusted, and that's when I saw a dead body in the drivers seat. It looked more like a dead daemon then a human, but was in human form. It was dark and it's head was in a really freaky position, it looked completely limp and hanging off to the side.

It wasn't a real body though! Excited me way more then scared me, and I shreaked really loud as it was a very powerful sight.

2) One night, I was looking at the moon through binoculars. It was a full moon and very nice out, no clouds and mid summer. I looked for a while, and then sort of got tired of looking and took a small break as it was mildly uncomfortable holding the binoculars for so long. I sighed, and then was struck by a sudden urge to look back. That's when I saw a black oval streak across the moon. It was very big oval, and looked like a shadow going across the moon.

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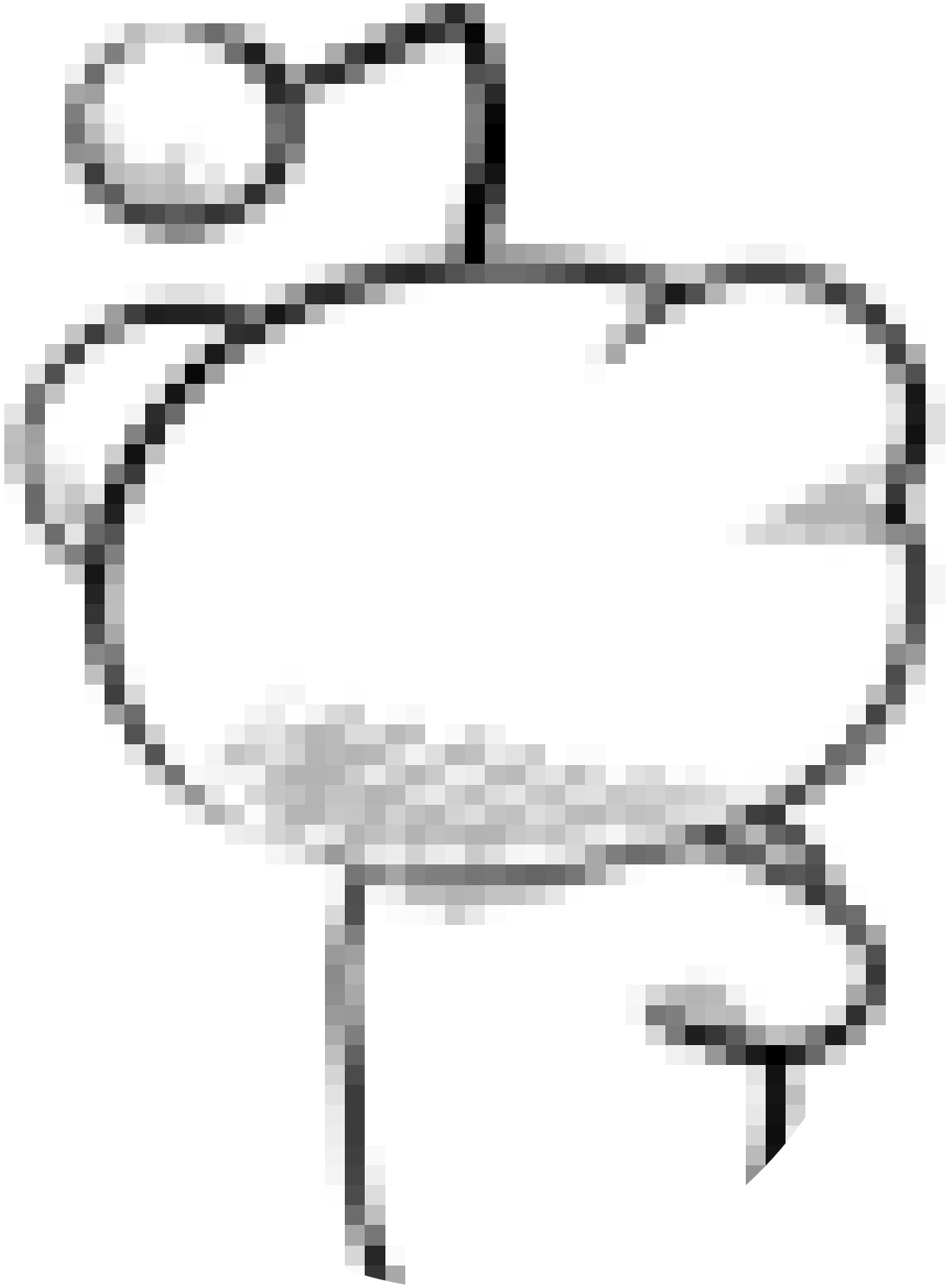

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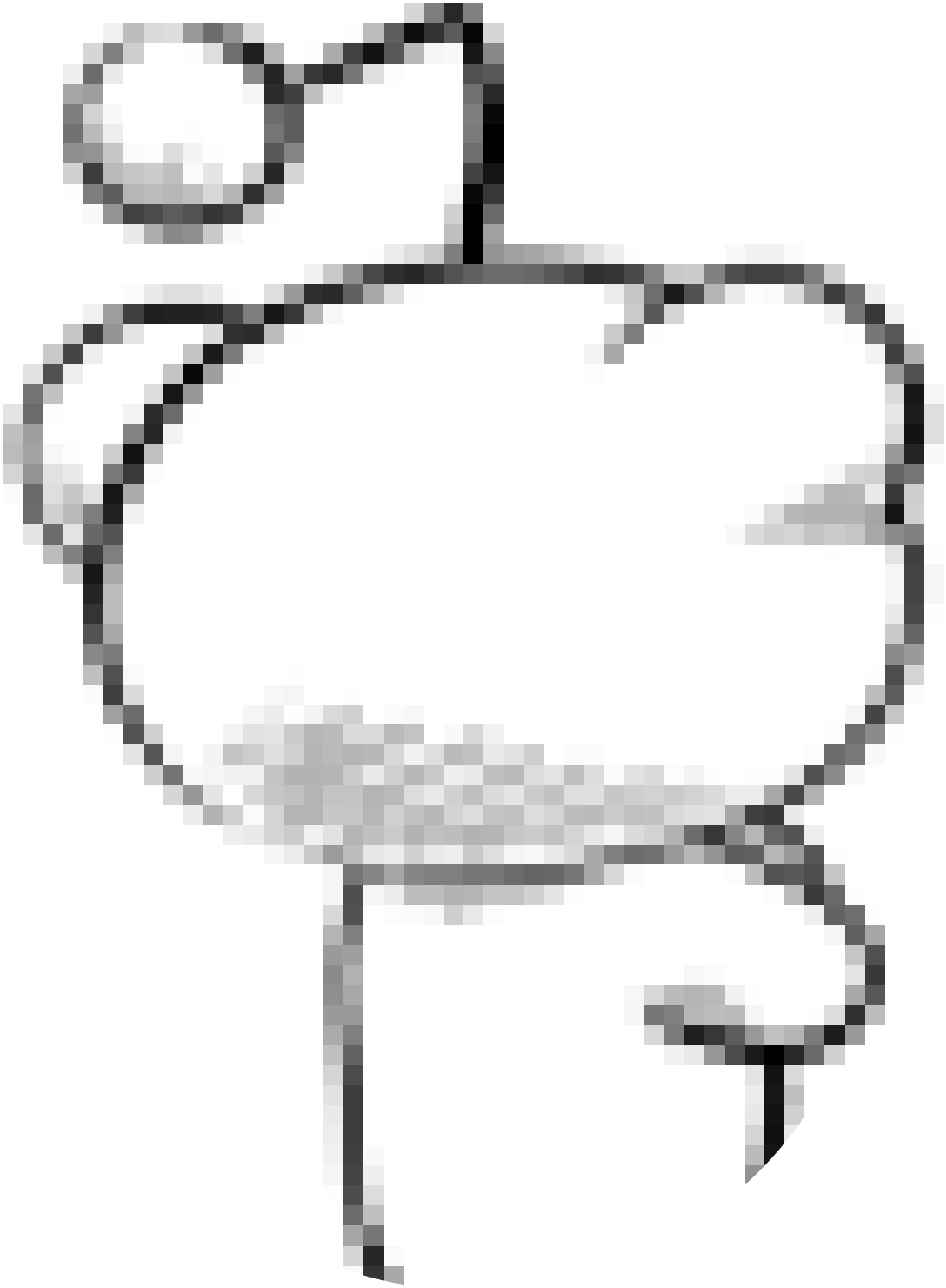
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I was walking past the campus rec center one night with my now ex girlfriend. As we walked past this one lamp post, both of us heard a distinctly human sounding noise comping from the open air next to us. It was unintelligible, but sounded really fucking creepy. My ex suddenly jumped and started running away, which confused me. When I caught up to her, she explained that she felt something grab her ass or thigh (I don't remember which one).

I was a very strong atheist at the time, so I attributed it to some sort of electrical surge, even though I have no idea what characteristics those have. I don't know so much anymore. I'm still fucking creeped out thinking about how human the unexplained noise was.

EDIT: why the down votes? You guys uncomfortable that I wrote "atheist at the time"? Close minded neck beard virgins all up in this motherfucker.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I am the ex girlfriend that he was with at the time and it was one of the weirdest and scariest things that has happened to me. When we walked past the light post it sounded and felt like someone approached me on the opposite side of my ex and placed his hand on my ass and pushed me. While I felt the hand on my ass there was a very distinct growl in my ear like someone was leaning in, and yes I did end up just running to the car after that! I just wanted to get the hell out of there and somewhere that felt safe to me. I still don't like walking around that area at night because it still makes me feel very uncomfortable.

4 more replies
4 more replies

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sellyberry
â€¢ 14y ago

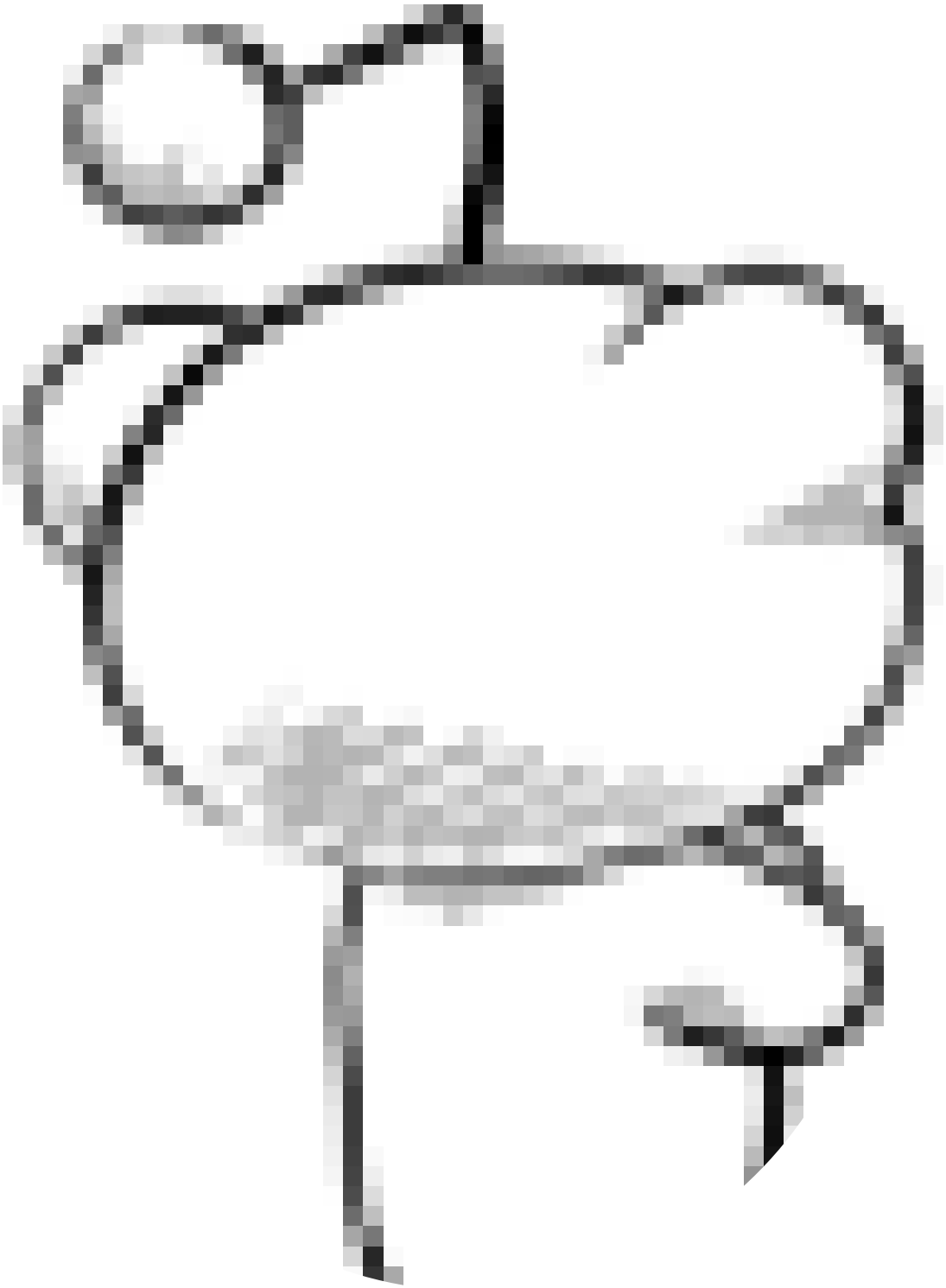
In about 1999, early fall, I'd just gotten off the late bus with my 2 friends after soccer practice and the stars were just coming out. We stopped and looked up at the sky and saw what looked just like a shooting star until it slowed down, looped to the left and around, and went faster (so fast we couldn't see it anymore, as we couldn't see it until it slowed down) I figure it was making a right turn. All three of us saw it. This was also in Wisconsin.

E-saurus
â€¢ 14y ago

A bird tried to kill me. I was riding my back to school while a mother fucking bird would pick up rocks from the ground and drop them on top of me. It pissed me off so much that I just sped up and some how he kept up with me.

1 more reply
1 more reply

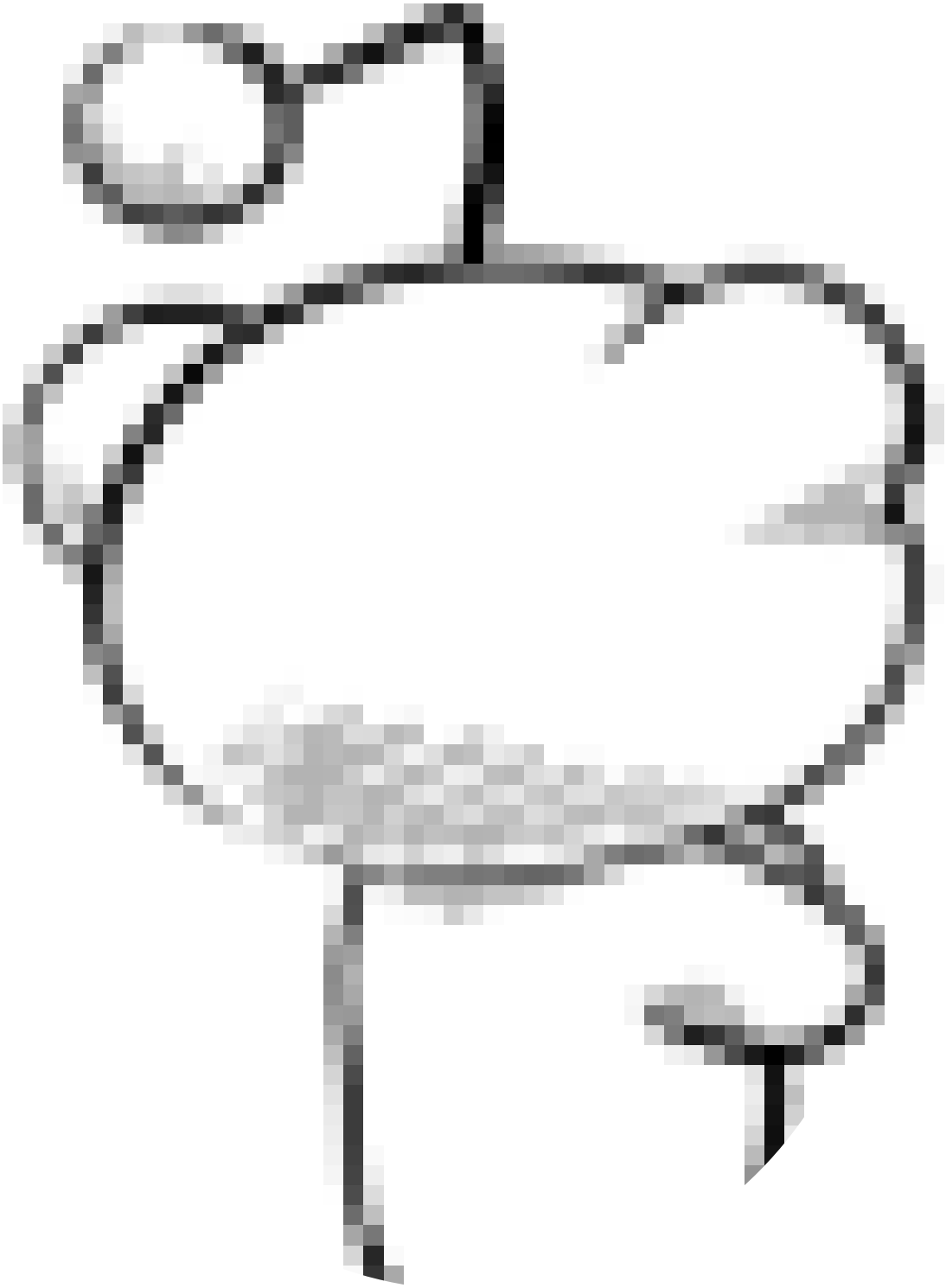
More replies



occupythekitchen
â€¢ 14y ago

Mine is similar to yours in a sense. When I was 16 I was at my frient's house and when we left to get some food I see a light in the sky hovering right above my car. We both starred at it for what felt like minutes in wonderment until I was overcome with a feeling of dread and told him to get in the car. As i sped off I looked back and it was gone and we were left discussing what it could have been.

He is convinced it was a helicopter but it was too close for us not hear it or feel it. I still have no explanation for what it could have been.



EmilioEstavez
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a kid I made some popcorn using kernels and a popping machine. I settle into my couch, lights off, turn on the TV and munch on some popcorn. After 10 minutes or so I take bite of popcorn and the kernel is covered in hair. It was absolutely disgusting. For years I assumed it was pubes from someone at the popcorn factory, until this very minute when it occurred to me that you can't really mess with popcorn before it's popped. Must have been a hairball lying around the house.

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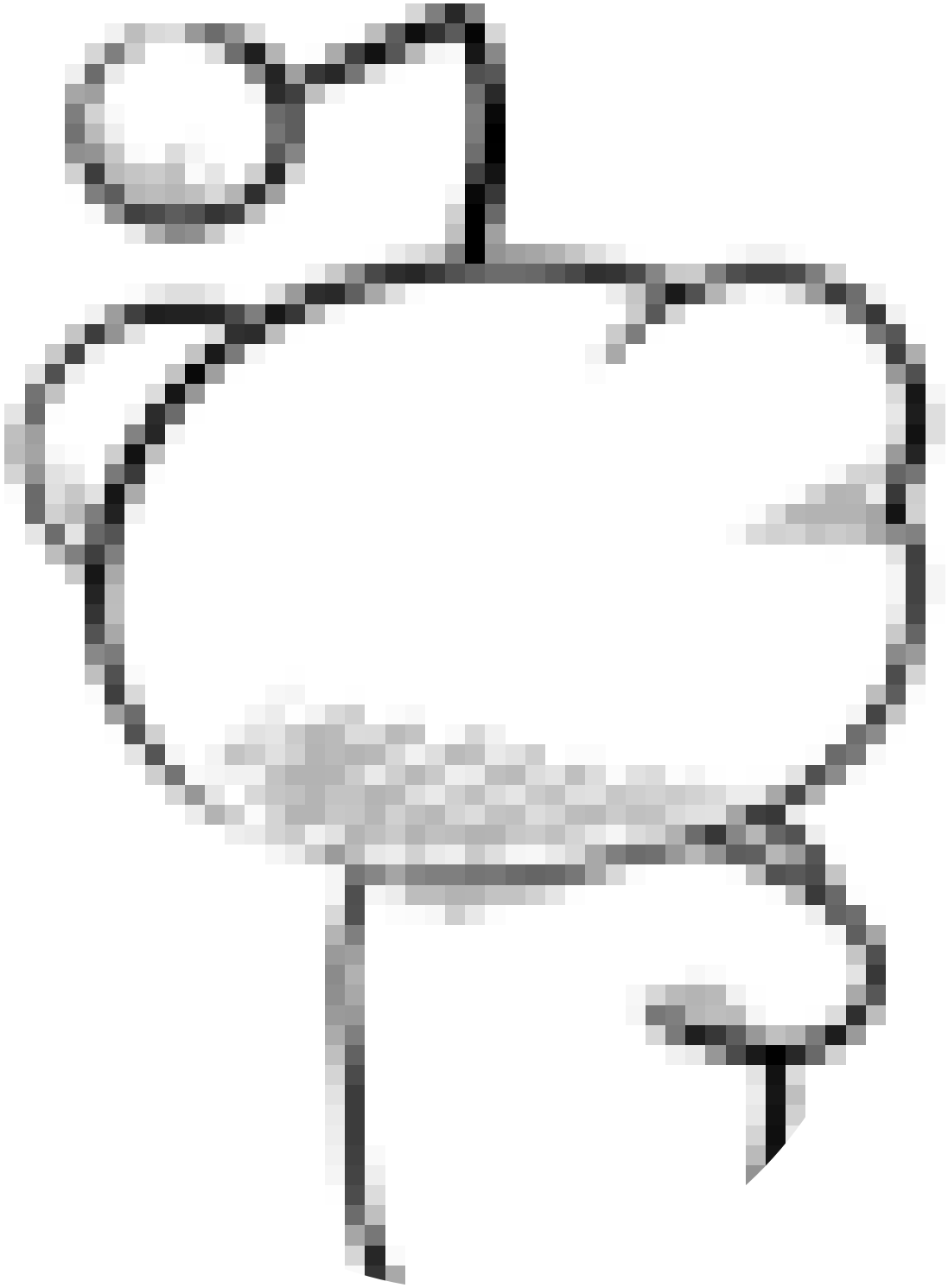

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â€¢ 14y ago

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Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

The first sentence has so much nothing to do with the rest of the story it made me burst out laughing.

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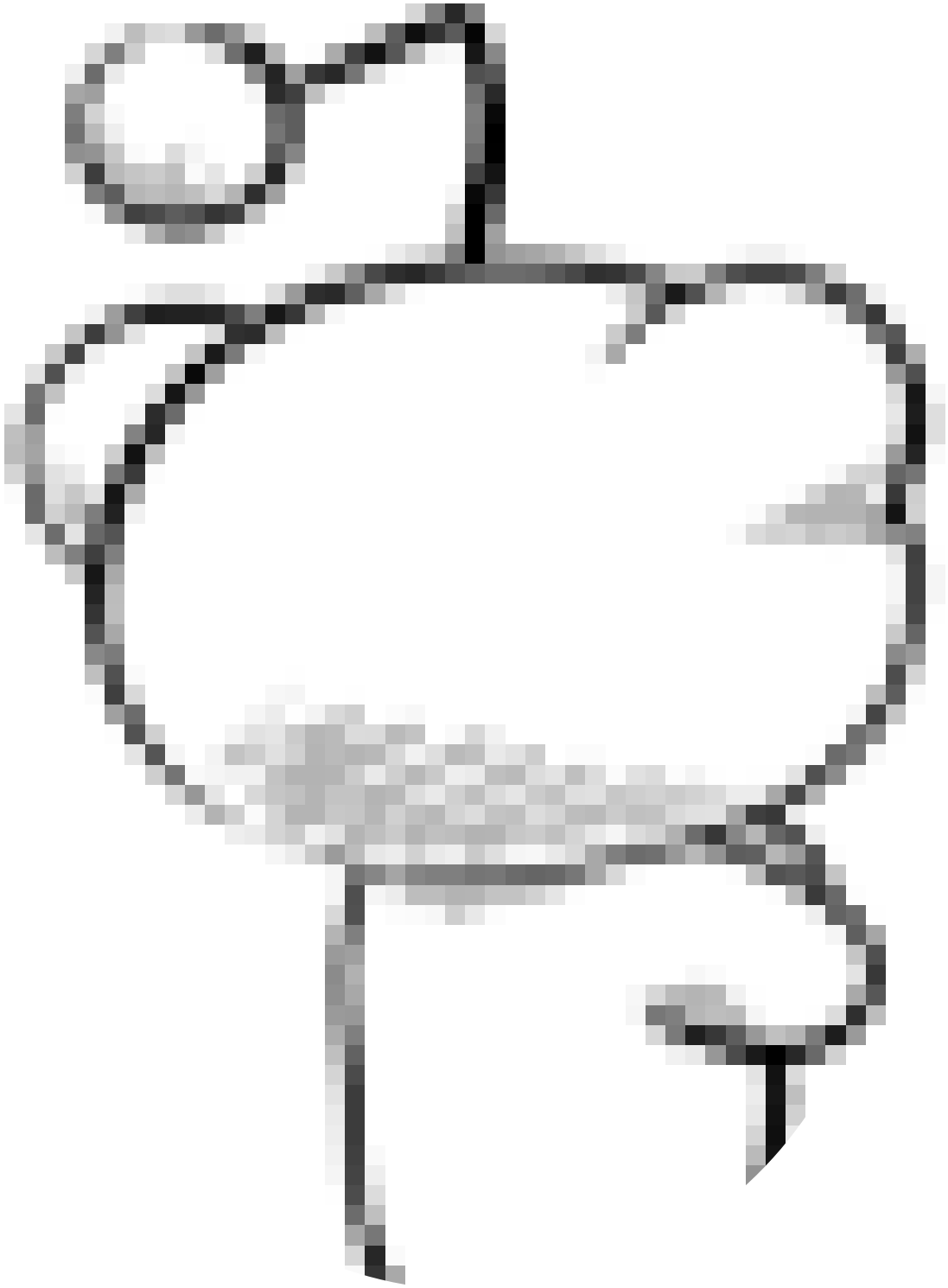

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â€¢ 14y ago

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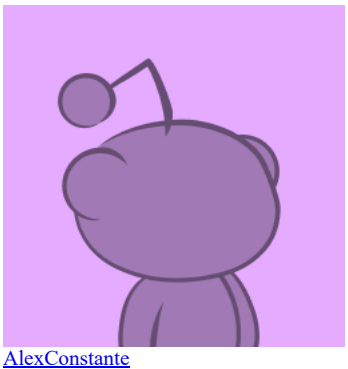
NotQuiteVoltaire
â€¢ 14y ago

Zoom out of the universe?(!)

bsukenyan
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 14 I went to spend a week with my aunt going to soccer camp that her church put on every year. This was the first time I had been to this camp, but it was cool because I loved playing soccer, and after playing soccer all day I got to hang out with my cousins and aunt, which was always a rare/fun occassion.

Soccer camp finished and i then went to my normal week long summer camp that is like a tradition for all the kids in my family, and my dads family whenhe was younger too. I was pretty stoked because i got to have a lot of fun packed in to those two weeks. There was always so much to do during the days that I slept soundly all night without waking up, which didn't happen while home. That particular year on Thursday night around 1-2 am though, I woke up for some reason and couldn't fall back asleep for a while. I was really uneasy, but didn't know why I couldn't fall back asleep. Eventually I did, and put this out of my mind. Until Saturday morning when only my dad, not both my parents like normal, came to pick up me and my sister. Thursday night around 1-2 am the aunt that I had spent a week with prior had been in a head on collision with a drunk driver and died. Ive never been able to explain why I woke up that Thursday night, but I shudder every time I think of it.



AlexConstante
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in a rock cover band and we were practicing "Beat It" and mid-song, a guy burst into our rehearsal room telling us to look at the news. We looked at the nearest TV and discovered that Michael Jackson went into cardiac arrest.

matthewsmithnl
â€¢ 14y ago

Driving back from Newfoundland to Texas from my father wedding we were hours from home when on a random back country road that we happen to take by chance, we were rounding a turn and saw a little dust in the side of the road. We debated what it was since a transport truck has just passed us coming the opposite direction. We drove for a few secs and then something just told me to turn around, somethings not right. We turned around and went back only to discover a hubcap and noticed the trees were freshly battered down below the road. At this point we realized there had been an accident. Over the next few hours we confronted 2 battered bodies in that car, called 911, got personnel on scene, and helped locals work together to remove the car and make sense of the situation. While there, we meet a pastor who had arrive upon hearing the news and of all things, used the situation to try and get us to attend church and believe in god. All things considered, a very saddening, scary, sobering, scary day.

After looking back on the experience, if we had not had that brief thought to turn around and go back, this may have been a missing persons case. The car was so far embedded in the treeline it was almost un-noticeable. The two victims would have been reported missing and because of the remote location on a back road in TX, they would probably never be found. I like to think by some random force we decided to go that road (since we had stuck to freeways and major roads all the way to Canada and back) and decided to check out our hunch. Because of a bunch of random events all happened, we brough closure to a family and despite the tragity of the situation, the suffering could have been worse. I will never forget hat day.

NotQuiteVoltaire
â€¢ 14y ago

You can always count on religious zealots to be dicks in such situations.

1 more reply
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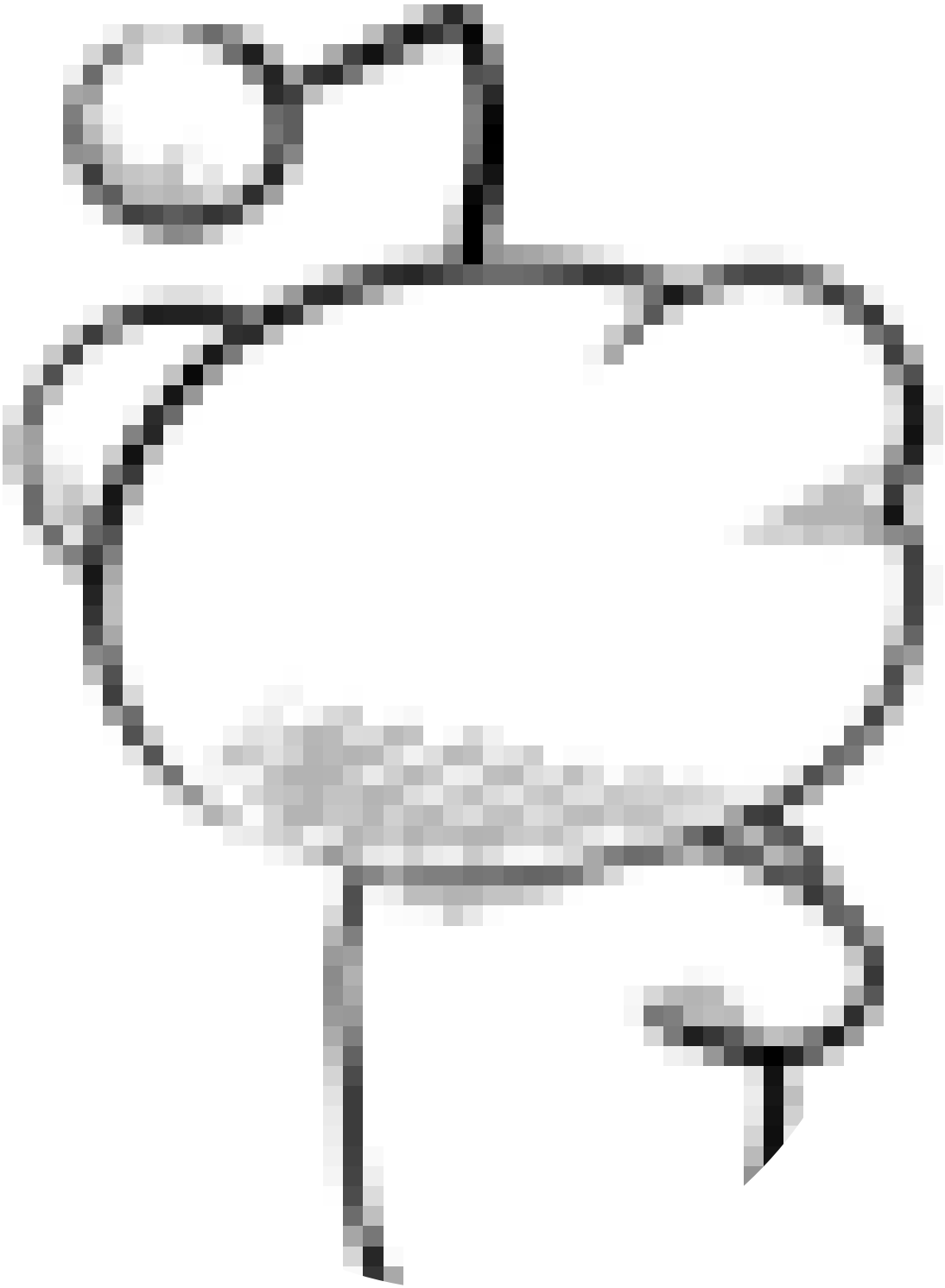

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â€¢ 14y ago

I posted this on an old account, buuuut it's relevant.

When I was 18 I was tripping balls of acid with a group of my friends. We started in my apartment, and ended up in a derby/racing arena. Anyways, we're all laying out in this field just shootin the shit and I saw what I can only describe as a lamp with a shade in the sky being swung back n forth. I watched this for a solid 5 minutes, there, gone, there, gone, there, gone and so on. For that 5 minutes I laid there figuring it was just the drugs and it's part of my imagination. Then I asked the people with me if they saw it to, I didn't tell them what I saw only that I saw something. They told me the exact same thing that I saw, a fucking light in the sky swinging back n forth. Fucking aliens man, you don't fuck with someone on acid.

Edit, forgot dat TL;DR- Tripped on acid, aliens fucked with my friends and I.

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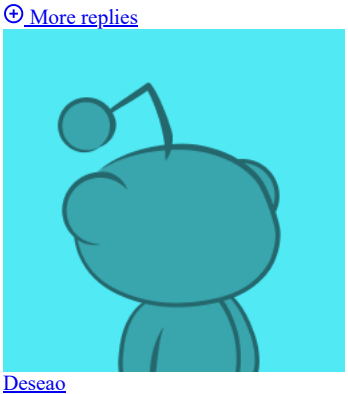

Deseao
â€¢ 14y ago

I had just finished work and was driving home. I took a different route than normal, going through a bad part of town. I drove over some railroad tracks and was passing some storage lockers when a small object LEAPED up into the air to my left, started glowing a brilliant white, and then exploded. I veered away from it, instinctively thinking I had been shot. I drove away, then circled around to see if I could figure out what it was. There was nothing on the sidewalk or street, no one around, and zero explanation.

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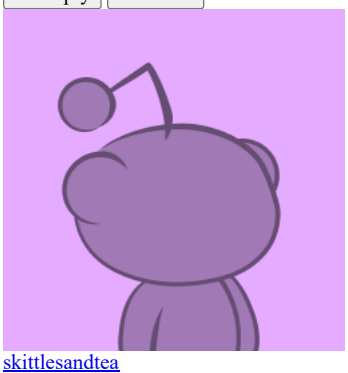

skittlesandtea
â€¢ 14y ago

My grandmother's house has a spare bedroom that people typically don't sleep in a lot, but she still has a TV with a satellite hookup in there. About midway through the night, if the TV is on, the television will switch channels. Typically, it'll start the night on Jay Leno, and then at some point it will switch over to ESPN. The eery part is that it always appears as if it were being punched in on the remote - you can see the numbers as they enter on the TV screen.

I thought for a while that it was perhaps a neighbor with a similar remote setup that was somehow catching our receiver, but it's happened on nights when there was clearly nobody home in the house adjacent to the room.

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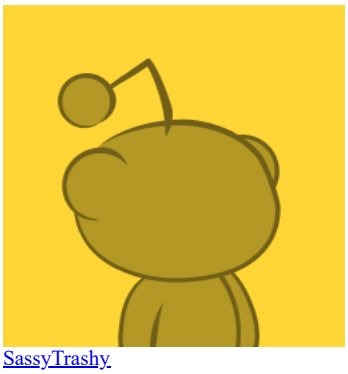

SassyTrashy
â€¢ 14y ago

Several years ago my ex and I were out for a late night stroll when all of a sudden a bright whitish blue vertical beam of light appears in the middle of the sky. Not from the ground up, not an airplane, nothing I've ever seen before. It was there for about 10-15 seconds then gone. We both were kind of amazed wondering what it was and concluded it had to be something explainable. We kept walking and the beam suddenly appears again and for some reason we both just start running away. It was intriguing yet terrifying because we couldn't understand it. Neither one of us would have believed the other about it if we didn't both happen to see it. I didn't just see something I felt it too. Very strange. I'll never forget it.

Kemps
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago I lived in a block of flats with a large open gravel courtyard in the middle, and in the middle of that there was a smaller non-gravel bit. During the winter I nipped out to go to the shops, and crossed the courtyard. I casually looked around on my way to the main gate when I slipped on the central part which had gotten icy. Out of nowhere a pair of hands caught me under my arms and propped me back on my feet. I have no idea how he could have gotten close enough behind me especially since I would have heard footsteps on the gravel, let alone I would have seen him when I looked around. After thanking him he turned round and headed back away from where I was going, which made me wonder why he'd come from behind me to catch me, then head away. Can't explain it. Not sure if I want to find out.

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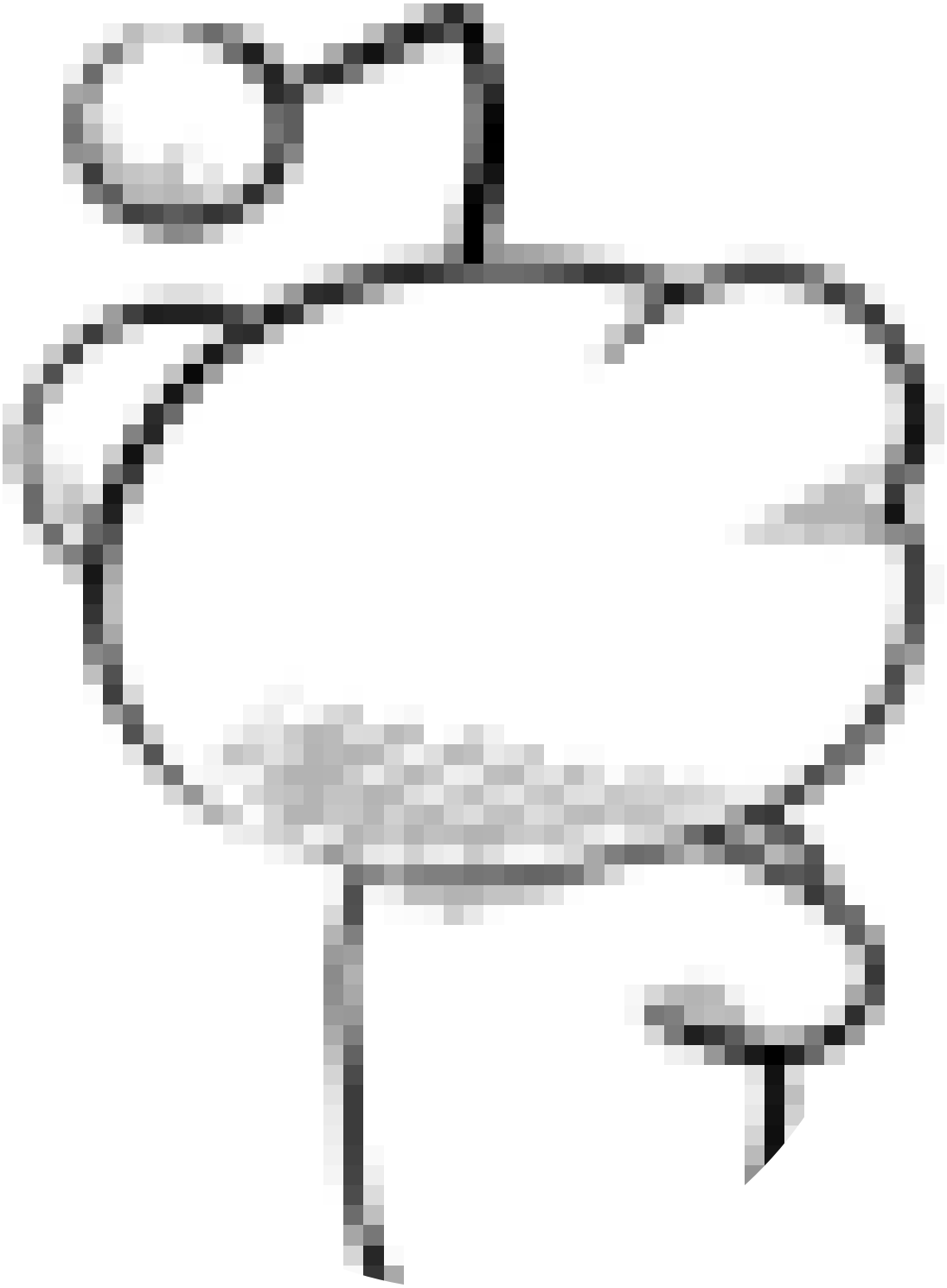

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â€¢ 14y ago

Had a crazy deja vu moment a few days ago.

I just got a promotion at the local grocery store I work at, to produce supervisor(yippee). So that evening I was filling in some cucumbers, and suddenly the misty spray turns on and gets me in the arm. All of a sudden I feel as if I'm remembering this as a dream I had when I was younger, and I can remember everything that happened in the dream! I remember that I was standing in front of some table in a strange grocery store that I didn't recognize. Everything was exactly the same irl as in the dream: the position I was standing, the clothes, everything.

tl;dr strangest deja vu eber.

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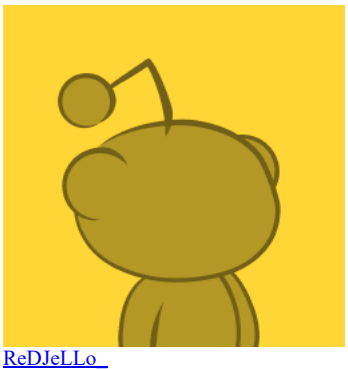
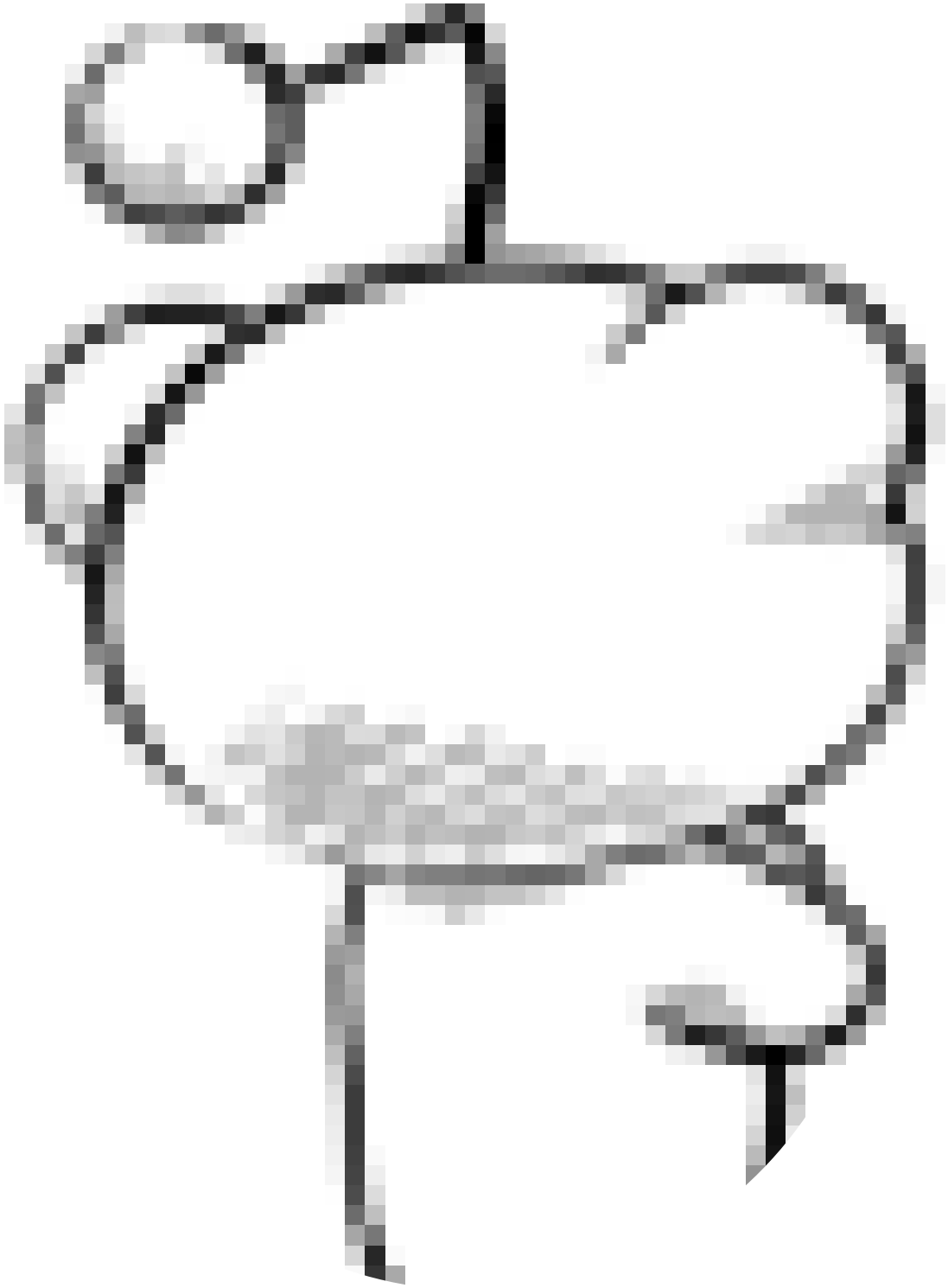


ReDJeLLo_
â€¢ 14y ago

Not as dramatic of a story but true and recent.

I was staying at my mothers house Thanksgiving night because she was throwing up really bad. She's a widow so I stayed to take care of her. To make sure she had easy access to the bathroom, we left the hall and bathroom lights on. About 3 am I was up playing PS3 and saw the light in the hall flicker once or twice and then go out. I thought the bulb burned out as my mom had not gotten up. About an hour later I went to pee and change the bulb only to find that it worked perfectly, just that the switch had been flipped. By nobody. There was nobody else there. I have no idea what could have happened.



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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I realize its to late now, and maybe not the best but ill let you decide. Me and two friends (now ex friends) were walking around my surveys little block with my dog late at night. Eventually we come upon a older couple who also have a dog so in normal dog walker fashion we talk about several dog related things for a few minutes. Suddenly everything around us gets significantly brighter as if a massive spotlight was point at us from above, so i look up and all I see is a massive ball of fire streaming across the sky. This "thing" was only a few hundred meters above us and took up at least a quarter to a half of my view of the sky. for no apparent reason as soon as the ball of flames left sight we the couple and I just said goodbye and parted ways. A minute or two later without myself or my friends saying a word we hear a very loud and very clear boom almost as if a massive explosion had gone off in the distance. each of us argued over what in the hell just happened, but in the end we never new, and have never heard anything else about that since.

TLDR: walking dog see a massive fireball in sky then later hear an explosion ... WTF

my other story is when i was much younger, but this time it happened at my house during winter. I haven't the slightest clue what happened that night or how in the fuck this happened. In the morning I woke up to what seemed a normal day, but my oldest brother came and got me to show me something cool out on the ice rink we had built in our backyard for winter. as it turns out when i eventually got onto the ice with what at first looked like bumps of snow, when they came into focus they were clearly flower buds... made of snow. what this is or how it happened i haven't the slightest clue, but what i do know is this snow looked like the buds of a rose with multiple layers and almost petal, and it was very symmetrical. Of course we took pictures, but know i cant find then no matter where i look, and I even asked my brother and he remember that to so it was not just a dream, but still...

TLDR: snow flowers on ice

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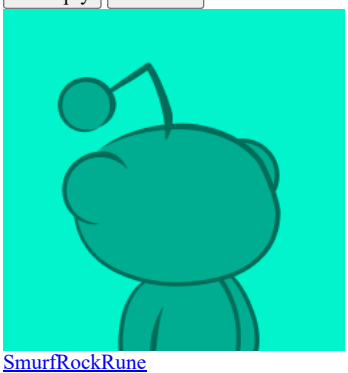

SmurfRockRune
â€¢ 14y ago

One night, when I was walking home, I passed a house really close to mine, and I saw a bright green light shine out of every single window at the same time. I have no explanation.

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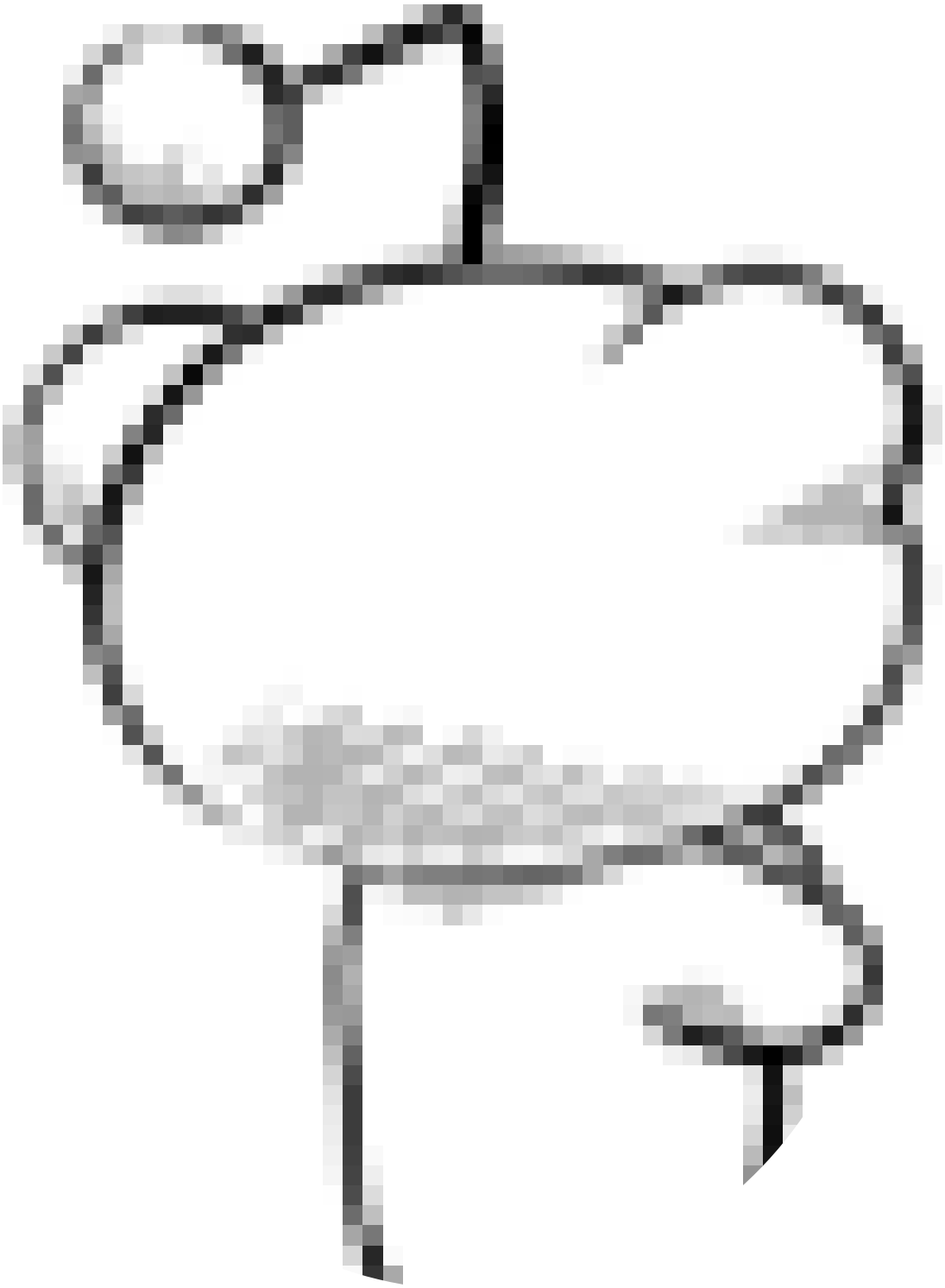

illtits
â€¢ 14y ago

Once I was flying over S. Indiana N./Kentucky/ S. Ohio-a largely agricultural area. This particular flight was during a large snowstorm in the area; several inches blanketed most of the midwest. I woke up from a nap, looked out my window, and observed the snow covered fields as they passed underneath. All of a sudden, I saw a large square field that was completely bare of snow. The only thing I can think of is that there was something underground radiating heat, like an FBI base or missile silo.

WeCameAsLlamas
â€¢ 14y ago

Not my story, but here it goes. My grandpa was on a lonely stretch of road in northern Ontario. He started at what we'll call " point A " and was heading to " point B ". Point A is a two hour drive away from point B if traveling at 100 km/h. He drove from point A for two hours and realized that he should be in town by now, so he drives for another hour, but still no town. He drives for the fourth hour and finally reaches the town. Four hours went by on a two hour trip, heading 100 km/h. He still can't figure it out. He talked with other truck drivers at the truck stop in town B, but everyone said their time was normal and that he's probably just imagining things.

Reply Share

Red5point1
â€¢ 14y ago

Several years ago, I was driving with 3 passenger in my car it was evening just past dusk.
The road I was on was a major road lined with tall trees on the left and residential houses on the right.
As I'm driving I noticed a brightness behind the trees, I quickly look in that direction and noticed the 'moon' to be very bright and unnaturally big. I probably looked for about half a second then returned to looking in front of me. After another second I noticed the actual moon in a crescent stage not even full yet, and it was to the right about 45 degrees up. I quickly look behind the trees and the other 'moon' is gone. This happened very quickly and I was thinking to myself what did I just see as I'm stopping for a red light. Then I look at my passengers and they are all wide eye and ask me was that the moon? That's when I realised it was not just my imagination, I pointed to them where the moon was, we all freaked out and could not work out what we saw.
Later I thought it may have been the glare from a stadiums night lights, but after checking the map of where we were, there was no stadium around that area at all.
Still can not explain that.

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Robreeto89
â€¢ 14y ago

About two years ago when I first got my license I was driving around at two in the morning. Being a new driver in an unfamiliar area I was just turning and ended up being lost in Ashland. Well after taking a few turns on small street I get onto a one lane road that goes out a few miles. After driving straight for about ten or fifteen minutes I came to a back up of about three cars. They were all stopped for one guy in a construction uniform with a stop sign but there were no signs of construction anywhere. No lights, trucks, extra workers, anything. Just the one guy with a sign. And he just kept standing there. After about ten minutes of sitting I just turned around before anything else weird happened.

Reply Share

drownedout
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in 3rd grade, I one day went to use the bathroom. Midway through I hear a large boom and make my way out of there. As I walk back to the classroom, I see a large ball of light hovering over the playground. It slowly moves its way down before disappearing over the slide. I then go back inside the classroom and the power was out.

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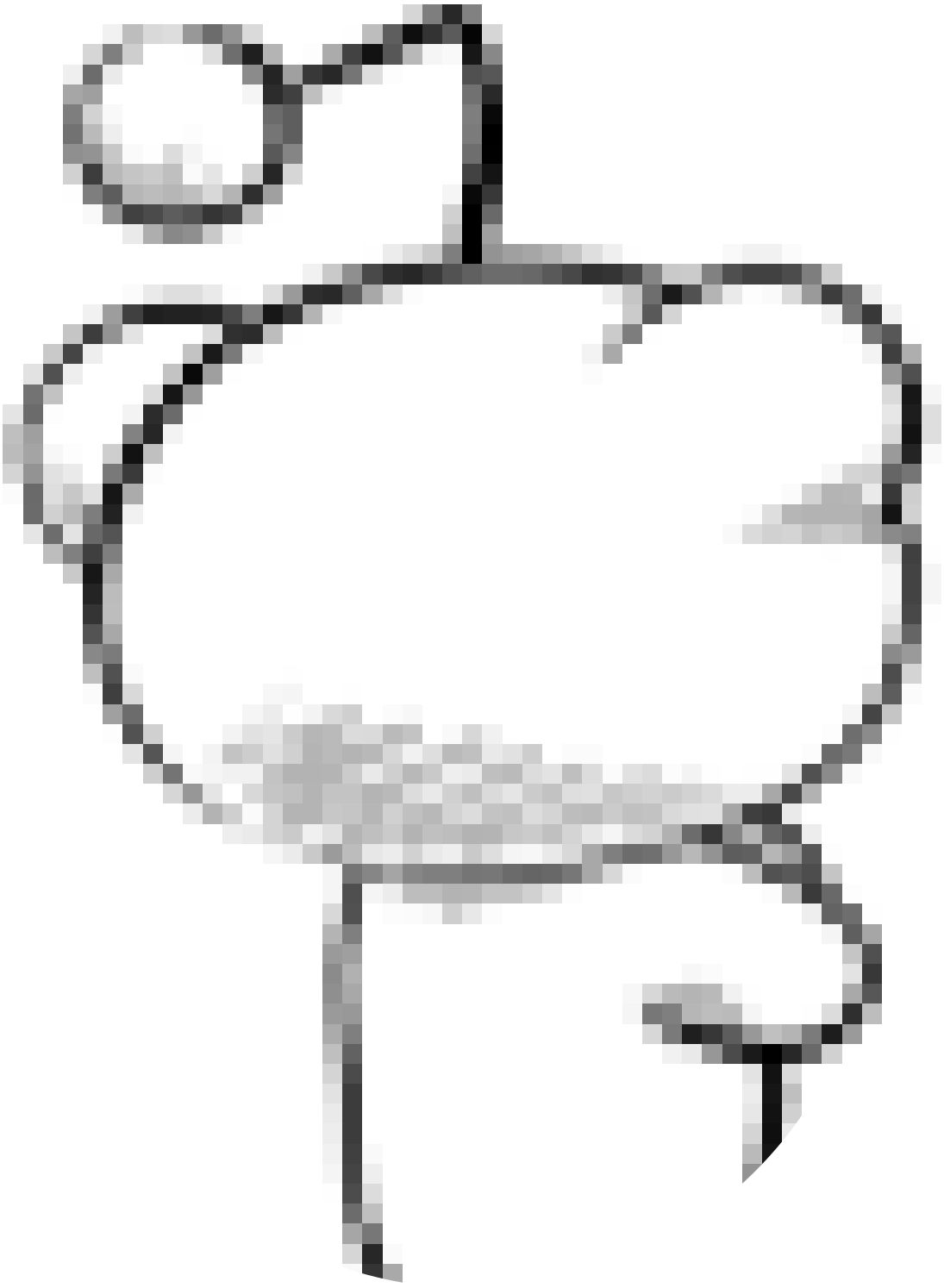

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â€¢ 14y ago

Best buddy and I going to meet up with girls to go hot-tubing about 3 years ago in SLO, CA. About a mile or two where we are from while driving we see this incredibly bright object crash straight into the ground. We though it was a meteor or a plane, it was huge and very close. We haul so much ass over to where it would be which is a large area of vineyards and nothing. We call the local news and cops and nothing. Still when I bring it up we freak out describing it to each other for about an hour.

Reply Share

Danimeh
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 14 or 15 I lost vision in the top half of my eyes for a few minutes.

It indescribably weird and scary, like someone had covered the top half of my pupils. I held my arm up in front of my face and there was a clear line where the vision ended - where my hand was all I could see was black. Sorry if it sounds confusing, I did say it was indescribable!

It's so bizarre that not even google can come up with anything! The best I've come to an explanation was I was reading a UFO book a few years later (I was going through a phase ok?) and an 'abductee' said that she knew when she'd been abducted cos the half vision thing happened to her after she'd been returned. Presumably by that point aliens had learned all they can from peoples butts and had moved onto eyeballs. Luckily for me.

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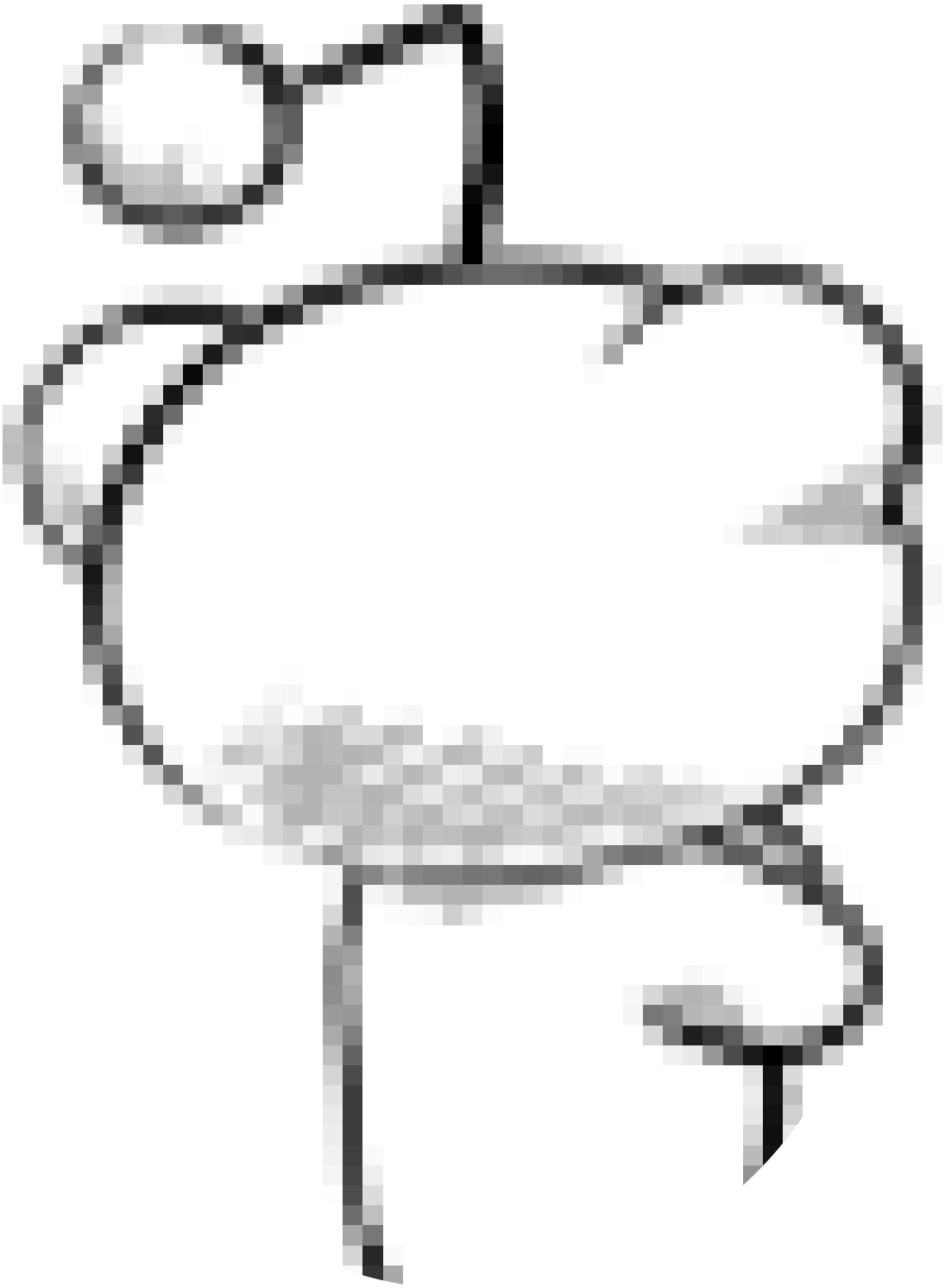

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â€¢ 14y ago

Was in el paso Texas February 1, 2003. I was smoking pot and getting drunk the night before and when I did that I would sleep untill 1 in the afternoon. Woke up at 8 not 2 hour past when I went to bed in the first place. Felt weird, and couldn't figure it out. told gf to turn on the TV, news was covered with the Columbia disaster. Only explanation I have is the sonic boom over el paso woke me up but I don't recall hearing it. And no one I knew had heard it who was up.

Reply Share

xkittybunnyx
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in 6th grade I was on my bed and I had my door closed and all of a sudden the door knob kept turning, like someone was trying to get in. I assumed it was my grandma, but it literally just kept turning back and forth. Looked like the person had a hard time opening it. Then all of a sudden BAM it opened with a big sound. But there wasn't anyone there, the door just automatically opened with the knob turning. I thought it may have been my grandma, so I got up and she was sleeping in another bedroom and no one else was home. To this day, I cannot explain what happened.

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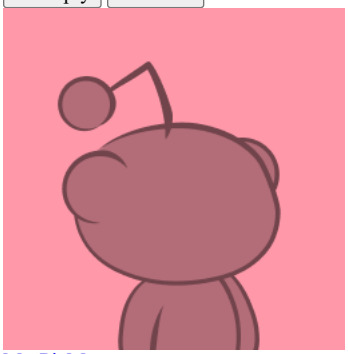

Mr_PieMan
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was ten I saw something that was big and appeared to be metallic in broad daylight in the sky. Didn't look like any plane I ever seen

Reply Share

cantthinkkangaroo
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 10 years old, I lived in a neighborhood that was being developed. There were only about three completely developed streets at the time, but all the roads for the neighborhood wete cut out and shaped and about half of them paved. This made for the awesomest bike track of all time.

My cousin and I hung out all the time, and we rode our bikes for hours around the neighborhood. No cars, other kids riding bikes, and the construction crews would only work on about four houses at a time so it was easy to stay out of their way.

There was a sump (I don't know if that's just what we called it, but it's basically a big hole about the size of a football field for rain water/gutters to drain into) in that middle of everything. It's surrounded by a fence, brick cinder blocks on the parts that border backyards, and chain link with the wooden slats weaved in on the sides facing the streets. On the back side, their is a big gate for maintainence vehicles and a long dirt ramp take goes to the bottom of the sump.

We rode in here all the time. The ramp was fun, and there was a mix of hard dirt and soft dirt patches which made riding more difficult and wipe outs more plausible. The opposite end from the gate is where a big pipe let the water from the street gutters drain. We generally avoided this side because it was always soggy, even in 100+ degree heats due to people watering their lawns. A lot of seeds were also deposited, and plants were abundant in the mini swamp area. The neighborhood was at least five years old by this time, and some of the vegetation had grown up quite large, I'm assuming because of the constant water and other weird shit drained from people's lawns. The center piece of this mini swamp forest was two trees, one substantially larger than the other, about ten and twenty feet tall and surrounded by random shrubs and a bunch of super tall grass. We lived in suburbia and thought this mini forest was pretty cool.

One afternoon, my cousin and I were riding in the sump, doing typical kid shit-racing down the ramp, balancing through the sand, giggling...

Then all of a sudden we hear a weird howlcry come from the swampy area. We look over and see something I can only describe as a mini abominable snowman shaking and screaming the the tree. He was about 4 ft tall, covered head to foot in white, long fur. He was half way up the big tree, holding on with one hand and holding onto the other tree near the top, with a foot resting on one of the branches of the smaller tree. He looked right at us, screamed again, and then dropped out of site, presumably to the ground.

My cousin and I looked at each other in fear, then rode our little asses right up the ramp and out of the sump. We booked it home, which sucked because we had to pass the sump, the side closer to the swampy side, to get back to my house.

We talked about it occasionally, and eventually talked it up to some sort of weird kid/heat imagination with embellishment that we just contorted over the years. Like a shared false memory.

But then it gets really weird.

Years later, I was talking to my friend as we went on a walk around the neighborhood. She had moved into the neighborhood about five years after I did, and lived about a mile away in a completely different neighorhood prior. We're walking past the sump when I bring up the story. As soon as I say "white monkey thing" she stops dead in her tracks.

She then tells me she saw the same thing, around the same time I did, in her old neighborhood.

She was about ten as well, with another one of our frienda who is a couple years younger than her, the same age as my cousin. It was right after sunset in summer, so the sun was down but the sky wasn't too dark yet. As the took the trash around the corner of the house, they hears the trash can lid fall off, and then saw the thing. The four foot tall, white furry monkey thing. It saw them, shrieked, then ran through the neighbors driveway and down the street. They ran inside.

We didn't know each other at the time. We wouldn't meet for a couple years. Our neighborhoods were not connected. They are divided by multiple neighborhoods, and a very large main street. Based on our ages, we're pretty sure it was the same summer.

I don't have an explanation. Some weirdo in a white monkey suit scarying little kids? Sounds equally as plausible as a rwal monkey thing running around scarying little kids.

tl; dr - Two separate sightings of abominable snowman in suburban California during the summer.

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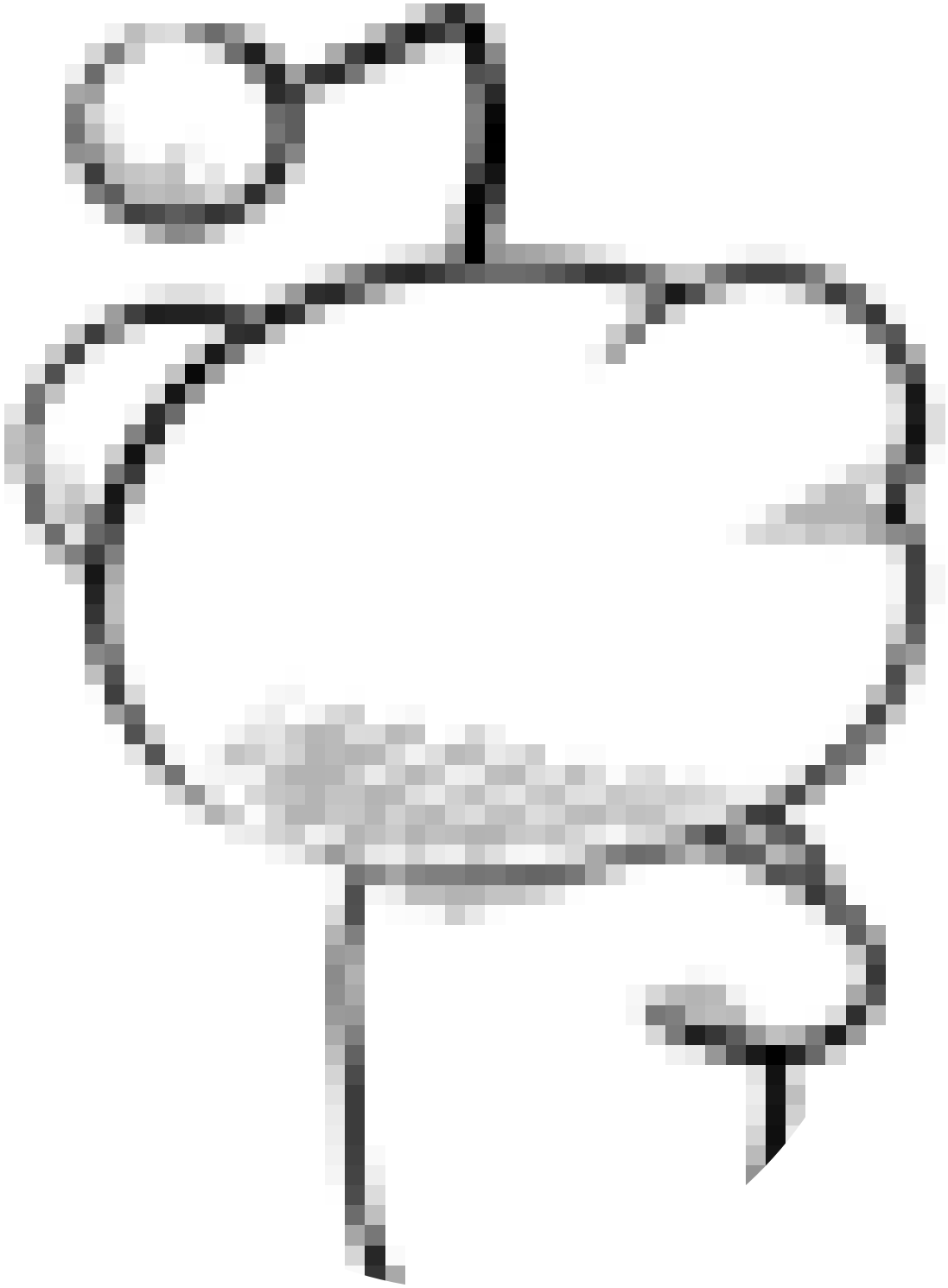

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â€¢ 14y ago

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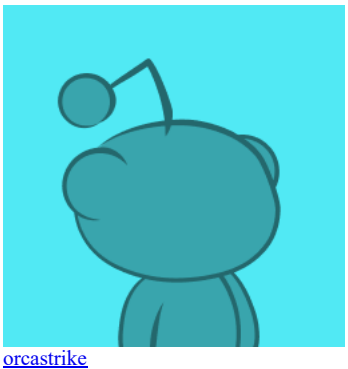

orcastrike
â€¢ 14y ago

I had just watched I, Robot with a buddy and was driving home alone when a monkey ran across the street in front of me. This was in a large suburban city in southern California, so monkeys are not normal. It ran into a construction site and I followed it. I got out of my car and after a few minutes of looking, I started to realize this was a bad idea and left.

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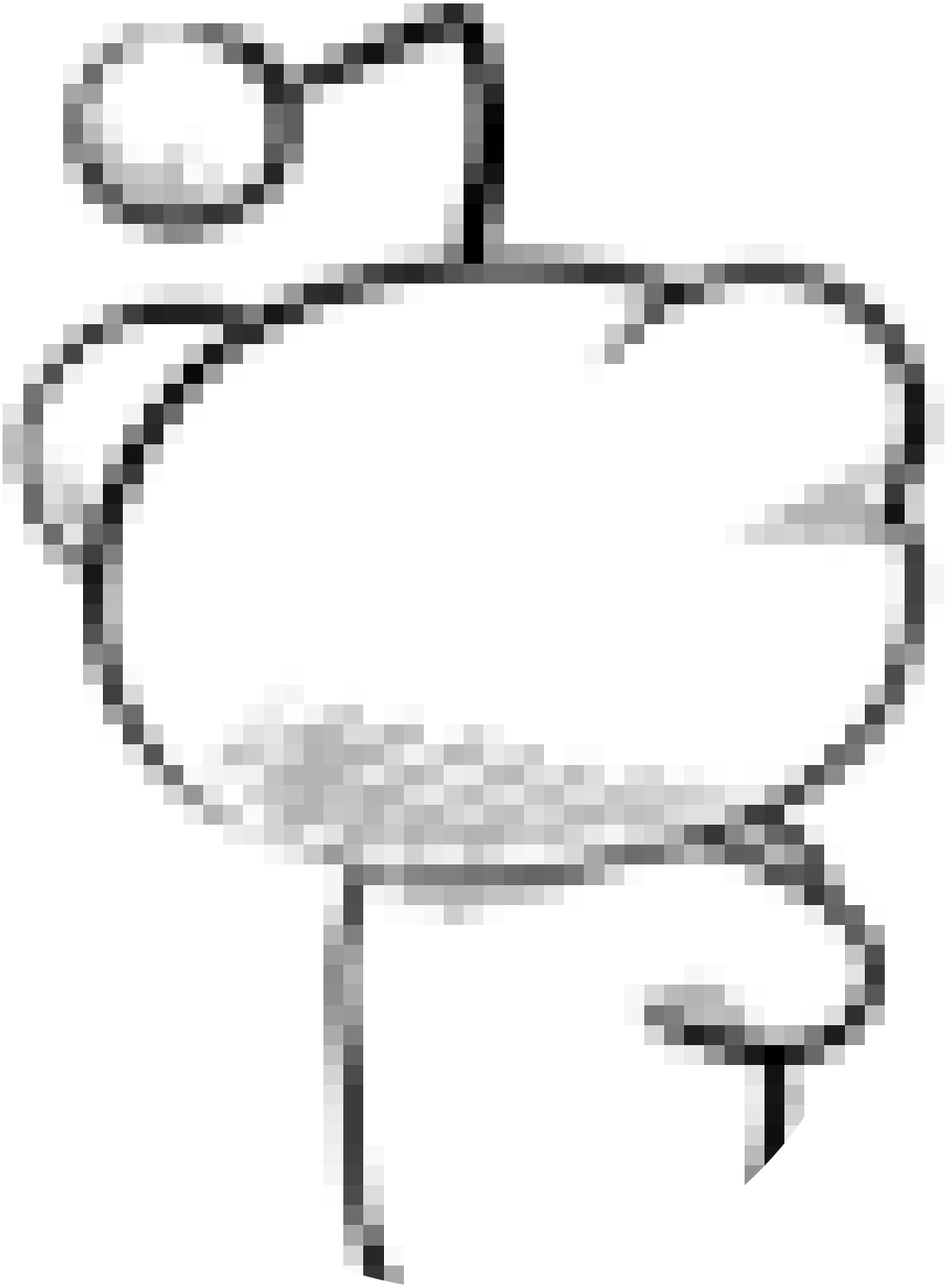

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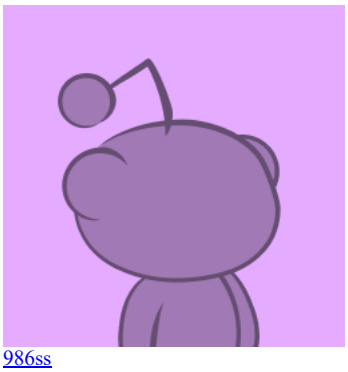
â€¢ 14y ago

I was camping with some friends in Texas, and in the middle of the night, 4 of us woke up at the exact same time just a few seconds before what seemed like a woman screaming the most horrific sound I've ever heard right outside our tent. It went in front of us, then side, then the other side all in less than a second. I'm an eagle scout and have months worth of time in backcountry woods. Never heard anything like that before or since. Still gives me the creeps. That night, we heard things pushing our tent, metal hitting the metal rods of our tent, and other strange noises. The next morning, there were drag marks that looked like claws had been dragged from our tent to the edge of the bushes. I'm never going to forget that sound. Or how fast it moved.



986ss
â€¢ 14y ago

Getting buried, don't care. Was 19, grandfather had died 2 days earlier, and it was the day before my 20th birthday. Mother and I had went up to stay the night at the house he and my grandmother used to live in because we didn't feel like getting a hotel. We had gone to see my grandfather's body that night, and were genuinely impressed with the work the embalmer had done. Anyway, after viewing him, and getting ready for the sadness that his absence was going to bring our family, we head to that house. Upon walking to the front door (it was about 10:30pm) my mother and I set down our bags and look for the key to the place when I noticed a shadow in the kitchen, about my height, 5'10", and was thrown off for a second. Not only due to the sight of something looking like someone in the house that we had the only key to, but because there was a silhouette at that time of night. Shadow disappears, so I figure my mind is just messing with me. Then I hear footsteps walking from the kitchen toward the front door (there were hardwood floors in the kitchen and next to the front door). Look at my mother, who is visibly shaking and whispers to me, "Did you hear the steps too?" Have a knife in my pocket, unfold it, and get ready to deal with whoever it is that has trespassed into the house. Footsteps from the kitchen stop at the other side of the front door. Open the door...

Nothing. No person, no animal, no anything. I look at my mother again to make sure I wasn't imagining anything, she's still shaking, asking again if I heard the same thing she heard. Look through the entire house (5 rooms, garage, crawl space, backyard) and still, nothing. She didn't see anything come out of the garage or through to the front yard. No explanation... At all. No sleep that night.

Reply Share

larkakawaii
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Sorry is probably way too long but here it is...In elementary school there was a kid, call him billy, who had brain cancer and then leukemia.

Getting to school and participating in class was sometimes hard for him. It turned out that our 5th grade teacher was his next door neighbor and good friend of the family. So they put Billy in our class. As the year went on and Billy got worse he didn't make it to class a lot the first time he made it back after a while our teacher asked us to give him a warm welcome when he did. so we all stood up clapped and cheered! And this tradition keep on, every time billy made it to class we would clap and cheer :) until he died. right after he died the all the power in the school stopped working for 5 minutes. But that wasn't the truly weird thing...

A week or two after Billy's death I had this eerie dream. I was in class and Billy came in, like normal people stood up clapped and cheered except 6 of us didn't. I distinctly remember wanting to cheer but feeling instead feeling tears fall while having the thought that this isn't right...Billy is supposed to be in a better place not here. He looks at the class and speaks but it seems like only us 6 can hear him.

Three days later at lunch I was sitting at one of those circle lunch tables with kids from my class. and three of the non-cheerers were there. I ended up telling them i had this weird dream they were in. they all said they did too but three days before one started to tell the story and one of the others finished it, while the 3rd named the other 2 kids who didn't stand.

One of those 2 heard his name from the next table over and asked what we were talking about we told him it was just a weird dream about Billy...he responded by recounting the dream. We tracked down the last person she had the same dream. No one else in the class did.

TL;DR Classmate in my 5th grade class dies, briefly takes the school's power with him. Then 6 of his classmates had a dream about him, on the same night, with the exact same details, all of describing feeling and thinking the same emotions & thoughts.

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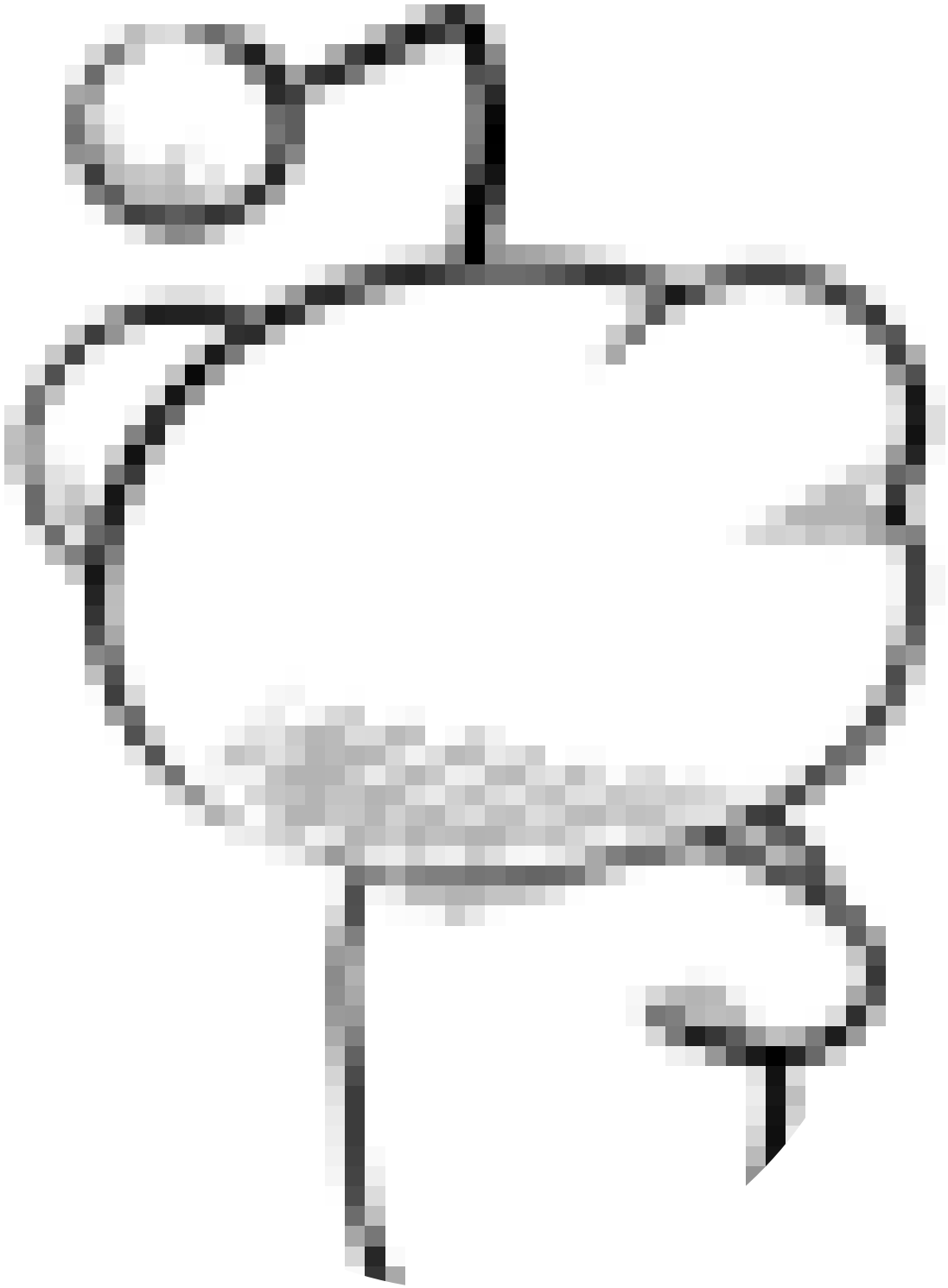

redwngsfan019
â€¢ 14y ago

I got one. When I was in 8th grade I was playing on my computer in our computer room at like 1 or 2 am (it was the weekend) and everyone was asleep. I was sitting there playing a game in complete darkness and out of no where a travel size hair spray bottle my mom kept in her purse hit my chair. The spray bottle was on a coffee table in the living room which was 2 rooms over. Started yelling because I didn't know who the fuck did it then my mom and dad came running down the steps freaking out because they thought I was hurt or something. I still don't know who / how the bottle got thrown at me, both parents were asleep, my dog was asleep and my brother was gone that night.

My mom also swears she saw / heard a ghost one night when me and my brother were little, I was probably 4th or 5th grade and I think my brother was middle school. My dad is a truck driver so he was out on the road that night but my mom said me and my brother were asleep because we had school the next day and she was in bed watching tv when she heard 3 footsteps the bottom of the stairs. She thought it was one of us so she checked and we were both asleep still and she didn't see anything so she went back to bed and heard more steps so then she went and got me and my brother and made us go to her room. Then she said she saw a shadow underneath the door so she acted like she was calling the neighbor to come over and it left and nothing else happened.

Reply Share

Suikasen
â€¢ 14y ago

About a year ago or so I was asleep, having a dream that I was in an underwater ruin looking for treasure. There were skeletons walking around, but I hadn't seen one yet. One of them put it's hand on my shoulder, before I could see it, I woke up. When I opened my eyes it was pitch black everywhere but in the corner of my room, the only light I could see was a bright glowing skeleton. It stared at me, didn't really move very much. I hid under my covers and peaked out every so often, but it wouldn't go away until my light got turned on hours later. I still don't know what exactly happened, but it really freaked me out at.

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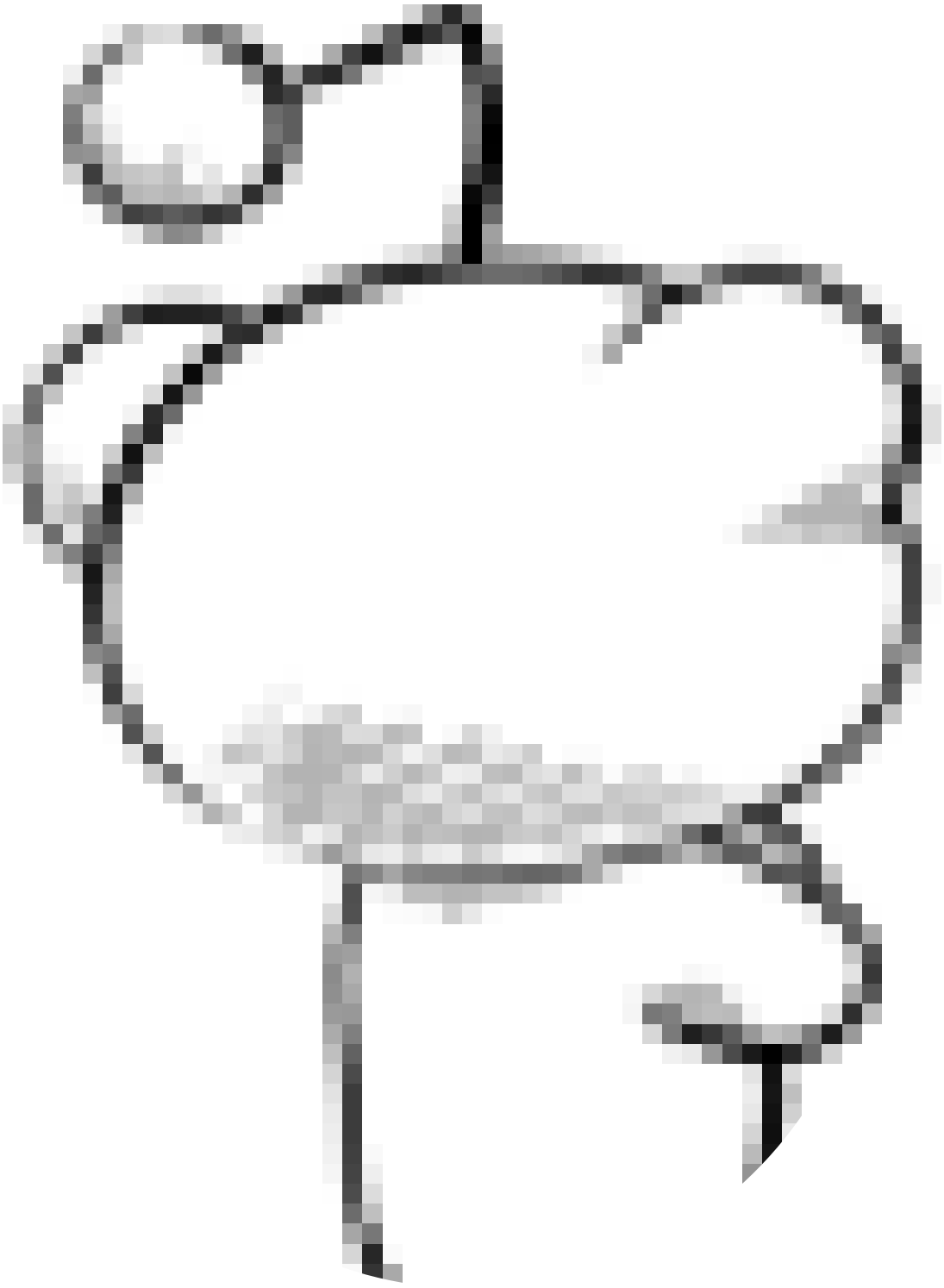

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â€¢ 14y ago

About 10 months ago me and a friend were star gazing on top of a parking garage. I was looking up the skys were absolutely clear and very beautiful, Until i noticed something very strange and out of the ordinary. It was a object with 3 lights one at the top and two at the bottom in a triangle shape. These lights looked like huge orbs and all flowed together as one, at first i thought i was seeing things cause this obviously was not a aircraft and the object remained still as if it was hovering. So i tap on my friends shoulder who had not seen it yet and asked him what he saw, it took him a second to spot it because it was pretty high, but once he did he clearly explained what i was viewing (So now i know im not crazy). This is exciting but at the same time freaky, we're in a panic state saying "Holy what the hell is that" , "I dont know man! i dont know!", then all of a sudden this stationary trianglar orb like structure starts moving, faster then any plane i have ever seen, to put it in terms it was like it hit warp speed and flew over the horizon in about 2 seconds. It was the fastest object i had ever seen, never in my life had i seen a plane fly that fast so i knew it wasn't that.

We told some friends what we saw some believed us, some didn't but we were very shook but also glad we witnessed something so great.

Tl:DR: Me and friend star gazing, see triangular shaped craft 1 white orb on top two on bottom, it remains stationary for about 10-15 seconds then out of no where hits warp speed flying over the horizon in about 2 seconds.

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phoenix-diapers
â€¢ 14y ago

tide goes in, tide goes out. never a missed communication. you can't explain that!

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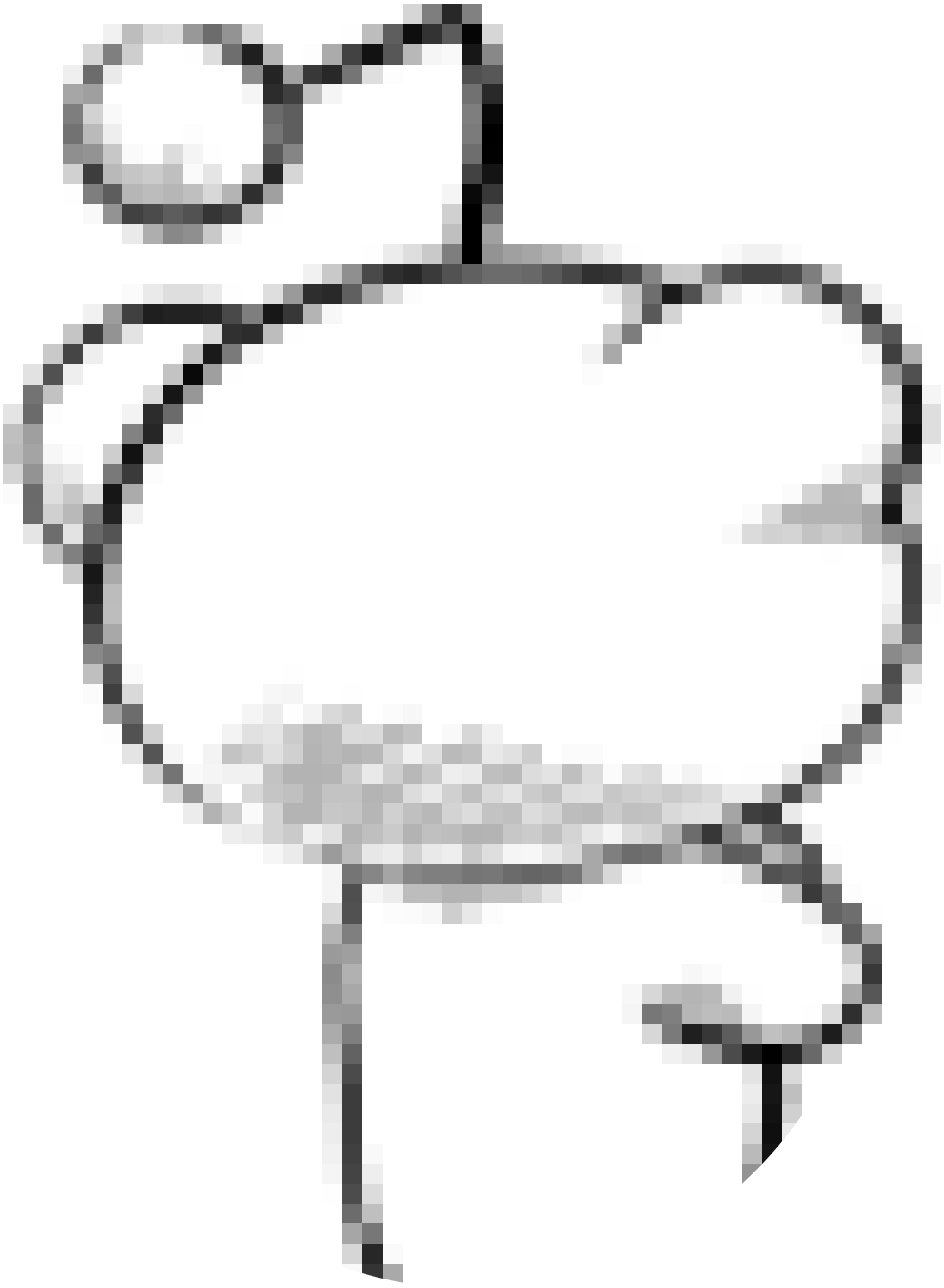

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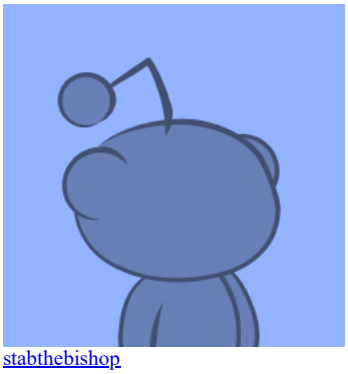
â€¢ 14y ago

me and my friends were sitting, tripping out on mushrooms in a car, in the parking area of a music festival. A girl went to the car beside us and grabbed a bag of something out of the car. no one was paying attention to her, we were just talking about universe and shit when suddenly something compelled me to roll down my window and say hey, enjoy your peaches to the girl... she pulls a peach out of the bag with a wtf look on her face....same wtf look on all our faces.....no explanation.....silence.....mushrooms.....

Reply Share

pantrybarn
â€¢ 14y ago

Once I was in the car with a few others after doing some hunting in a very rural part of Northern California. We were driving on a dirt road through some meadows on the way home, in the dark. We were on the verge of coming "back to civilization", with some old barns and structures around, when the sky lit up bright green. Then the land was lit up. We could see all around us, even to the mountains/hills bordering the meadows pretty far off. It was just like day time, for about three seconds, but it was a green light. The weirdest thing to me was the silence. There was no noise at all. You would think that a blast of light like that that covers the land for miles would have some sort of explosion noise that accompanies it, but there was nothing. The whole thing lasted probably 3-4 seconds. Anyone ever heard of something like that?



stabthebishop
â€¢ 14y ago

Nothing exceptionally strange has happened to me but I've talked with many of my close friends about stuff like this. I'll type up a short collection. Sorry it's no first-hand account, but I'm sure it'll entertain someone.

Five of us close friends were chatting about this stuff in our tent while camping. Big mistake. Three of them all live in the same area, up on some hill where there's a fair amount of forest area. The three of them and other people in the area have all had strange experiences in the forest:

Instance 1: One instance, kid 1 was at a near by grocery store which is on the side of one of the main roads going through the area. It was late at night and he had stopped for gas or something. One side of the road is sloped up a hill, so the road is the first flat spot for a while. From up the slope in the trees he heard an incredibly loud noise. Trees shaking, thumping, rumbling. He said it sounded like a fucking semi truck was rolling down the hill.

The sound gets closer and louder, then when it sounds to be just about at the road, it stops.

Then, a few seconds of silence.

The other side of the road is forest as well and continues downhill. The sound immediately picks up again in this direction then fades off.

Story 2: Kid 2 was in the forest behind his house. Their backyard line is where the forest starts so it's just a hop skip and a jump to be completely surrounded by trees. He was out here cutting down small trees in the area as he had done many times before. Without warning he heard a very loud noise like all the trees in the area began shaking. Leaves rustling like an extremely strong breeze. But the trees weren't shaking and there was no wind. Then it stopped. He went back to the house pretty quick.

Story 3: Kid 4 and 5 were out in the backyard of this same house smoking (weed). It was winter so there was snow everywhere. At one point during their little smoke break, they saw a big figure kind of like a bear trudging through the snow in the little break between the yard and the forest. It made no noise whatsoever and scarred them shitless. This is in a pretty big neighborhood up on this hill and this part of the forest isn't very dense. By that I mean you walk one direction and will get to houses pretty quickly, so it'd seem odd for a bear to be back there.

Story 4: Kid 1 was walking back to his house one night. There is a large gravel parking lot in front of his house. He said he saw this orange light sitting there. The light suddenly rose up into the air and shot off into the distant sky like you might imagine a little spaceship firing out of the atmosphere would do. Another odd thing about this is that the night before I got to the camp ground where we were telling these stories, Kids 1-4 were up on some sand dunes star-gazing. They saw an orange light moving in strange patterns far out in the sky like doing loops or turns and such. Movement patterns a plane couldn't make.

I had been up to this forest area where they all live and haven't experienced something yet. I've always been a skeptic but with how well I know these guys and the looks on their face when reliving these stories makes me think. They are thoroughly convinced there is 'something' in the forest.

New story: We have some close family friends that we go to Hood River with (basically Colombia river, Washington-Oregon border, Oregon side). They stayed up in this area for a few weeks longer than us so they rented a house rather than stay in tents. There are 4 of them, husband, wife, and two kids, and a dog. The wife's father accompanied them as well on his first visit to America (they are both from Peru). In this house, all of them except the husband had a paranormal experience in that house.

One morning they were having breakfast. Suddenly, the two kids ask about a slamming noise, like a door. All of them heard it except the husband. He doesn't believe them yet they all persist that a door did slam. They move on from the subject.

The wife's father, let's call him Pa, was in bed one night. The dog was sleeping by him and just suddenly sat up and perked up like he heard a noise. In another instance, Pa heard footsteps coming up these stairs at night. Everyone had already gone to bed and nobody ever came up.

The eeriest part is during the stay there, Pa had a dream he was lying in the same bed and there were kids standing around his bed, just staring at him. That was the extent of the dream.

The husband went on to explain more of the things that happened. He experienced nothing while everyone else had. He said he never really believed in "ghosts" but he's positive his family "experienced" something there. It was the combination of being out on a boat in the cold, and the look on his face while telling the story that really made me shiver.

I'm eager, yet dread my first explainable experience.

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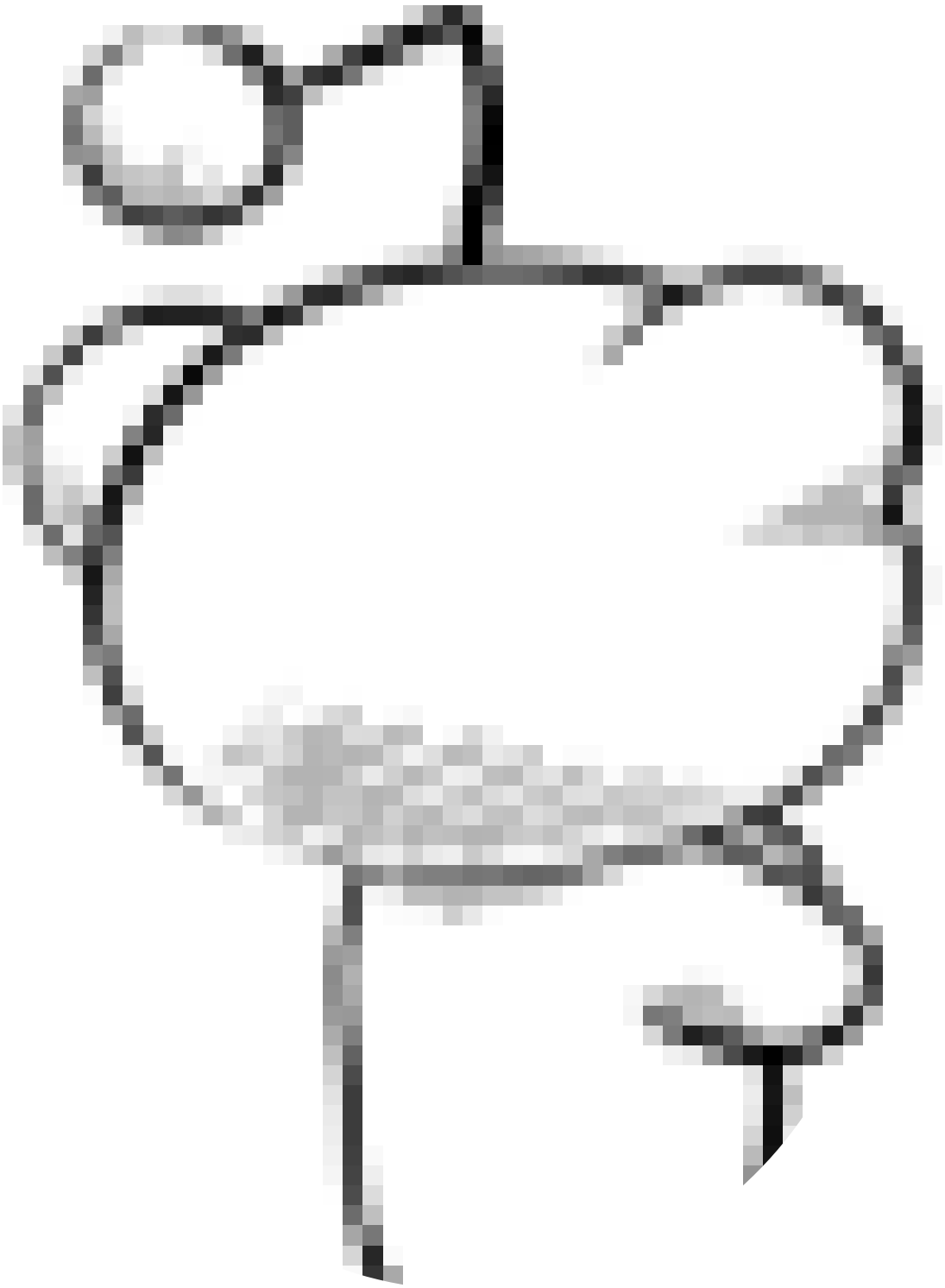

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â€¢ 14y ago

Just a few weeks ago some friends and I went camping, with a LOT of cannabis. The whole adventure was scarily like a horror movie, with us getting lost on the way to the site and asking an old man with a thick drawl where to go, and him telling us 'you should probably go somewhere else, you don't want to be here' and almost running out of gas on the way there. After lots of dirt roads, getting to the camp and getting gas, we finally set up camp and waited for dark.

This was the night of the time change, so we were excited to have an extra night of camping, being college students. We smoked first in our tent, then in a small 'indian village' on the premises, and then in the indian church. We made our way back to the camp, and as we were roasting marshmallows and hot dogs, we constantly heard someone or something circling our camp. We assumed it was just us being high out of our minds and all agreed to ignore it, after making sure there WASN'T anyone there of course.

So at one point we go to the camp bathroom (a building that was a bit of a walk, but our female party member refused to go outside) and crossed a huge foggy field to get there. As we came back, we sat on a blanket in the fog and decided to smoke a joint. Then we heard it. A revving chainsaw, at our camp, at 1 in the morning. It was revving and moving around the area where our camp was, it was horrifying. I should point out that they clearly weren't cutting anything, the sounds were clearly that of someone just revving a chainsaw. We started freaking out, and agreed to stay where we were, and smoke another joint. The car keys were in the tent, there wasn't much we could do in terms of leaving. After what felt like forever, the chainsaw stopped.

We eventually went back to the tent, and forgot about the chainsaw quickly enough, because we were blazed.

When we woke up in the morning, there was a hand-carved wooden cross in the middle of our camp.

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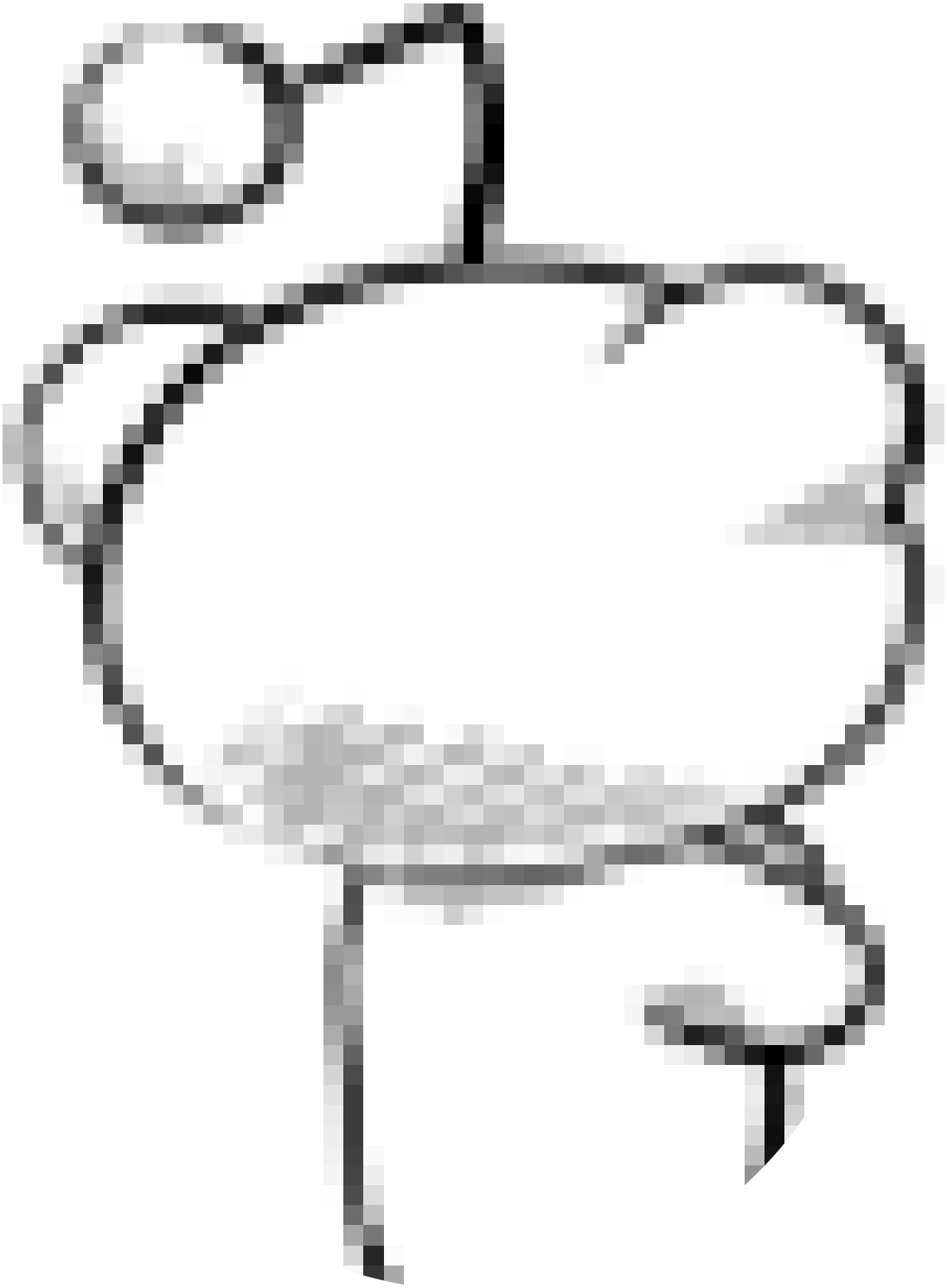

bitter_season
â€¢ 14y ago

"Dude with a chainsaw at our camp? Better stay here and smoke more weed!"

Lol, stoner logic. I miss it.

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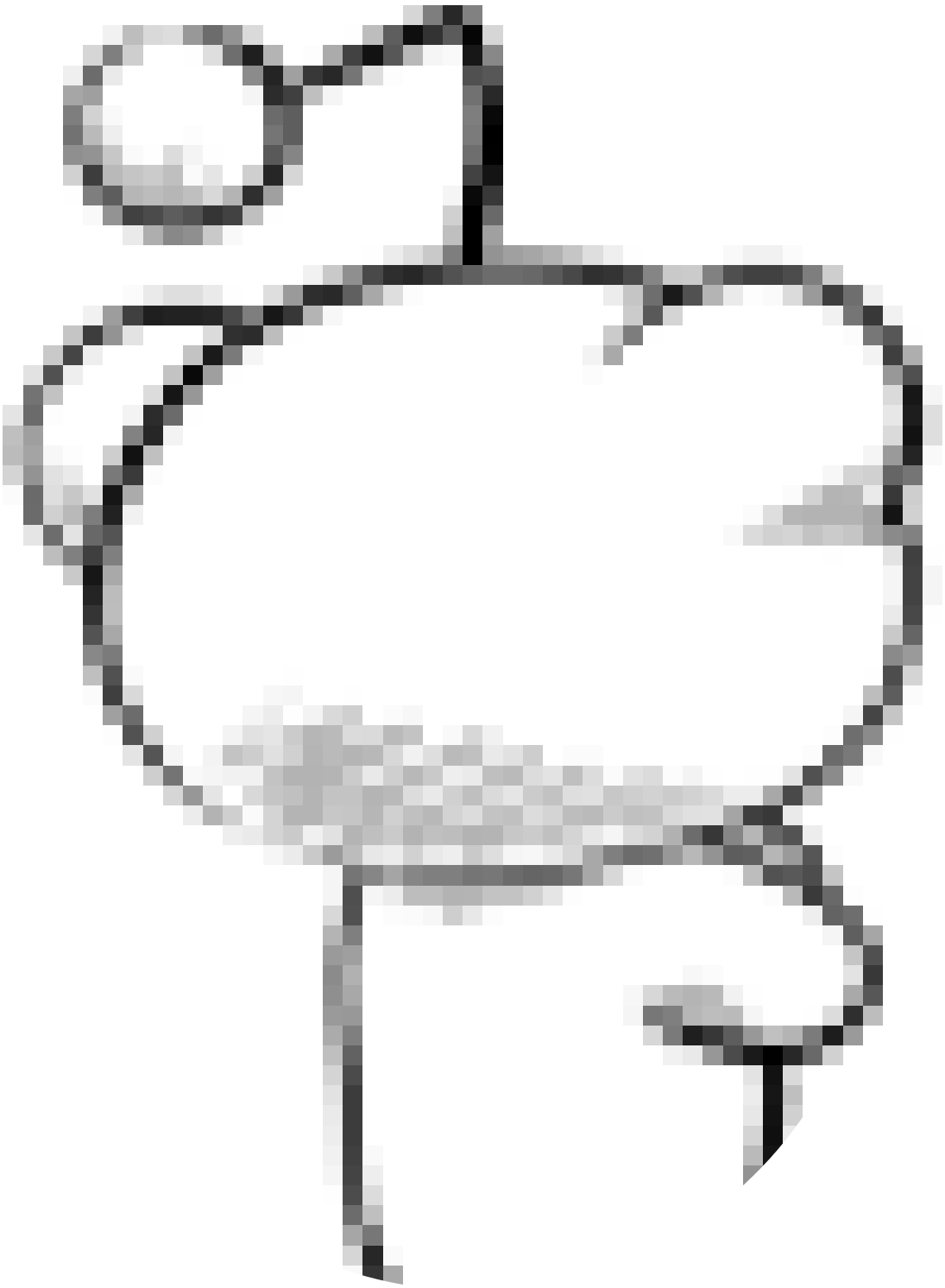
3 more replies
More replies



metro99
â€¢ 14y ago

Where do I start?

I used to travel this road with my mother that went into town on a regular basis. It was exactly 86 KM from start to finish and always took at least an hour as the road was gravel and we'd go 80KM/hr. This one particular day driving back from town we realized that the entire trip all of a sudden felt like it had taken maybe 20 minutes tops. We look at the clock and sure enough, we had only been travelling for 20 minutes. We look at each other and both acknowledge this "timewarp".

When I was a kid shit used to go missing all. the. fucking. time. Lego especially as I was a big into lego. I'd build this piece to a bigger project, set it down, and when I came back it was nowhere. Friends had it happen to them too. Then out of the blue there it was in some plain as day place that I swear I'd checked 20 times prior.

Travelling through the mountains one time when every station that we could get (6-7 maybe) were playing the exact same song at the exact same time. Creepy for sure.

This is a pretty big one. One night I had a reaaally bad time sleeping. I kept thinking about this one friend I had. I had no idea what bothered me but I felt something very powerful affecting my emotions. I even cried. It felt like complete hopelessness and sadness. Woke up the next day to find out that my friend had been raped by some Swollen Members manager who took her backstage.

I used to be able to look at the sky and for a long time some stars would just slowly fade away. Thought it was my eye being light-blinded or something but I would glance to the side and i would still notice it fading from peripheral.

As a spiritual person, however, I have never ever ever had anything supernatural other than the type of events above happen to me. No door slamming, demon seeing, ghost seeing objects moving on their own, etc.

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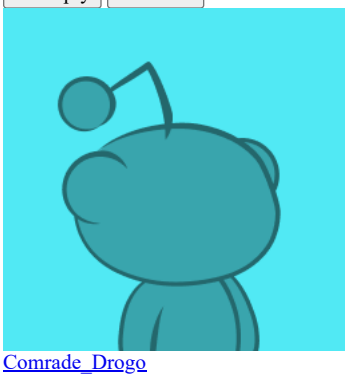

Comrade_Drogo
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 15, I slept over at my best mates place, where I had never stayed before, his parents had just split up and it was his mums new place. When I walked in to the house immediately it felt really weird, like I was being watched didn't really freak me out, but I felt sort of sad about it, I shrugged it off and we played xbox for a while.

Anyway, when I was sleeping I woke up at like 3am and felt this thing on my face. Initially I was like "HOLY FUCK IT'S A COCKROACH FUCK THIS" but then realised it was too big, and it felt like a hand. I thought my mates had just fallen down from his bed, so I pushed it off. It felt weird though, like the hand just ended at the wrist. It couldn't have been my friends hand cause he was on the other side of the bed, and his hands were both underneath his head. Needless to say I was weirded the fuck out, and looked around the room using the light of my phone and couldn't find anything. I told my mate in the morning and he dismissed me as bullshitting or dreaming (a possibility, but it felt very real nonetheless).

Later that week,I told a friend of a friend who said she was a little bit "psychic" (it wasn't her job or anything). Anyway, she said it was the spirit of a woman in her late 20's to mid 30's who died in the house and apparently didn't know she was dead, said it wouldn't happen again and she recommended burning sage I think. Two weeks later he unexpectedly moved back to England with his dad. Could be a coincidence, but who knows, it was weird for me anyway.

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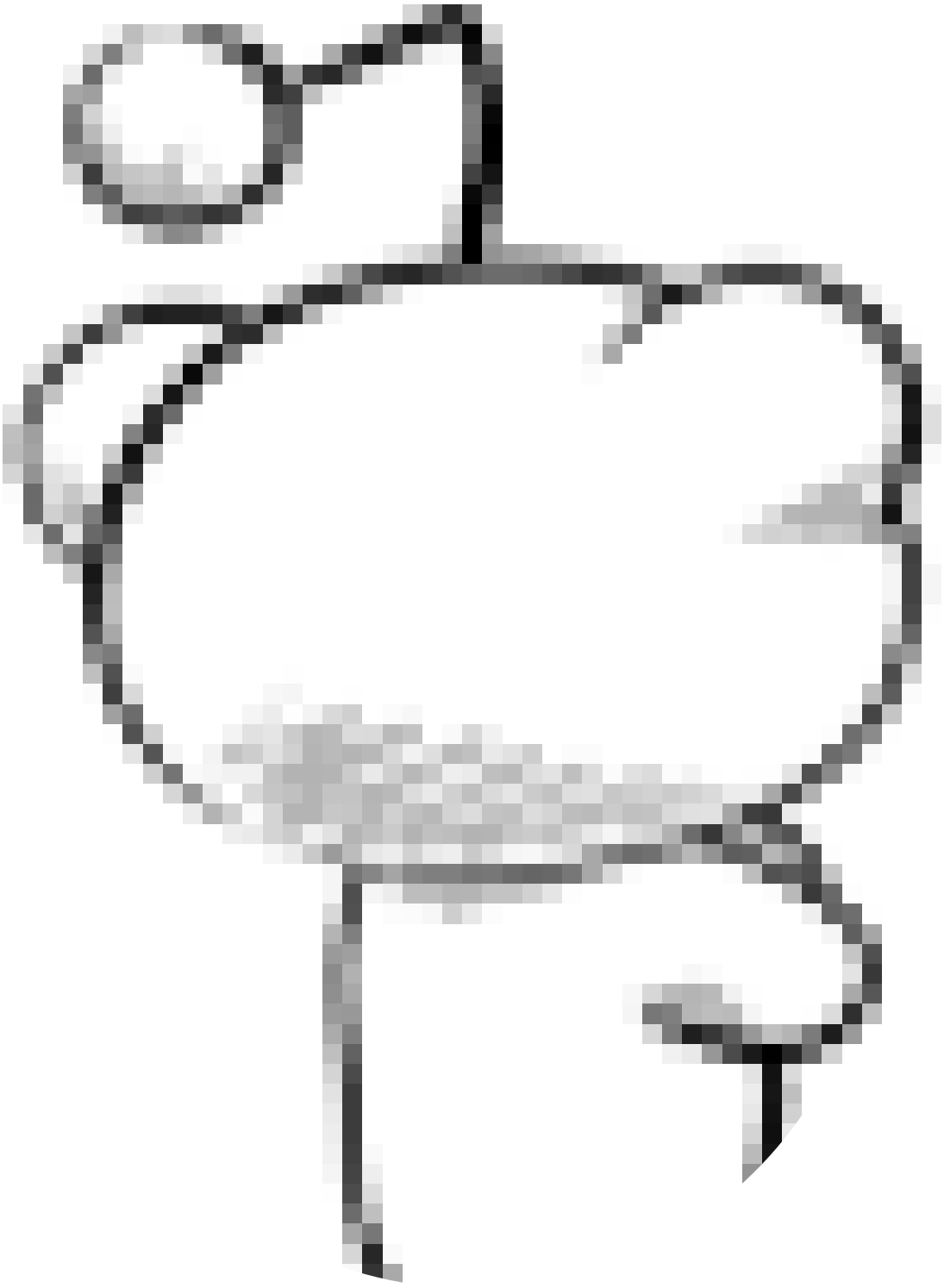

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â€¢ 14y ago

This didn't happen to me but to my mom. She had been diagnosed with a tumor about eight years ago. She was told that she would need an operation to remove said tumor. After some screenings before the operation, the doctors asked her where she had been operated before. She told them that she had never had surgery in her life. The doctor told her that she must be mistaken, because the tumor was no longer there. The doctor said that it must have been surgically removed because there were incision marks inside where the tumor was located.

She also told us about a dream she had the night before going to see the doctor. She was in her bed and she sees a light shining beneath the door. She then sees these two tall skinny grey aliens with big black eyes and long slender fingers. They lead her out her room and into a vessel where she is undressed and told to lay on a cold metallic table. She then remembers those big black eyes looking down at her, and feeling the coldness of the the table pass through her body.

My mom didn't tell anybody about this until two years afterwards. I guess she didn't want anybody to think she was crazy. All I know is that at one point my mom had this tumor in her body, and after a dream of hers she no longer needed surgery. I guess the truth really is out there.

KillingTime187
â€¢ 14y ago

My parents owned horses when I was a baby, and when I was less than a year old, their horse was also very close to having a foal. The horses were kept at a stud a couple of miles from our house, so when she was ready to have the foal, my parents would do shifts to check on her and make sure she hadn't had it yet, or to be there when she had it. One night they had decided that she wasn't going to have it yet and had both gone to sleep. My twin brother and I began crying, waking my mum up. My brother settled down straight away, but I would not shut up, and was screaming my head off for a solid hour. This was very out of character for me, and by the time my mum eventually got me to sleep she was wide awake and decided to check on the horse. She got there, and the foal was dead and hanging halfway out of the mare. If my mum had got there 10 minutes later, the mare would have been dead too, but because I had woken her up, she had been in time to call the vet and save the mare.

Another time, my brother and I were about 2, having just developed the ability to speak. My mum used to take us in the car to watch aeroplanes set off, from a little hill next to the airport. The hill was right in front of a cemetery. One time, my brother asked "Why are we here?". My answer chilled my mum to the bone. Despite being 2 and having no concept of death, nor even being aware that the cemetery was there or what a grandparent is, answered "We are here to see Grandad", who was buried about 30 metres away in the cemetery.

TL;DR, I was a psychic baby.

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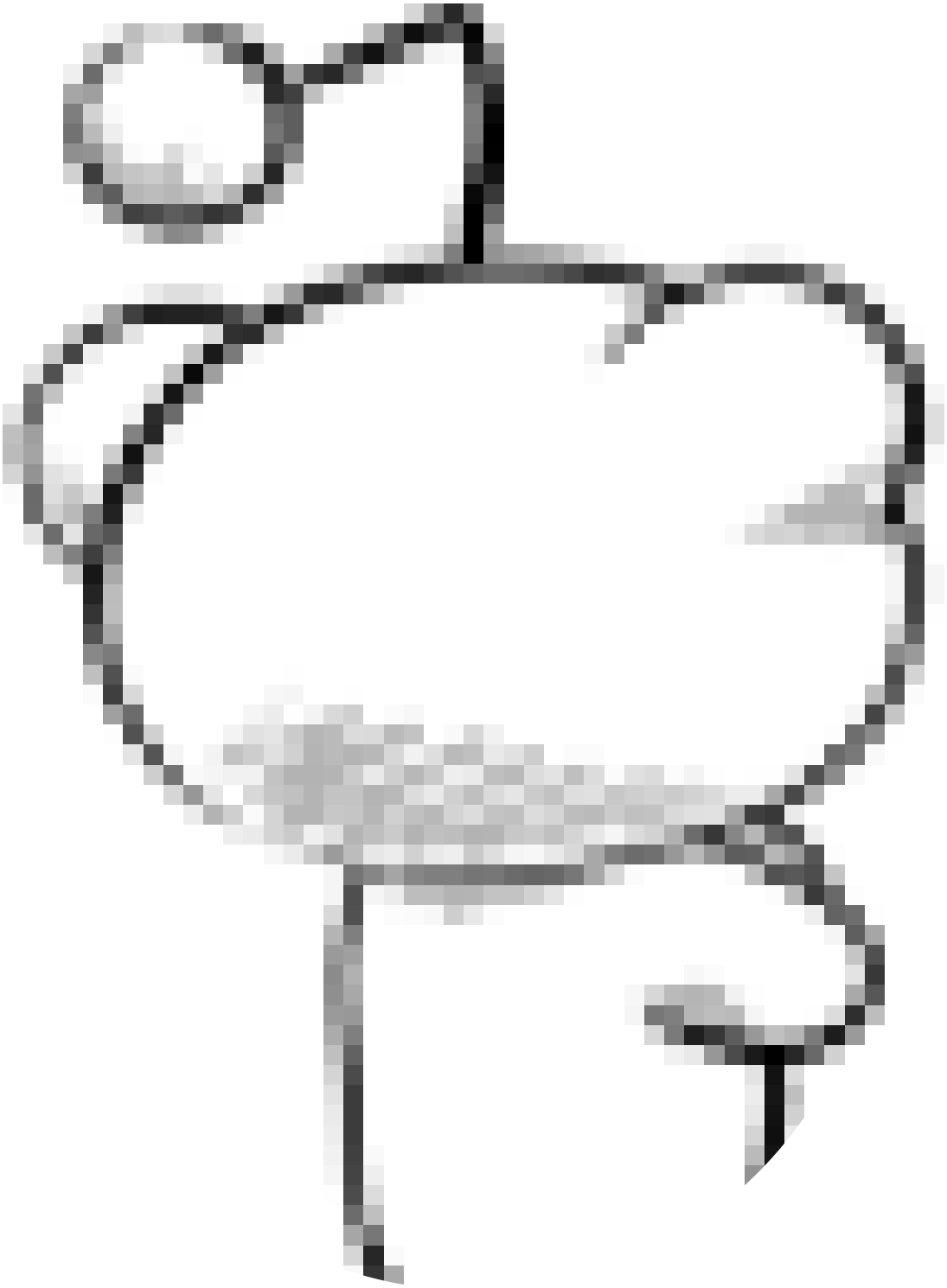

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â€¢ 14y ago

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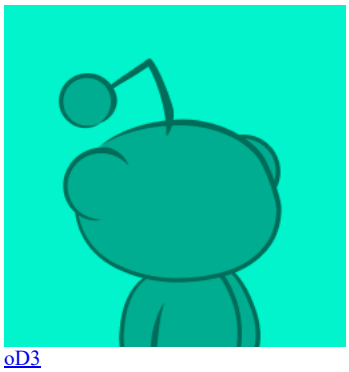

oD3
â€¢ 14y ago

DMT goes in, alternate dimension goes out. You can't explain that.

Reply Share

asianaaronx
â€¢ 14y ago

I came home around 2:30pm from high school. I was home alone at this time. I was sitting on the couch and heard a loud bang fromt he second floor of my house. It sounded like someone dropping a 45 pound weight on the ground, and it had the same type of sound as a heavy book being dropped parallel to the ground. I though maybe a burglar was trying to break in and knocked out a skylight. I grabbed a knife and yelled "who's there!" No reply. I checked the second floor. I though maybe a door had blown shut from the wind blowing through a window. It was the middle of the winter though. All our windows were shut and all of the doors in our house happened to be open that day. I still can't explain what made that noise.

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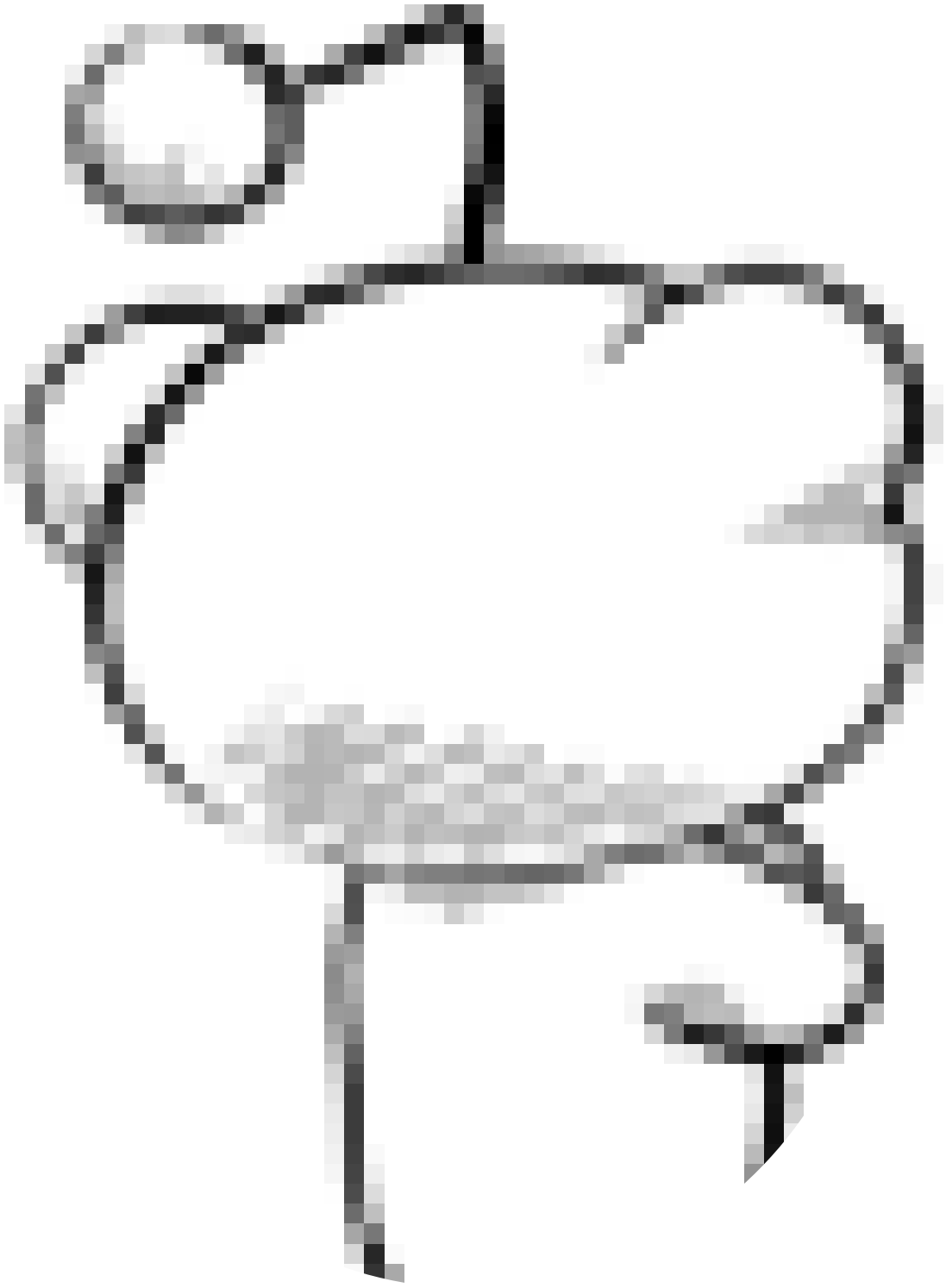

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â€¢ 14y ago

Not me, but my mum. And not THAT weird, but I thought it was a cool enough story.

Mum's a nurse and some years ago when she was still on one of the wards she had an old lady who was pretty much just waiting to die. She was pretty ancient, and had spent the last fortnight in bed, mostly sleeping, not eating, not talking etc the usual. Her husband of many years spent the last couple of nights by her bedside holding her hand just generally being a good guy.

So one night this guy comes out of his room about five am looking like he's seen a ghost and finds mum. Turns out his wife has died, which is pretty common overnight, but here's how it went down.

This lady who had essentially been unconscious for two weeks and doped up on everything palliative care will give, wakes up in the middle of the night and turns to her husband and smiles. He'd absolutely gobsmacked, because everyone figured she wouldn't wake up again. She then, despite all the atrophy and wastage that would occur over a few weeks of being motionless, pushes her self to sitting up position, and goes, "Oh, it's you, dear."

He's like...what the goddamn fuck is this (not really, he was a gentleman). She then continues, "I have to go now, dear. They're all waiting for me." He just goes, "...Who? Who's waiting for you? And where are you going?" She smiles, gestures vaguely behind her and goes "Everyone. Everyone I've known. They're all waiting for me now, and I

have to go, but you take care of yourself."

And then she literally dropped back in the bed in cardiac arrest. BOOM! Dead.

I think it's awesome, I don't believe in God or Heaven but you hear some pretty wicked stuff on the deathbed (I'm a nurse now as well). Nice to think there's at least some comfort in death.

Reply Share

call_the_rocks
â€¢ 14y ago

I've got two, both happened at beaches on long island. first, some friends and I had driven to Montauk in the middle of the night on a whim. We got there around 2 or 3 am and were just sitting around watching the water and listening to the waves. We saw a light on the water, moving pretty quickly toward us, so it had to be either a person swimming or kayaking or something. We called out to them but they didn't answer, just kept getting closer. We were freaked out and started to back up from the shore, but when they seemed to be about 15 or 20 feet out, the light disappeared.

Second, the same friends and I were at Gilgo beach in August of 2011 (or did this happen in 2010?), also around 2 am, and one friend and I were walking back to the car to drive down the beach and pick up the others. 3 people were approaching us on the road- one huge guy and two very drunk, very scantily dressed girls being pushed forward by the man. We must have been staring, because he shot us a look and we immediately looked away. But we did see him start to push the girls into the tall grass on the dunes

as we passed. Other than one building in the distance by our car, there were no houses around, or cars. Alone, it would have just been creepy. We forgot about it until 3 months later, news of bodies being found on Gilgo Beach surfaced. Creepier still, news reports said the bodies had been dumped about 3 months earlier. We reported it, but cops said the bodies had been killed elsewhere and driven there, then dumped in the dunes. But come on. What in gods name could he have been doing out there...

Reply Share

irishgrrl
â€¢ 14y ago

Read this entire thread, may not be able to sleep tonight. Good job, self!

I have one to share, though. Not too long after my son & I moved back in with my ex (he'd bought a new house while we were separated), something really weird happened. All three of us were sitting in the living room, and out of nowhere, the sliding patio door just started shaking. No earthquake, no wind, nothing. The door was moving like someone had grabbed the handle and was trying to get it by jerking it really hard repeatedly.

We all looked at each other like, "WTF just happened?" Later that night, I went into one of the kitchen cabinets to get a glass, and the wine glasses that were in there were sheared off diagonally on the stem, and the goblet part was sitting next to the base flipped over. None of us had been in the kitchen.

Another time, I was sitting at my desk in the living room (same house) while everyone else was in bed. It was around 3am, and I felt a hand run across my shoulder. A moment later, my ponytail was yanked, really really hard. I spun around in my chair and was completely alone. Checked on my son, he was sound asleep, as was my ex.

I still think that damn house is completely haunted.

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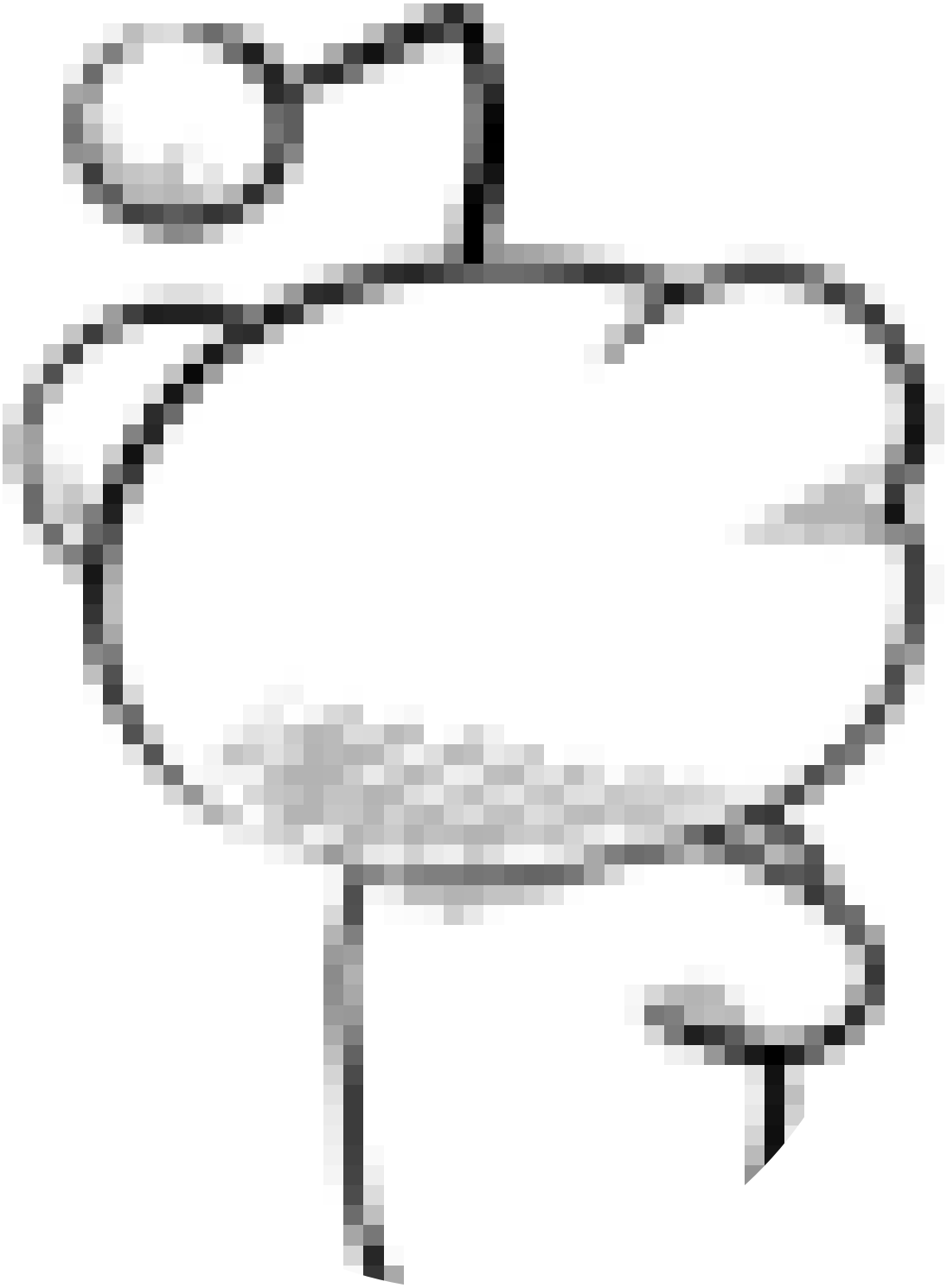

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â€¢ 14y ago

I was opening the safe at work, alone, at 8 in the morning. I was kneeling down entering the combo when I clearly heard a woman's voice say my name right behind my head.

I turned around. No one there. It didn't frighten me. I chalked up to being my imagination, or being sleepy. Or both.

The next day I came into work at noon, and my merchandiser says "the creepiest thing happened to me this morning while I was opening the safe ..."

I am not much of a believer in the super natural, but that ha always puzzled me

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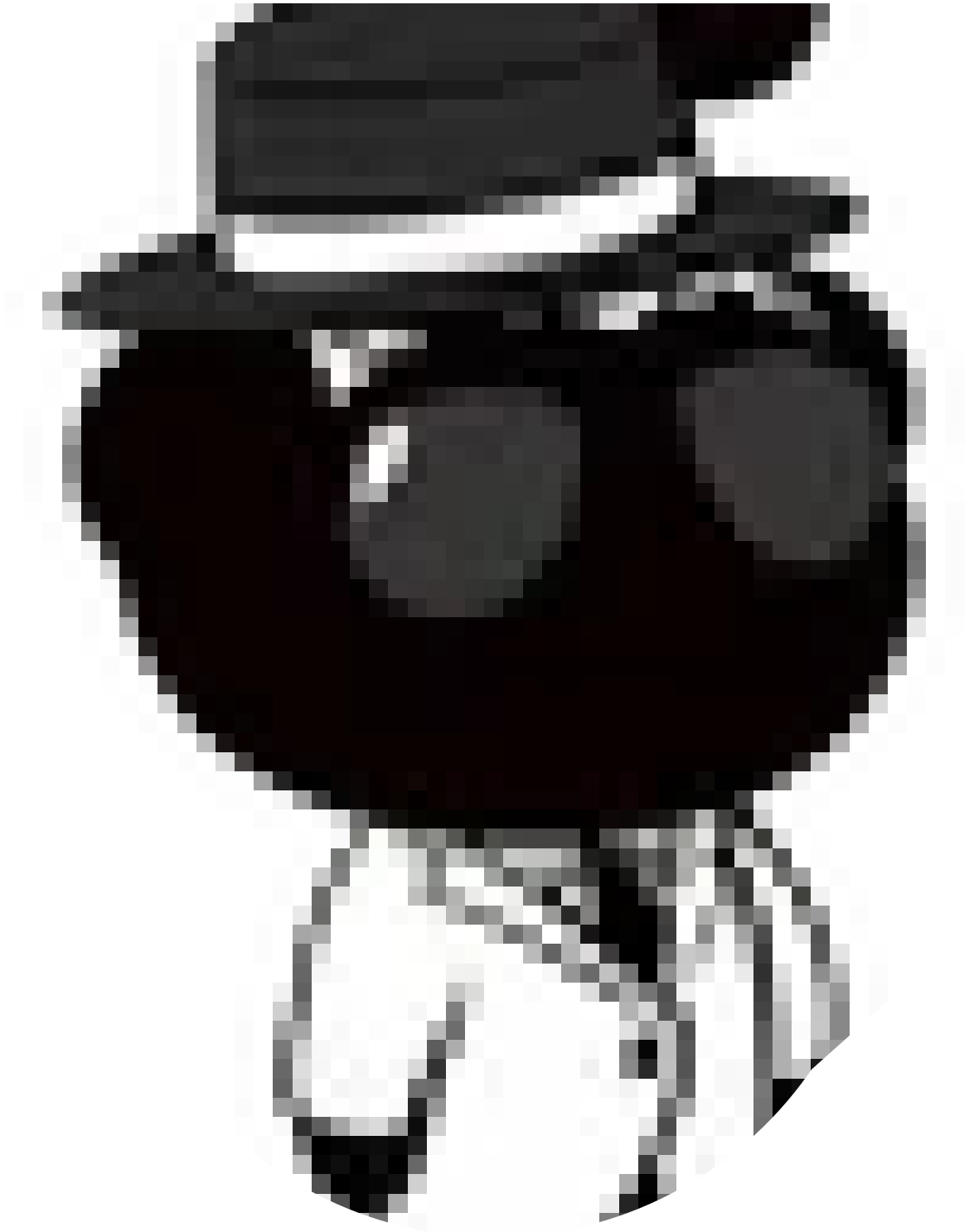

emlgsh
â€¢ 14y ago

A little over ten years ago in Atlanta, I was up late doing some coursework in front of my computer, in the dark - it had to have been sometime between 0100 and 0300 EST. Suddenly my room is filled with this bluish-green light coming in from the windows.

I look outside and am greeted by a roughly rectangular object that looked like it was around a city block in length cruising over the Atlanta, burning this strange blue-green color as it passed by. Definitely not something you expect to see.

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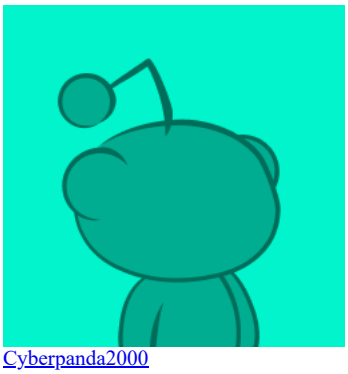


Cyberpanda2000
â€¢ 14y ago

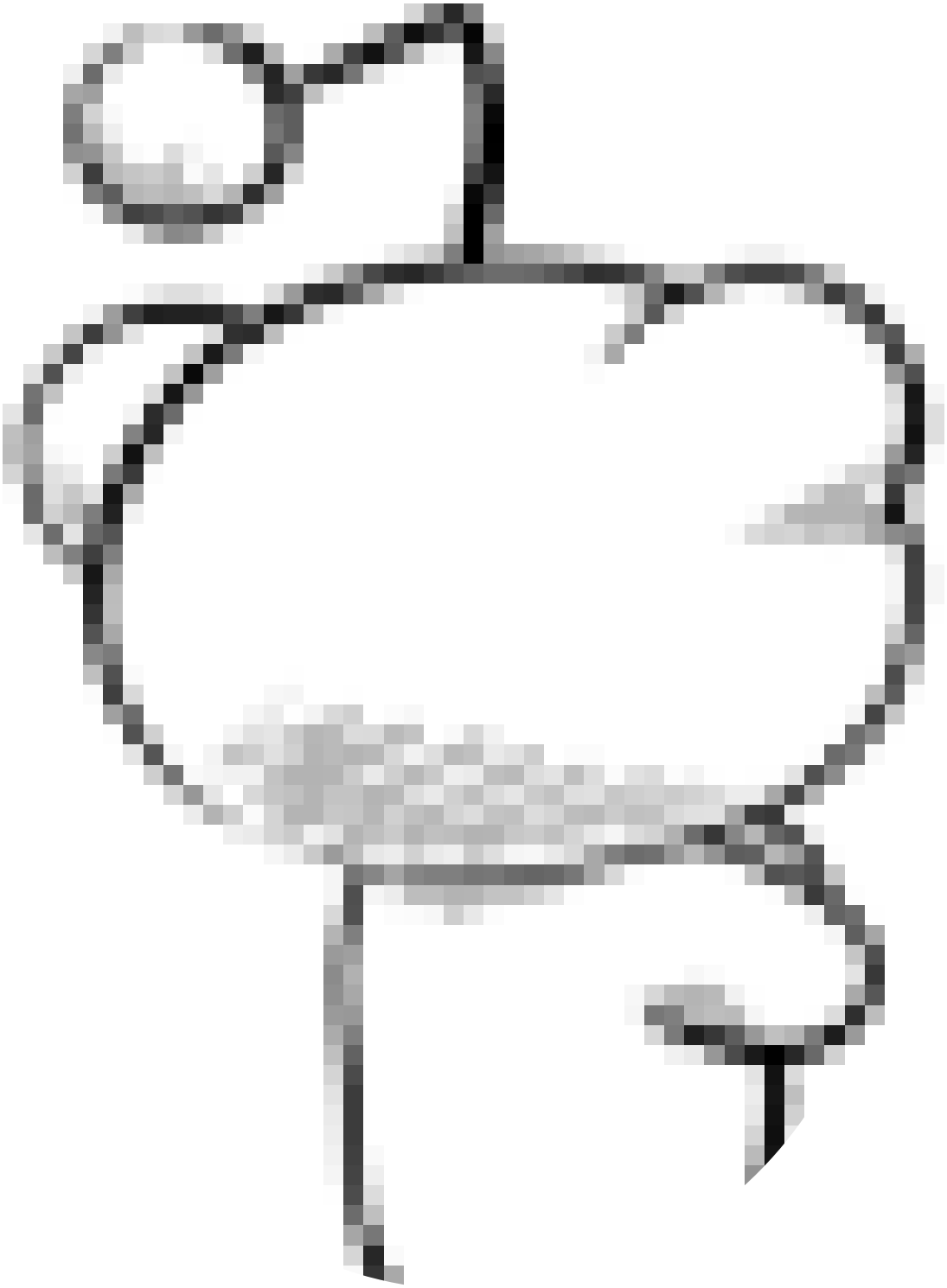
A couple of years ago I had a really shitty ass day at school, my friends were angry at me, and my teacher had told me off. I was also feeling a bit ill. However, when I went home feeling really down, and i think "This day could only be worse if someone died". At the time when I said this a crow landed on a wall in front of me, crowed, and flied away. I get home to find out that my Grandmother had a stroke and died the next day.

Reply Share

Flopjack
â€¢ 14y ago

Some of my family and I were traveling in our minivan when we noticed a shiny metallic object fall down in the far distance. The sun glistened off it sharply suggesting a chrome like surface or a very shiny metal. It started very high up in the sky and fell directly downwards with no noticeable angle. Based on its shape, I thought it was a missile and expected a large flash of light at any moment when it fell behind the treeline. I have no way of knowing, but based on its speed and distance from our vehicle, I think it was roughly the size of a mid size passenger plane with no wings. All of us saw it, but we never heard anyone else talk about it nor did we see anything that seemed related on the local news. It was very odd.

I need to ask those who saw it again and see if anyone remembers anything different.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Tl;dr Repeat nightmare since i was 4, at about 15 found out my 'nightmare' was about getting abducted by you know-mind fucked

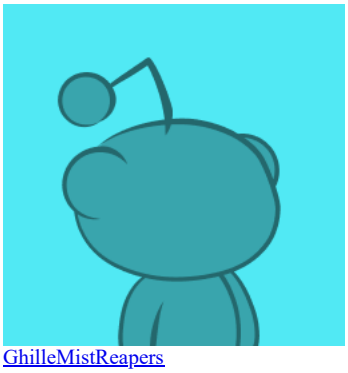
Kaydotkaydot
â€¢ 14y ago

i was on a school field trip where we stayed in lodging place. anyway, so in the afternoon all my friends were out partying and i just stayed in our room (shared room) and sat on the window ledge and read. three days later: were on our way home im checking the photos on my camera, and suddenly i see seven photos of me reading from an unlikely angle. the room i was in had two bunk beds lined next to each other and there wasnt enough space under them for someone to hide in. the photos were kinda slanted and you could see some of the floor in the corner of the pictures. i was alone in the room at that time im sure of it, and my camera couldnt really turn on on its own. its a olympus FE-5020. im still not sure what happened but its still freaking me out. this happened last winter.

Aboxofdongbags
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 17 a friend and I were driving around some back roads trying to find the school where I was to take the ACT (my school was full). After finding the school we headed back the way we came except we ended up taking a turn too early on the wrong road. The road was thin and trees lined the sides whereas I couldn't turn around so we ventured on. About 2 miles down that road I saw a bag on the side of the road that looked suspicious and I stopped, reversed and we saw what looked like a body in a black plastic bag. I told my friend to get out and check it in case it is and we have to call the police. He refused as did I and we took off. Another few miles down the road we were out of the thin road and near farmland. My friend pointed to the sky and asked if I saw what he saw. It looked like a tornado was under the moon. There was a crescent moon and it looked like there was a mini tornado swirling about in the sky just beneath the moon. Not only that but there was a fucking rainbow cloud under the tornado. We both saw it and to this day people claim we were on drugs when we tell them about it.

Edit: I forgot to mention we went back to see if the bag was there the next day and it wasn't.



GhilleMistReapers
â€¢ 14y ago

I was watching television in my living room and got up to get a cup of coffee. I have a big window I pass to get to my kitchen. I glanced out and saw someone standing in my driveway, right beside my car.

He had black hair that had covered one eye, a grey striped sweater with red sewn patches on the shoulder. I called to my girlfriend "Hey! Theres some Emo kid in the driveway".

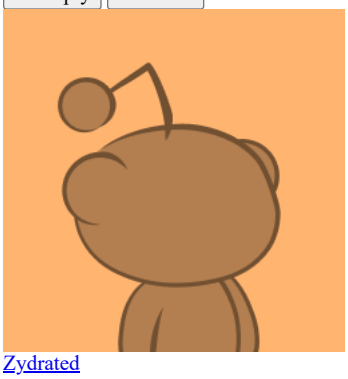
She saw him too. I went downstairs and opened my door. It was about 8pm and getting dark. He was turned away from me now I said "Excuse me? Can I help You?"

He started walking away and passed a "tree plant" at the end of the driveway and never came out past the other side. The plant was about 1 foot wide in the middle of nowhere. I was convinced he was hiding behind it and waiting for me.

At this point, I creep up to the trees other side, giving myself a wide berth for safety reasons and nobody is there.

I am CONVINCED to this day that it was a ghost yet a part of me still doesn't believe in ghosts.

Reply Share



Zydrated
â€¢ 14y ago

Haha, welll....

When I was a kid, I had a dream I got abducted by aliens. Now, I do think there MUST logically be some type of life on other planets, but not likely aliens like we see in movies. Anyways, this was a really realistic dream. I got sucked up in a tractor beam through the roof of my house as if the roof was just a cloud. There was blackness for a bit as if I was unconscious, then I was laying on my back and there were these aliens standing around me. I wasn't able to move anything but my eyes and my head just a little. I saw that they were operating on my thumb. There were like 10-15 3' really skinny needles that were moving around in my thumb without any of them touching the needles, they were just kind of doing their thing, wiggling around in my thumb while the aliens watched. I swear I could feel the movement in my thumb but no pain. I blacked out for a bit longer and they put me back in my house, but in the hallway.

I then woke up, in my hallway, with a small scar on my thumb. 0.0

I don't believe I was abducted, or that anyone gets abducted. That scar was probably already there, I was a wild little kid. But man, that dream is gunna stick with me.

Reply Share

gret08
â€¢ 14y ago

I was watching Pulp Fiction with my roommate a couple years ago because I had been wanting to see it for a while. This was at about 9pm. The next morning her boyfriend gets a phone call saying one of his friends had passed away last night. He had overdosed on heroin alone in his room. The time of death was somewhere around 10:30...I don't remember exactly. But it was about the same time as the heroin overdose scene. This was a friend they had both known for years. He was the little brother they were trying to keep out of trouble...he was only 17. But every time I think of his death I just imagine him overdosing at the exact moment I'm watching Mia being brought back to life.

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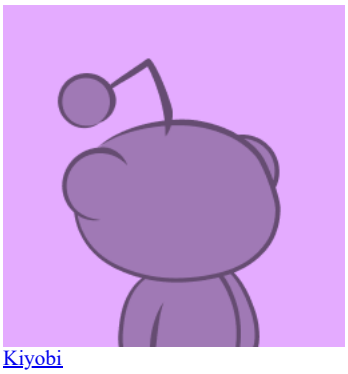
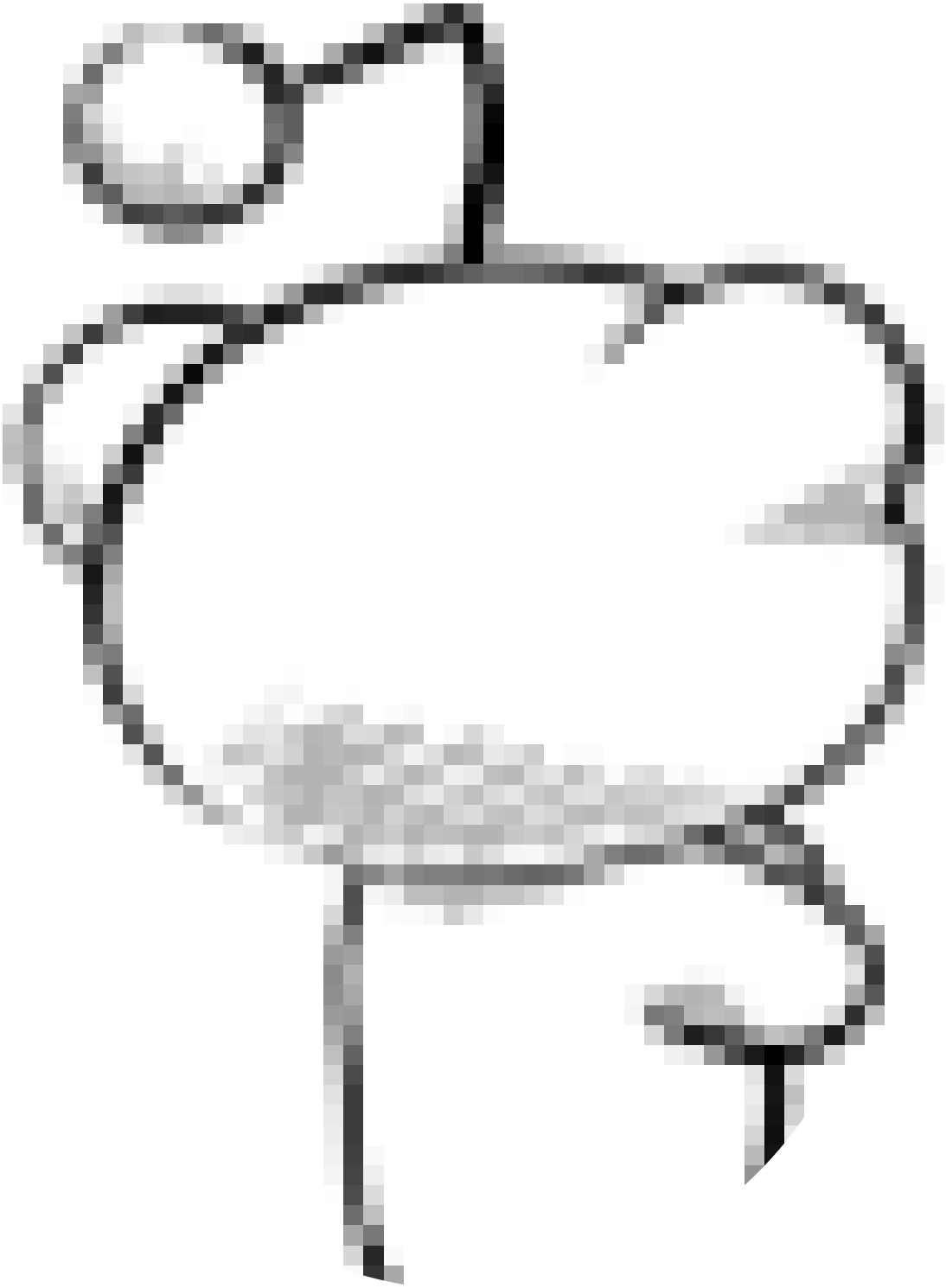


Kiyobi
â€¢ 14y ago

So I'm heading out to my first ever interview. Nervous as all get out.

I leave home early to do a couple errands before the interview, and a can of Arizona green tea to calm the nerves. As I'm taking a sip at a stop light, I glance at my local church and the sign says "Do Not Be Afraid".

Also worth noting my dad passed away roughly a month prior to this. I'm raised Catholic, although I don't usually act like one.



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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Mid-way through typing out the story of how I once got lost in the woods twenty feet from the tree line, all the text disappeared, reappeared, flickered, and my phone reset. I'm going to wake up my girlfriend and turn on all the lights now.

Pre-emptive edit: I am quite aware that a questionably stable app making my phone act a fool is neither inexplicable nor necessarily creepy, but in context it gave me the wiggins.

coolsleeves
â€¢ 14y ago

I was fucking reading the comments and naturally becoming more and more NOPENOPENOPENOPE'd with each story and then my fucking computer decided it would be a marvelous time to alert me that my battery was dying with its low battery alert sound, Windows garden scheme low battery alert (I cant find an mp3 or else I would've posted,) and it scared the mother fucking shit out of me.

TL; DR low battery alert just about made me poop my pants.

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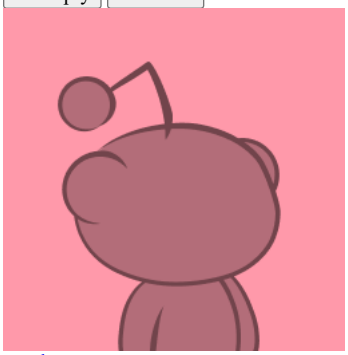


avg-bro
â€¢ 14y ago

I must have been around 12 or 13 years old. I awoke from my sleep and sat up suddenly. I looked around me and was shocked to find myself sitting in the middle of my living room. Why I wasn't in my bed was a mystery to me. As soon as this thought crossed my mind, everything around me started to fade until I realized I was in fact sitting in my bed.

Reply Share

grantepher
â€¢ 14y ago

I was driving down sunrise highway heading home to Southampton after work one night, when just above the tree line I saw a ball of light flashing a repeating pattern of colors. Blue, red, green, yellow repeating over and over. I only saw it for about 30 seconds, but I made note of where I was when I saw it so I could check again the next night and see if it was just something I had missed before but was always there. Haven't seen it since. It was near the Gabreski Air Force Base, but it wasn't like any aircraft I have ever seen. It wasn't a few colors spaced out and blinking like a plane or a helicopter would be, just a ball of light changing colors. Kind of bugs me out a little to this day, if I had of realized it was going to be a one time thing, I would have stopped on the highway to look at it. I couldn't take my eyes off it while I was driving until it disappeared, and judging by the normally 75 mph traffic moving at around 55, neither could the other people on the road.

Reply Share

jesgar130
â€¢ 14y ago

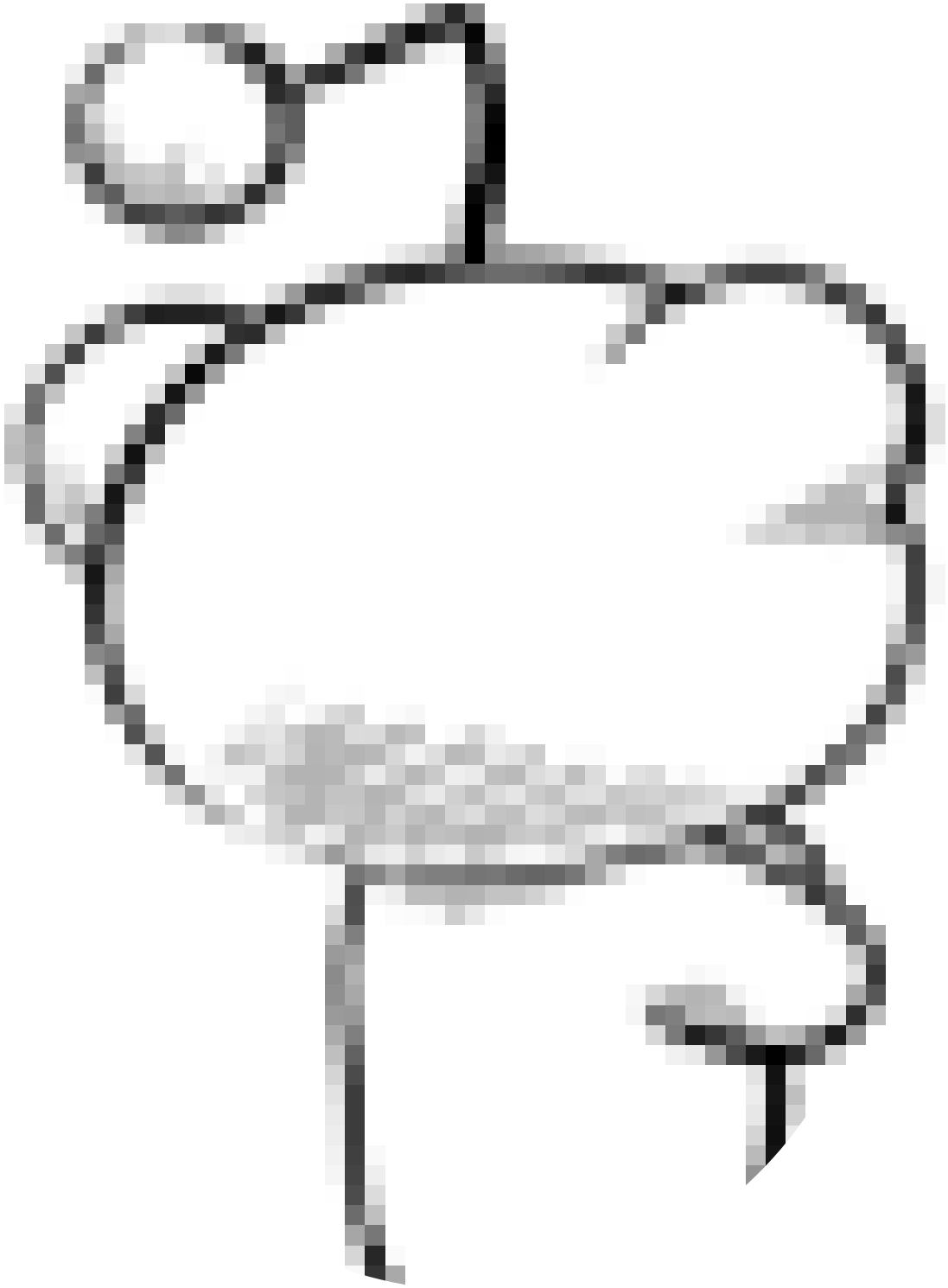
Haven't told many this story.

Back in 2007 or 2008 I once had a dream that I was masterbating furiously and completely out of my control, almost like someone was forcing my hand. My room was filled with white light and I could feel someone watching me from my widow.

I awoke extremely dizzy and kept replaying the dream. In the shower I noticed a large, red, long four fingered hand imprint on my right arm. I remember screaming for a bit and shaking a lot. The mark stayed with me for a few weeks. I showed it around to anyone who would listen. Of course, I'm sure most thought I was nuts. My current roommate doesn't believe that, though. We both believe someone/something visited me that day.

When it happened I remember googling the shit out it. No one else seemed to have been going though the same as I. I got completely sucked into conspiracy theories and grew incredibly paranoid. Lost a lot of friends because they thought I was a weirdo.

Anyway, if any of you have heard of this before, let me know.



UsuallyInappropriate
â€¢ 14y ago

Maybe you were possessed by... *The Ghost of Fappinghand Manor* ;D

1 more reply
1 more reply

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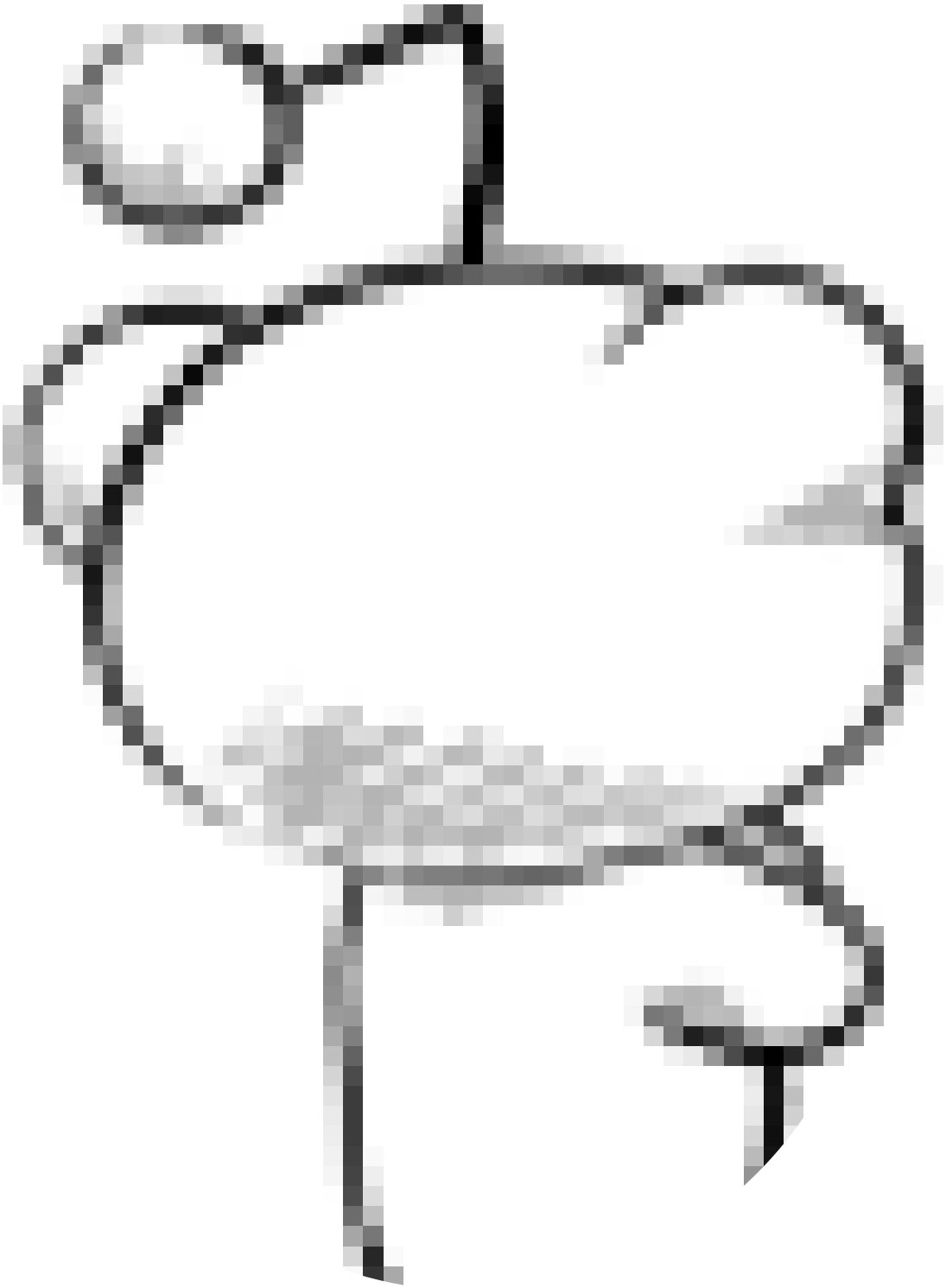

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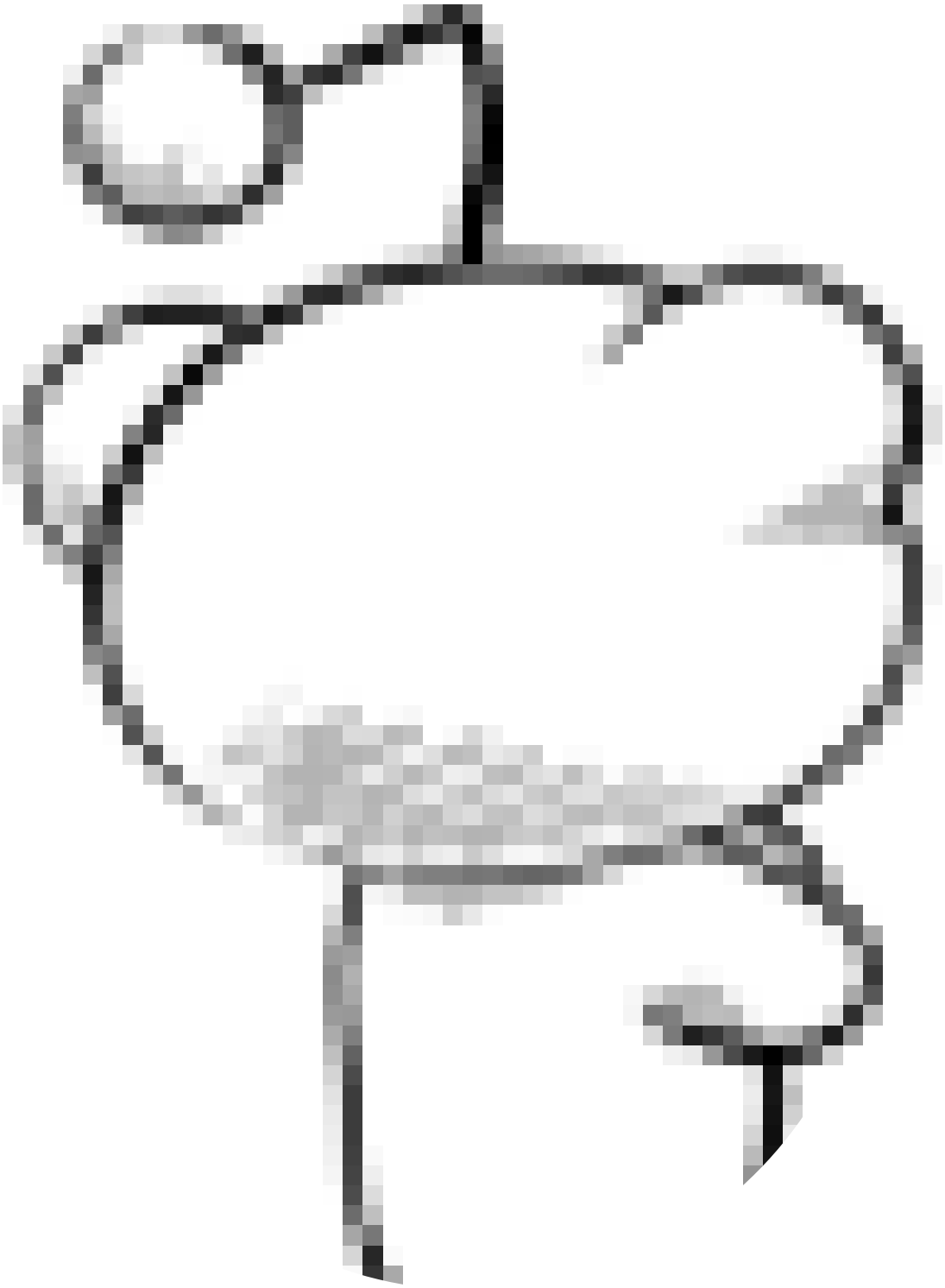
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago I was laying in bed with my eyes open, facing the door. (So I would see if anyone got in). I start hearing what sounds like a little girl humming directly behind my back. I was in the house alone. I am genuinely convinced that house was haunted, it was hundreds of years old.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

FUCK I WANTED TO SLEEP.

This thread is like r/nosleep

Reply Share

Joeycane
â€¢ 14y ago

One of my best friends in high school got into a bad "scene" and was expelled from school. We lost touch and hardly communicated, we hadnt seen each other in over 2 years. I was at the mall one day and received a phone call from a former classmate that was crying hysterically on the phone, telling me she had just found out that my friend had been hit by a car and had passed away the night before. I remember I froze, didn't say anything for a good minute and just stood there. Someone else was calling me on the other line at the same time to inform me of it as well. I immediately hung up on both of them and called my friend, his phone was off. I called his father several times and no response either. I still hadn't moved one step from where I was and was in shock. As I look up from my phone, about 20 feet from me is my friend casually walking around shopping in the mall as well. Apparently someone from his new school started a rumor that he had died (no idea why) and it spread quickly. I just find it crazy how I hadn't seen him in over 2 years and I randomly run into him the second I was informed of his "death".

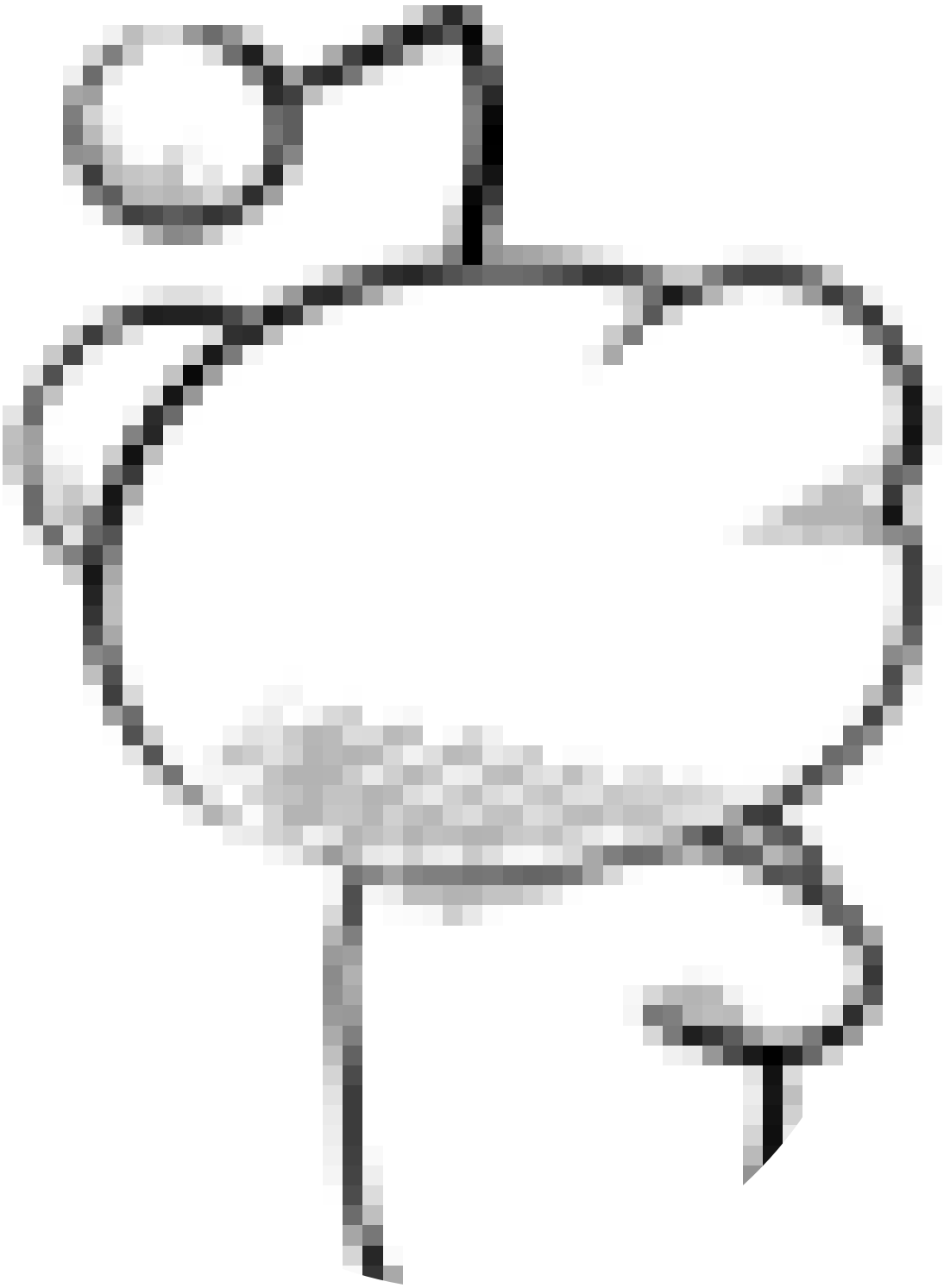
Another time I was at a red light in the left lane to turn left. The light has a green arrow which allows me to turn before oncoming traffic gets their green (it's an intersection next to my house so I use it constantly). For some reason the green arrow didn't light up, just the regular green lights for both sides, so I would have to wait for oncoming traffic to pass before I could turn. I remember I was a bit confused/angry as to why the arrow didn't light up (was in hurry). Out of no where an 18 wheeler took the red light doing probably about 50mph, he tried hitting the breaks and screeched a bit but let go and kept going once he saw I guess that there was no stopping. If that green arrow would of turned on, I 100% would of been T-ended by an 18 wheeler and most likely wouldn't be alive to type this.

triddy5
â€¢ 14y ago

I had a dream about a house I had never been to before in my life, and then found it 3 weeks later.

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

This happened in the seventh grade. Not that I am currently in the tenth grade and the incident is still relatively fresh in my mind. I went to my classroom and sat down. I saw my friend in the back seat, no biggie. We had a test to write in ten or so minutes. I took my stuff and went to the assigned classroom. During the attendance check, my friend was not there. All the students stopped the invigilator from distributing the question papers, stating that this guy didn't arrive. We all waited for 15 minutes, teachers started searching the school for him as we swore that we saw him in the class. One of the teachers finally contacted the parents. Turns out, his grandmother had died the day before and he was in another city attending the funeral. His parents stated that he was with them and that they were in that other city for the past 2 days (Saturday and Sunday, school holidays). I saw him, almost all of my classmates saw him, but he was decisively not there. The next day, he came and agreed that he did, in fact, own the jacket we saw him in the previous day. However, he had never worn it in school. He brought it the next day and it was indeed, the jacket. I was never so... creeped out in my life.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I fell asleep on the coach one night when I was a kid, I woke up at like 3 in the morning randomly and looked up see a line of floating, glowing semi-transparent balls floating through the living room and into the kitchen from the open door of my parents' bedroom. It was like a constant line of them floating snake-like through my house. They did this for a long time while I silently layed there watching. Eventually the last of the balls floated on by and I just sat there scared and confused. I slid beneath my

blanket and stayed there (awake) until my mom came out in the morning. When I told my mom about it she said I just had a bad dream, but to this day i can see it all so clearly.

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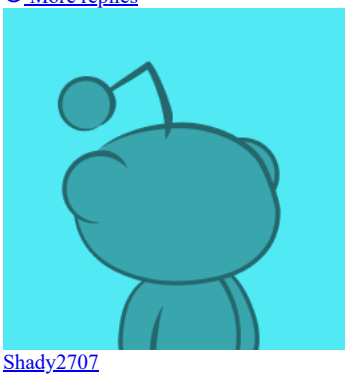
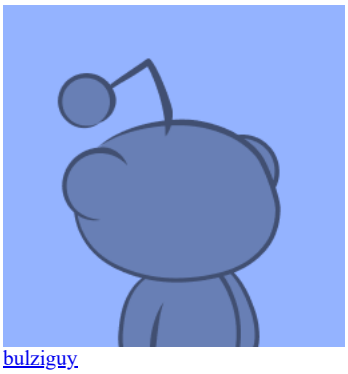


Shady2707
â€¢ 14y ago

This thread is mostly ghost stories, but damn they are scary , even the mild ones



bulziguy
â€¢ 14y ago

During one summer night when I was roughly 10 years old I had a strange occurrence. To give better detail to the story, I live in British Columbia. Here houses aren't exactly built to keep heat out, so I was sleeping with my windows wide open.

On this particular night I woke up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. I was sleeping on the top bunk of my bunk bed, I previously had shared my bedroom with my brother who had recently moved into his own room. Now I was really groggy when I woke up. So as I got off the top bunk and headed to the bathroom, I noticed nothing strange in my room.

After finishing my business, I headed back into my room. As I went back into my room something didn't feel quite right... I looked at my bottom bunk, only to be shocked to find two adult feet sticking out from under the sheets. At first I was freaking out; thinking, "Who the hell is that in my bed!?!" After the shock had warn off, I began to think a bit more rationally, and decided that it was probably my mom or dad. Just to be sure, I called out to the person, however I received no reply.

Deciding that I was just having an overactive imagination, I went up to my top bunk and finally fell back asleep some minutes later. The next morning I woke early at 6:00am. I know, what 10 year old wakes up that early? I'll tell you, one that enjoys Saturday morning cartoons!

To my confusion that morning, there no longer was anyone sleeping in my bottom bunk. I was a little perplexed, but figured, that they probably just returned to their room sometime before I woke up. After watching my cartoons, and my family had all woken up, I joined them for breakfast. Remembering the strange occurrence from the night before, I decided to ask both of my parents whether either of them had slept in my room last night. They both gave me a confused look, and told me they had no idea what I was talking about. I then turned to my brother, who told me that he had slept only in his room that night.

To this day I still don't know who slept in my room that night... I called the mysterious figure "The Footman" corny? Cheesy? Yeah I know I was 10 years old give me a break! However, due to my parents reaction and the fact that they didn't call the cops, I figure it must have been one of them. Furthermore, I theorized that neither of them owned up to it because they were to busy having their shits and giggles. It's now 10 years later and none of them have owned up to it yet.

TLDR- 10 year old me woke up in the middle of the night to find a mysterious person sleeping in my bottom bunk. Thought it was mom or dad, when I asked them in the morning they both denied it. However, it might have been one of them, and they just decided to fuck with me.

Toy-Beaver
â€¢ 14y ago

I was around the age of 5 give or take. I was going to church with a neighbor Matt, he was my only friend at the time cause I had yet to start school. So going with him was a way to hang out. Anyway this particular day.. We are playing outside and it's mid day .. Summer I suppose, and we are running around the church. On the sides however are grates in the ground with ditches probably 3 feet deep. My guess now is because of lighting getting into the basement area. As we are prowling around the building and peering into the grate covered holes we see what I can best describe as a troll. It had a huge reddish color nose, nasty green skin and frayed brown hair... It was hideous. A comparable sight would be the things in Ernest scared stupid, which didnt come out for another 2/3 years. Needless to say we booked it out of there yelling and telling the adults to no avail ... And I never went back to that church again. Even after I got older I never rode my bike down that road ...

TL;DR - SAW A TROLL WHEN I WAS 5

Reply Share

Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

And now you see them all the time online! Huzzah!

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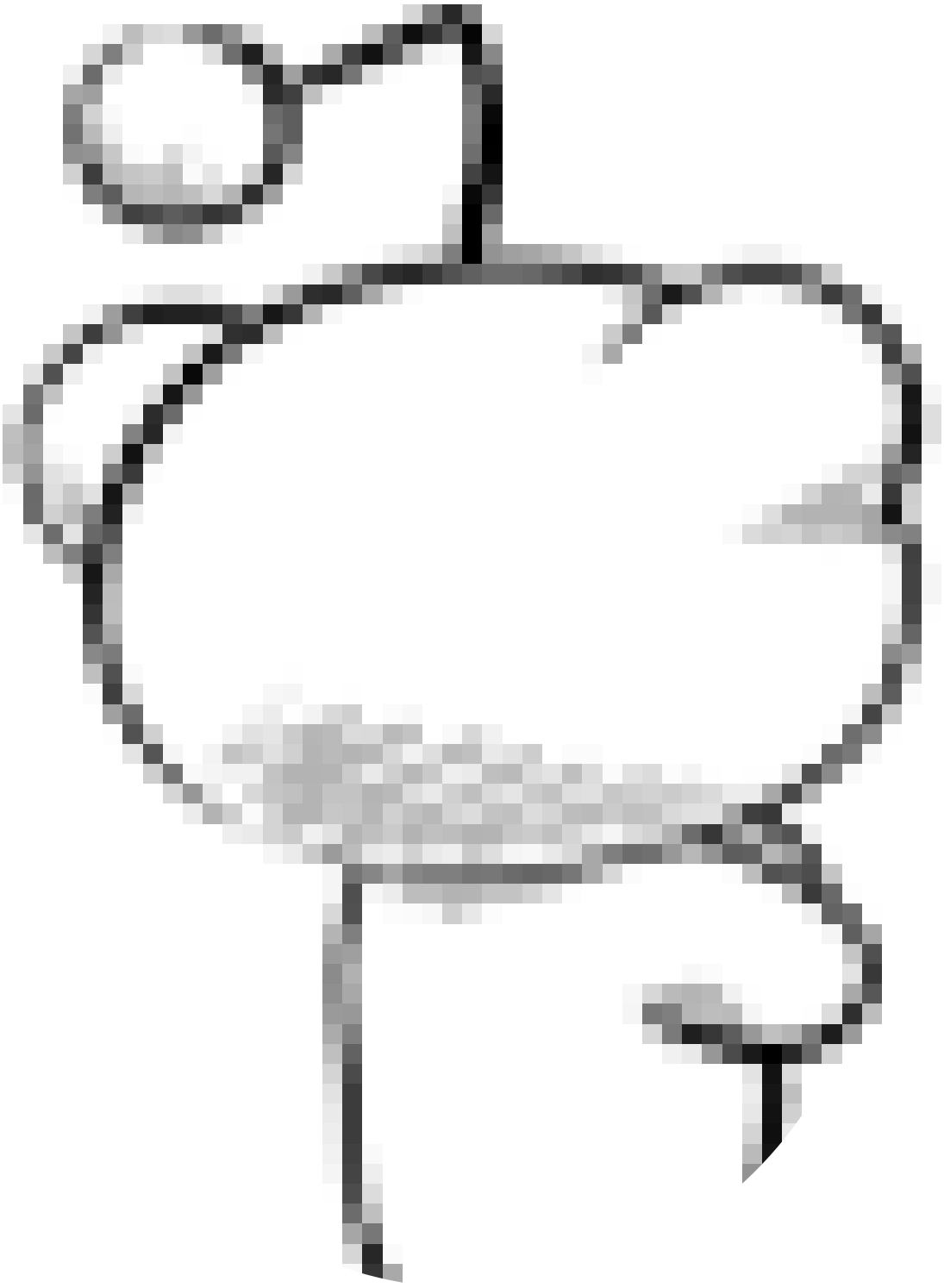

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â€¢ 14y ago

I like how the OPs story, and the top two comments take place in either Oregon or Washington. Something is afoot around here.

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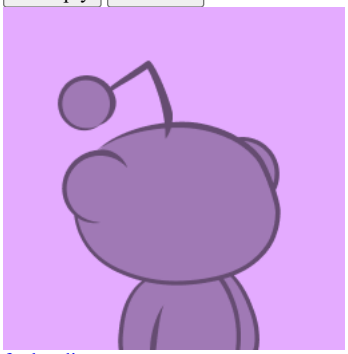

fonkordie
â€¢ 14y ago

My cousin and I were hanging out home alone when we were around 10 years old and the RC car in my closet started freaking out. We open the door to investigate and it's not moving so we take it out and discover it has no batteries (the battery door is open and clearly void of any power source). We assume we were just imagining things until the thing starts taking off again a few mins later (still sans batteries). The RC car continues this trend intermittently for a while while we are steadily losing our fucking minds. The worst part is the car seems to be steering with purpose. Eventually, the car stops and never moves again. This recollection still baffles us.

Reply Share

Talyan
â€¢ 14y ago

Did it look something like this?

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j7ZitlrRLgs

Reply Share

IronOmen
â€¢ 14y ago

A post I made a few weeks ago.

Just happened last week. No explanation for this one. I live in Stuttgart and was walking across an open area that used to be a parade area I guess. Just kind of a wide open field. My head was down and I was looking at some of the leaves on the ground when off to my left I heard, "how are you doing?" I looked over assuming I was going to see someone I knew, but it wasn't. Now keep in mind, I'm an atheist and have no belief in anything outside of that which can be proven. Just was worth mentioning. When I looked over I saw a small person about four feet tall. I say person because I still don't know if it was a man or woman, child or adult. But more than anything, the clothes are what really threw me. The clothes looked as though they were made by someone who had never seen clothes before. As if some made what were supposed to be clothes. That's the only way i can describe it. Well, I answered, but quickly looked away. I started to walk away, but reason got the best of me and I thought,"you are mistaken, turn around and figure this out". Well, I turned around to an empty field. I have no idea where this person went, since I only walked about ten steps. I have no idea what I saw and actually thought that I had a full on hallucination. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before, but it was definitely an odd feeling.

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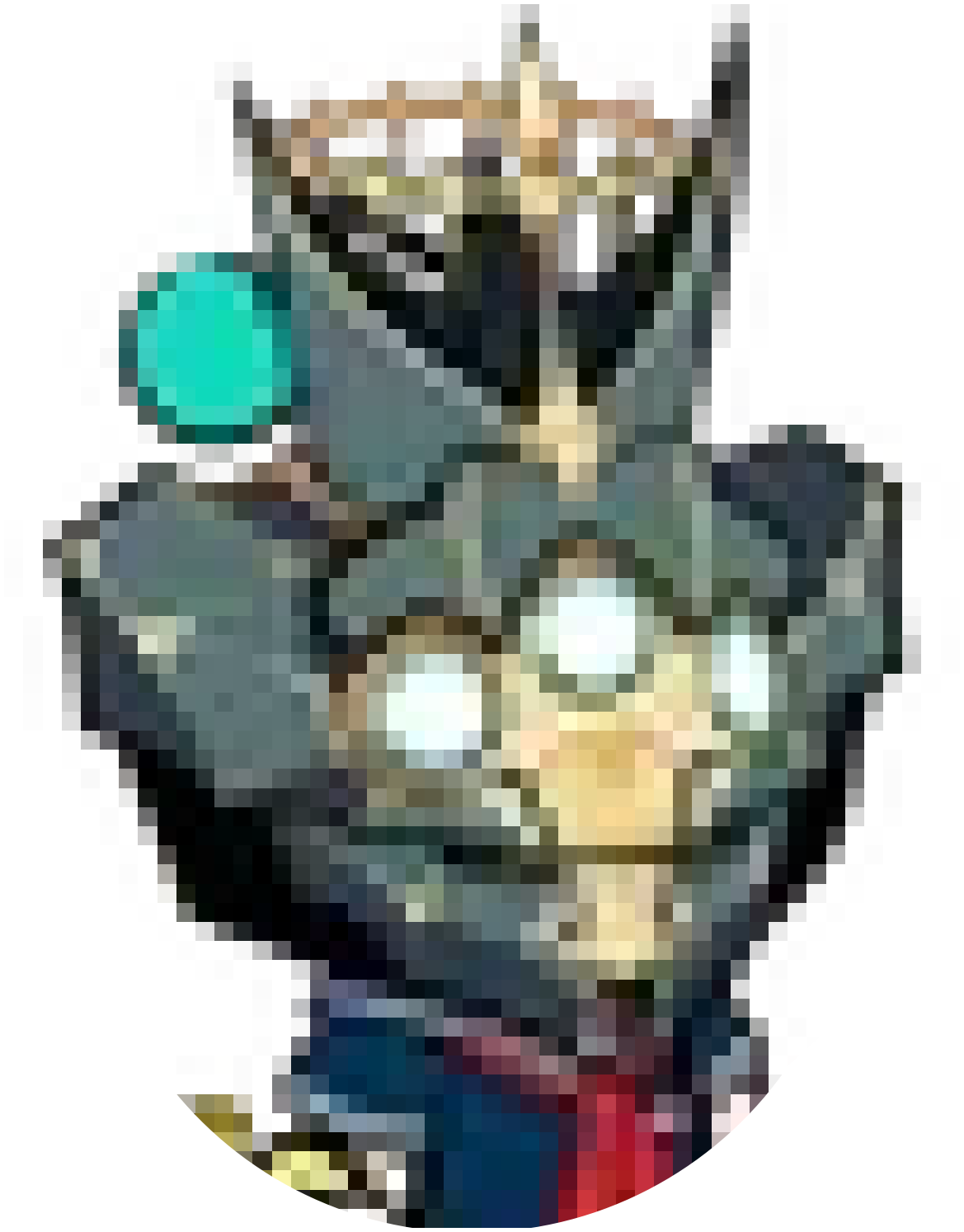
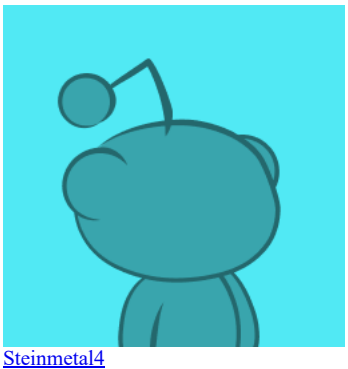


PandaNightwing
â€¢ 14y ago

I went on a trip with my family down to Central America. We visited family there and stayed with them for a while. Anyway, one night I remember getting ready to go to sleep. I had jumped into bed and started getting drowsy. It was dark out and kinda cold. I remember I closed my eyes for a second, it felt like a delayed blink. But when I opened them it was daylight! I looked around like, "is this real?" I remember hearing my mom call me for breakfast.

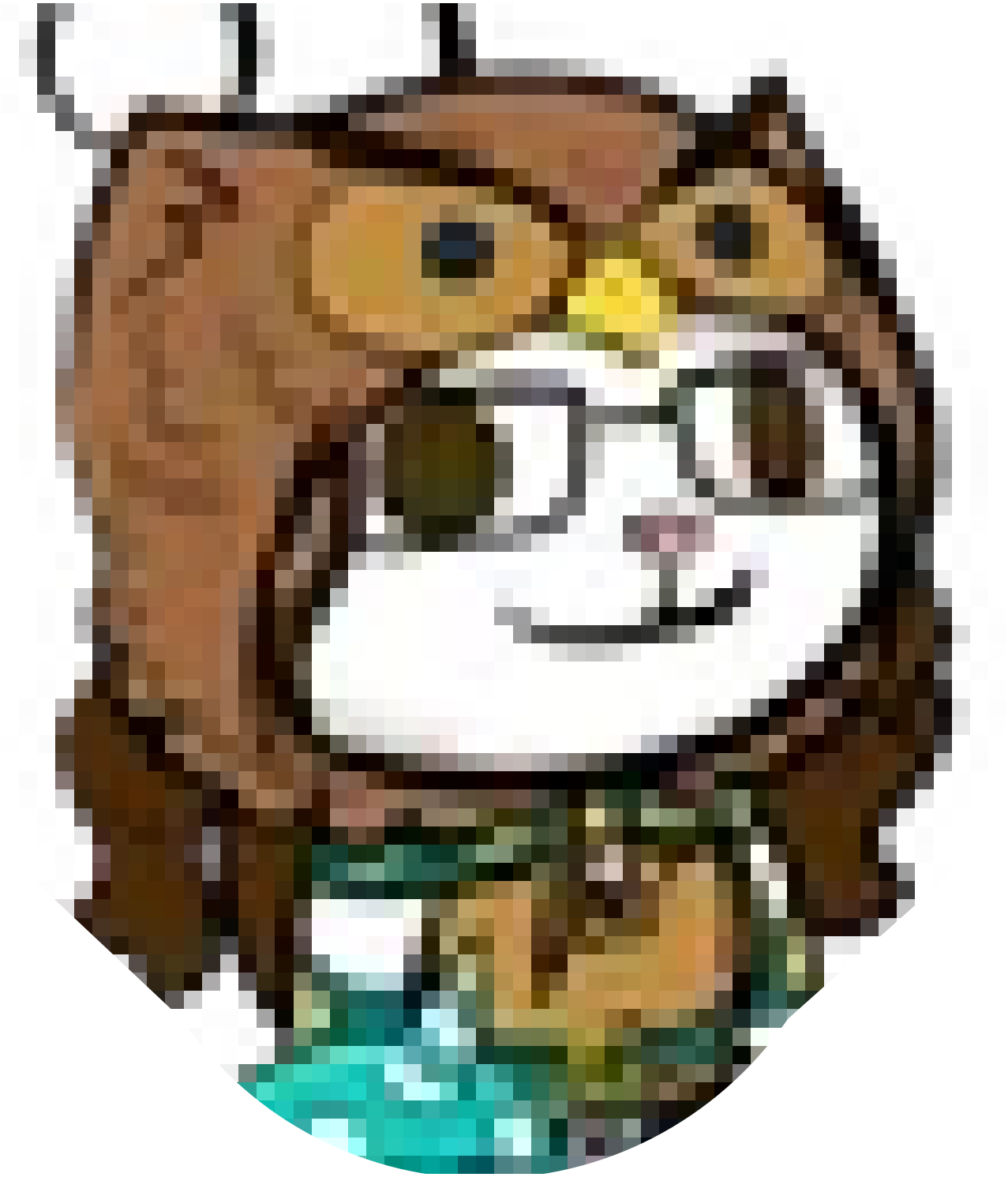
OldBoltonian
â€¢ 14y ago

I am not a proponent of ghosts or anything at all, I am quite the skeptic. However, in the past few years we've had three very close deaths in our family (one relative, two family friends). On each of the nights of their deaths as me and my mother were in our beds the lights in the house flashed on and off for roughly a minute or so. It has only ever happened three times, which coincided with the very nights that these people died. I've just graduated with a degree in physics so I'm very much a skeptic for supernatural things, but these three events years apart with the same result, confused me and still baffle me.



Steinmetal4
â€¢ 14y ago

Maybe this is just normal but the best I can recount from my uneventful 26 years is seeing the headlights of 3 different cars go out in the course of one, hour long drive - and not a very busy one at that. That's one headlight from each car burning out, they weren't just turning off their lights. I saw two more go out that same week. I had never seen one go out before that (and none since) so I begun to worry about my eyes in case of metaphorical foreshadowing. Chance can explain it but it was still weird. What's the most mind blowing, eerie, or ironic way I could lose my eye for the ending of this story? Maybe I could nudge fate in an according direction if eye loss ever seems eminent.

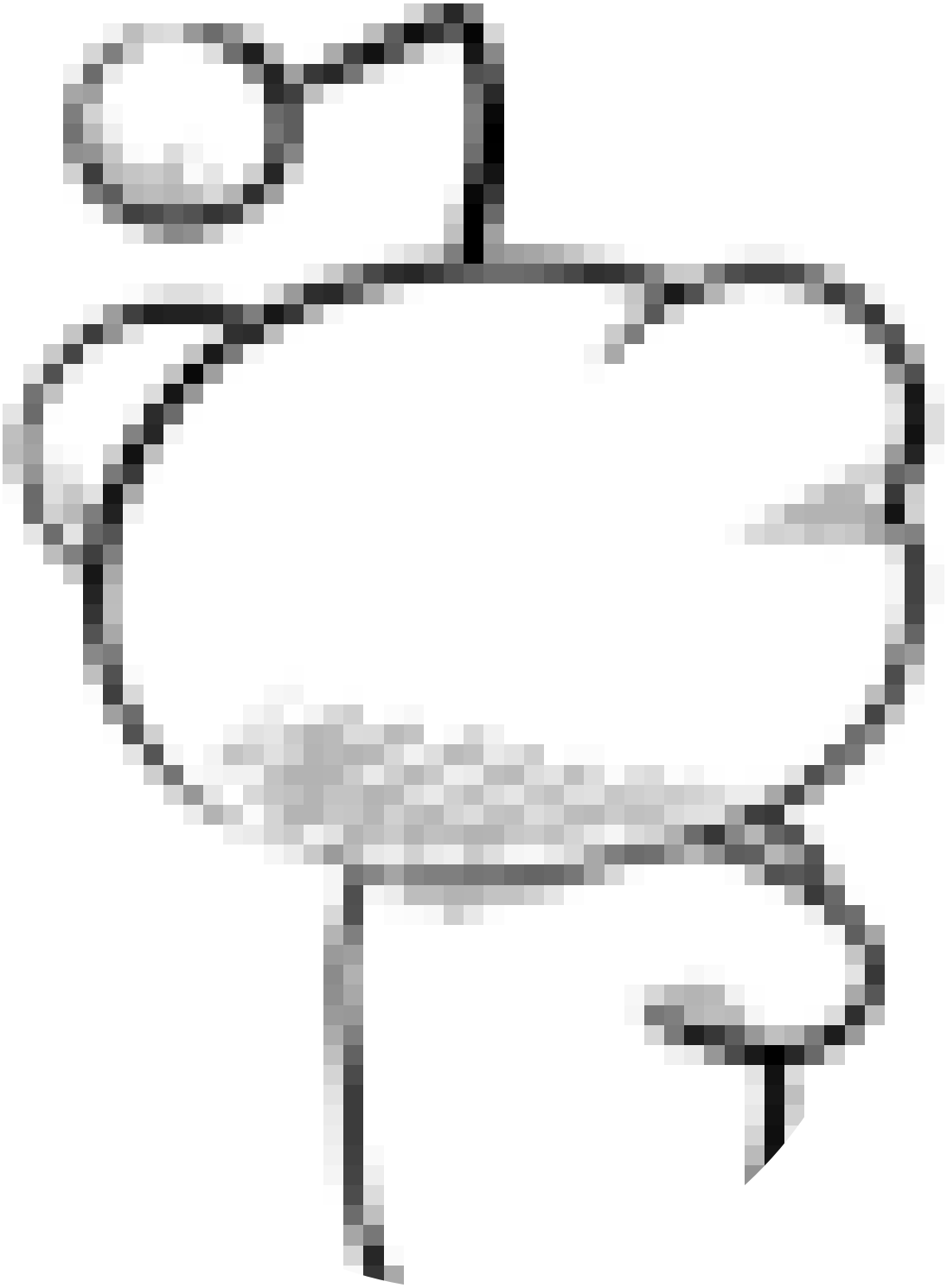


Kiassen
â€¢ 14y ago

This one's my dad's from when he was in high school:

He was walking with a friend to their next class. My dad, being a cocky punk, turned to his friend and said, "I'll bet you I can open any locker on my first try. Choose one for me." So his friend picked one at random, and my dad started fiddling with the lock. After a couple seconds of pretty much aimlessly spinning the dial, he gave the latch a tug and it popped open.
They were both shocked.

My dad swears he'd never been to that locker before, and they both gave the lock another few tries to verify that it wasn't broken.



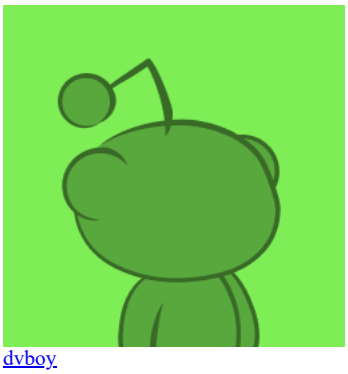
[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 10, my family and I were watching TV in the living room. It was a black and white comedy show in the 1960s.

While we were watching, we noticed that the electric fan switched off. The #2 button of the fan was still switched but it wasn't turning. We checked the plug and it was still attached. We also tried to turn on the lights and they wouldn't turn on.

The phone rang and my cousin was in the other line, asking if we have electricity. It turns out that the whole city has a black out...

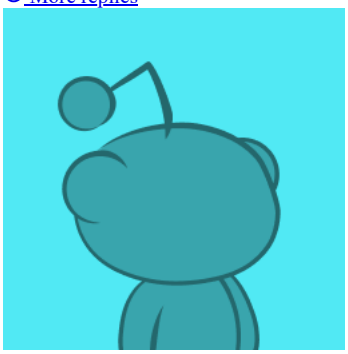
...but our TV was still on and kept playing the show.



dvboy
â€¢ 14y ago

There might be a logical explanation for this. In the US anyway. Your house still had power to one of the two phases coming in. TV was on the live one, the fan on the dead one.

⊕ More replies



veganstoner
â€¢ 14y ago

TIL my life is boring

aaronclover
â€¢ 14y ago

I have a great story, I just can't explain it.

edwinthedutchman
â€¢ 14y ago

This is a great thread if you are a writer looking for new stories. Anyone see SK yet? :)

Foyfighter
â€¢ 14y ago

Ok so for awhile i got majorly into Geo Caching (Super GPS Treasure Hunt) but i am from Northern Ireland, so not exactly hundreds around my area. So i spent a couple of days i was meant to be revising trying to get all the caches near me completed and one was in an old graveyard in a town close by. It was a puzzle cache so you had to find facts and figures on gravestones and put them together to find the final coordinates.

So i decided this would be a great example to get my friend on board and interested so i would have a cache buddy so i brought him along. Now there was two entrances to the graveyard both properly closed so you have to open them to get in (Not like walk in arches or anything) and its not exactly the biggest place, you can see one gate from the other ish its just about downhill).

So we had two clues left to find we were both hovering over this tomb stone trying to read this horrible destroyed writing. Suddenly we hear this faint barking and we both look up and around and notice its got foggy, now it was early winter and looking back its not that odd but it properly appeared out of nowhere. So through this light fog these two shadowy dog figures start jumping over tombstones and running full pelt towards us. Like it was crazily like a movie scene like these dogs were jumping over massive tombstones! Now my mate had the right idea screamed and run full pelt in the opposite direction. Now of course my adrenaline messed up and i was the dear in the headlights standing in shock thinking "my life's not this exciting no way they will bite me.. NOPENOPENOPE!" And these two dogs that i swear look like what i would class as "graveyard dogs" pure black as night doberman dogs ran right up viciously barking but just stood right in-front of me. Then after what felt like a year, no whistle no call just silence they turned and left. So after a few seconds i decide time to get the hell out of here and ran like hell to the gates and found my friend and we just stood there in shock not knowing what the hell was going on.

If anyone would have come in we would have heard the gate going, either one but nothing and we had been all around the graveyard and knew no one was there. We waited around awhile as i was shaking and didn't want to risk driving and after the fog cleared up a bit there was no sign of dogs or anything. A few weeks later i checked with a geo cache friend who had completed it and lived close by and as far as he knew the caretaker to the graveyard had no dogs and he had never seen anything like that. Now of course someone could have just brought the dogs in but there was no signs of anyone before or after and it just seemed downright spooky! To this day when this comes up in conversation me and my friend just can't stop laughing from nerves.

TL/DR: Pissed off the spirits of a graveyard who summoned demonic beasts to destroy me and my friend

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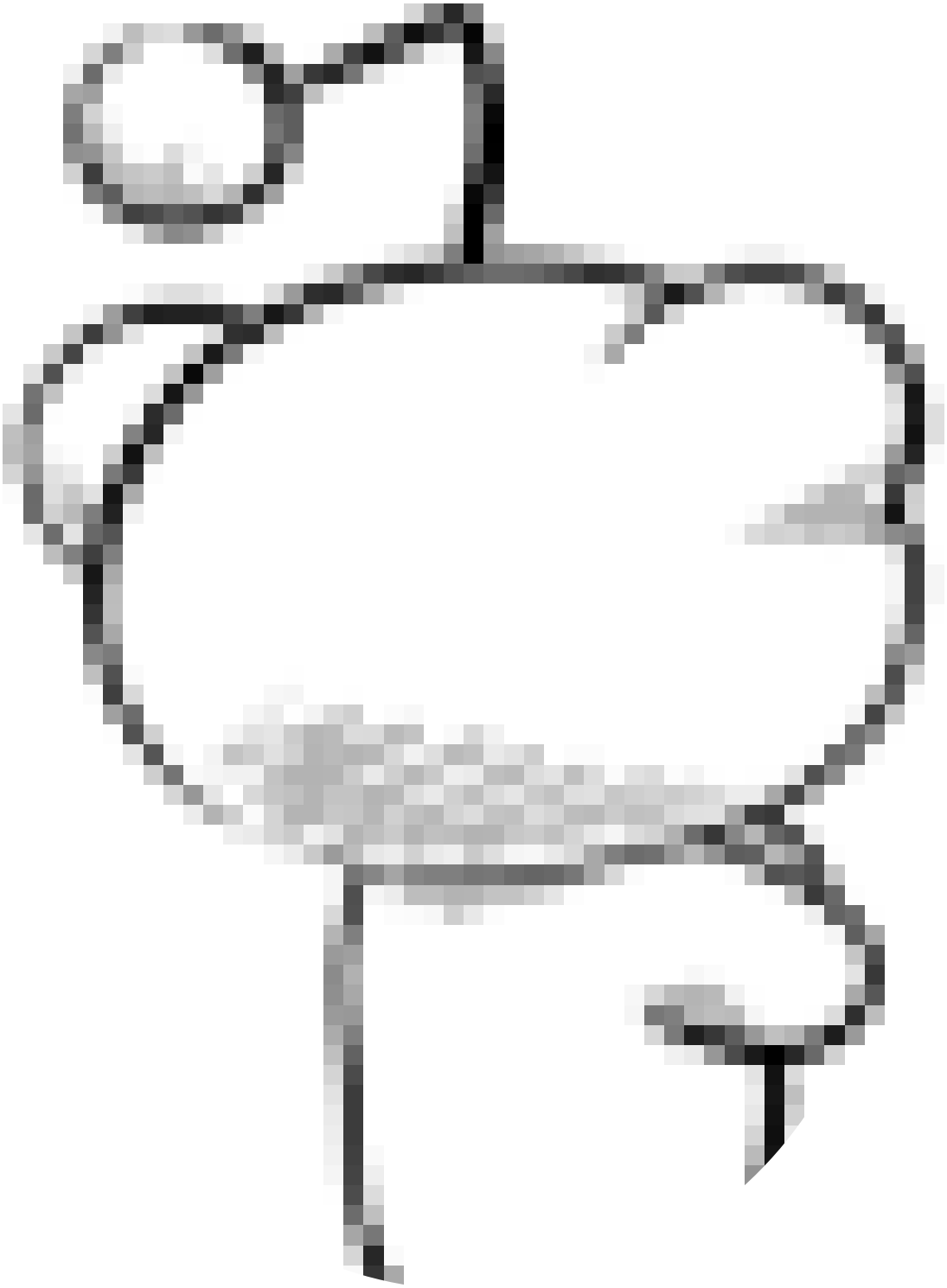

OsamaBinLowden
â€¢ 14y ago

I got laid once. To this day I still don't know what she was thinking.

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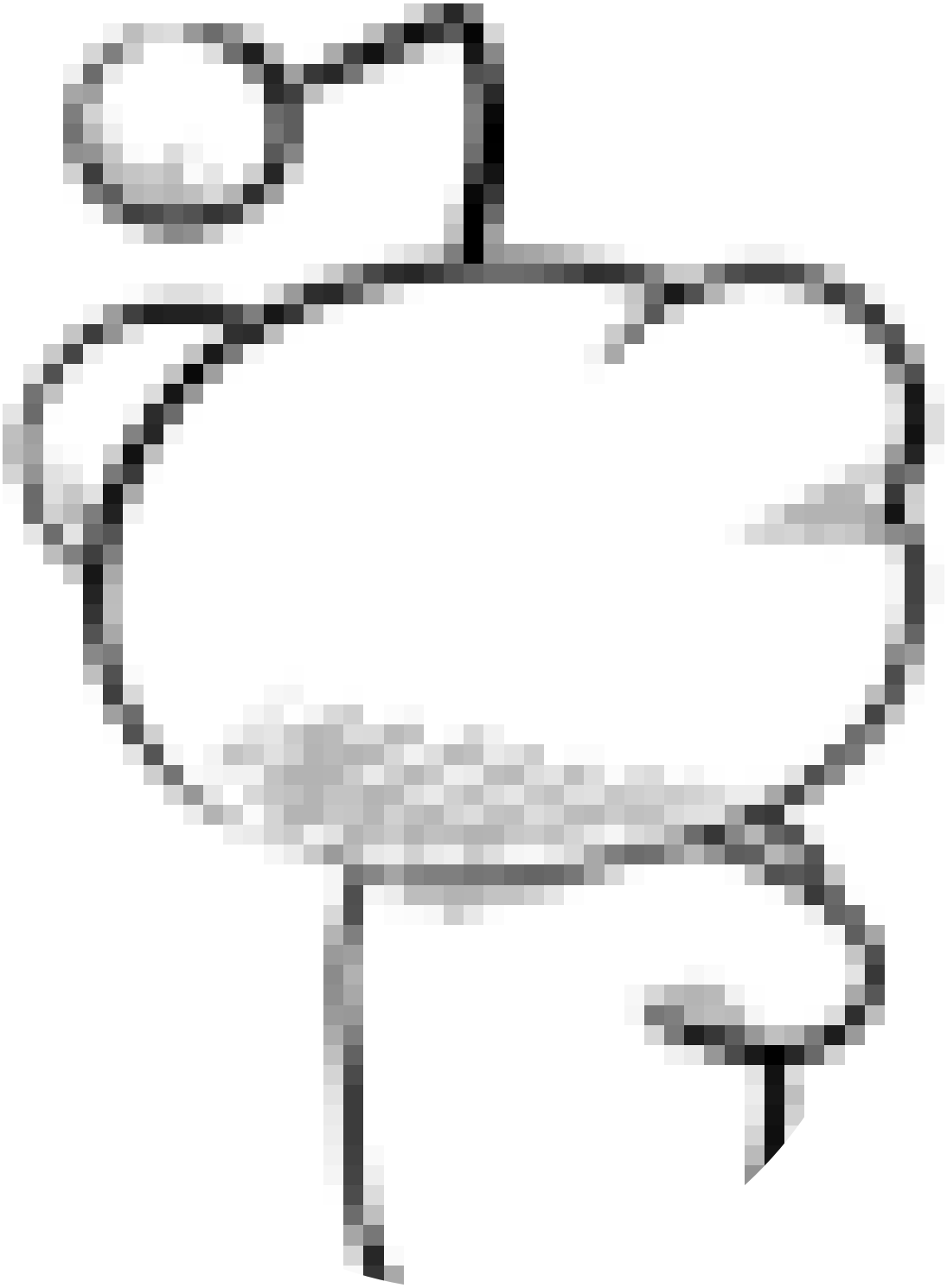
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

Hudston
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I thought pretty hard about this, but there genuinely isn't anything in my life that has been impossible to explain. Weird stuff? Sure, but not inexplicable.



DeafTalk
â€¢ 14y ago

I've done lots of weird things, but I can't remember them so I certainly couldn't explain them.

Draygon_Slayer
â€¢ 14y ago

There's a lot of military aircraft testing that happens in central Washington. It usually looks like what you've described. Whereabouts was it?

Leviathan666
â€¢ 14y ago

Nothing outrageous, but when i was 8ish, i went into my room to get something from my closet, when i suddenly heard a zipper being slowly opened/closed (not sure which).

I noped the fuck over to my mom and she told me it was nothing. Later that day when i checked, there was no possible way anything could have spontaneously zipped/unzipped itself (like a zipper stuck to a shirt and the shirt falling down and unzipping it). Everything was normal in there, and i didnt own many zippable items.

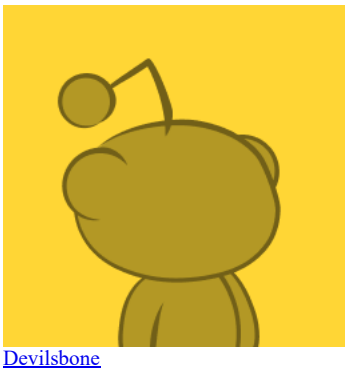
definitelynotIronMan
â€¢ 14y ago

Bit late, but somebody might enjoy it.

When I was 15 I was just a normal kid. One night, a girl I hardly know, Paola, started talking to me on facebook, and eventually rang me up. She was being.... a little weird, and wanted me to come around to her place at about 10 at night, so that we could go pick flowers, as the people around her area scared her at night. I (VERY awkwardly) declined, and the next couple days we didn't speak, as usual. After a few days, one of our mutual friends starts asking me if she said anything strange to me, which she hadn't *really*. Anyway, come second break, I'm sitting with my group of friends, and she comes down to our table, weeping, says nothing, and just plants her head down on my crotch and starts crying like there's no tomorrow. All the while I was trying to talk to our mutual friend about what the hell was going on (she had no idea), and trying not to laugh at all my friends funny mouthings and actions (we were not speaking them aloud). I had many strange looks from teachers and students alike as I sat there, arms on the table, with a girl crying into my penis underneath. Afterwards I had mascara all over my pants, she apologised and left for class.

To this day I have no idea why, and we still don't talk.

TL;DR: Talk to girl once, she cries mascara all over my pants at lunch



Devilsbone
â€¢ 14y ago

I started reading this thread at 1:30 in the morning. It's now 2 and every little sound has got me freaking out. Thanks...

Side note, I always tear up whenever I read/hear a supernatural story. Does anyone else have liquid fear rolling down their cheeks?

comrade763
â€¢ 14y ago

First story:

When I was about 10 I woke up to rain and thunder. I was all comfortable in my bed when there was a large flash which engulfed everything around me. I was no longer lying in my bed. All I could see was white everywhere. I didn't hear thunder. It was quiet, it was terrifying but somehow I felt safe. I looked all around me and all was white. It lasted for about ten seconds. I thought I was dead but it was ok. It felt blissful. Then the white returned to where it came and I found myself lying in my room. I thought it may have been thunder, but it was quiet, there was not even the sound of rain when I was in that white realm.

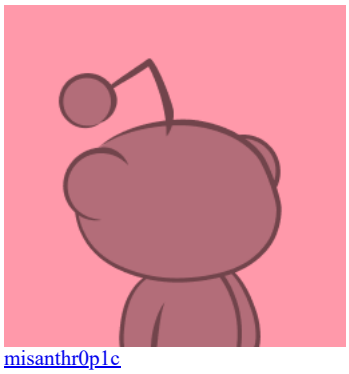
Second story:

My friend and I are on our way to University. We're stopped at traffic lights, minding our own business. It is day light, no clouds, no planes, nothing. A small amount of water hits the front windscreen of the car, like a few small raindrops and a big one, from above, as if it was raining. It only lasted a second or two. I was in my own world and was tired and I didn't think much of it. I thought I was hallucinating when I saw my friends puzzlement at the random raindrops. I said "wait, did you see that too". We looked up at the sky, no clouds or planes or helicopters. There were no cars which drove by which could have splashed water on the car, or the parked car in front of ours. Beside, the water moving down the windscreen and the shape it formed showed that had to have come from 'up', the sky. To this day, my friend nor I don't know how the water came to land on the car, and only his car. There was no rain anywhere else.

Reply Share

kymwow
â€¢ 14y ago

I have had 2 hours of sleep, woke up from a nightmare and came here to take my mind off of it because I am trying to go back to sleep. .. Maybe I should go look at other posts and come back in the morning. Thanks for the Edit info!



misanthr0p1c
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was very young, I used to have moments where time felt like it slowed down and I heard someone faintly calling my name. I think they were seizures.

ScreamingSkull
â€¢ 14y ago

r/nosleep

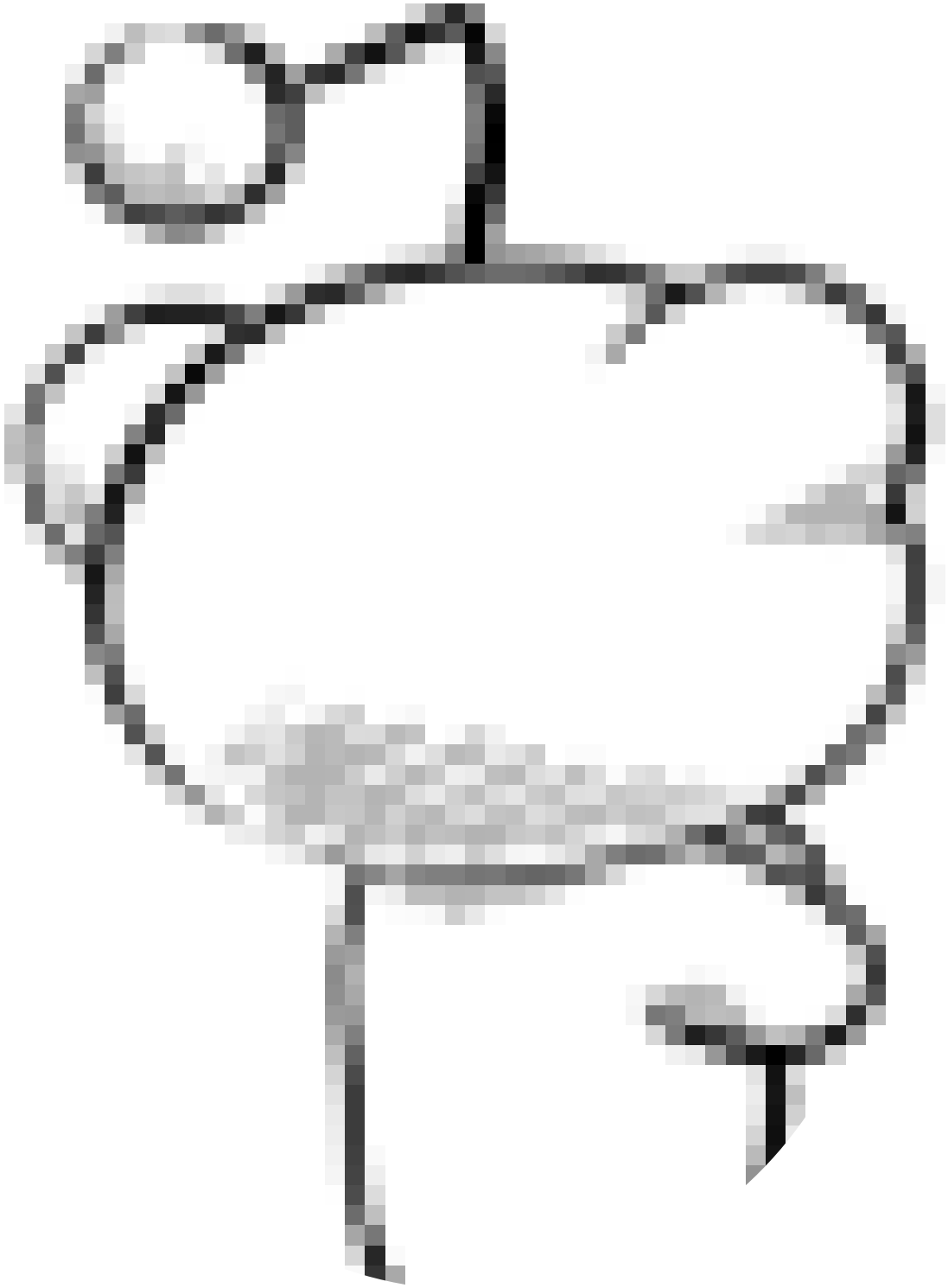
jeffarai
â€¢ 14y ago

That is without a doubt the best intro (both title and intro line "I admit I had one when he asked me") I have ever come across here on reddit. YOU SIR! UPVOTE!

Rebuta
â€¢ 14y ago

I was maybe 10 out in my back yard doing whatever kids do. Something fell from the sky. it was about size of a tennis ball so that's what I thought it had been, that or a bird. It had just fallen so quickly (like terminal velocity) and hit without even the slightest sound that I wanted to go check what it was. There was nothing there. I looked all around the area but there was just nothing.

Maybe just a visual disturbance? I was really confused and concerned about it at the time and I still have no idea was it was.



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â€¢ 14y ago

One time, as a teenager.... I woke up, more like my eyes recovered to a focus from infinity... and I was staring at the light in my room under my fan. I was fully dressed for school the next day. I had made my bed and I was lying on top of my sheets. My hands were folded across my chest. I uttered the words "No more shame. No more pain." Slowly, I gained consciousness of my surroundings... fully dressed, in bed, shoes on... and then the words I had said.

I didn't arise inspired, guilty or like I'd done anything wrong at all. And to have been fully dressed, and cold... in the middle of a Nevada summer... It felt like there was time missing that I simply didn't know about.

I got up, changed my clothes, turned off the light and went back to bed.

If I think about all the stressful or important moments in my life... I have no context for that having happened. It just did.

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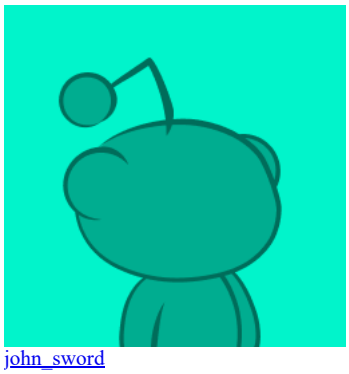

john_sword
â€¢ 14y ago

So, when I was in college I had a Marvin the Martian alarm clock that an ex-girlfriend gave me. It was extremely loud, and when the alarm would go off, Marvin would pop up and yell, "WAKE UP, EARTHLING! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ALL LIGHTYEAR!" It would generally scare the crap out of me. One morning, on my 20th birthday, the alarm clock said something different. It was distinctly a five-word phrase. I didn't catch it because a) I was tired, and b) I wasn't expecting the alarm clock to say something different. I thought I was just too tired. That afternoon, my roommate said, "Dude, I could have swore your alarm clock said something different." He heard the same thing but couldn't make it out.

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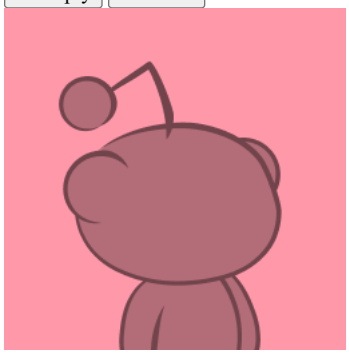


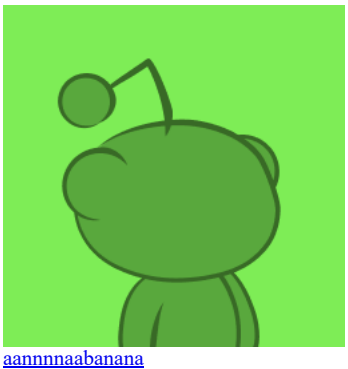
theverdadesque
â€¢ 14y ago

One night I was chilling out at home when I suddenly got a really strong feeling that there was going to be an earthquake that night. A little while later I went to bed, still with this strong feeling. That night was September 3rd 2010.

September 4th 2010 at 4:35am I woke up and immediately said "earthquake!", straight after I said it, the earth started to shake. When it was over I thought "well, that was nothing worth worrying about" and fell back asleep. In the morning I turned on the t.v only to find that the earthquake had struck in the South Island (NZ). It was 7.1 magnitude and nobody died as a result of this quake.

Also, the night before 9/11 my mum had a dream about a lot of blood.. That's all I know she didn't really go into detail.

Also, I have had dreams where, if one of my teeth falls out - somebody in my family/close to our family, dies within the next couple of days. I think my Nana used to have these dreams also. One night, I had this dream and the tooth was more painful than it normally is in my dreams, my mum also had a dream about one of our (mine and my brothers) friends dying that same night. A couple of nights later we got a phone call - my brothers best friend (different one from my mums dream) had died in a car accident. I hated those dreams and haven't had one since that year.



aannnnaabanana
â€¢ 14y ago

The other night I dreamt that one of my 30 or so fish had died. The next morning. My mother woke me up for work telling me it was time for another fish burial. The fish that had died in my dream had actually died.

Crazy coinkidink.

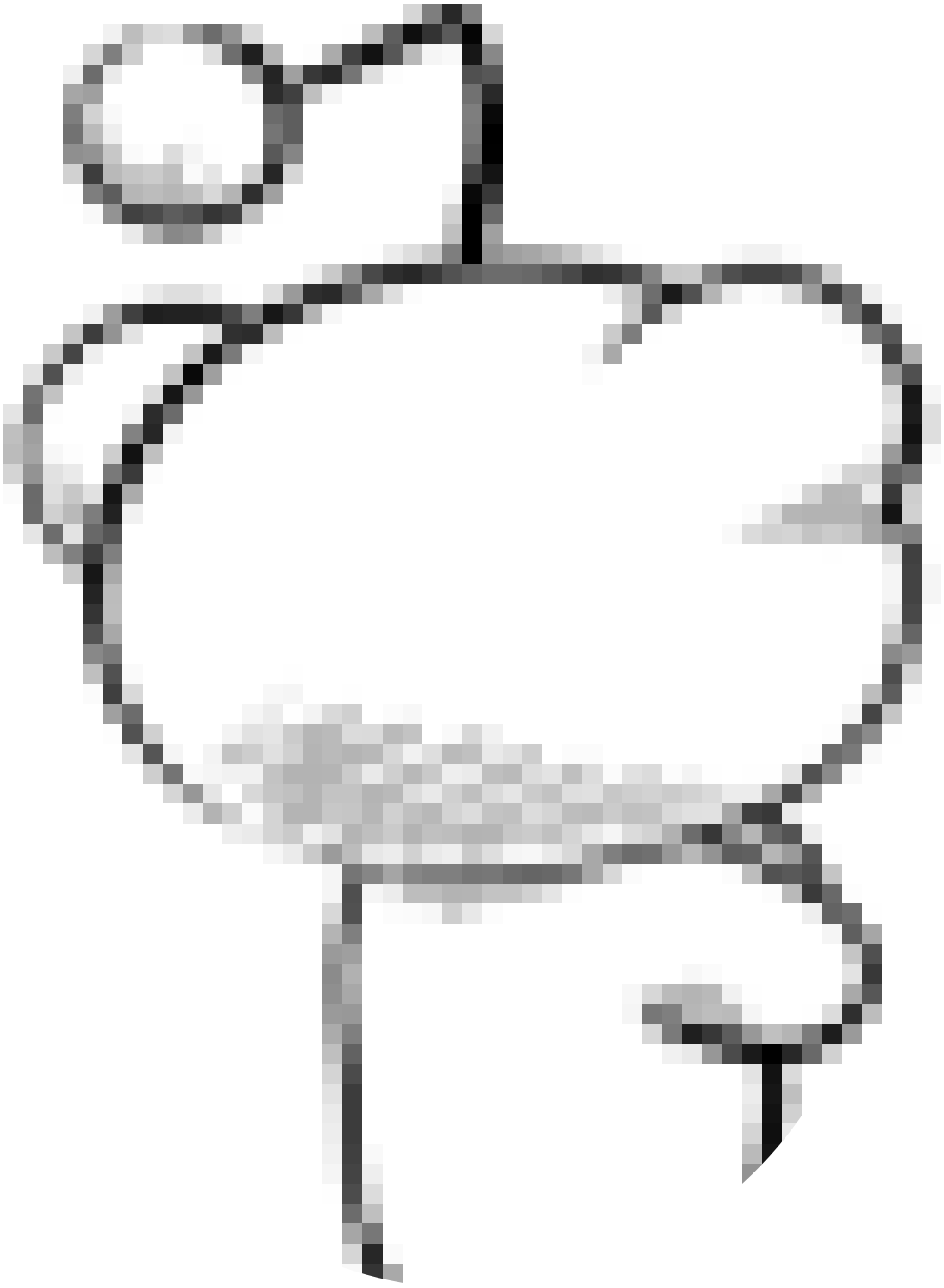
sonotawesome
â€¢ 14y ago

I got two random ones, both driving home late at night,

once the sky was just lit up a weird ish green color for a half of a moment and i wasn't even sure if i saw it right.

and the other time i was driving home on Easter, halfway down my street there are just two bunnies cuddling in the middle of the street. I've never seen wild bunnies where i lived before so the fact it was Easter make me go?? Maybe there is a reason we hide the eggs....

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 14 my class went out on one of those "camps" where they put you in a cabin and have you do activities. I've been told it's like summer camp.

Regardless, we went on a nature walk at night and headed for the beach since it was really hot. We get right by there and I'm first in line as we get to the beach. Now when I say night, it's not super dark but it's getting close to the sun being set, think pink sky.

As I step onto the beach, the moment my foot makes contact with the sand the entire sky shifts to a bright blue, like it was noon. I just stand there in awe of the sky suddenly changing like this. Absolutely shocked I stand there for what feels like 10 minutes but was about 2 seconds, then take another step and the sky changes to orange, then pink, then finally settling into pitch black. I asked around if anyone saw what happened, everyone saw it and were pretty freaked out, but we really wanted to see the beach at night since we'd heard of some freaky lights on the horizon.

Continuing on we find a stretch of beach that is really straight and gets to a point where, in the dark, it feels like about 350 degrees is open water. We look out to the horizon and see these lights that look like giant battleships just under the horizon. There are 6 of these, all look be an equal distance apart and not moving. From the angle/distance the entire sky looked like a dome that we could actually touch if we got high enough.

No-one I've asked about it has an explanation for either of these events, but everyone who was there remembers with terror

iaan
â€¢ 14y ago

So this one time, I was sitting with my ex. on bed and we were talking about breaking up, because our relationship was shitty. We were still unsure about this, we felt some connection to each other and it was hard to imagine living separately. Anyway, once we decided, there was bit or crying and huggin.

The thing I can't explain is that I had car GPS unit sitting on the table near... I put it out about week earlier from car and forgot to turn it off. So at this very moment, when we say that we should no longer be together, the voice from gps says: "Turn right, you've reached the target" ;-) It was good advice. Now I feel much better alone.

Reply Share

MiMiOhMi

â€¢ 14y ago

About 9 years ago my family and I lived in a large house just outside our hometown, my grandfather owned the land and built the house from the ground up. My mother was a great cook, one day she made a banana cake and left it on the kitchen bench wrapped in cling wrap. That night at about 2am I woke up to get a glass of water as I opened my bedroom door I hear a butter knife drop onto the marble bench top, crumbs were everywhere I race to turn on the light as I do the pantry door swooshes closed. I'd just gotten over my fear of the dark so I open the pantry to find nothing out of the ordinary. I don't know what more to say.. The cake is a classic.

Reply Share

moopboop
â€¢ 14y ago

I've had some weird encounters that I think about sometimes.

One time my parents were asleep and I was getting ready for bed also. I'm in bed and everything is pitch dark in the house. Suddenly I hear something run up the stairs and I think it's my dog but then I realize my dog is right beside me.

There was another time at a different house that I received two miniature dolls. I should be excited about it but I'm not. I'm trying to sleep but I'm terrified and I'm not expecting what comes next. Out of no where I hear a scratchy, medium high almost demonic voice call out my name. It's like that one chick from the exorcist except I never saw it at the time. I never bolted out of a room so fast before.

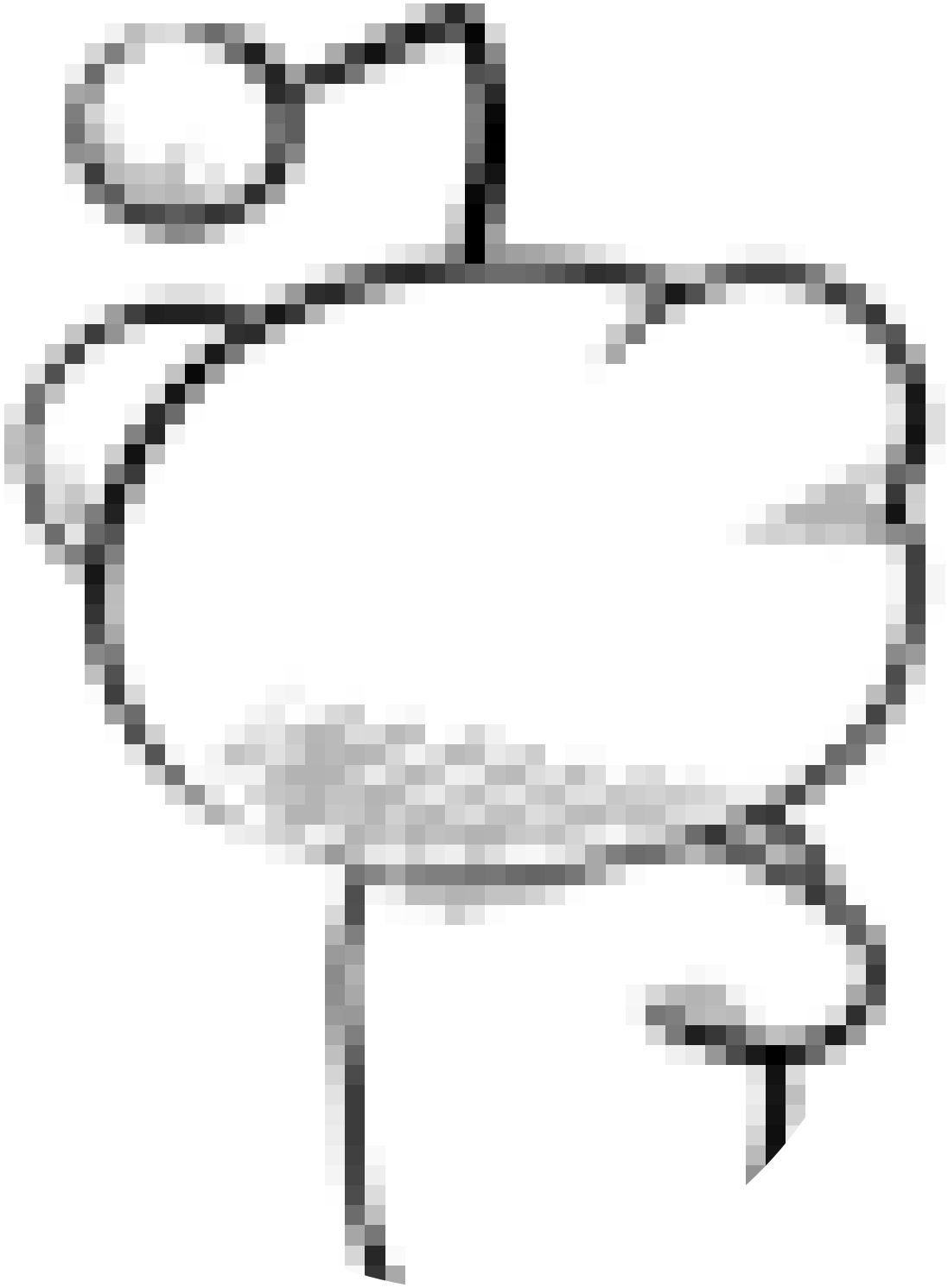
Lastly....

When I was around 11-12 years old I slept over my cousins house, but we ended up sleeping in separate rooms for some reason. I slept in the guest room. That night while lying in bed a tremendous eery feeling crept up on me, and for some reason I felt like a young boy, maybe 6-7 years old, blonde, and wearing all white attire was in the room. I never actually saw him; I just felt him. But not once did I get the feeling it was a "bad spirit" (i don't even really believe in these things).

The next morning I told my cousin about it and she apathetically expressed how she's visually seen the little boy (and also told me he's blonde, wears all white and harmless) before but never clearly explained further. He apparently follows her.

A few months ago I learned she first saw him around preschool, confirmed by my other cousin who remembers being told about it at a very young age. It turns out after numerous encounters with the young boy she decided to wake her mother. But upon waking her, her mom ends up shrieking in my cousins face and according to her, her mothers face looked hollow and just generally fucking creepy / weird. After that my cousin went mute for a month because sound was muddled for her and her own voice registered out of sync in her brain. It lasted for, like, a month and I don't think she sees that boy anymore.

I just realized a lot of shit has happened while I'm trying to sleep.



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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was in high school, me and my friends would hang out at this 300 year old colonial house/museum that was atop a big grassy hill that overlooked the river. It was mid school week, and we found out about the Perseid meteor shower and decided to try and watch it from this spot. We waited a couple of hours and didn't see a goddamn thing. We smoked about 5 homegrown pots that night, and everyone was vegetating in half sleep zombie mode. I was getting antsy, and to fuck with them I jumped up and ran down the hill screaming "Meteor" while pointing to the sky. They woke up and looked up, and what do you know a huge fucking meteor flew across the sky, and was the only one that night. That's when I knew

Reply Share

EONS
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 11 or so I was home with a friend of mine playing Command and Conquer 2 on the computer. My parents weren't home. The phone rang, and because nobody was home other than me and my friend, I let the answering machine pick it up.

Then I heard the following message in an extremely low pitched, rough voice with some kind of East Bloc accent:

"It is done. It is done now. What is done, now done. You know the deal. Bring the money."

Over the years we came to the conclusion, due to receiving half a dozen or so collect calls from a prison, that our phone number used to belong to some criminal. I still wonder what the hell that message was about.

Reply Share

pizzaroll9000
â€¢ 14y ago

I am convinced that mine and everything's existence is the result a large cosmic explosion, however that works.

Reply Share

mybustersword
â€¢ 14y ago

WHen I was a child my dad collected mcdonald's toys, and one of the toys he got was a Rafiki toy from the Lion King. If you pulled it back on the ground, it would zip forward and raises its staff thingy and shift its eyes around. I always was freaked out about this and watched it carefully. One day its eyes started shifting back and forth by itself without moving so i freaked out and tossed it in the garbage, lying in fear of it coming to kill me in the night

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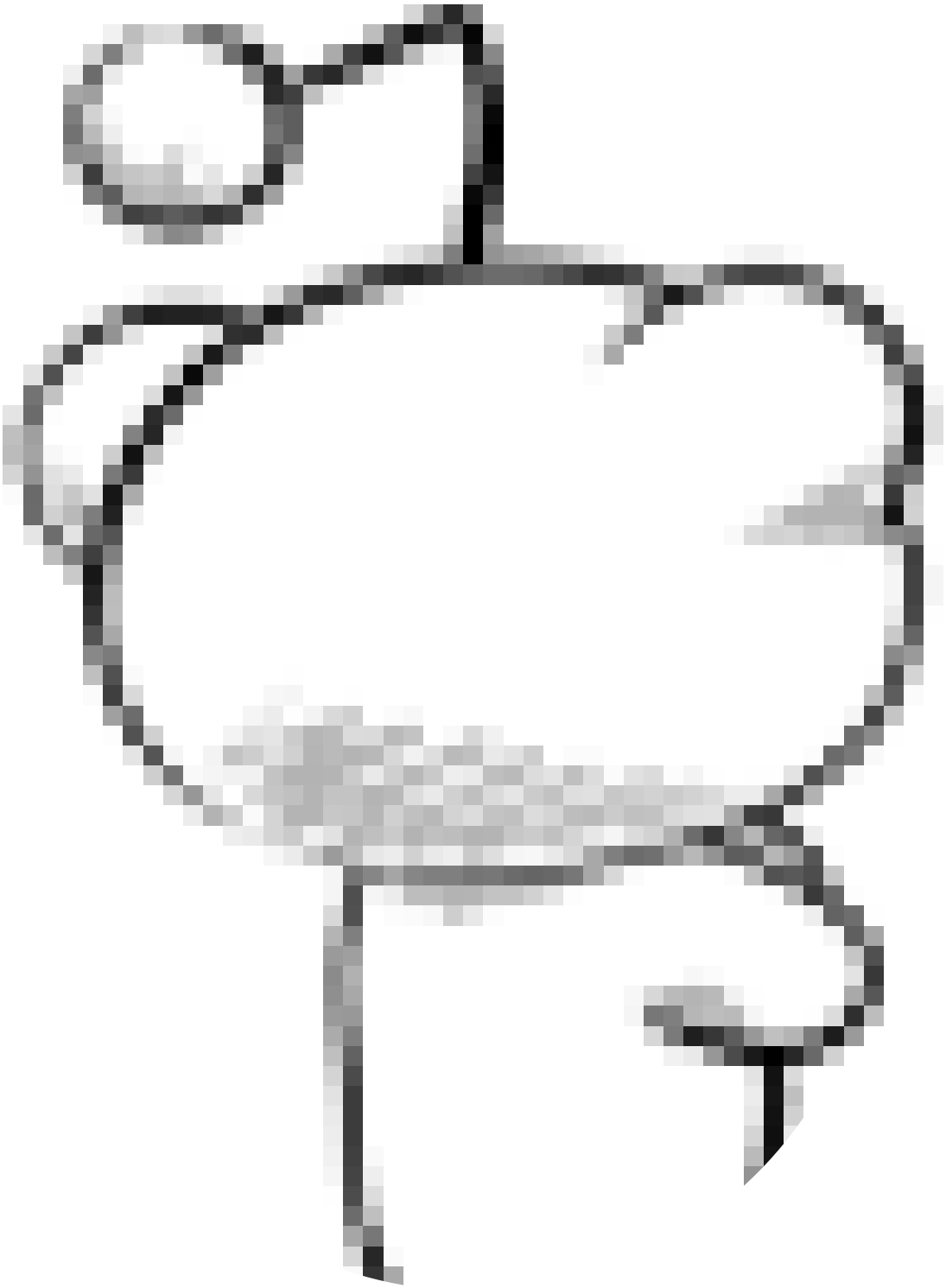

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â€¢ 14y ago

Correction

Reply Share

More replies

Chilianen
â€¢ 14y ago

Ufo bro

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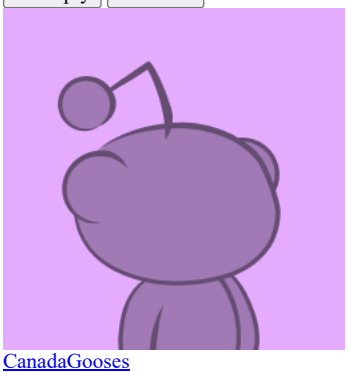

CanadaGooses
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 11, I had a bad dream that I was walking to school with my 2 girlfriends and I was hit by a small white car in the crosswalk at the top of the hill. I woke up freaked right the hell out cause it was so vivid, and so I asked my mom for a ride to school. She told me I was being lazy, so I walked to school with my 2 girlfriends.

I was hit by a car in that exact same crosswalk by a small white car. My mom felt like it was her fault for years because I had asked for that ride, and she'd brushed me off. Took a lot of time to get her to accept that shit happens, and it wasn't her fault in any way.

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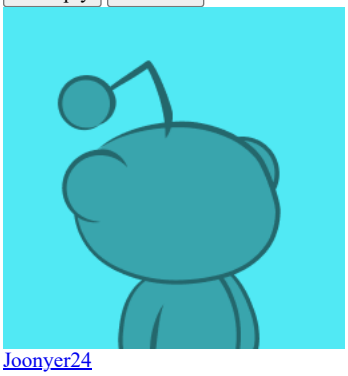

Joonyer24
â€¢ 14y ago

My cousin and I were very in tune with each other in our early teenage years. We often spent the night at each other's houses and once while he was at my home I remember leaving my bedroom, where we both were, to get a glass of red kool-aid. As I was pouring my glass of deliciousness, for some reason, the term binomial nomenclature ran through my brain. Perhaps we were learning about that in science class and that's what I was thinking about it. I walk back to my bedroom and just as I set my glass down, my cousin looks at me with a serious look on his face and just says, "binomial nomenclature." I was floored. It was a good thing the glass was already set down because I would have surely dropped it otherwise. To this day, I still can't fathom how he would have the same very random, and very specific term go through his brain at the same time as me. And it's not like we were big science followers and had been talking like we were on Big Bang Theory or something.

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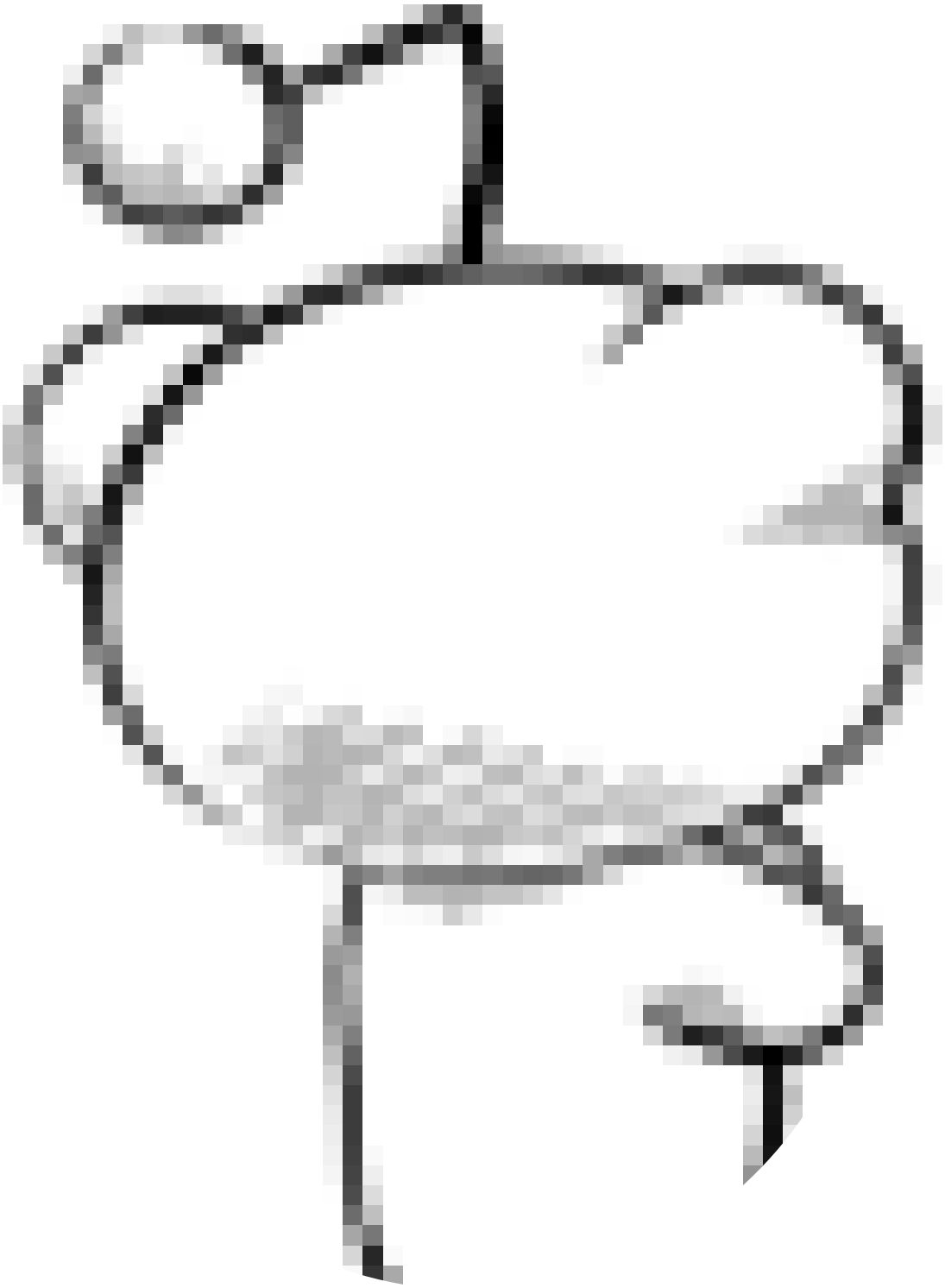

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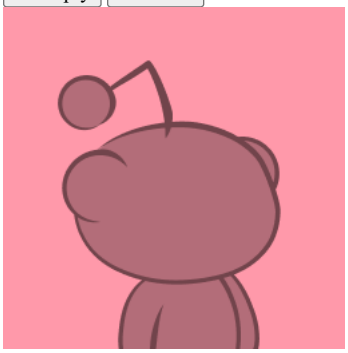
â€¢ 14y ago

I came here expecting interesting, unexplainable stories. Now I'm scared shitless, and it's only 7AM.

Reply Share



tacodepollo
â€¢ 14y ago

This happened often When I was younger - maybe from 5 - 15/16. I would be doing something, playing with my toys, drawing, whatever 'peacefull' activity, and every now and then someone would tap on my shoulder twice, like you would to get someones attention. So I would turn around, and see who wanted what - but every time there was never anyone there. Sometimes I thought someone is fucking with me, except then it happened a few times when I was completely alone, and there couldn't have been anyone in the room. It never freaked me out, because it happened enough as i was small and I got used to it. But it would happen every so often as I got older. I would put it out of my mind, until it happened again and remember 'oh yeah, that happens sometimes'. I never told anyone about it until now. It hasn't happened in years though. But it's a very strange feeling.

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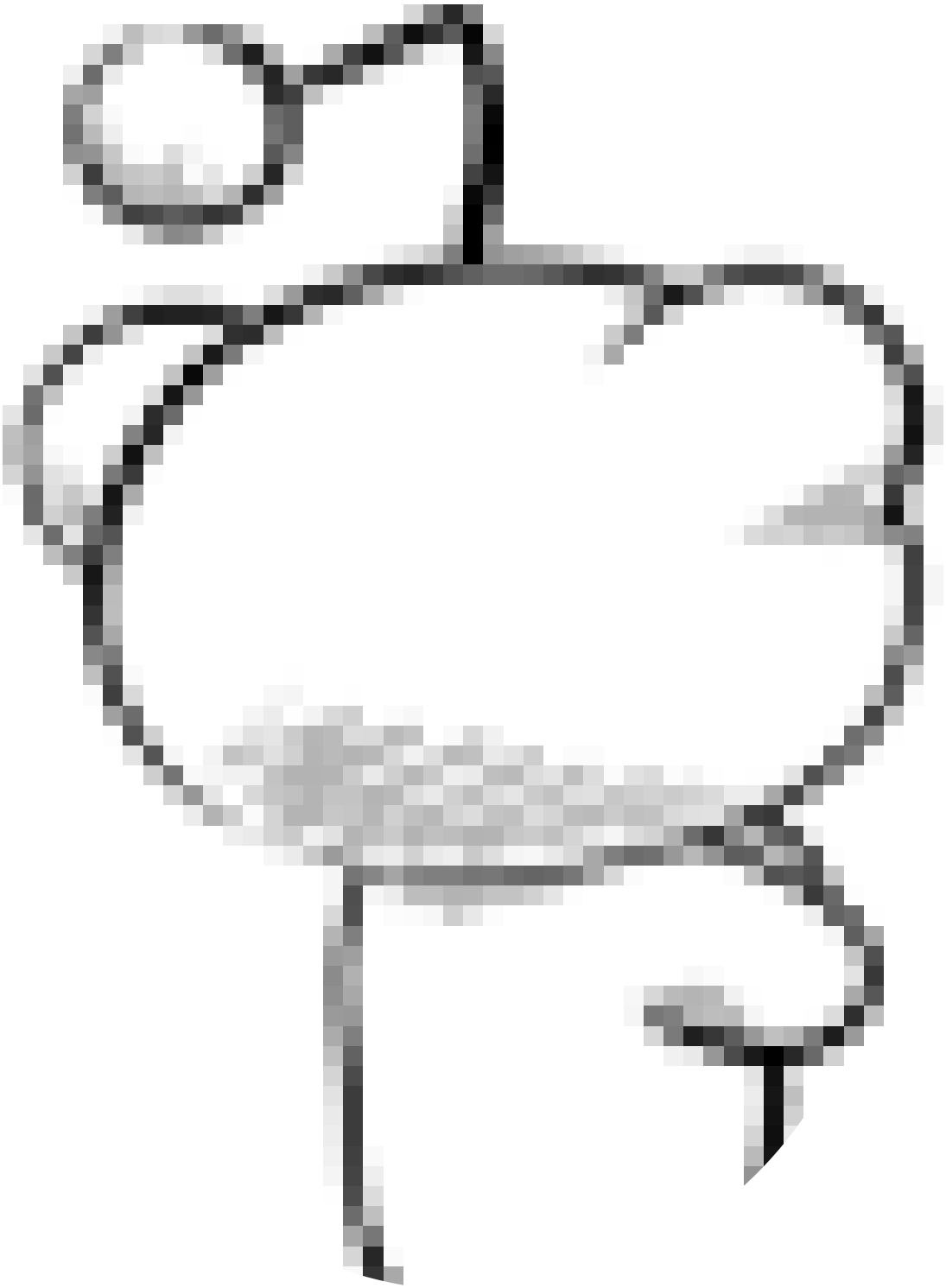

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I never had anything quite like that happen, but I would always hear a car door slam when i was younger. No one was there. We lived out in the country way away from anyone, but I would hear the distinct sound of a car door slam when no one was there. It happened so much that I just stopped looking out to see if someone was there.

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Tachs
â€¢ 14y ago

Man.. I read through a bunch of these and mine is pretty lame but here it goes.

I was driving down an old country road (seems a lot of these are in the boonies) with a friend and this dude starts riding us hard. I mean I can almost make out details on his face and in his car, so close I can't see his head lights. We decide to fuck with him and start opening and closing our doors, running our wipers, hazard lights, trunk, everything. This guy starts doing the same thing - I mean down to the letter and at the SAME time. Not I do this and you do it - no, I do this and you start at the same SECOND. For an hour, following us down small curvy roads, at every turn.. Then we decide to go full stop and strip as I'm driving, as soon as my shirt is off I look back and he is gone. Neither of us saw him turn or stop - and there are no turn offs on the road we are on. I pulled a 180 with the E brake (small dirt road) and we couldn't find him. Never knew what happened to dude..

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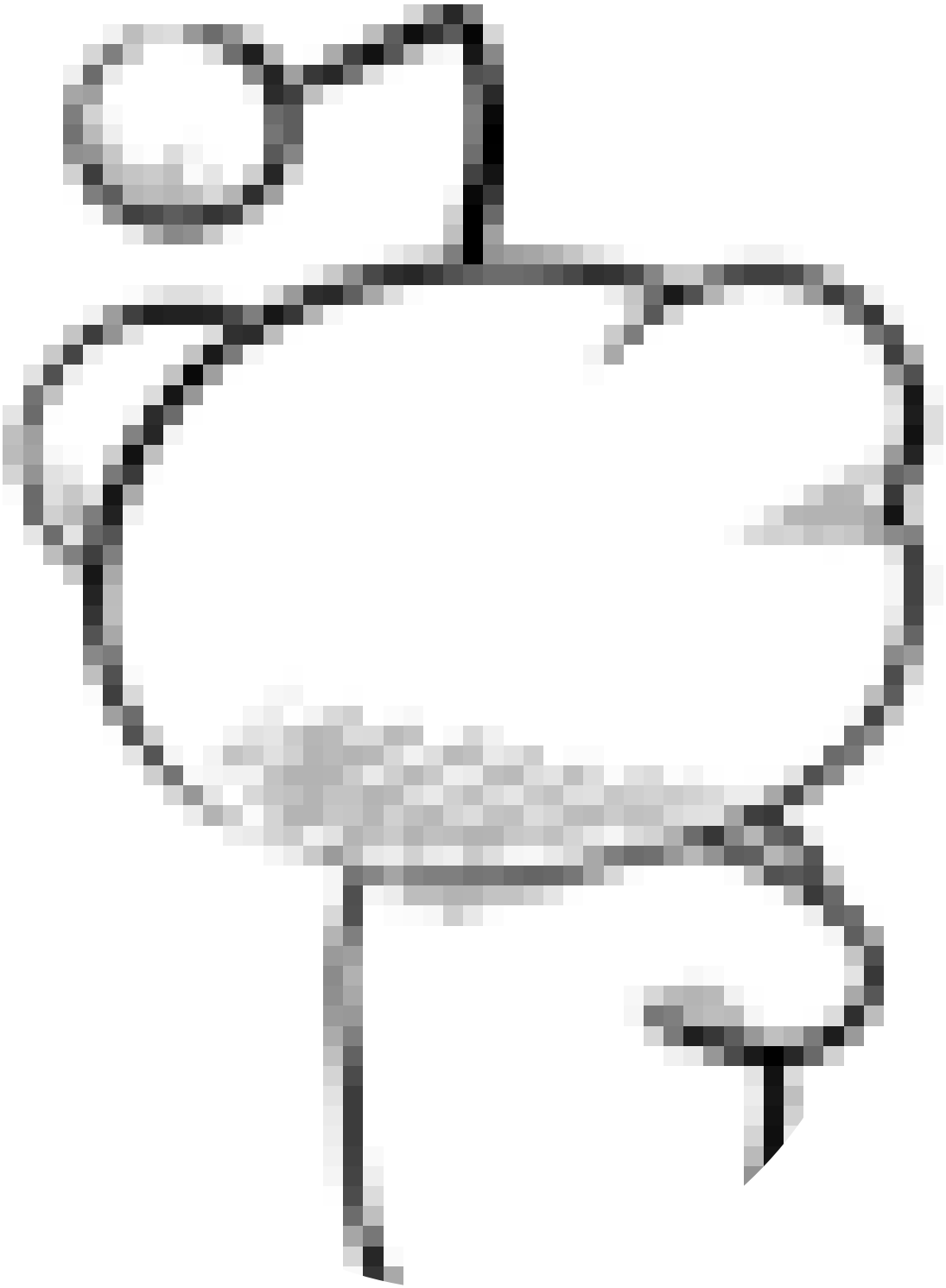

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

For a week last year I woke up to see something just standing over me and something in my doorway, always two. They were hooded, kinda like a monk, it was brown gown but just blackness where the face was meant to be, the first time it happened i had sleep paralysis, so the next day I was freaked out and googled it and it said you can see things that aren't real when you have sleep paralysis but the next 6 times it happened i was able to move. I have no idea of what or who the things were. I also heard voices before. Also things of mine disappear for days or weeks at a time and then just reappear in a different place near me

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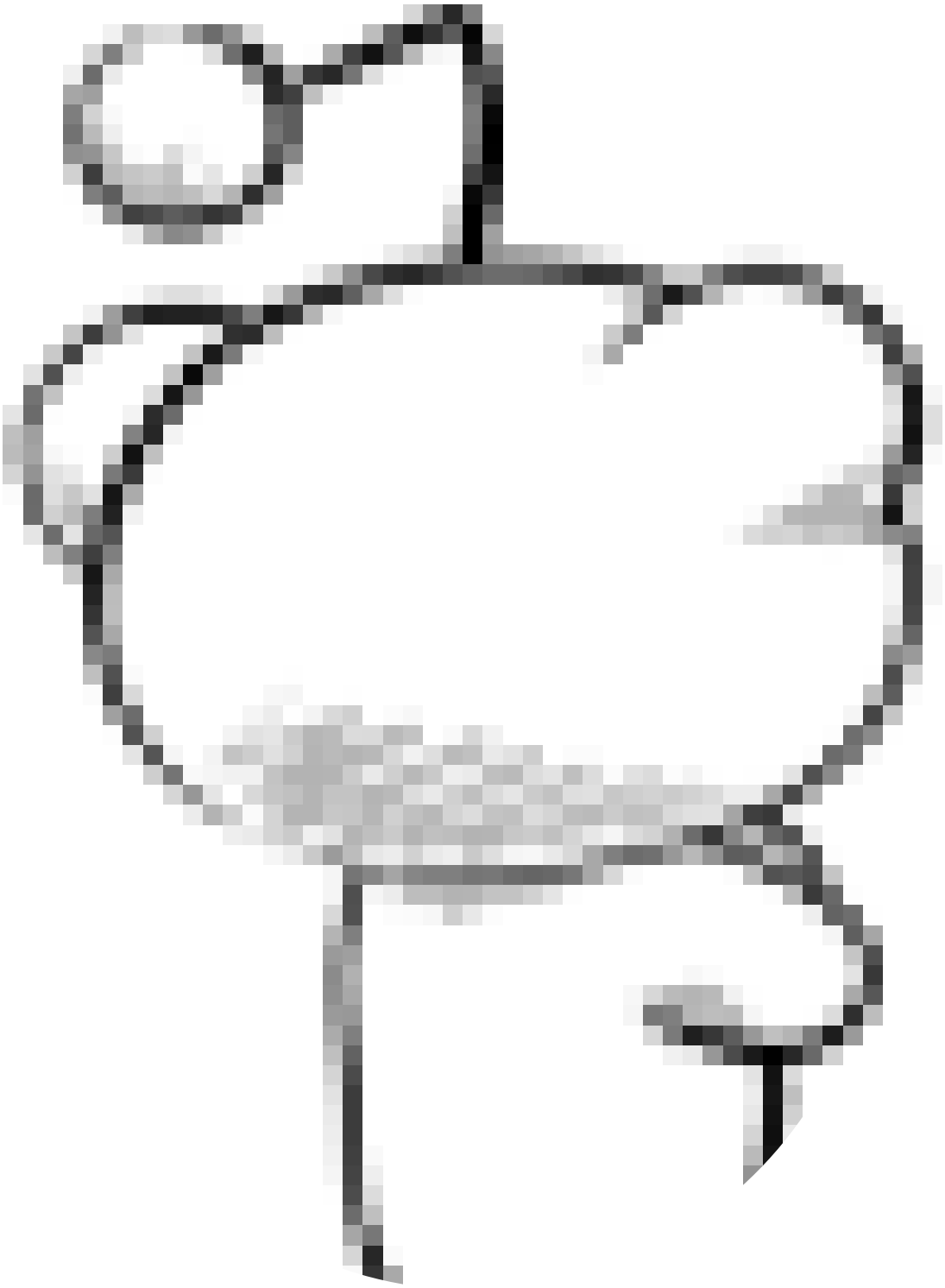

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â€¢ 14y ago

Got no story but just to share a different perspective to this kind of event. In the native culture in some parts of Malaysia events as such are common. It resembles blob like flying at random speed and directions leaving a short trail. The old folks say that it is an egg which was implanted with curse and if you ever see one it means that the egg just took off to its destination and once it reaches the home of the target it will hover above it and break. It will not reach the target if you witness it but if you point at it, you will be the new target. Now, depending on the colour you will get different effects. Red means death. I think in the pop culture it is in fact the UFO.

dirtymoney
â€¢ 14y ago

The only weird unexplainable thing that happened to me in my life happened about 3 years ago.

I had just arrived at my night job, was walking thru the parking lot and noticed two slightly unusually bright stars in the eastern sky that were too close together. I used to be into astronomy so I knew it was strange. So I stood there... watching them. They didnt move. After about a minute one slowly fades away and completely disappears. Then about 20 seconds later the other one does the same. The sky was clear, no clouds, no haze, nothing that would obstruct them. It was bizarre. They were the same color as regular stars so they couldnt have been flares that had been dropped and then fizzled out. I still dont know what the fuck i saw.

That is it. Nothing amazingly spectacular.... just strange.

danne_trix
â€¢ 14y ago

no

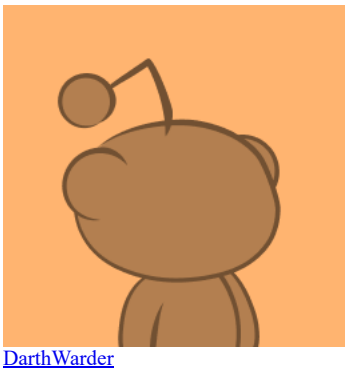
mybustersword
â€¢ 14y ago

This is both for me and a friend something unbelievable. When I was a teenage my best friend who lived across the town showed up at my house at 1030 at night, white as a ghost and out of breath and sweating. He told me he was out riding his bike at night for some reason, he doesnt know why but felt compelled to. On the way there he sees a person up ahead on the road, walking. As he rides by he looks over and sees the person does not have a face, and gets the most uncomfortable horrifying ungodly feeling and jets over to my place. He rings my bell and tells me about it and how afraid he is. I wouldn't belive him normally, who would? But the way he looked, all shakey and unsettled, and the fear in his eyes, makes me believe him otherwise. I've known him for 17 years and he is not a good actor

Reply Share

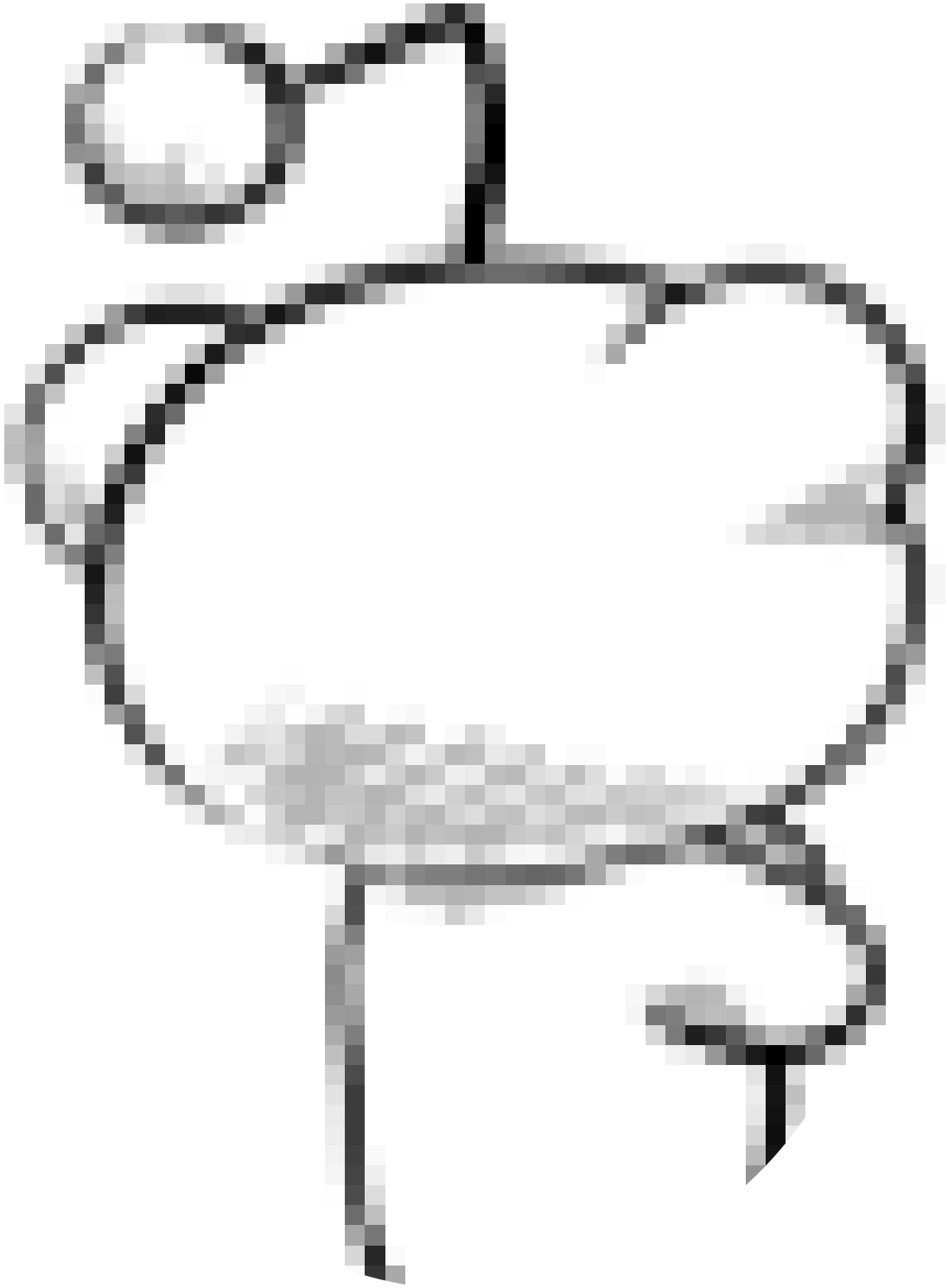
Swillyums
â€¢ 14y ago

My family and I always used to go to a provincial park in saskatchewan on vacation. Nice little cabins, great beaches, and an overall really cool place. Each cabin had a tv, but were all linked to one satellite, and only had one channel. One year (i was still a younger kid) I flipped on the tv and watched some fast pace action/car-centric movie from start to finish. Probably about a year and a half later, I walked into the living room to find my mum watching this same movie. When I ask why she's watching this, despite already having watched most of it with me on vacation, she tells me that she's never seen it, and it's just come out on vhs that week. I then proceed to tell her nearly every scene, and a good deal of dialog right before it happened. No idea how I knew all of this, but she was completely correct about its release date.



DarthWarder
â€¢ 14y ago

I was playing Frisbee with a friend about 10 years ago in a summer camp. We noticed a huge spider on the ground, and we picked it up with the side of the Frisbee to move it somewhere else. It started freaking out so we just threw it off the Frisbee and it landed in some shrubs. We went back to playing Frisbee, but a few minutes later i noticed that my vision was a bit green. My friend said that he noticed the same thing. Our only explanation was that this spider poisoned us somehow.



MrPoletski
â€¢ 14y ago

I found God.

So I killed him.

Now, there is definitely no God.

Not sure how I found him in the first place though. Can't explain that one.

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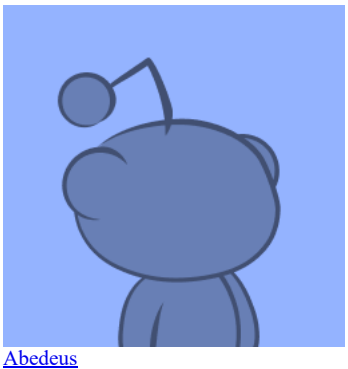

Abedeus
â€¢ 14y ago

No.

Because everything that happened to anyone can be explained.

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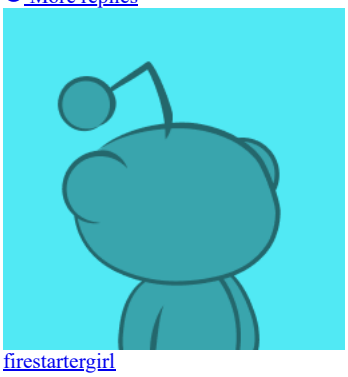

firestartergirl
â€¢ 14y ago

One day I was sitting at the foot of a bed,either playing video games or watching tv with my best friend, when I felt like I was just pushed into the ground subtly. It was like I was in an elevator that was going down and stopped quickly. Both my friend and I said "what the fuck" at the same time and I asked him if he felt it too and he said yea. I can't even remember if I asked him to go into more detail, but being a super rational person, this memory always makes me feel uneasy.

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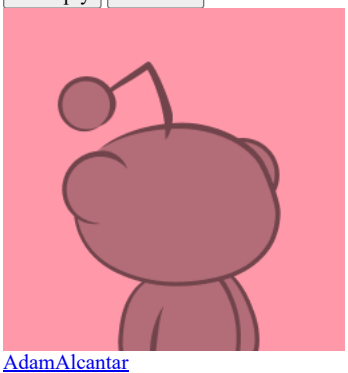

AdamAlcantar
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 15 (20 now,) I hallucinated a "spirit" which I now believe was the "spirit" of my great aunt who passed away in my current house before me. I would have dreams about her previous to the age of 18. [When I had a mental breakdown and became diagnosed with major depressive disorder along with generalized anxiety, and schizophrenia-paranoid type.] Even weirder is that I currently reside across the street from the address 666 and in one dream I had as a child, I was viewing from the point of view of the address number 666 and down my driveway in the back yard my great aunt walked from behind the house towards my neighbors backyard fence (suburbs,) and back to out of view. Even weirder is the chain of events that have happened before and after them. If anybody would like to know more I made a failed AMAA previous to this that nobody seems to like. I could explain more here as well if you'd like.

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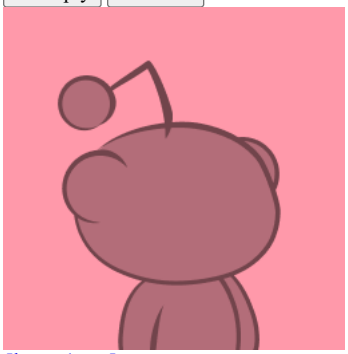

5henan1gan5
â€¢ 14y ago

a few weeks ago me and a friend had left our other friends house like around 1 am, i was driving and had the windows down. I kid you not we were only 4 or 5 houses down from our friends when we heard this terrible scream and the person (a man) sounded to be in a lot of agony. my friend looked at me and asked if i had heard what he had and kept telling me to drive past the house again, so i did. we didnt hear anything after the first time, no lights were on at the house, nothing.

We ended up calling our friend to see who lived there and was told an older mexican lady lived there alone but our friend heard nothing. For the rest of the night we were haunted by the scream and havent been able to figure out what it was.

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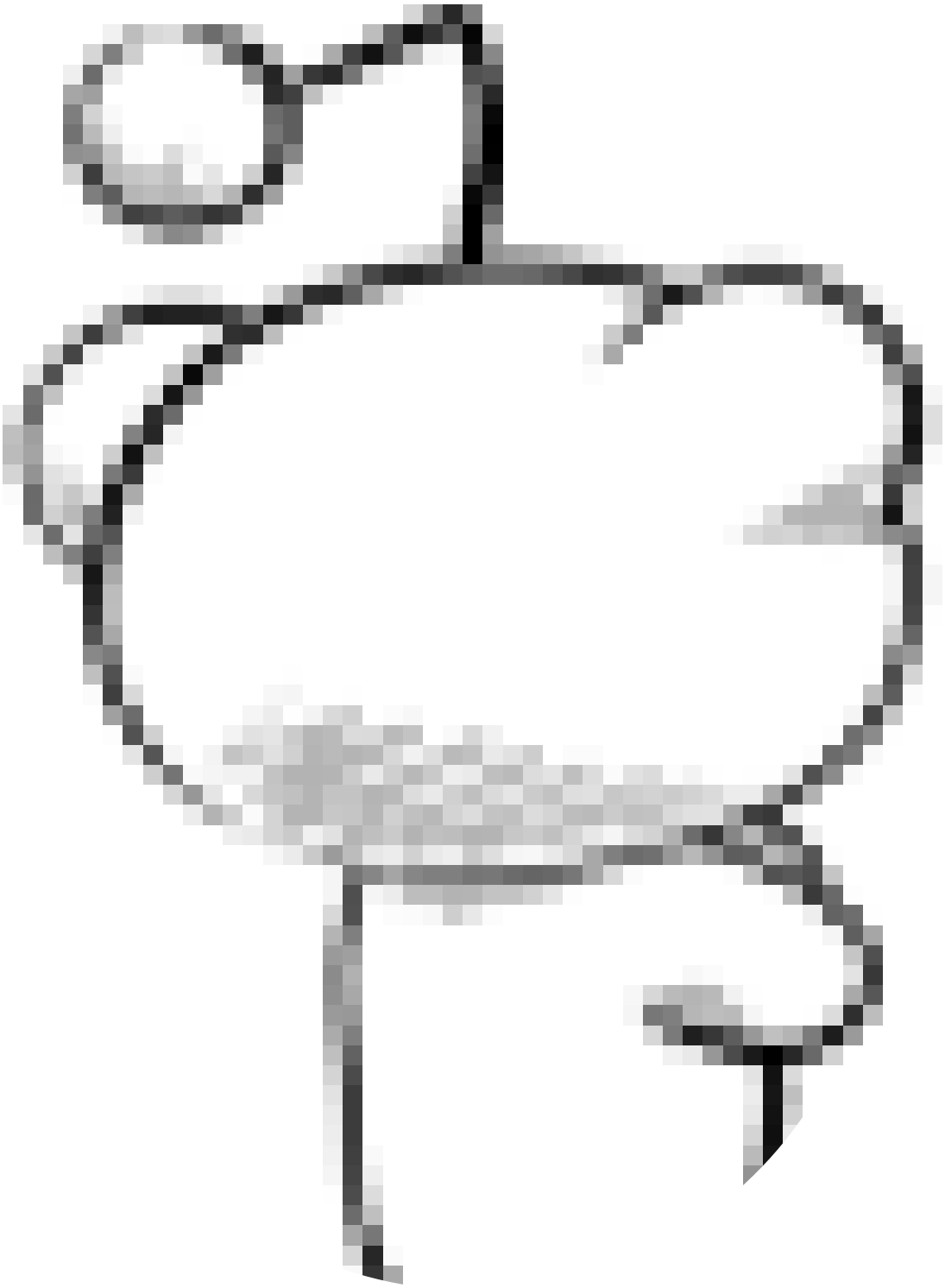


aprestia
â€¢ 14y ago

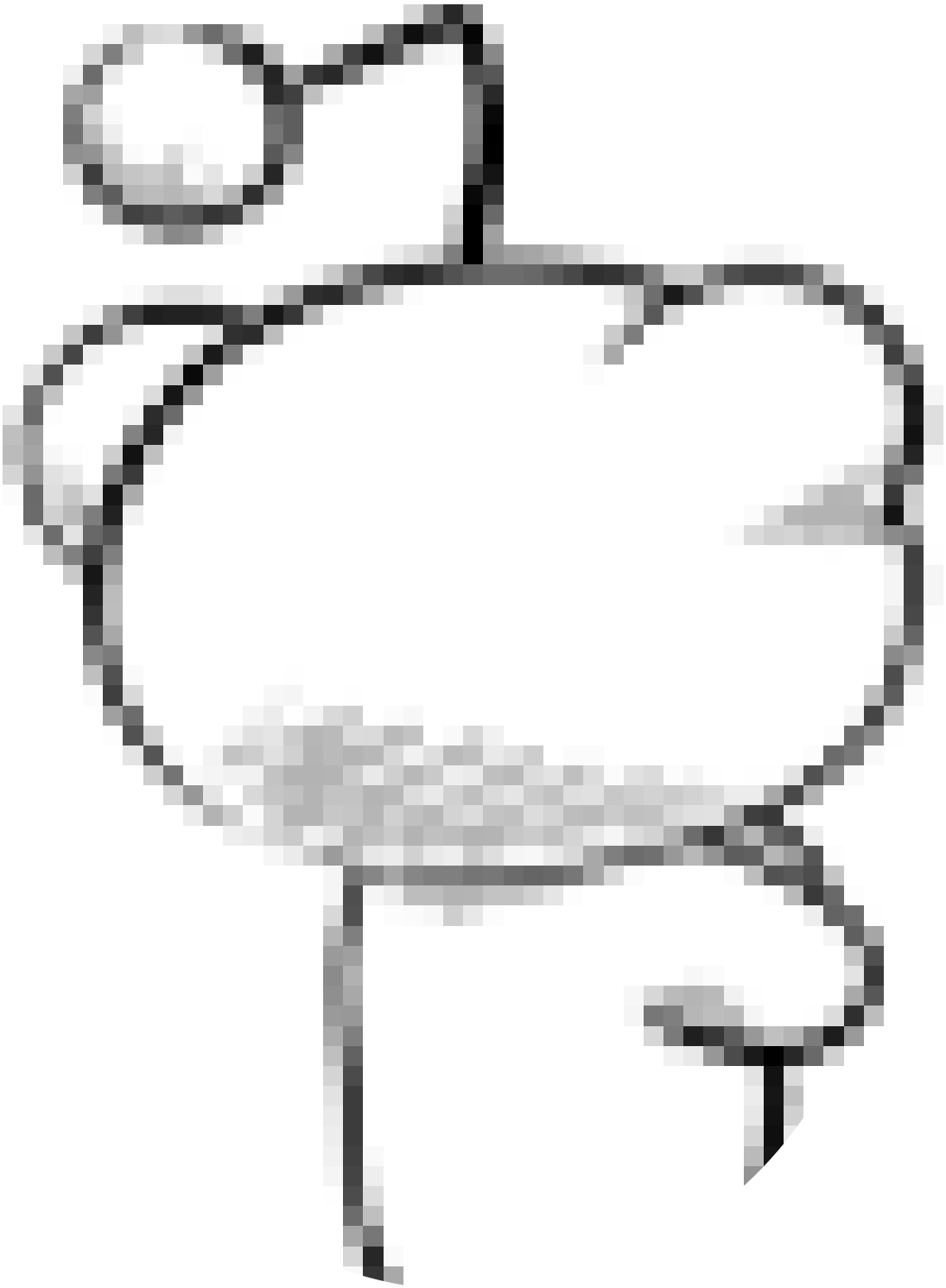
I don't.

Reply Share

Kilgannon_TheCrowing
â€¢ 14y ago

ITT: r/nosleep

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Once there was a big green flash, like a strobe (but only 2 or 3 flashes) outside my window that lit up the whole sky.

Probably a meteor or something...I dunno. Had me thinking for a while.

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Skegetchy
â€¢ 14y ago

I was at a boarding school in the uk in the 90s and in the top year we had our own rooms in the top of an old building. It was the old servent quarters for the house (the building was originally a huge house for a family) Anyway it was really cool up there as we had space to do our own thing and explore the hidden rooms and spaces up there - there were a lot and not infrequently get very stoned. Anyway cut to the point i went back to my room one night having had a bong session with a few mates. I was standing in my room kind of staring into space and a honey jar i had on a shelf span about 45 degrees round. I was like "holy fuck" and bolted out the door and to my friends room and stood outside his wondering if i should wake him up. In the end i went to bed and hid under the covers pretty fucking scared.

It span - the honey pot span by its self and I cant explain it. For those who think cos i was stoned it must have been that, being stoned doesn't make things move in reality - this wasn't a hallucination. Ive been far more high and tripping and not experienced this. This was a very grounded and reality based action. (From the honey pot)

A lot of odd stuff happened up there for everyone and I was relieved when we left even though it had been fun.

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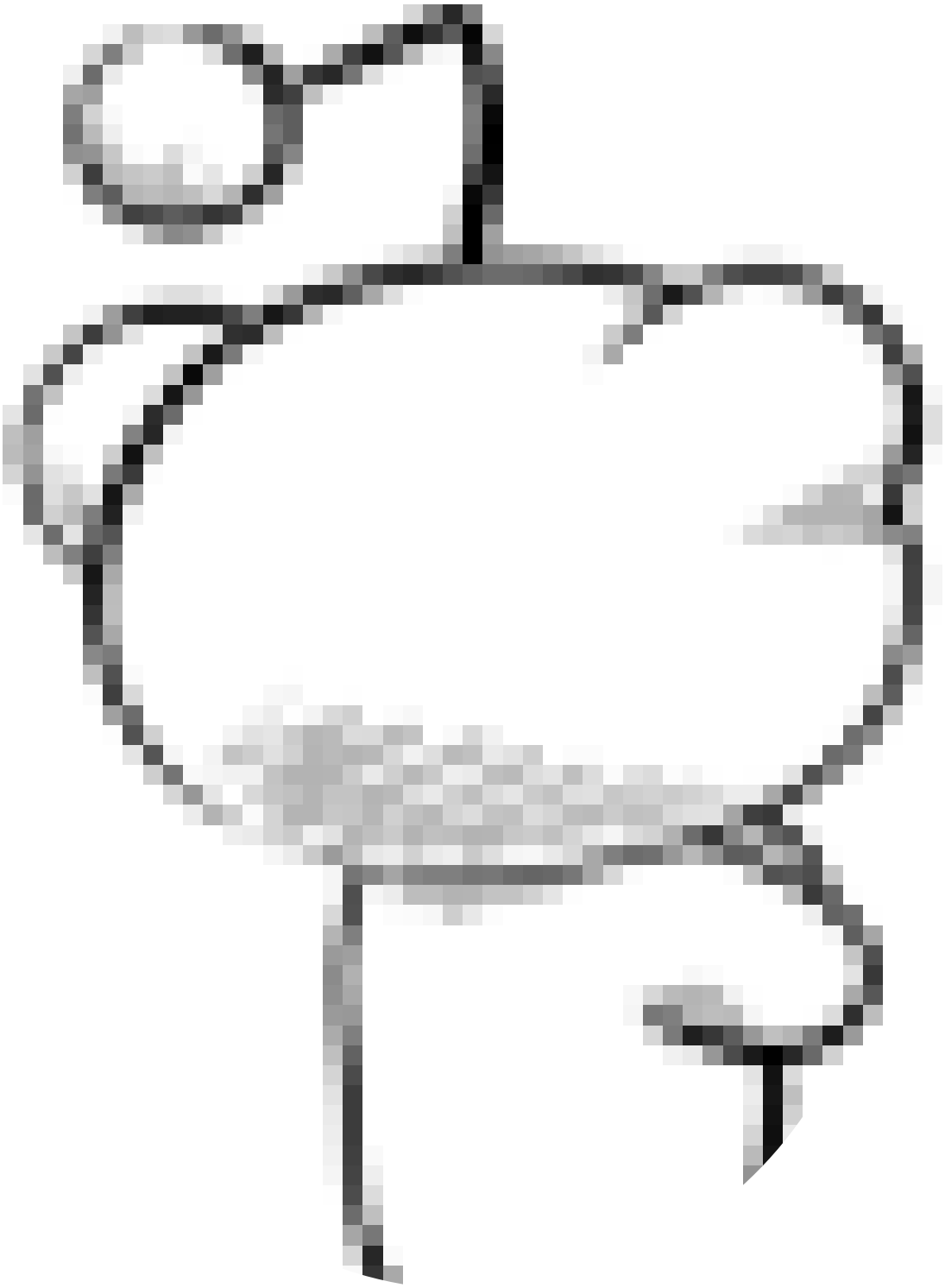

DNAlien
â€¢ 14y ago

This is not my story, but many of the stories here reminded me of this, and as far as I can tell it has very little exposure, but a fair amount of documentation, and it's just... crazy. Behold. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dyatlov_Pass_incident

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Promasterchief
â€¢ 14y ago

why do only americans see fucking lights and ufos and weather phenomenons but in europe doesn't happen shit?

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2 more replies
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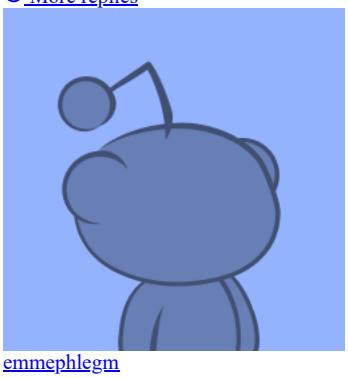


emmephlegm
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was 10 y/o my sister, Sharday and I shared a room. One night I was woken to see a girl in a white dress standing/floating at the end of the bed... I was so confused I thought it was my sister, so I asked "Sharday, what are you doing?". With no response, I turned only to see my sister fast asleep in her bed. I screamed and covered my eyes in fear. As I peeked out to view my sister I saw the 'girl' dirft/walk out of my room and down the hallway.

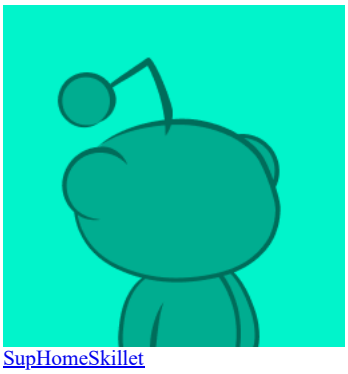
30 seconds later Dad comes running down the stairs with a baseball bat...

Every family member claim to have had different experiences seeing figures at that house. Even my older sister who visited once with her baby she was in the bathroom late at night and saw in the reflection of the mirror a figure walk down the hallway and towards her guest room, only seconds later to hear her baby crying.. I refuse to believe any of these experiences are real. I know ghosts dont exist.

Reply Share

Automaticwriting
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a little kid I was playing on my swing set and it started to rain. As I sat still and watched it slowly rain harder and harder, I noticed that I wasn't getting wet. The rain that splashed on the slide I was sitting on hit me but no rain from the sky. I stayed still for a good two or three minutes to see how long I could go and just as it really started to poor, my dad yelled at me to come in and I as soon as he did I got drenched. Nobody has ever believed that story.



SupHomeSkillet
â€¢ 14y ago

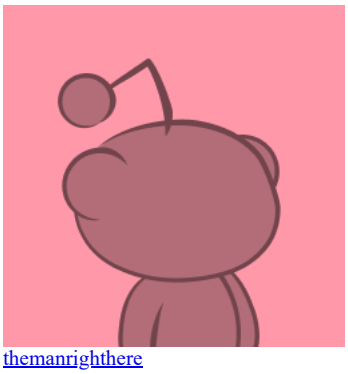
At my parents house there are things that have happened we can't explain. Each of my sisters, my parents, and myself have had some weird shit happen to us. I don't believe in ghosts and I'm there is a logical explanation of everything that has happened, but still, we can't explain it. I'm sure in my instance it was just brain misfiring or playing tricks on my teenage girl head, but still creepy.

For me, the most memorable was when I was home alone at the age 15. This was 11 years ago and my parents finally got a computer that was able to play Sims. So needless to say I was having loads of fun and focused primarily on the game when all the sudden I got a feeling. It was a weird feeling. Sort of like a feeling of being watched, but with a twist of nervousness. I turned around to face the door to the office and saw something black move down the hallway. I'm not talking human body and see through black. I'm talking big block of nothing, pitch dark non transparent empty hole black. It was taller than the door and was there and gone in a second. I flipped my shit! Ran to the kitchen, grabbed a knife, and sat in the corner for 30 minutes crying until my parents came home.

cqxray
â€¢ 14y ago

In the week after my brother died, I was in a group of his colleagues discussing the circumstances of this death. My phone (a Palm Treo), which I had kept off, suddenly beeped. It had turned itself on, and the screen showed an incoming text message. The text screen is typically something that you would have to press a few buttons to access from the starting home screen. The text message, of two random letters, was from my brother's office phone number.

Never been able to figure that one out.



themanrighthere
â€¢ 14y ago

I've posted this once before in a similar thread. But it vaguely resembles the OP story so i'll throw it up here 12 hours later!

I'm in Texas. At this point I was passing through the Brownwood area driving with some friends.Someone points out an abnormally bright light blinking on/off... Odd, I figure it's a plane/satellite/weather balloon whaaatever.. no worries.. I hear Whoa, it moved.. again I ignore this, people over react to dumb shit... my other friend has started watching by this point and starts making commentary about Seriously, wtf is that. So here's what it would do. Blink Blink Blink, disappear, maybe 1-2 seconds later reappear nowhere near it's original spot.. blink blink blink, disappear. Rinse and Repeat. It "moved" absurdly fast.. or seemed too looking up into the night sky. Once I actually saw it disappearing and reappearing seemingly instantaneously.. I thought it was weird too, so we pulled over. More people pulled over when we did.. and we all muttered amongst ourselves what is that? No one knew of course.. as we watched it.. some other odd behavior occurred. It stopped moving, and it would blink blink blink, another light appeared next to it, blink blink blink, another. It made a perfect row of row across the sky.. then they all went out and no more lights. Dyess Airforce base is vaguely near here (over 70 miles) But that's all I can really figure this was.. I can't explain what it was, I've never seen anything exactly like it again.. if anyone knows wtf that would be cool, I've been wondering since I was a teen.

Reply Share

moses_herzog
â€¢ 14y ago

I once cut my finger on an apple while eating it.

Reply Share

sweetlifeofawiseman
â€¢ 14y ago

not my story, but I read this story in r/nosleep about a guy who went hiking with two of his friends, and some messed up stuff happened, the friend got killed/murdered or something while they were running through some kind of tribe or something in the middle of the night. I tried to find it but no success, unfortunately.scared the hell out of me.

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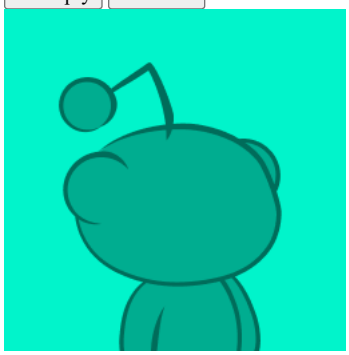

Finnick
â€¢ 14y ago

This isn't my story but one my mom has told me about. Before I was born my mom and dad lived in an apartment and my mom was home a lot by herself. She said she was woken up in the middle of the night on multiple occasions because the flap door on the VCR would be opening and closing over and over really fast. Obviously this scared the shit out of her and my dad brushed it off as it was probably broken. To shut my mom up, my dad took it to be fixed and they told him there was nothing wrong with it. Not too long after that my dad witnessed it himself and they decided it was time to move.

Shablahdoo
â€¢ 14y ago

TLDR: have weird premonition dreams. Mom has them too.

I keep a dream journal and try to record every detail i can. I do this because some dreams i have end up coming true days or a few weeks later. The dreams can either be from my point of view or from a different angle, and they are always about minor situations like word for word conversations, or something that I am doing with the people around me.

It started when i was around 12 which was in 2002. I told my mom about it and she told me that she had similar dreams though hers were different in a way. She told me she dreamed about a plane crashing into Manhattan a week before 9/11. She dreamed of her almost getting into a car accident. One time she had dreamt that a plane was about to crash into my grandmas house but narrowly missed and crashed west of the house. She told my dad the next morning and later that day he told us my grandmas brother who lived in california had just died.

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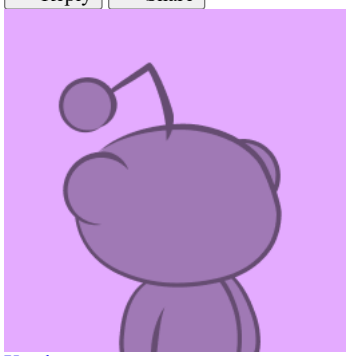


Xander_
â€¢ 14y ago

Lets see.

House number one: I was young but this image will stay with me forever. One morning I woke up and went to shower, getting ready for school, the usual. On the way back I open the door and see two glaringly blue eyes looking straight at me. They were behind a chest of drawers but I screamed for my mum and she too saw them. They looked like dolls eyes and when she moved the drawers, nothing was there. It's like they disappeared.

I shouldn't have gone to bed in that room that night. Mid sleep, I feel a huge punch at the small of my back, like it was underneath the covers. Of course being young, I screamed and called for my mum and she came to comfort me and my over imaginative mind. Went back to sleep, woke up and saw the most unexplainable thing I've ever seen. Laying next to me was a dead mouse, just there lifeless facing towards me, with a ray of blue light shining on it through the covers. That light was beautiful but I snapped out of it and snuck out my bed slowly, staring at it all the way running to my parents' room. Not one minute passed by, my mum lifted the covers and it was gone. I swear on my life I saw and even felt it before running out of there. Never slept in that room ever again.

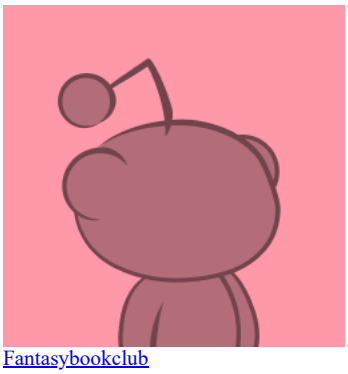
House number two: Again this happened while I was in my bedroom. It was the first time I had a lucid dream. I was climbing a tree and when I reached high, the branch snapped and I fell to the ground. Now in this dream I landed on my elbow, it broke and I was in agonising pain. I wondered why I wasn't waking up, then it hit me. I was on the floor in my bedroom, my mum ran in after hearing something and saw me there with my elbow broken and she screamed and rushed me to hospital with my dad. I couldn't explain that at all. I was top bunk on this bedroom but the safety was still there and nothing broke so I have no clue how I made it to the floor.

I have so many more but I'm tired and need my bed, if you guys want to read anymore let me know.

HDpotato
â€¢ 14y ago

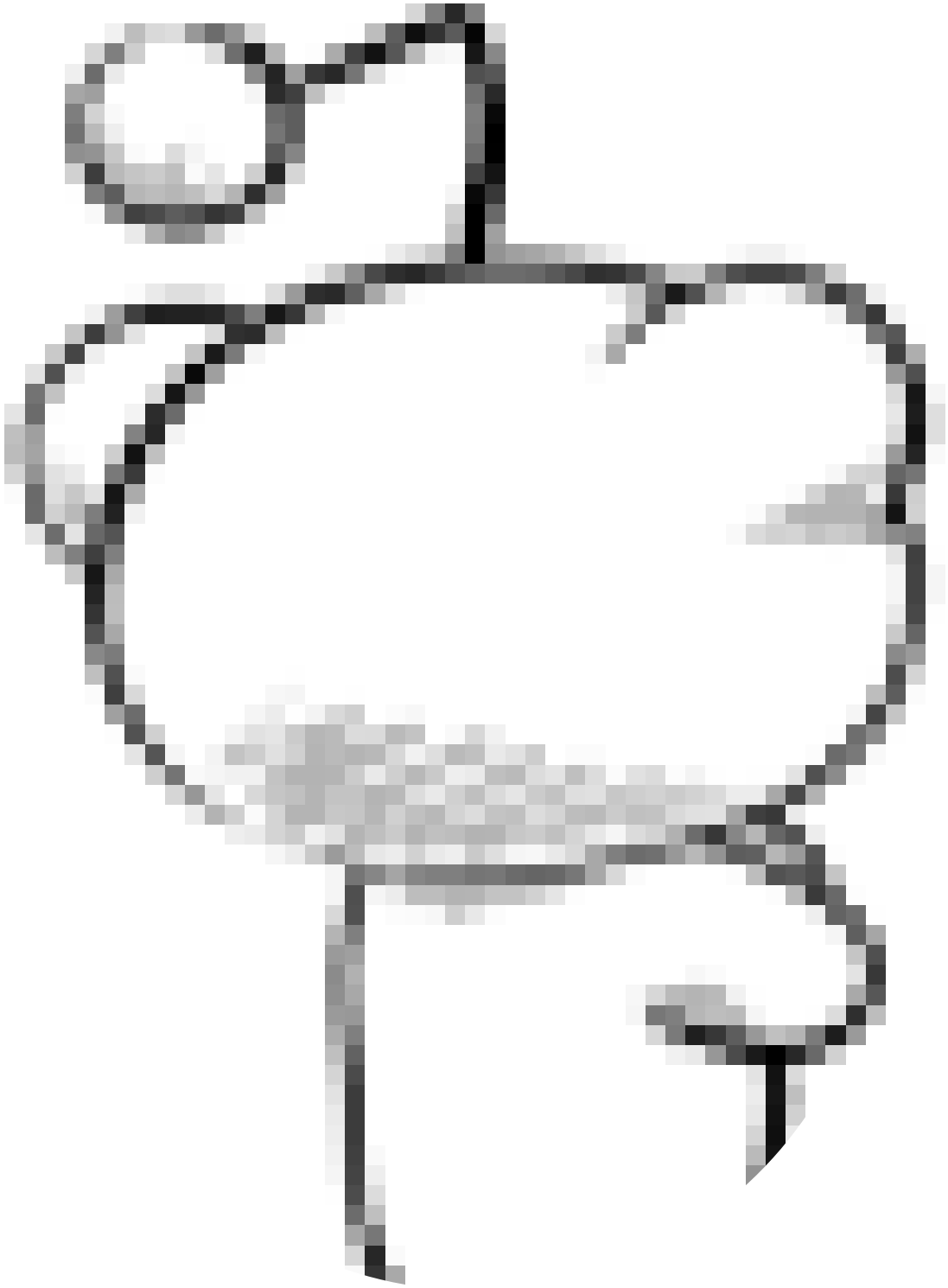
Two weeks ago I was spending the night in our old house (we moved away but still own it) so I didn't have to go all the way back after visiting old friends. When I came home at around 4 am and went to bed I heard a gentle rustle. My heart skipped a beat, as I slowly lift my head from the pillow and stare to the corner where the sound seemed to come from I saw a black shade. It was around the size of a cat and quick as hell, it didn't seem to have much of a physical body, as if it were engulfed by it's own shade. It then scuttered away behind a cabinet leaving me lying mortified in my bed, with the feeling of someone reaching out a hand to grab my back.

I managed to get out of bed, flicked on the light, checked every corner, nothing.



Fantasybookclub
â€¢ 14y ago

I was playing ping pong with a friend over new years in our basement. We were hitting it back and forth enthusiastically. We had eyes on the ball. In the middle of one of a return of mine it looked like the ball paused for a split second over the net then resumed flight as if nothing had happened. We both saw it and laughed. The ball seemed to have experienced a discontinuity of some space time event not explainable by spin or fluid dynamics.



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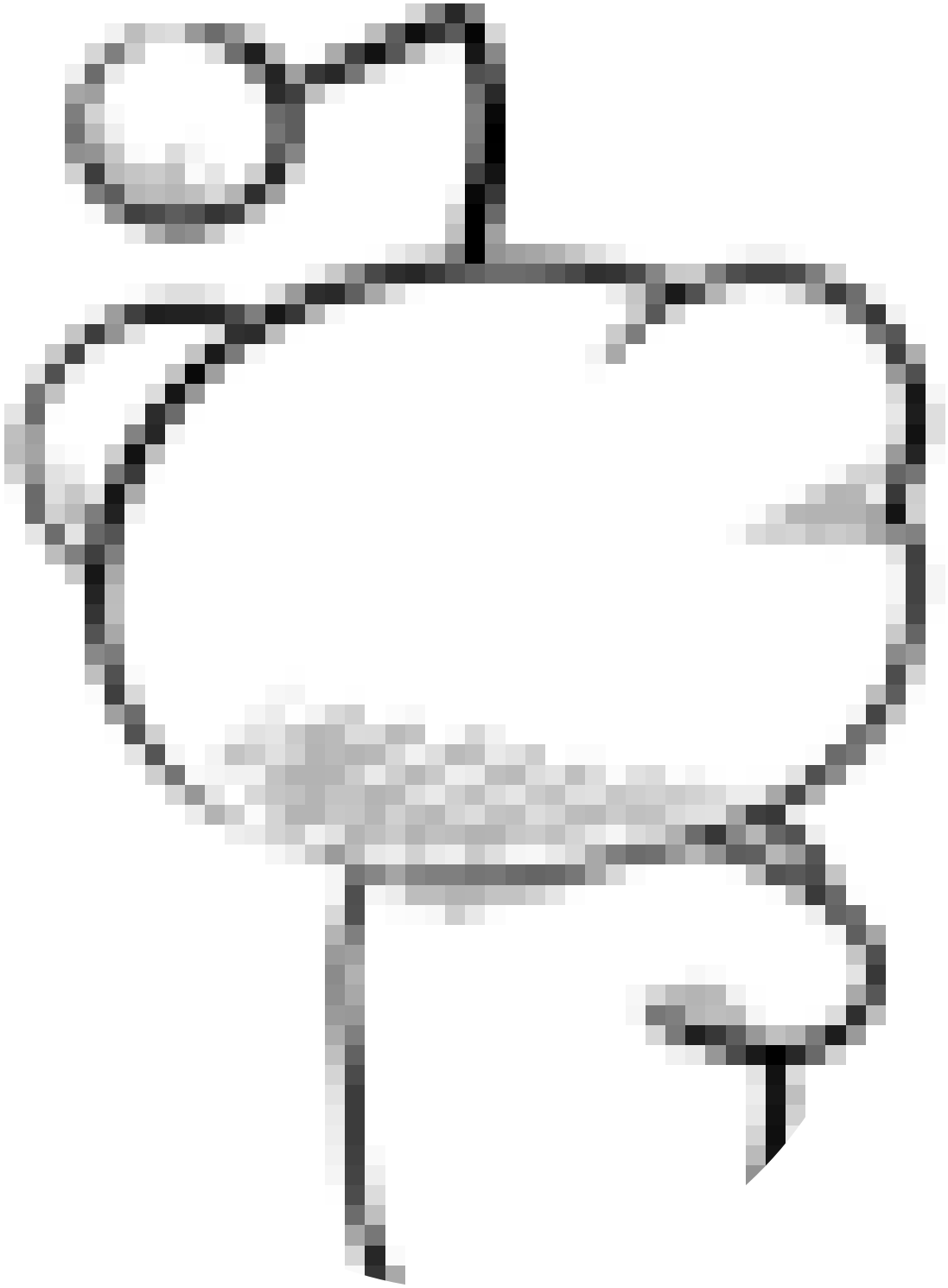
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

~November 1998, downtown Chattanooga TN, 10 PM

I was visiting with friends for a LAN party, and had gone out to my car to bring my computer into the house. On the way back inside I happen to look up and see something moving. On closer inspection it's actually a lot of things moving in an organic fashion. 100-150 feet over the streets there's a mass of 40-50 dull orange sparrow-shaped things quickly swirling around each other in a tight formation, something like this only not nearly as large. (A few years later I learned the term "bait ball" which describes their movement pretty well) The objects didn't move just in circles, but swirled in different directions.

I'm mesmerized by the sight, and I stand there watching it for ten minutes or so. My friend becomes concerned and comes out to see what's keeping me, and I point out the phenomena to him. We both watch for another ten minutes or so, discussing what it might possibly be. Maybe it's birds flying through a spot of reflected light from a sodium-vapor streetlight (the old orange streetlights).

His wife comes out and we point out the formation to her. We all watch for another five minutes as the glowing very slowly fades away into nothing. We never heard the sound of flapping wings, as you would expect from a large flock. And we've never seen anything remotely similar again. We assume there's a natural explanation for all of this, but no single theory seems to explain everything about the encounter.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

During the summer of 2003, events in the northeastern United States involving a strange, humanlike creature sparked brief local media interest before an apparent blackout was enacted. Little or no information was left intact, as most online and written accounts of the creature were mysteriously destroyed.

Primarily focused in rural New York state, self proclaimed witnesses told stories of thier enounters with a creature of unkown origin. Emotions ranged from extremely traumatic levels of fright and discomfort, to an almost childlike sense of playfulness and curiosity. While their published versions are no longer on record, the memories remained powerful. Several of the involved parties began looking for answers that year.

In early 2006, the collaboration had accumulated nearly two dozen documents dating between the 12th century and present day, spanning 4 continents. In almost all cases, the stories were identical. Iâ€™ve been in contact with a member of this group and was able to get some exceprts from their upcoming book.

The Rake

A Suicide Note: 1964

As I prepare to take my life, I feel it necessary to assuage any guilt or pain I have introduced through this act. It is not the fault of anyone other than him. For once I awoke and felt his presence. And once I awoke and saw his form. Once again I awoke and heard his voice, and looked into his eyes. I cannot sleep without fear of what I might next awake to experience. I cannot ever wake. Goodbye.

Found in the same wooden box were two empty envelopes addressed to William and Rose, and one loose personal letter with no envelope.

â€˜Dearest Linnie, I have prayed for you. He spoke your name.â€™

A Journal Entry (translated from Spanish): 1880

I have experience the greatest terror. I have experienced the greatest terror. I have experienced the greatest terror. I see his eyes when I close mine. They are hollow. Black. They saw me and pierced me. His wet hand. I will not sleep. His voice (unintelligible text).

A Marinerâ€™s Log: 1691

He came to me in my sleep. From the foot of my bed I felt a sensation. He took everything. We must return to England. We shall not return here again at the request of the Rake.

From a Witness: 2006

Three years ago, I had just returned from a trip from Niagara Falls with my family for the 4th of July. We were all very exhausted after a long day of driving, so my husband and I put the kids right to bed and called it a night.

At about 4am, I woke up thinking my husband had gotten up to use the restroom. I used the moment to steal back the sheets, only to wake him in the process. I appologized and told him I though he got out of bed. When he turned to face me, he gasped and pulled his feet up from the end of the bed so quickly his knee almost knocked me out of the bed. He then grabbed me and said nothing.

After adjusting to the dark for a half second, I was able to see what caused the strange reaction. At the foot of the bed, sitting and facing away from us, there was what appeared to be a naked man, or a large hairless dog of some sort. Itâ€™s body position was disturbing and unnatural, as if it had been hit by a car or something. For some reason, I was not instantly frightened by it, but more concerned as to its condition. At this point I was somewhat under the assumption that we were supposed to help him.

My husband was peering over his arm and knee, tucked into the fetal position, occasionally glancing at me before returning to the creature.

In a flurry of motion, the creature scrambled around the side of the bed, and then crawled quickly in a flailing sort of motion right along the bed until it was less than a foot from my husbandâ€™s face. The creature was completely silent for about 30 seconds (or probably closer to 5, it just seemed like a while) just looking at my husband. The creature then placed its hand on his knee and ran into the hallway, leading to the kidsâ€™ rooms.

I screamed and ran for the lightswitch, planning to stop him before he hurt my children. When I got to the hallway, the light from the bedroom was enough to see it crouching and hunched over about 20 feet away. He turned around and looked directly at me, covered in blood. I flipped the switch on the wall and saw my daughter Clara.

The creature ran down the stairs while my husband and I rushed to help our daughter. She was very badly injured and spoke only once more in her short life. She said â€œhe is the Rakeâ€.

My husband drove his car into a lake that night, while rushing our daughter to the hospital. He did not survive.

Being a small town, news got around pretty quickly. The police were helpful at first, and the local newspaper took a lot of interest as well. However, the story was never published and the local television news never followed up either.

For several months, my son Justin and I stayed in a hotel near my parentâ€™s house. After we decided to return home, I began looking for answers myself. I eventually located a man in the next town over who had a similar story. We got in contact and began talking about our experiences. He knew of two other people in New York who had seen the creature we now referred to as the Rake.

It took the four of us about two solid years of hunting on the internet and writing letters to come up with a small collection of what we believe to be accounts of the Rake. None of them gave any details, history or follow up. One journal had an entry involving the creature in its first 3 pages, and never mentioned it again. A shipâ€™s log explained nothing of the encounter, saying only that they were told to leave by the Rake. That was the last entry in the log.

There were, however, many instances where the creatureâ€™s visit was one of a series of visits with the same person. Multiple people also mentioned being spoken to, my daughter included. This led us to wonder if the Rake had visited any of us before our last encounter.

I set up a digital recorder near my bed and left it running all night, every night, for two weeks. I would tediously scan through the sounds of me rolling around in my bed each day when I woke up. By the end of the second week, I was quite used to the occasional sound of sleep while blurring through the recording at 8 times the normal speed. (This still took almost an hour every day)

On the first day of the third week, I thought I heard something different. What I found was a shrill voice. It was the Rake. I canâ€™t listen to it long enough to even begin to transcribe it. I havenâ€™t let anyone listen to it yet. All I know is that Iâ€™ve heard it before, and I now believe that it spoke when it was sitting in front of my husband. I donâ€™t remember hearing anything at the time, but for some reason, the voice on the recorder immediately brings me back to that moment.

The thoughts that must have gone through my daughterâ€™s head make me very upset.

I have not seen the Rake since he ruined my life, but I know that he has been in my room while I slept. I know and fear that one night Iâ€™ll wake up to see him staring at me.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

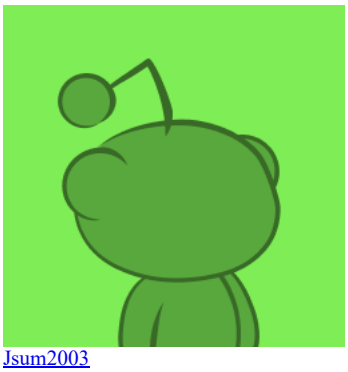
gonzoa
â€¢ 14y ago

One night my mom had a dream that my paternal grandfather (whom I had never met) was watching me play and told her that he'd watch over me. The next day she gets a call telling her that he had passed.

1 more reply

1 more reply

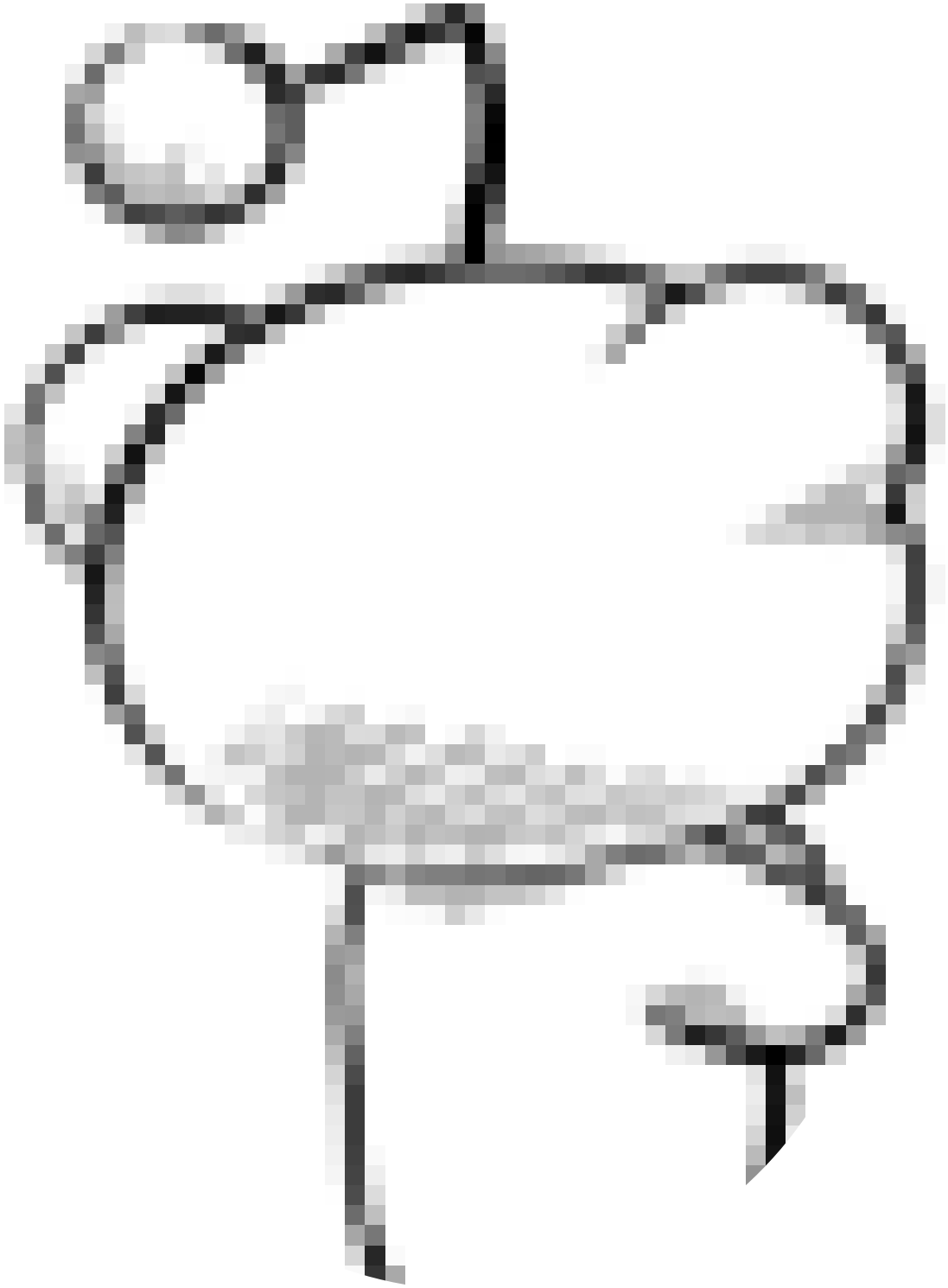
More replies



Jsum2003
â€¢ 14y ago

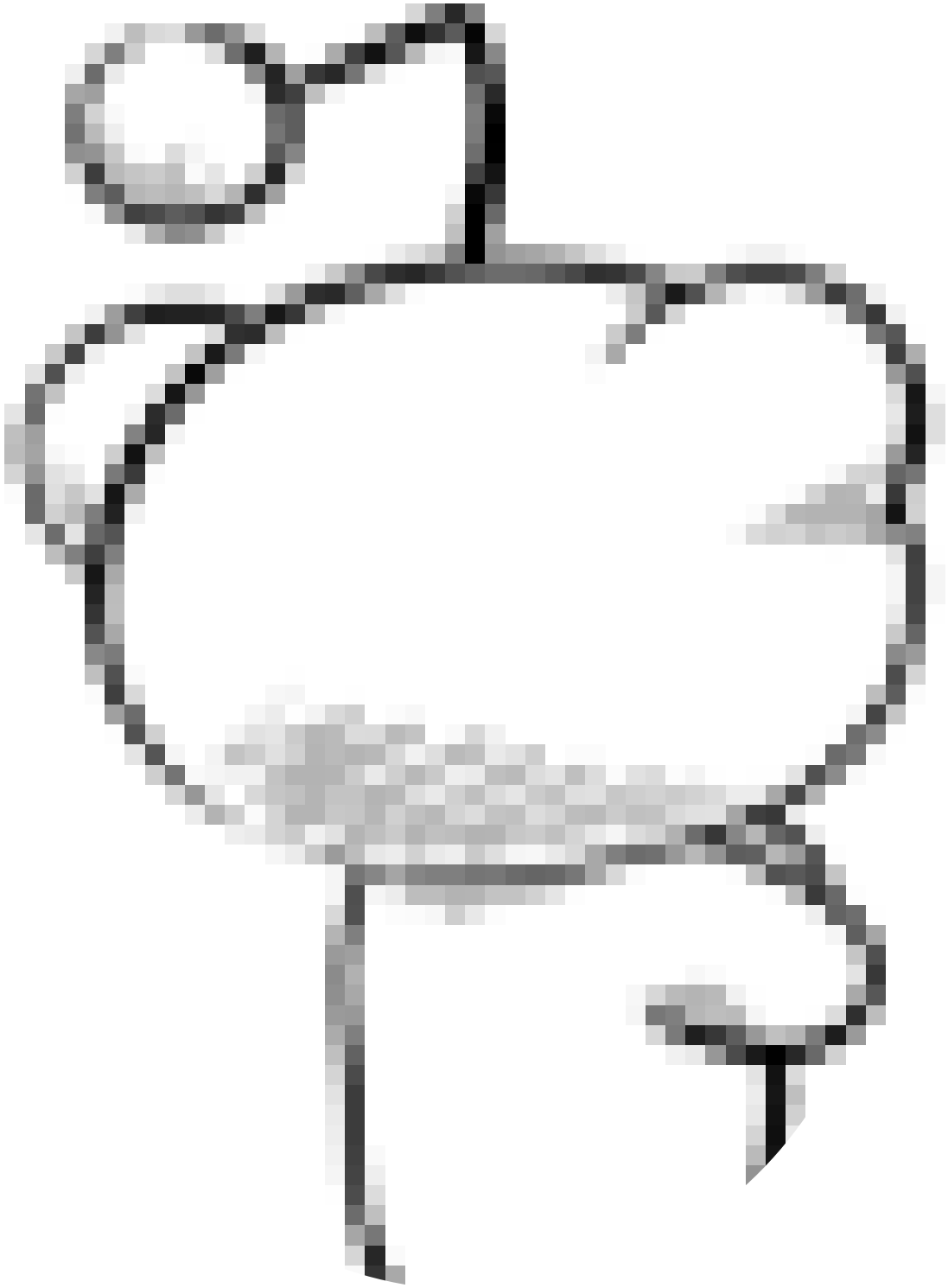
Two weird things, both pretty mundane. The first was when I was in college, I directed a small day camp one summer at a historic village. We had a special guest coming in for a presentation for the kids. They called that morning and had to change their arrival time. So I sat down with the staff, rearranged the morning schedules for the different camp groups, then went upstairs to make the changes on the computer and printout new schedules for the counselors. When I opened the file, the changes had already been made even though we had JUST finished discussing them. We always had said there was a ghost in that building (it had been built around 1830), I guess it was a helpful one.

The other was shortly after my husband and I were married. We went to bed one evening on our normal 'sides' of the bed - I am always on the right, he's on the left. We woke up the next morning, switched. Neither of us had gotten up to use the bathroom, and the sheets weren't tangled up or anything. To this day we joke that aliens abducted us in our sleep and just put us back on the wrong sides.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I went to a christian high school that had a weekly chapel. I was an agnostic at the time. One session of chapel we had a guest speaker. During his sermon, I felt air rush over my body. No one else felt it, and th windows were closed. No fans were on. I'm still an agnostic/atheist, but I can't explain what happened that day.



DudeIamAwesome
â€¢ 14y ago

Back in 2005 i was home alone with my cousin. We were 10 at the time. The house was with a wall to wall livingroom/garage thingy and there was a window between the rooms. I was in the livingroom and my cousin in the garage. I suddenly heard something from the kitchen. I remember it sounding like something fell down from the table and breaking. My cousin come in to the livingroom, looking kinda freaked out. We ran upstairs and hid in one of the rooms. The door was locked. There was a bend in the room which we hid in and then it happened. The door handle went up and down as if someone was trying to get in. We freaked the fuck out and had no idea what to do. We just waited it out and after some time we ran down and sat outside the house with sticks, waiting for our parents to come home.

No idea wtf happened with the handle.

Reply Share

Angrypinecone
â€¢ 14y ago

I think you guys have the wrong website, creepypasta is over there. Next to a puddle of my dignity.

Reply Share
1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

ImboSlice
â€¢ 14y ago

One day, think it was at night, I wanted to check my mailbox on my mobile phone. I called it up and the lady voice, you know, guided me through the process (forgive the lack of a better phrase). At some point, her voice stopped. Not stopped like the connection broke or something, it wasn't instant. Her voice faded out. Then I heard the same voice asking "Hello?". I was in a passenger seat at that moment and we were driving through some creepy tunnel with yellow lights. I was irritated, before I could even feal scared. I responded by saying "Hello". Then the lady voice said "No, no, no" a couple of times and then went silent. The "call" did not stop, it just went silent. Remember this was my mailbox. So basically I called myself. I was really creeped out and to this day I cannot explain, what happened there.

Reply Share

thatsboxy
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was little probably around the age of five or six my mom would take us for walks in the forest preserves near Chicago. There is one that contains an Indian burial ground that is marked with a huge stone and plaque.

Well, we were heading back to the car. My mom and sister were ahead of me. I was kind of taking my time and walking slightly off the path when I suddenly lost sight of my mom and sister. I wasn't scared I just kind of kept walking in the same direction looking around for them until I could see them.

Out of the corner of my left I eye I see movement. I turn my head to see what it is (a lot of deer wandering around) and it is a native American man walking parallel to me. Not paying me any attention. Dressed in some kind of animal skin, longish black hair and a very simple feather hanging at the side of his face (my memory could be off a bit but he wasn't dressed in any kind of fancy feathers). He was just walking.

I ran toward where I'd last seen my mom and sister to tell them there was an actual native american in the woods. I described what he was wearing and my mom just laughed. She said I must be imagining things because native Americans don't wander the woods now in animal fur.

I don't know what happened. I don't know if he was really there. I didn't see him in the forest after that.

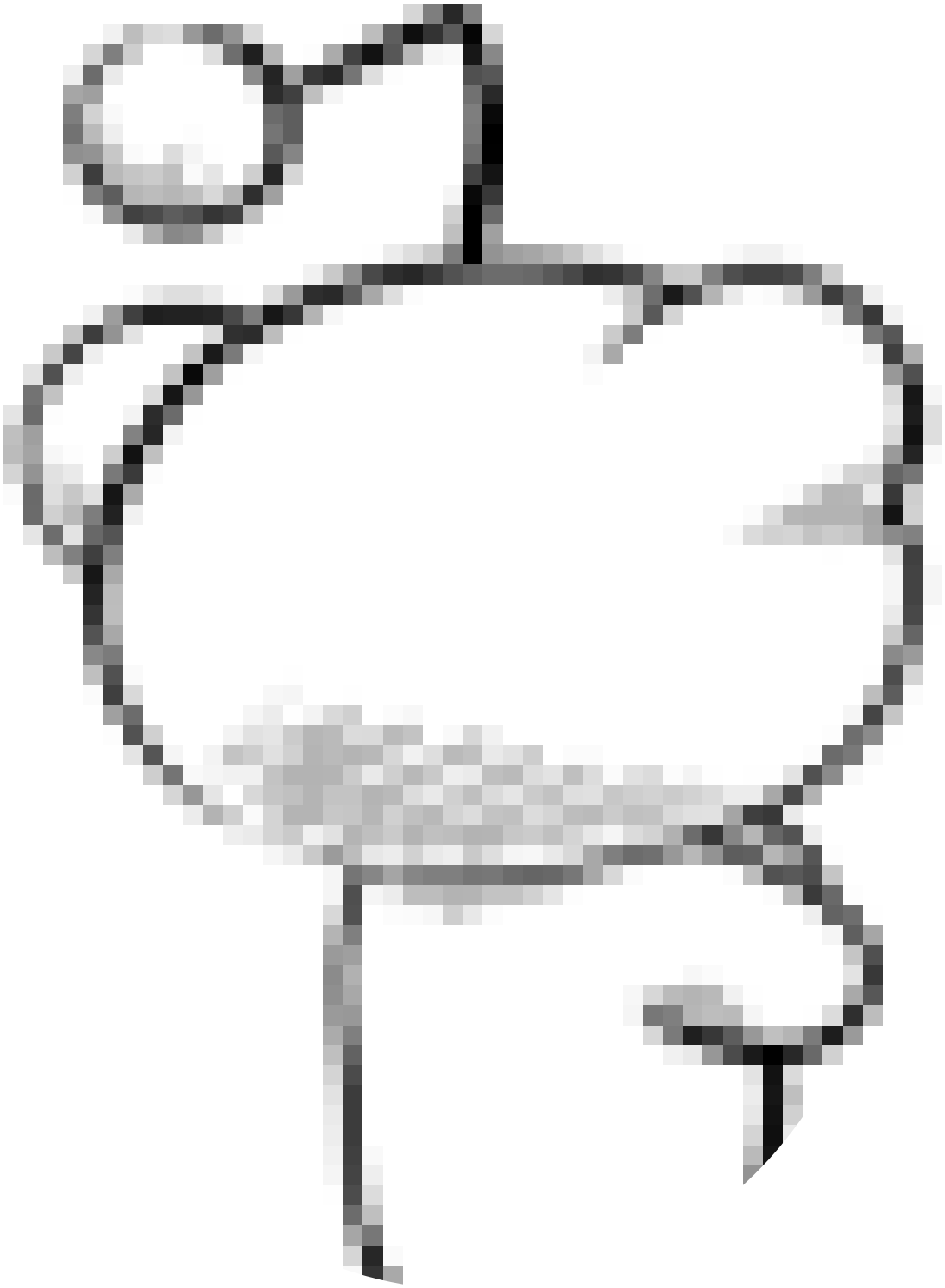
Reply Share

Pepperyfish
â€¢ 14y ago

I have 2

1. when I was 7 my mother and I took a trip to Catalina island I was a light sleeper and at around 2 in the morning I was woken up by a loud humming I got up and rushed to the window and saw long slender almost cigar shaped object rise from the water, I woke my mom up and she ran to the window we watched it hover for a few seconds then it seemed to kind of stretch out and the humming got louder and started giving me a head-ache, then after a loud bang and a flash of light it vanished. 2.I was 10 and my grandmother had just died, I went to school but couldn't really focus during the day and as I was leaving my desk and only my desk out of about 20 desks starting shaking violently and out plopped my math book that I had forgotten to bring home.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

My grandma had cancer very bad and was most likely, not going to survive when I was arund 5-6. Eventually, it did kill her at around 1:00 am. That SAME time I woke up from having a dream where she was wreathed in golden light, telling me everything was okay. I went straight to my mom after waking up and told her "everything would be okay, grandma is happy now" because she was crying. "How did you know grandma is gone?!" "I saw her just now."

This story still makes me weird out that I saw someone post-mordem in a dream.

Reply Share

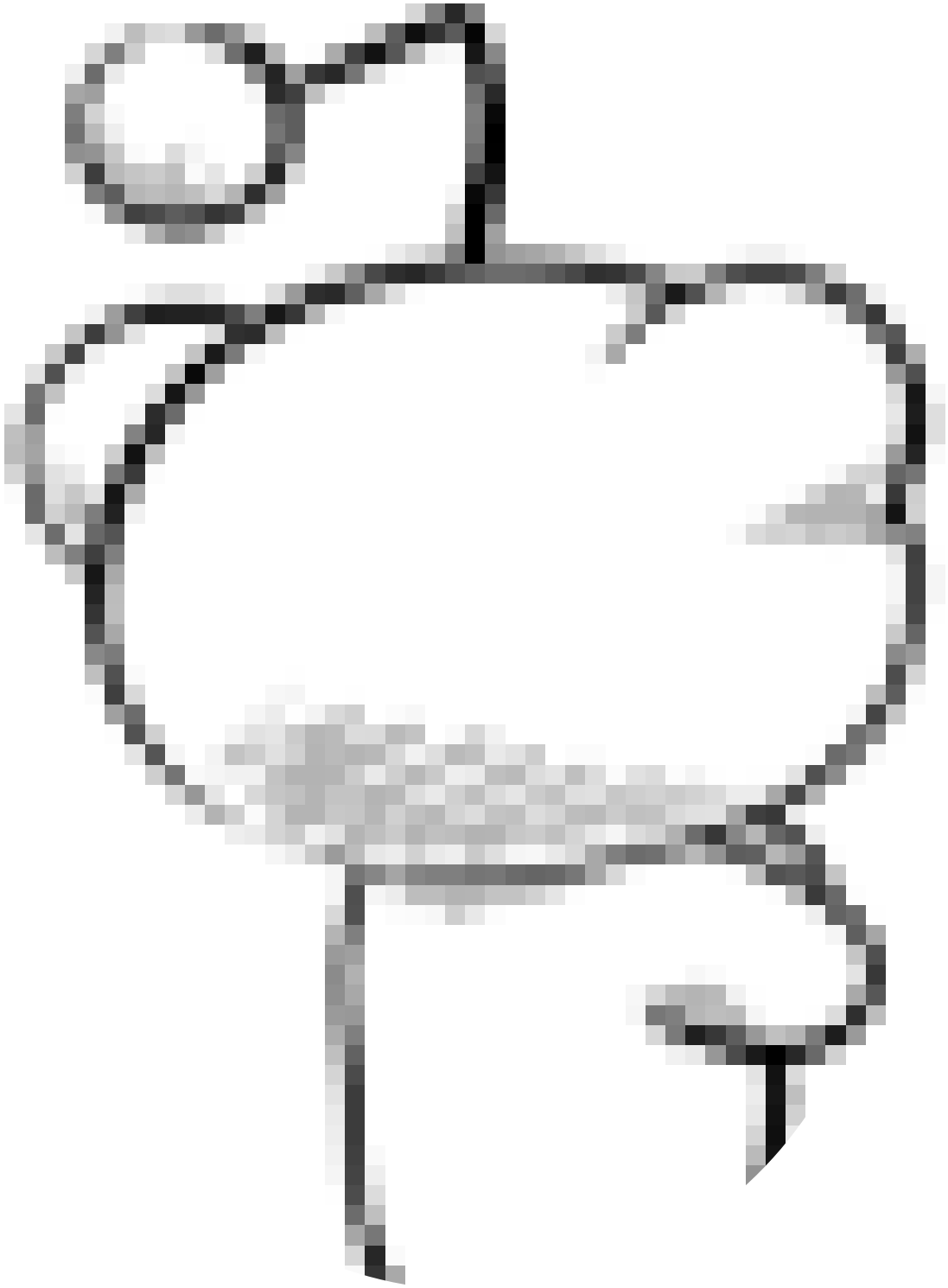
comrade763
â€¢ 14y ago

Oh yeah, after reading a few other stories I remembered another one.

I was around 15 when this happened. I woke up in the middle of the night, the air was not the same. It was as if my room had a 'mood' and the mood was creepy. I tried to ignore it and go back to sleep when my right ear became incredibly cold. I was too scared to touch it and just layed on my back. I felt breathing on my right ear which became more and more intense and made my right ear colder. Then, a female voice whispered into that ear and said "I know about the pain inside". Immediately, I thought to myself "There is no pain inside".

The 'mood' in my room changed and the creepy lingering air looked as though it was being sucked out by an over sized vacuum cleaner as it rushed outside my room and into the hallway. My right ear slowly returned to normal temperature. I can replay how she spoke to me in my mind exactly. I don't know what 'she' is though.

I don't believe in ghosts but I don't know what happened that night. I somehow got the impression that the female was trying to convince me there was "pain inside" when there was not. It seemed like she was pretending to help me. I felt like if it was true that there was "pain inside" and I believed her she would have taken advantage and possess me or harm me in some way or something. Luckily, there was no "pain inside", otherwise, she might have stuck around.

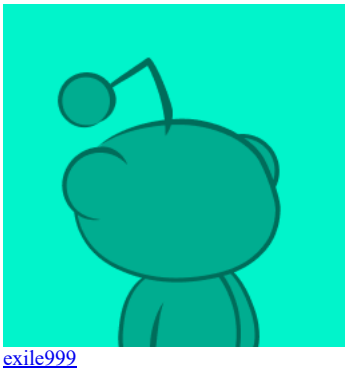


takatori
â€¢ 14y ago

I've seen two UFOs, and one time I bought an ice cream bar with the rest of my groceries and ate it while walking home, but when I got home there was the unopened ice cream bar in the bag of groceries.

gnimsh
â€¢ 14y ago

I think I may have seen a UFO when I was 5 or 6. I was living in Syracuse in a town house. I was getting ready for bed when I looked out the window. It was dusk and the sky was still a bluish purple. All of a sudden I see a bright white glowing pentagon shaped object in the sky moving over the horizon. I called for my mom but it was gone by the time she got there. I told her what I'd seen and she said it was a shooting star but I know now it wasn't. It was moving way to slow and in the wrong direction to be a shooting star plus it was just way too big.

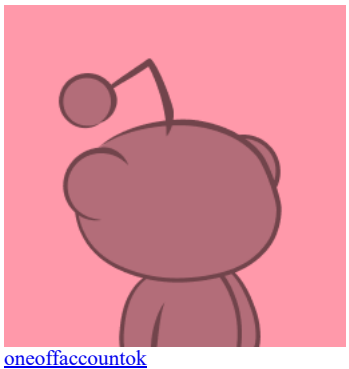


exile999
â€¢ 14y ago

Three years ago I was talking to a friend that lived about 10 hours drive away. She was explaining how she was into believing in her past life and blah blah whatever I wasn't really paying attention to details but she said apparently she had to go to an expert because there was this dark figure with a hood that would follow her around her entire life. Apparently it was something left from her past life that possibly was not dealt with. So talking to her she insisted it was real and said everyone close to me has seen him and I just can't explain it. Suddenly as I am trying to call her out on this I get this feeling... I suddenly feel terrified by it where as seconds earlier I thought it was a joke... i tell her what the hell is this about? She suddenly starts calling me, I don't pick up so she texts me "answer the damn phone right now!" But then I look up... I see this dark figure standing there with a hood over his head.. I couldn't see his face... the only way I could describe this "darkness" about him would be to reference Alan wake sort of figures but just... different... anyways she calls again I finally answer and terrifyingly I tell her he's right here...she tells me scream out to leave me alone go back to her I can't help you then this other weird word I did not understand... after that he suddenly disappeared and that was the end of it. I think this qualifies for beyond explanation and yes it's true.

Kozzaroo
â€¢ 14y ago

TL;DR of this thread



oneoffaccountok
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I live in Cornwall and have seen some odd things. You get very clear skies here with beautiful star spangled evenings so you can see the Milky Way and the fuzziness of galaxies, that kind of thing. I went for a night time walk with my daughters and we looked up and saw a white light literally zig zagging across the sky at astonishing speed.

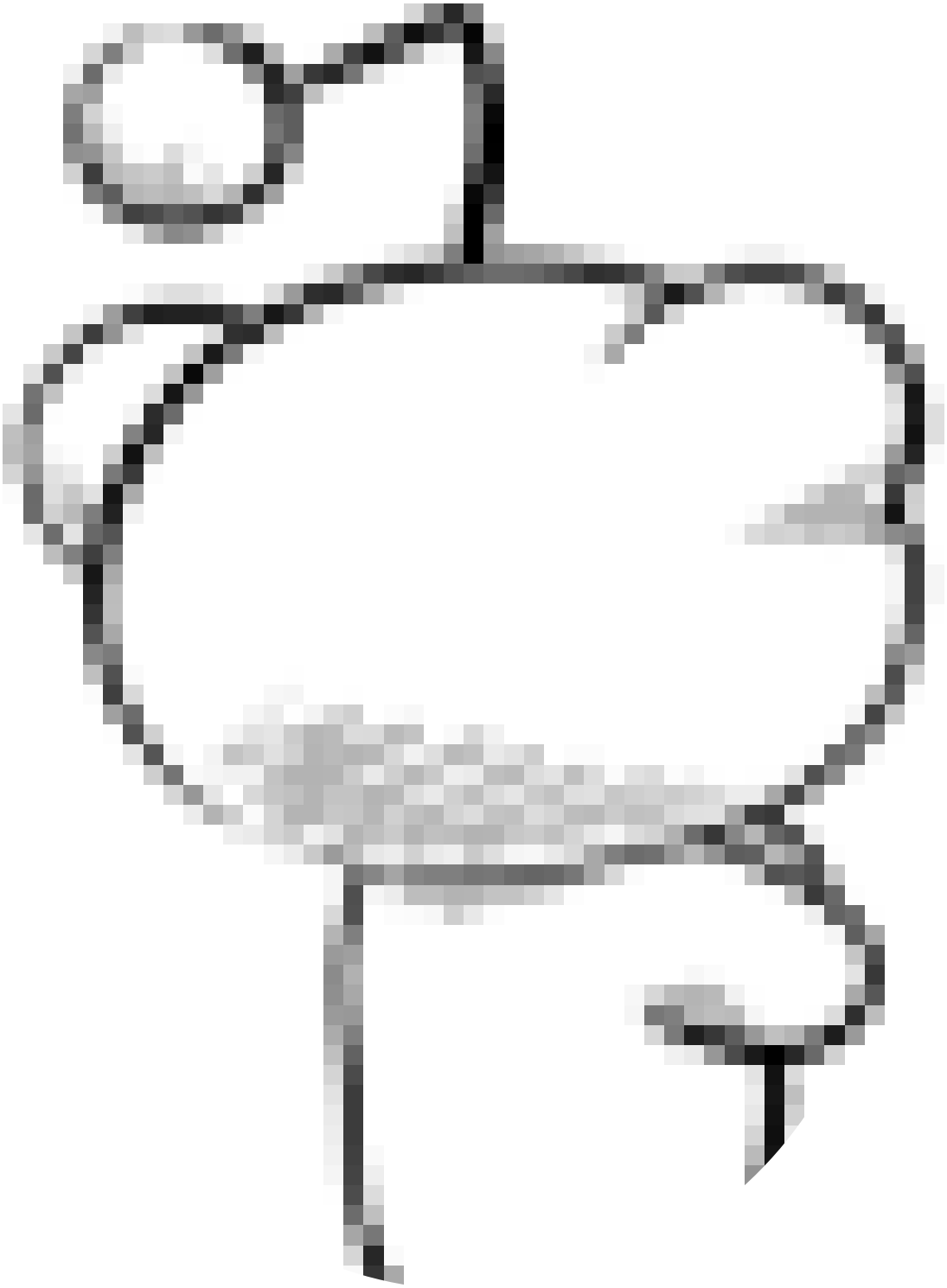
We're very close to RNAS Culdrose so you see a lot of helicopters, fighter jets and so on buzzing around the sky, but these are noisy and move in a straight line, either gradually (helicopters) or bloody fast (figter jets - usually these travel in pairs as well, which is something to see). But whatever this was it just darted about all over the place, pretty much from one horizon to the other.

The girls were so excited that they'd seen a UFO they phoned both sets of grandparents, both of whom didn't believe a word of it.

Another time we spent Christmas in a converted mill. The roof rafters had been opened up to show off the architecture and the ancient timber beams and some skylights had been installed up there, so you could sit next to the wood burner with a drink and watch the stars in comfort. One day we're playing a board game when there's a flash above us that lights up the whole room. I realize it came from the skylight and run outside, but there's nothing there. Total darkness and silence (this place is a long way from towns etc, right in the middle of the countryside). It was a clear night and no threat of thunder or anything like that.

The last story happened a couple weeks ago while we were driving back from hospital late at night on the Penzance coast road. I'd gotten some grit in my eye which required a visit to casualty. On the way back the roads are quiet, it's very dark and my partner is driving. Our two girls are in the back.

Suddenly my partner and I both see what looks like a white sheet flapping across the road in front of us, except it's sort of phasing in and out of existence, like sometimes it's there and sometimes it isn't and when it is the headlights pick it out. It moves in a very straight line right across the road and vanishes into the trees. We both saw it very clearly and were both at a total loss to say what it was we'd seen. It wasn't anything solid because there was nothing in the trees as we passed them.



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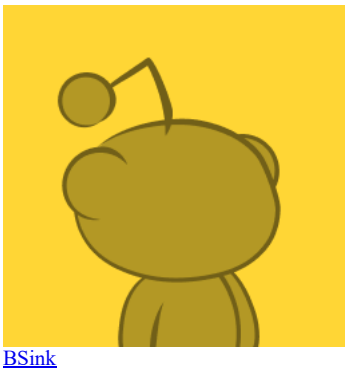
â€¢ 14y ago

I saw a fast moving blue-lit object above the freeway in Oregon. It was dark out and the object flew very fast in a straight line. From my point of view it appeared under my sun visor and disappeared behind the mountain I was driving directly at.

It was a dimly lit sphere of blue (large), and it moved faster than a plane but slower than an asteroid. When I made it past the summit of the mountain no crater or wreckage was visible, and I did not see the object again.

I'm sure there's an explanation. Probably an asteroid, and the view threw my windshield distorted the glow. I duno.



BSink
â€¢ 14y ago

In the Fall of 2004, I had just started University near Nashua New Hampshire. First year students, like many other schools were forced to spend their first year living on campus. I was fortunate enough to live in a hall filled with mostly fun and hardworking guys and we all bonded pretty quickly. About a month into our first semester (so around mid October) we made the collective decision to get off of campus for the night. From some of the staff working at our University, we had heard rumors of a Graveyard with a particularly nasty history that apparently was only a 20 minute drive or so from us. Pine Cemetery, or as it was commonly known as Blood Cemetery is the final resting place of Able Blood. Some tellings of the tale put Able as a Pastor; history seems to indicate that he was a law abiding good citizen of the early 1800s. This all changed one day when Able apparently for no good reason, killed his entire family and then himself. His entire family is buried next to him, in a line. On his headstone is carved a hand with a finger pointing towards the heavens, although supposedly at night the finger has been reported pointing down towards the ground (make your own inferences). A cleaning staff member at the University had told us to not call the name of Able Blood when the finger was pointing down. When we inquired why, he answered us, â€œâ€¦.some doors should stay shutâ€.

The five of us decided to visit the cemetery at midnight and to park a half mile or so from the cemetery. Its infamous reputation has drawn many a stupid student over the years and the police are quite diligent about patrolling the area. In addition, right next to the cemetery is an old apple orchard. We had heard of a groundskeeper who stayed on the property throughout the nights and was not hesitant about using his shotgun with trespassers (not an uncommon event in this part of New England).

We departed at about 11:30 pm and were sort of psyching ourselves up along the way. Grabbing each others shoulders, joking about axe murder, that sort of thing. We are driving along through a pretty heavy mist when the radio starts giving off a bit of static. Not paying attention we continue on for another few minutes before realizing that must have gone to far. We turn around and the radio cuts out a bit in the same spot. Jokingly, I tell everyone that Able is telling us to leave. Our driver rolls his eyes and stops the car. He gets out, walks for a couple yards and comes back to inform us that we are there. We laugh, but this time it has a little more nervous quality about it. We turn around again and drive for a bit (radio comes back on) to park the car and start hiking down the road.

The cemetery is located along a steep hill and as we climbed towards the entrance the mist thickened quite a bit. A large, thick chain drooped loosely between two trees marking the entrance to the grave site. My friend John crossed first and stopped very abruptly on the other side. When we asked him what was wrong, he said, â€œItâ€™s to coldâ€. Crossing over the chain ourselves, we experienced a similar effect. The temperature felt like it had dropped about 10 degrees Fahrenheit. Zipping our jackets closer we ascended closer to the top of the hill and noticed a powerful spotlight. Assuming this was from the groundskeeperâ€™s house we made a note to stay away from that part of the hill and figured with so much fog most of that light would bounce back to the house anyway. A light rain began to fall as we searched for Able Blood and his family. Near a very prominent mausoleum we finally found the headstones. Seeing an entire family in a row like that was unnerving, and we avoided standing directly on the actual grave sites. The tomb of Able Blood did in fact have a finger pointing towards the sky. We stood in silence around the grave with the rain silently falling around us when John told us he was going to say the name. Between the cold, the rain and the radio we were all feeling very unnerved right now and I started getting the feeling of wanting to leave. Not quite panic, but a feeling of wrongness. However, feeling that this was an irrational response I kept silent. John told us he was going to do it and muttering in a barley audible tone whispered â€œAble Bloodâ€. Instantly, From the woods directly behind us two loud bangs in rapid succession exploded out. They sounded like muffled gunshots, we all jumped and turned around and John repeated the words again. This time, two more bangs louder then the first from the exact opposite direction. We turn around again and everyone is silent. We start whispering about getting the hell out of there (was the groundskeepers firing shots?) when the guy who drove us says â€œwe need to get out of here, right fucking now!â€ I follow his gaze and I shit you not, the finger on Able Bloods Grave is pointing directly to the ground. There was no question in my mind at the time, the hand had moved. Half falling over each other we scrammed and got back to the car.

The next morning (a Saturday) two of the guys decided to go back in the morning to get a better idea of exactly what had happened. They said the place was really nice in the light of day and the finger was unquestionably pointing towards the sky. However, there was no house or evidence of any establishment where any groundskeeper could have been. There were no electrical lines anywhere. So where the hell had that light come from? I have no idea.

Fast forward to next May. We had told the story a few times and one girl I had met at a party thought we were full of shit. I personally think a logical explanation can be applied to everything that happened, but to say that I was lying about the events themselves rubbed me the wrong way. We invited her to the cemetery that night (same time, midnight). Parked the car, walked and started up the hill. She began to tremble. A few more steps and she was softly weeping, when we stepped over the chain and the temperature had dropped again she began to plead for us to go back. Within a few more steps she was begging and telling us that she was afraid we were all going to die.

We turned around, got in the car and never returned.

TLDR. Local rumors about a supposed killers grave from the 1800s end up terrifying 5 grown men and later one grown woman when they try to investigate those rumors.

Photo of the headstone taken in 2008. http://www.flickr.com/photos/tracylee/57062961/

Reply Share

H3RB1E
â€¢ 14y ago

Bit of a long read, but I think you'll like it if you stick with it.

This story is from my Dad and he stresses that he doesn't believe in ghosts, not even after this incident but he also stresses he couldn't find any other explanation for what he saw.

Ok, so my Dad when he was younger, before he met my mum or anything would like to go around the UK playing all the golf courses he could, he loved golf. Even today he still keeps a card with list of names of all the courses he's played on.

Golfers of Reddit will know that Scotland is particularly known for having some of the finest and most challenging courses in the world. So, at the age of about 22-25 my dad heads up, on his own, to Scotland for the weekend to play some of the lesser know, more remote courses there. It's a long drive from where he was living at the time (even longer from where we live now) but he could manage it, he was used to it. Anyway I digress.

He arrives in Scotland, gets to his hotel and puts his head down. Having had a good nights sleep and feeling ready and raring to get out on what ever course he was at he sets off earlier than originally planned. He drives the 5 minutes to the course where he unpacks all his stuff and gets ready to go out. It was very early in the morning (we're talking about 6am here, before even the groundskeepers are out doing their job, the sun has only just popped up above the horizon) and he decides because no body's there, he'll sneak out and have a free round.

It's misty, very misty. Not eerie as such, but peaceful. A few birds singing as they do at that time, definitely no sign of and human activity though. No noise of cars because this course is quite remote. Sheer bliss.

He gets to about the 4th hole, playing well, scoring nicely. Upon reaching the green he looks around and spots a man stood watching him in full stereo-typical Scottish golfer clothing. My dad describes this man as about 55, slightly tubby build with a warm smile on his face. My dad acknowledges him assuming him to bee a greens keeper. The man nods back maintaining the warm smile.

My dad finishes out the hole, turns around to go and talk to the man seen as he seemed so friendly and he's gone. He just disappeared. My dad said by this point the fog had almost lifted and visibility was at least up to about 150 meters. There was no way this man could have covered that distance in the time my dad took his eyes off of him. The surrounding land was flat as well so it wasn't like he could be hiding anywhere.

My dad says he thought not much of it at the time and only once he'd finished the round did it really strike him as odd. He still says, 30 years on, that whilst he finds it difficult to believe in ghosts, he finds no other explanation for that incidence. He wasn't tired, nor drunk or under the influence of anything, so it was highly unlikely to have been a hallucination.

TL;DR Dad may have seen a ghost if you believe in that sort of thing

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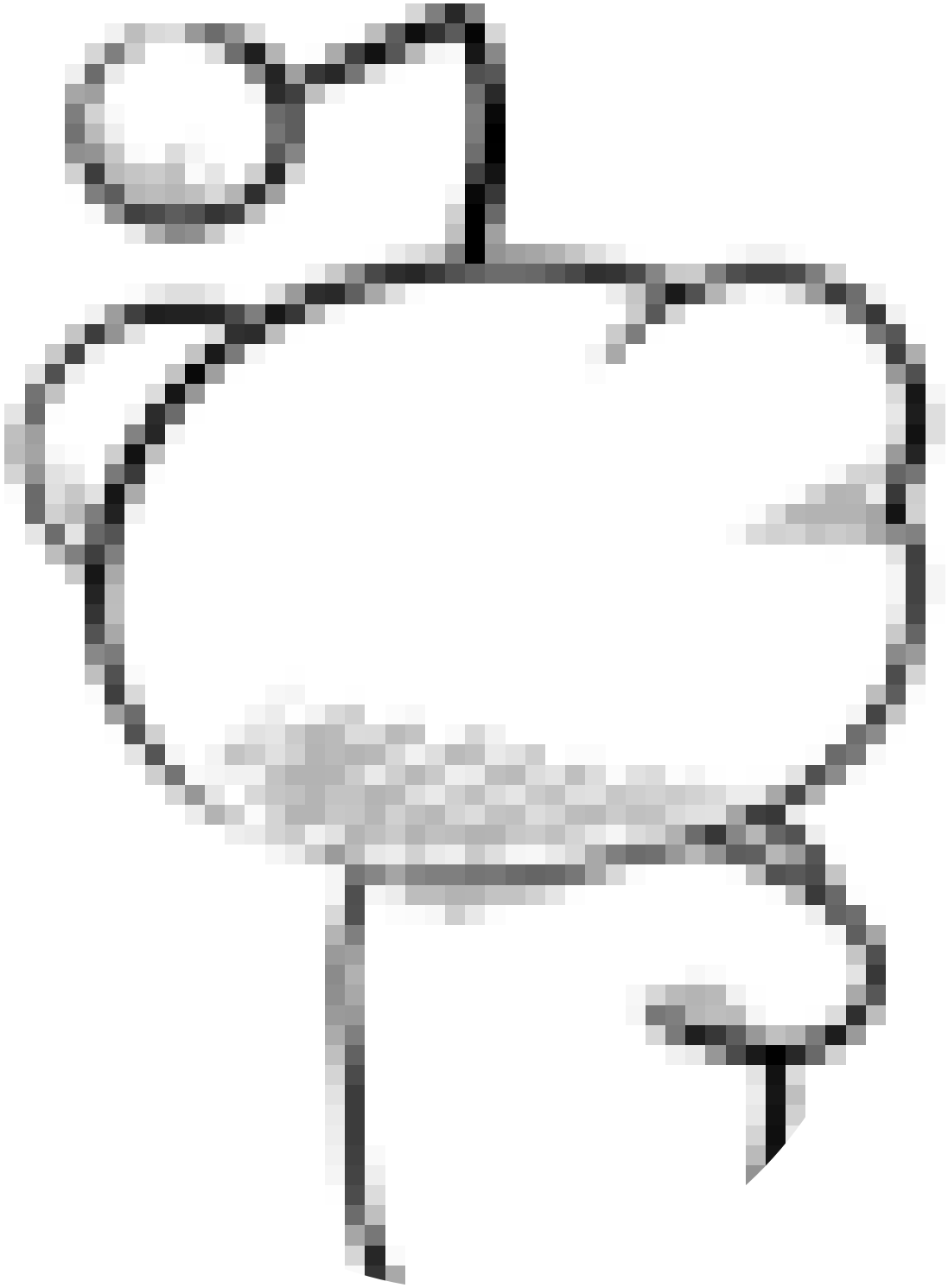

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â€¢ 14y ago

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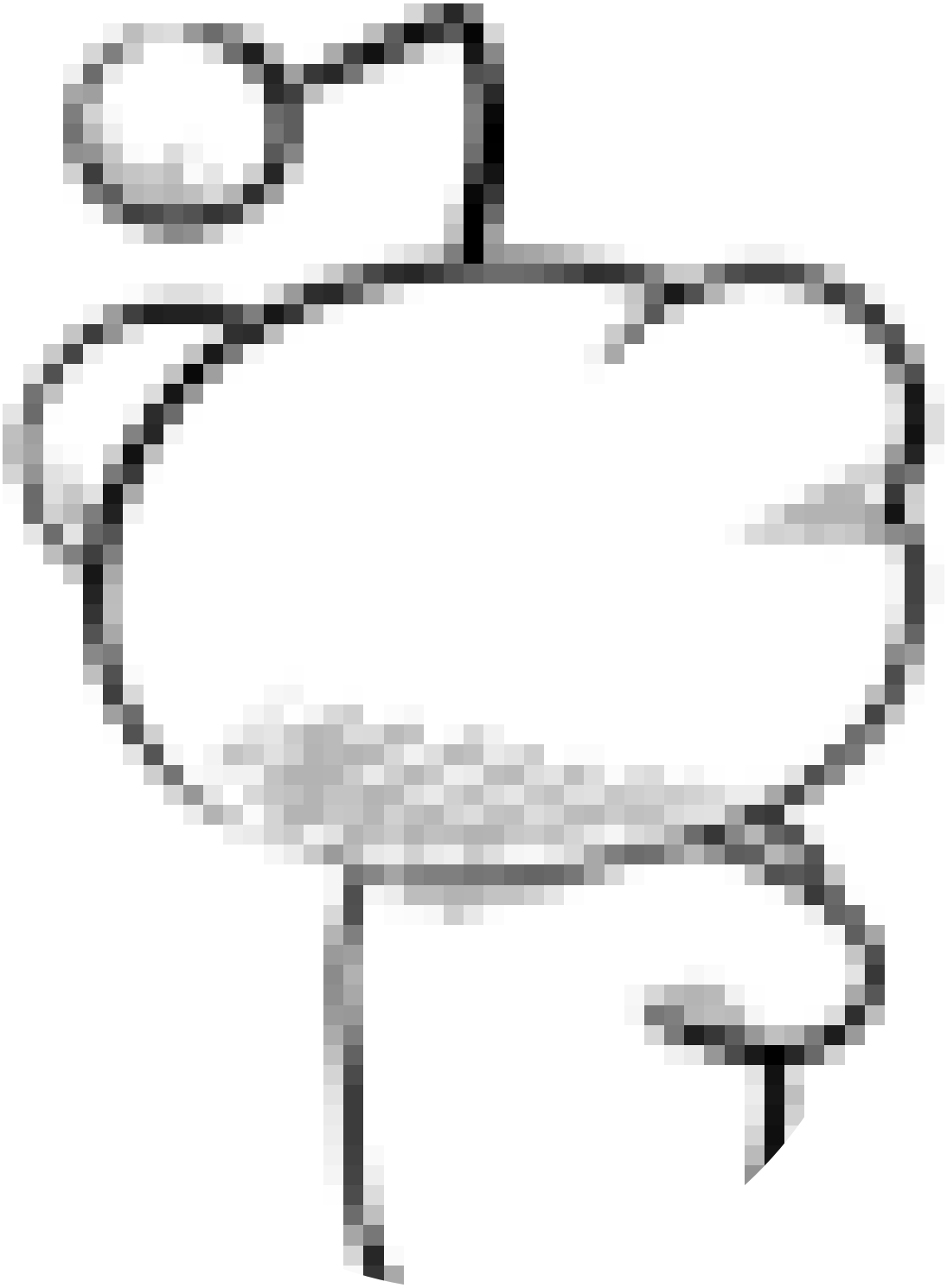

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I was maybe 5 or so, and my family and I went camping. We were staying at a caravan park where there were many other campers and facilities; tents, caravans, RV's, restrooms, roads and signs etc.

When I woke up, it seriously felt as though the entire area was a mirror image of how it was when I went to sleep the night before. I remember walking around and being all WTF at this flipped layout. I felt especially weirded out that I asked my dad what had happened and if he noticed anything, to which he said no.

Matt_protagonist
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 8 years old at night the clothes in my room hanging on a chair started moving as if there was a breeze in my room. The window was closed and there was no other source that could cause a breeze. So naturally I got scared and wanted to sleep the rest of the night in my parents bed. Might have been 1 or 2 AM. I cuddled up at the far end of the bed. After half an hour or so, still awake but feeling better the radio beside the bed went off for no reason whatsoever. My dad thought it was me and hurded me back to my own bed, even though I kept telling him it went off on its own. When I came back to bed the clothes didn't flap in the breeze anymore. I didn't sleep that night.

Looking back on the situation, it's all very silly compared to some of the stories here. But my 8 year old self didn't think so. :(

Reply Share

tirename
â€¢ 14y ago

A guy in my class(from we were 6 to 15) was always breaking rules etc. at school. One time, when he was 14(or around that age), he said to a teacher that didn't allow him to go into another class that he hoped that she died. About a week later she was taking a class on a bike-trip, and she died right outside his house.

Reply Share

Kuusou
â€¢ 14y ago

I have a few stories. I will edit and add more if I can. The one that really sticks out to me, I guess because I don't "believe" in the paranormal or ghosts or anything like that, is this one.

So when I was pretty young and my parents finally got us a real house, as the oldest, I obviously got first pick of the rooms aside from the master bedroom that my parents got. At this point I didn't care to take the attic (to young, to scared I guess. It was too disconnected.) but I did want a lot of space still. I chose the second largest room, obviously.

This is a quick representation of the layout.

The rooms are not to size in any way, I just want you to be able to picture where each room was. There are no windows on this floor, only inside of the rooms. My brother also didn't sleep in his room so it was empty other than a small bed. I still felt sort of disconnected from the rest of the rooms. Going to the bathroom in the middle of the night was sort of out of the question, this story is in part the reason for that.

I have always had nightmares. Still to this day I just do not have normal dreams, it's always something bad. I took some zquil (sleep aid) the other night in order to get some quality sleep and I had as close to a night terror as I have ever had. When I was younger I couldn't control the fear of a dream the way I can now. I would wake myself up with techniques that my mom taught me and I wouldn't be able to go back to sleep. So here I am, pitch black (my room had huge windows in it, but in the middle of the night, it was just as scary to open the windows up) sitting in my room, and I hear it for the first time (I just got chills.. fuck..)

I hear someone call me from down the hall. It was a fucking WHISPER.. and then I hear more people (I'm actually physically upset just typing it out...) I know I have talked a lot about fear so far, but even as a child, I guess because of the nightmares and some of the stuff I had seen in my life, I was pretty desensitized. I certainly didn't fear anything real.. And it sounded like people.

So I walk right up to my door, looking down the hall towards my parents room (sometimes they would close their door, that always fucking sucked, but parents need to have sex too.) and I hear them again.

"Come here." "In here." "Over here." At least 10 people just whispering, and now I can tell where it's coming from. It's coming from my brothers bedroom. I looked over and it's just pitch black in there. There is no light other than from my room and from the stairs leading down to the main floor of the house.

So I called my parents. And they finally came after I screamed. And I told my mom what I heard and she checked for me. It really didn't matter that she checked though, because it kept happening. I would wake up, be it because I had to go to the bathroom (I slept heavy and wet the bed when I was younger, learning how to wake yourself up and use the bathroom in the middle of the night is extremely tough when you believe there is not one, but many something that WANT YOU to go down that hall.) or I would wake up from a nightmare, and I would hear them calling me.

This went on for some time and the insane thing is that it only stopped when I pulled my bed apart, took my dresser, and moved everything in my room, into my brothers room. So I made that room mine. I can't remember having a solid thought about making it my room, I just remember doing it, all by myself.

And that's where that little story ended. It's the scariest story I have and I can tell you that I still remember the voices. They were just as real as if someone whispered to me today. I'm pretty sure I'm not crazy and I know for a fact that I was awake. I can't explain it what so ever. It's my go to story if people ask me if I have ever had something happen that I just cannot explain.

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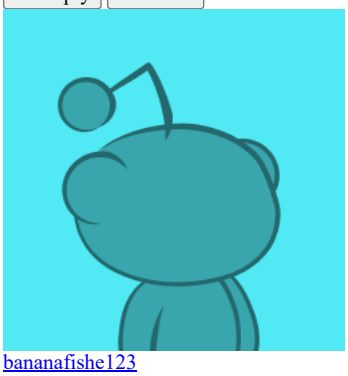

bananafishe123
â€¢ 14y ago

I have a kind of strange story.So before going to sleep I hear voices.According to the Internet,so does every one else,they're just not aware of it.Anyways,so one of them was my friends voice.She kept saying jewerly and I thought it was her real voice since she's loud,and took a peek at her window.She was sleeping,with a necklace wrapped to tight around her neck.I hit the window until she woke up,then pointed to her neck.She undid the necklace,freaked out.

Reply Share

callitparadise
â€¢ 14y ago

I know this is really late, but I'll post it anyway. When I was I think about 6 years old, my whole family was at my uncle's house for a get-together. They have a pool in their backyard that we'd always hang around, because there were a lot of kids, and what's a better way than swimming to wear all of us out?

Everyone went inside to eat dinner at one point, but I stayed out in the pool. I didn't know how to swim. I remembered how everyone kept telling me I wasn't allowed in the deep end of the pool, and I wanted to prove them wrong and that I could swim in it.

So, stupid 6 year old me, travelled along the side of the pool by holding onto the edge of it, all the way to the deep end. And then I let go. I remember vividly every part of it, up until the point where I let go of the side of the pool and pushed myself into the middle of it.

This is where things got weird. My dad told me that while everyone was inside eating, he heard me calling his name. Remember, he's inside and I'm outside under the water, so there's no way I'm actually calling his name and he's hearing it. He looked around for me (which is also very uncharacteristic for my dad. usually if he hears someone calling for him and looks around and doesn't see anyone, he just forgets about it) and found me on the bottom of the pool and saved me.

My dad's religious, so he explains it with God trying to protect me, but I'm not really religious anymore and I have no idea how to explain it.

tl;dr: almost drowned, dad heard me "calling his name" when I really wasn't, went outside to find me on the bottom of the pool and saved me.

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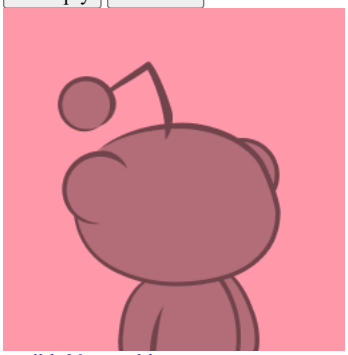

terrible20somethings
â€¢ 14y ago

As a teenager, I was home alone one evening and taking a nap on the couch when it felt like a very large rodent was scratching its way up under my shirt. Naturally I freak out, falling off the couch while screaming hysterically and clawing at my chest like I don't even know what. I finally rip the shirt off and all I see are long scratches across my chest.

I look around in the around and there is no animal scurrying off anywhere. Some of the scratches ended up leaving scars.

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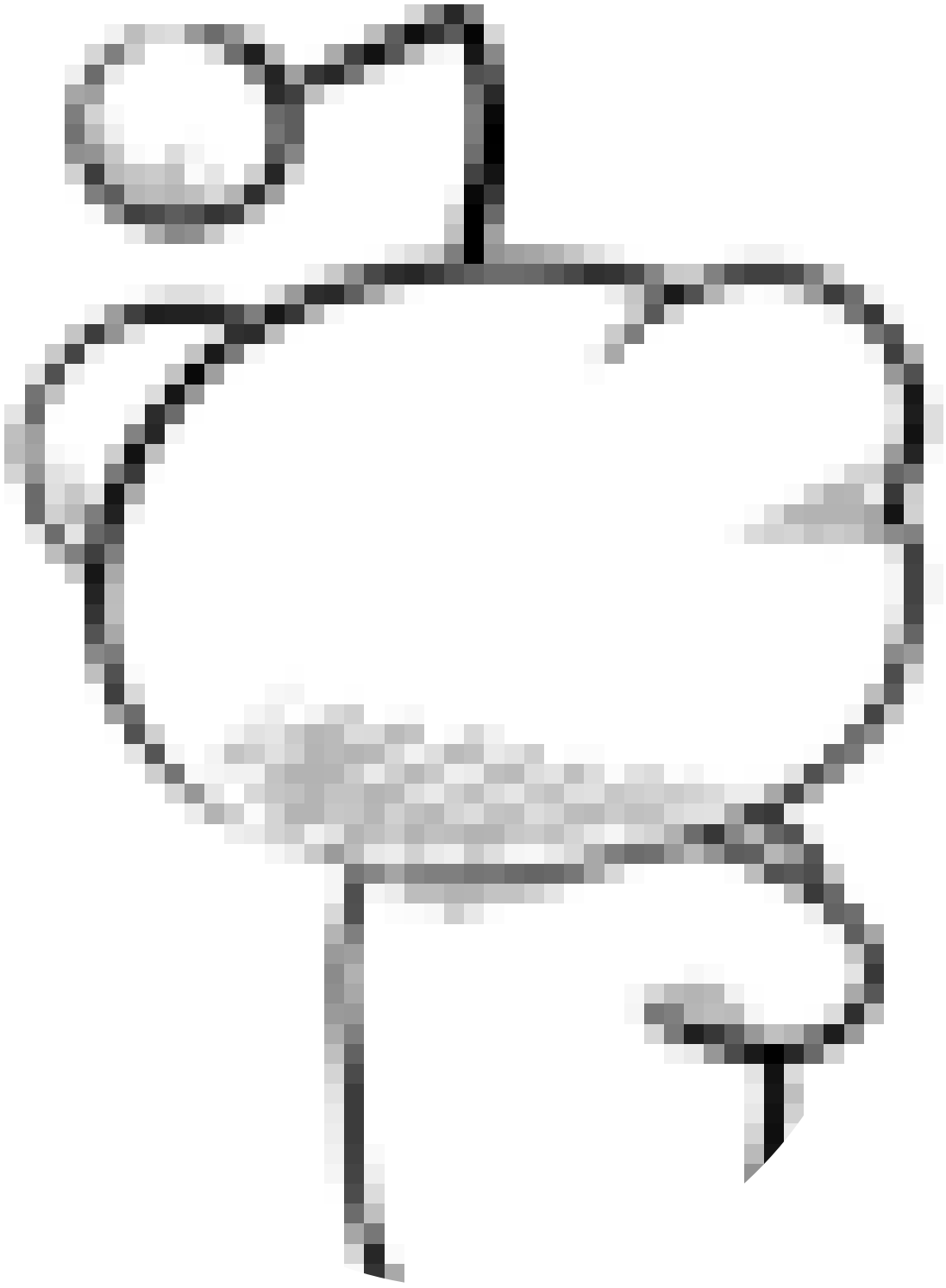

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â€¢ 14y ago

This one time me and the boyfriend left the house to go to the shops and we were gone for only a total of fifteen minutes (Note we had been house sitting and we were the only ones there and the only ones with house keys). When we returned there was a puddle of a bright thick red liquid the size of a fry pan on the middle of his living room floor,that was not there when we had left. First we thought the cat had hurt herself, but when we found her outside she was absolutely fine and we also ruled it out because there were no drips leading from or around the puddle. We also ruled out a wine bottle or something being knocked over as there was nothing around it. To this day we still have no idea what it was or how it got there.

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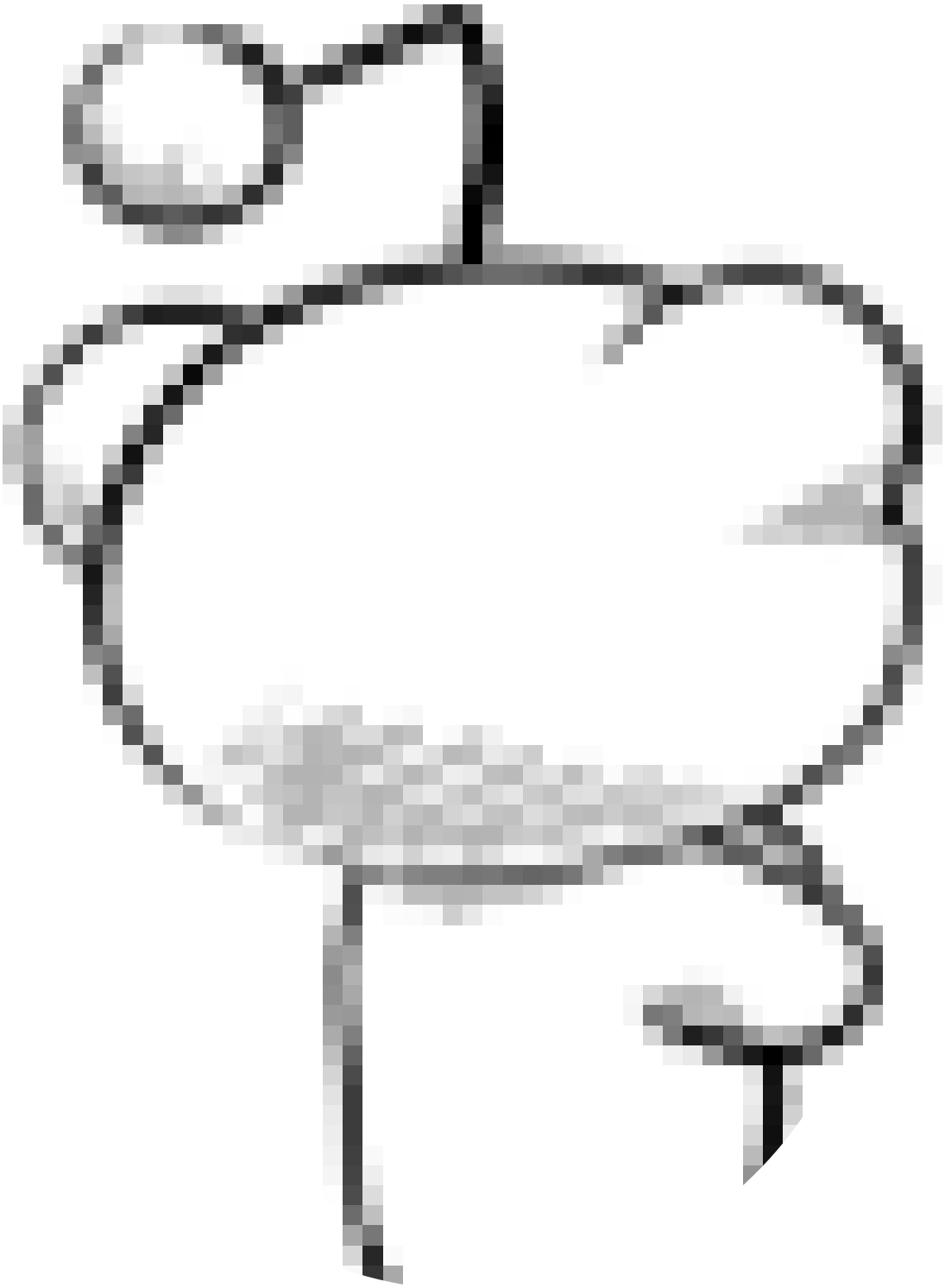

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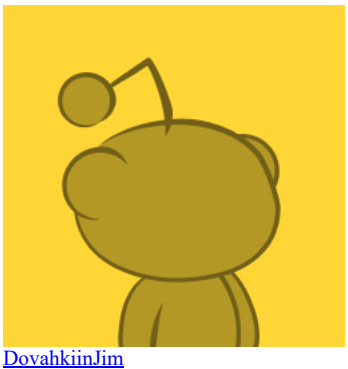
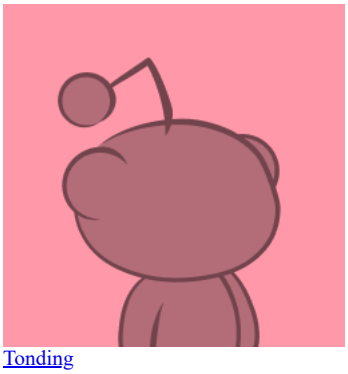
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was seven years old my mom and I were sleeping over at my aunts house for Christmas. We were staying in the same bed for lack of sleeping space. It was a long day so we were exausted. Anyways at 3am I woke up, eyes wide open. I had this feeling of apprehension escalating into pure panic, it felt as if the room was closing in and pressing on my chest, it was pitch black even though there was a nightlight on. I told my mom that I was scared, not know she was awake. Immediately her reply " me to." I dont remember much but to this day my mom remembers it. She says she didnt really freak out until I told her that I was scard. She pretty much experienced the same thing as I.



DovahkiinJim
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was young I went into my backyard at night and saw a huge bat fly over head which I could have sworn was Batman. I think that was just my imagination. :(

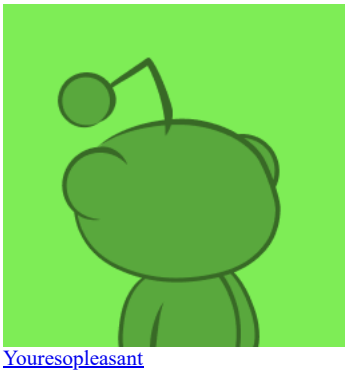


Tonding
â€¢ 14y ago

And that man was Einstein

suite307
â€¢ 14y ago

Art and Crafts class, 2001, we were doing watercolor, my art sucks, i get up, getting a new puck of red color, then on my way back, the water bottle where i clean my brush, is upside down, not a single water drop on the table, shit's so weird.



Youresopleasant
â€¢ 14y ago

This is the only unexplained thing that has EVER happened to me and thinking about it still fucking gives me chills. It happened about seven years ago. I was sitting in my friends' living room with her and another one of our friends. We had been hanging out that day, just doing regular shit and were just chilling and talking about nothing in particular. The next part I will remember forever. In this living room, there was two single seat arm chairs and a two seater. We were all on a different chair and we were all facing each other. The room is extremely light and open and though this was at night, the lights in her house were pretty bright. So we were chatting away when suddenly, right next to my ear, as clear as day, I heard someone or something say my name. Seriously. One second I'm listening to my friend and the next I hear "YOU'RESOPLEASANT". I whipped my head around startled as fuck, I suppose looking for someone being a dick and pranking me. I realised that the conversation had

stopped and I see that my friend is looking at me with really wide terrified eyes. "Holy fucking shit" I said or something to that effect. My friend looked me square in the eye and said "I fucking heard that. I heard that." My other friend (who's house it was) was looking at us confused. "What? Heard what?" I was still throwing glances around the room expecting her brother to jump out from somewhere and tell us it was him. But there was no one else home. "What was it?" My other friend looked at me and shook her head. "I just heard... someone say her name really loudly and clearly. I heard it." My heart was fucking pounding by this point but I asked her where she heard it coming from and replied "Right next to you." Now I never got bad feelings or vibes from her house or anything but I know what I heard. And it was right in my ear. Fuck. THAT.

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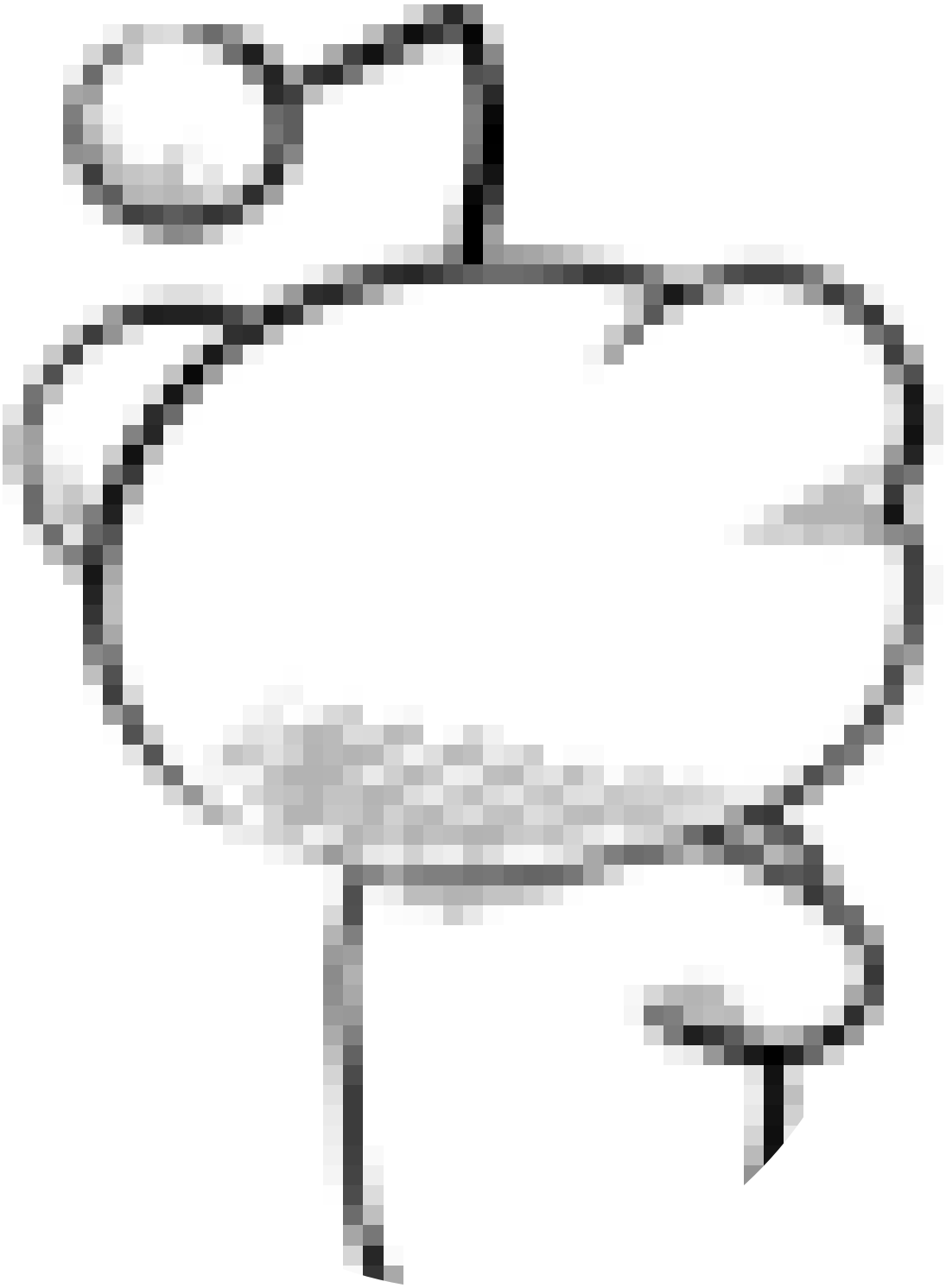

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â€¢ 14y ago

Ok, backgroud story. I'm an Italian student that this summer went on a 10 day trip around europe. We visited Amsterdam, Copenaghen and Munchen...but this is not the point. While we were in Copenaghen, something quite unexplainable happened to me. I and two friend of mine were waiting outside a supermarket controlling our backpacks while two other friends were inside buying food for everyone. Mind you, we are Italians in Denmark, we were travelling by ourselves and we didn't knew anyone there. I was talking to my friend about nothing in particoular (how to properly put things inside a big backpack, if I remember), when we saw this woman.

She was probably around 35/40 years old, was wearing worn out clothes and was riding this old bicycle with lots of shopping bags full of empty plastic bottles (later we learned that some homeless people search plastic bottles in the dumpsters to take them to recicle points were they are given money for it). We, obviously, didn't bother...until she went near us.

We were quite puzzled, but she didn't seem dangerous so we weren't worried. Then, she approached me, leaned toward me (I was sitting on the sidewalk) and in perfect italian wispered to my ear "Allow me to congratulate you for the willfulness and strenght of your opinions" ("Le faccio i complimenti per la caparbietÃ e soliditÃ delle sue opinioni", if some fellow italian has a better translation please tell me!).

What. The. Fuck. I looked at her, mumbled "thank you" and then she took her bike and went her merrily way without giving me an explanation. I don't know who she was, why she speaked perfectly italian and most of all I don't know if that phrase has some deeper meaning.

TL;DR: A woman I've never seen before spoke to me in my language in Copenaghen, telling me a phrase I could not explain by any means.

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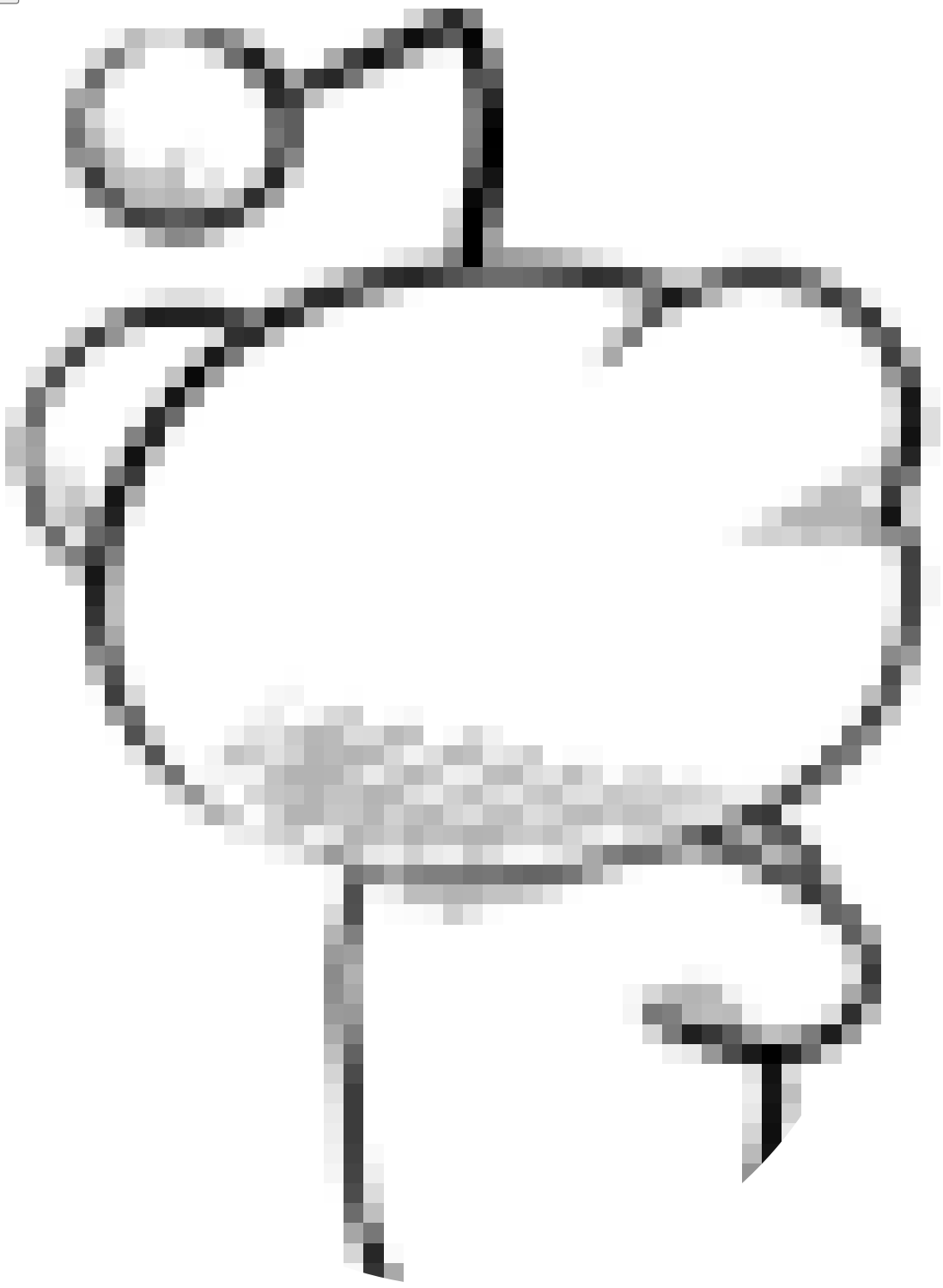

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â€¢ 14y ago

Alright well I have 2 stories. Story 1: So me and my friend were upstair playig xbox, and my parents were in there room. It was like 12 at night. And then we start hearing doors open and closing and the alarm went off and we looked downstairs and all the doors had been opened. I ran to m dad's room and he went downstairs with his "logical" idea that someone broke in or that the wind just opened everything. But he closed all the doors and said not to worry about, and went back to bed. Me and my friend kept hearing noises though, for the rest of he night. We have no idea what it was. Story 2: I had gone outside at like 6:25 to get in the car to go to school. I live in georgia and it was like october, so the stars were more vivid I guess you could say. Well I was just looking at them and then I started looking at like the really faint stars and I see one of

them was moving and then it started like moving quickly across the sky. I called my mom to come see because we both believe in aliens and stuff, and she just looked in awe. There was no chance it was an airplane.

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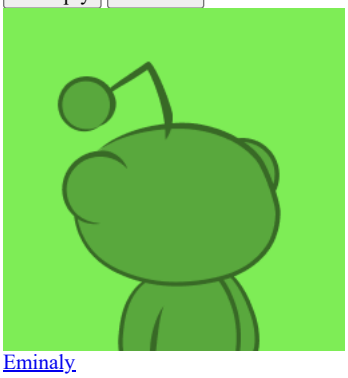

Eminaly
â€¢ 14y ago

I actually have two stories. The first one: I was around 13 and I was alone at home, watching TV. Suddenly I hear my mother's closet door moving because there's this handle on it that makes loud noises whenever you open it. I freak out and keep telling myself it's the wind. I go to her room and find that the chair that was right in front of the door (it was literally right in front of it) has been pushed aside and the door is now open. The window in her room is closed so it wasn't the wind. And my car was sleeping in the living room. And I was completely alone. I still don't know what happened. The second story: also when I was 13, I was sleeping on my stomach in my room. And I was in that place where you're not really asleep but you're not awake either. Then I sort of felt like I was floating. I opened my eyes and I felt a pair of hands let go of my legs and I fell back onto my bed. I'm not even kidding. That really happened. I just curled up into a ball and wouldn't open my eyes again . I actually have two stories. The first one: I was around 13 and I was alone at home, watching TV. Suddenly I hear my mother's closet door moving because there's this handle on it that makes loud noises whenever you open it. I freak out and keep telling myself it's the wind. I go to her room and find that the chair that was right in front of the door (it was literally right in front of it) has been pushed aside and the door is now open. The window in her room is closed so it wasn't the wind. And my car was sleeping in the living room. And I was completely alone. I still don't know what happened. The second story: also when I was 13, I was sleeping on my stomach in my room. And I was in that place where you're not really asleep but you're not awake either. Then I sort of felt like I was floating. I opened my eyes and I felt a pair of hands let go of my legs and I fell back onto my bed. I'm not even kidding. That really happened. I just curled up into a ball and wouldn't open my eyes again.

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Fleshcakes
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a little kid my parents were going through a rough time. They would have huge rows every night and eventually both would storm out of the house for hours to cool off. I was already scared when they fought, but doubly when they both left like that, because even though I was alone in the house, I didn't feel alone. Whenever they had a big fight and would leave, for hours my mom's bedroom door would open and close, faster and faster and end up SLAMMING open and closed. This happened to me at least 8 times. I would always crawl behind the couch and try to be really quiet because I was terrified. I am a very skeptical person and this experience has always confused and scared me.

Reply Share

ILove3point14
â€¢ 14y ago

In 1953, on the shores of the St. Francis river, I heard a voice say O-Qua Tangin Wann...Qua Omsa Lagee Wann.

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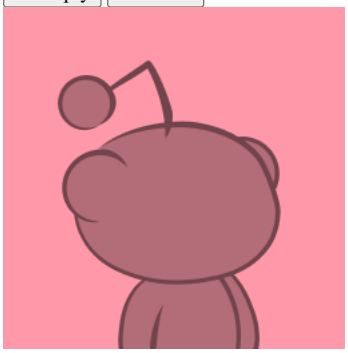

Dali-Ema
â€¢ 14y ago

Just discovered that my Mum and I have had the same unexplainable reoccurring dream all of our lives

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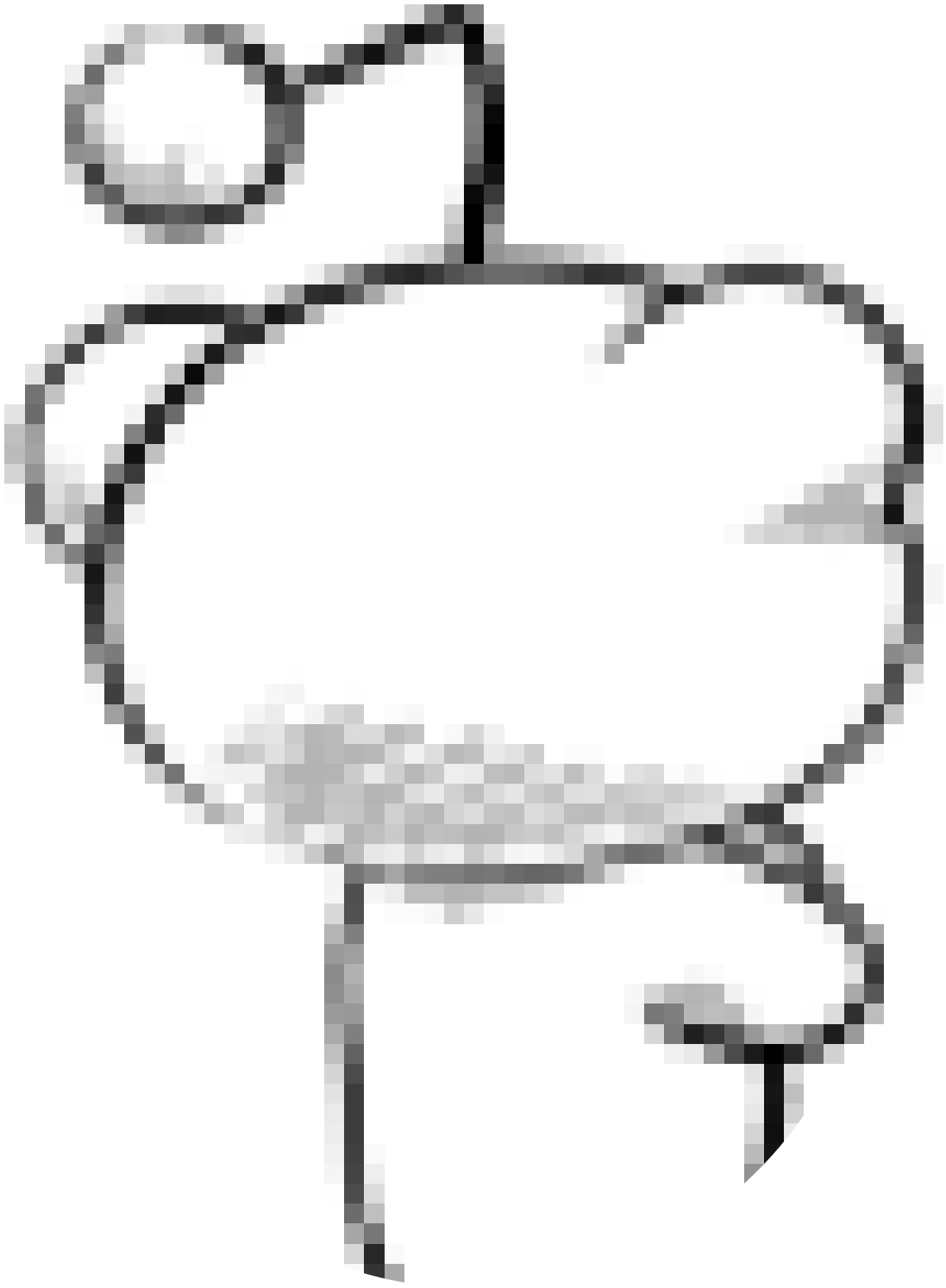

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â€¢ 14y ago

This is only one thing of many that happened to me when i was a child. It may be best just to assume that this was just the overactive imagination of a child, otherwise you may not sleep again.

When I was ten or so, I would have shadows that would come and visit me at night when I was in bed. They made a scritch-scratch sound that I can't explain, but there is a sound very similar to it on the movie "Insidious." These shadows weren't just the shadows projected by some random object outside my window. There wasn't anything outside my window. There was no light source outside my room or inside my room that could shine on the wall that the shadows always showed up on.

This happened almost every night for about six months and then stopped. I have no explanation for what happened.

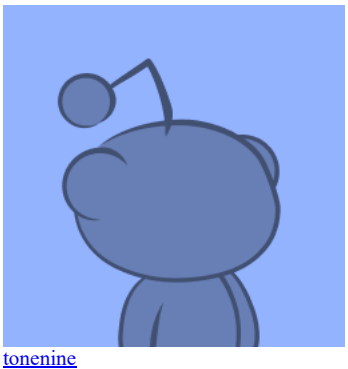
Reply Share

Levait
â€¢ 14y ago

It's nothing special and I already told that story but here we go again. Last year I went to the gas station with my father and waited outside when he went to pay, I flipped my lucky coin a few times, guessing on witch side it landed.

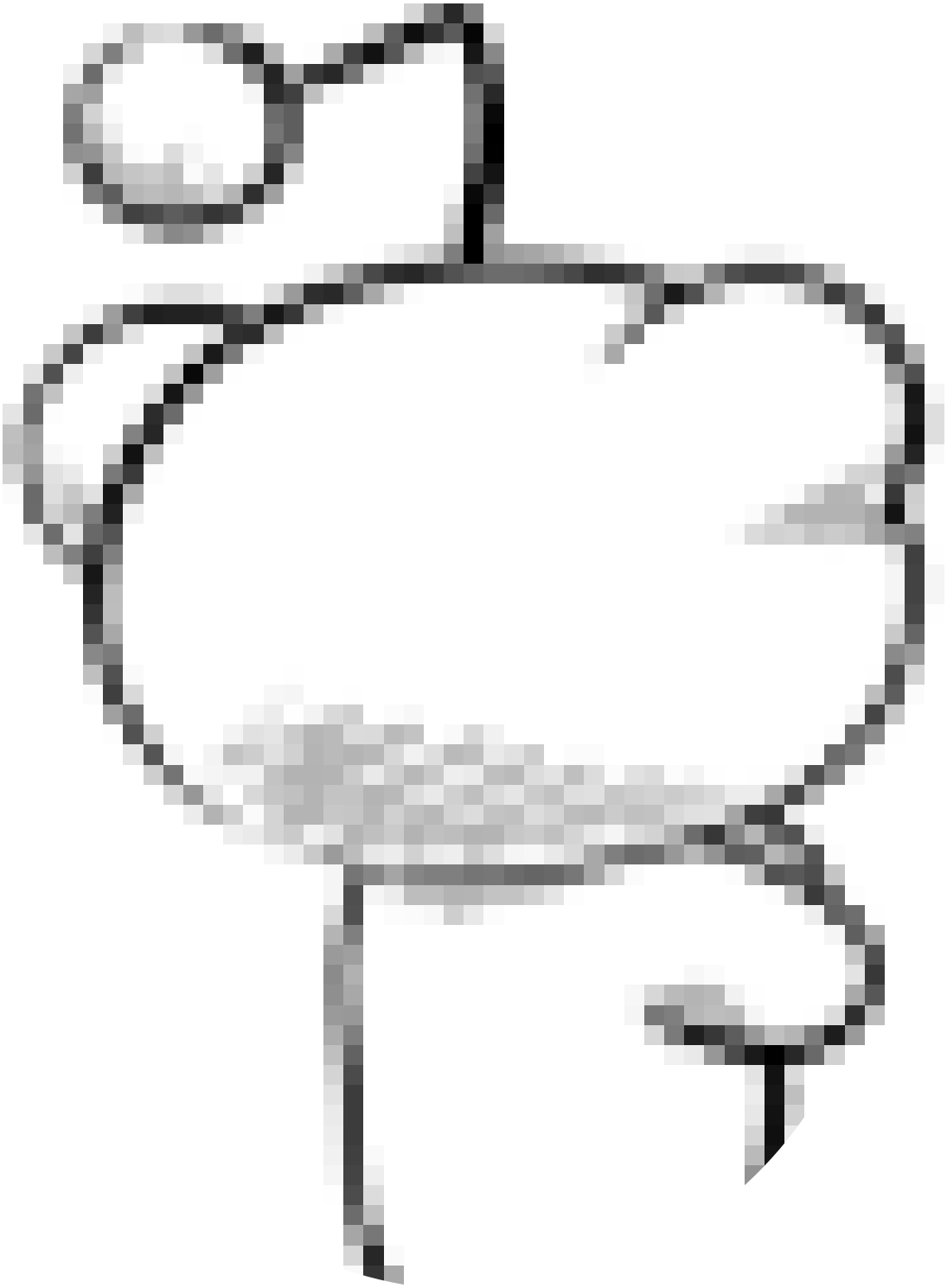
Well after one really bad flip in fell and landed on the ground, bouncing up again and just disappeared in the air. I was flabbergasted and searched for it not believing what I saw. My father drove home and I stayed searching for my coin (it were 5 francs which are quite rare in Germany). After 30 minutes I gave up and never saw it again. My father told me that there's a theory which says that objects that fall in a precise angle could disappear (just a theory).

I could swear that it just disappeared before falling on the ground a second time.



tonenine
â€¢ 14y ago

Try this one on for size reddit! I go to see a psychic with a friend who tells me her abilities are straight up scary. I'm skeptical but always up for fun so I go. She pulls my grandfather's name up square away, Carmello, not a name you yank out of a hat. She keeps telling me he's repeating a name I don't know. She further tells me a guy I used to work with that I helped save his job is my spirit guide and that my abilities are more powerful than even her own psychically. Some weeks later, I see the guy she spoke of in a dream, he shows me many things, among them an automatic transmission car. I tell him that can't be mine, I'm a manual sports car guy. He tells me I'm going to lose the ability to shift when a previous injury gets worse. About two months later, during a sneezing fit, I suffer a central herniation of my fourth lumbar disc, it is the second time after a bad injury from my youth. As a result, I can no longer shift without dramatic pain and have had to stop driving my manual sports car. PS The name I didn't recognize? My mom tells me was my grandfather's nickname for my father who is ill with dementia.



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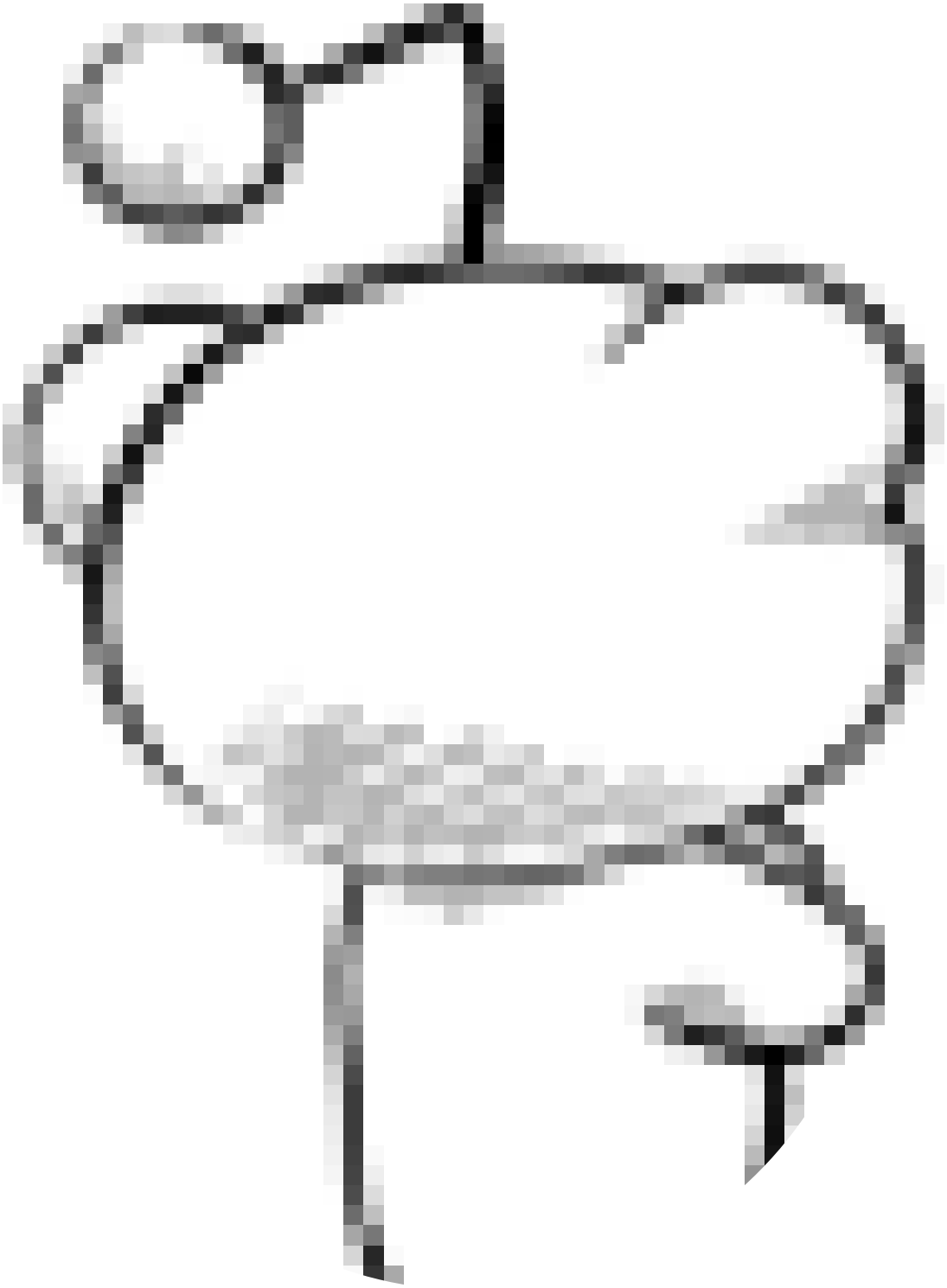
â€¢ 14y ago

This one is more coincidental, I guess, but I was in church and not even a second after the priest said something like "we can't trust god to do that" there was a huge bolt of lightning and thunder. And no, it was not raining.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I am not a religious person. One day I has a toothache so bad I couldn't even think straight. It was so bad I was using ice to keep myself numb. Then I decided to see if I could "handle" so pain and stopped using the ice. Within seconds, my pain accelerated to intolerable levels and out of nowhere I started praying, and just when the pain because unbearable I felt a physical snapping sensation in my tooth and the pain was completely gone. No longer bothered by hot or cold it was just painless. I have never been able to understand what happened. Maybe my nerve died but it was very coincidental that it happened at the same time I was praying .

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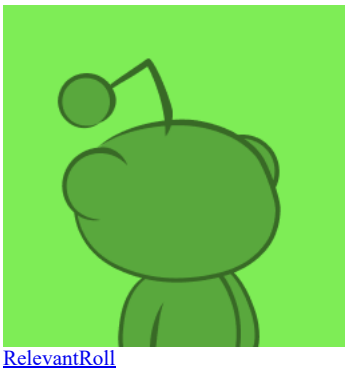

RelevantRoll
â€¢ 14y ago

My Uncharted 1 trophies aren't transferring to my online PSN account. It's a mystery to this day.

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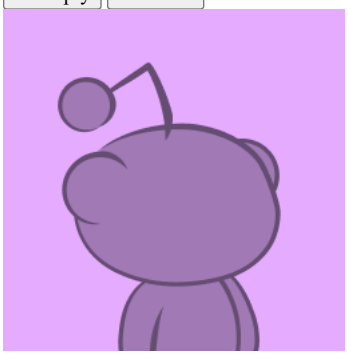

BowserGarland
â€¢ 14y ago

Quite a few years ago I had a sleepover at a friends. On the morning after we were just playing video games and I blacked out. I wake up later (not sure how long) and 2 paramedics rush into the room with an oxygen mask. Apparently when I blacked out I started thrashing around on the floor, had come to and answered questions to the paramedics who then left and rushed back in with oxygen mask. Went to hospital and they don't find anything wrong with me. Still got no idea what happened but it's some scary shit when you essentially wake up with paramedics bursting into the room.

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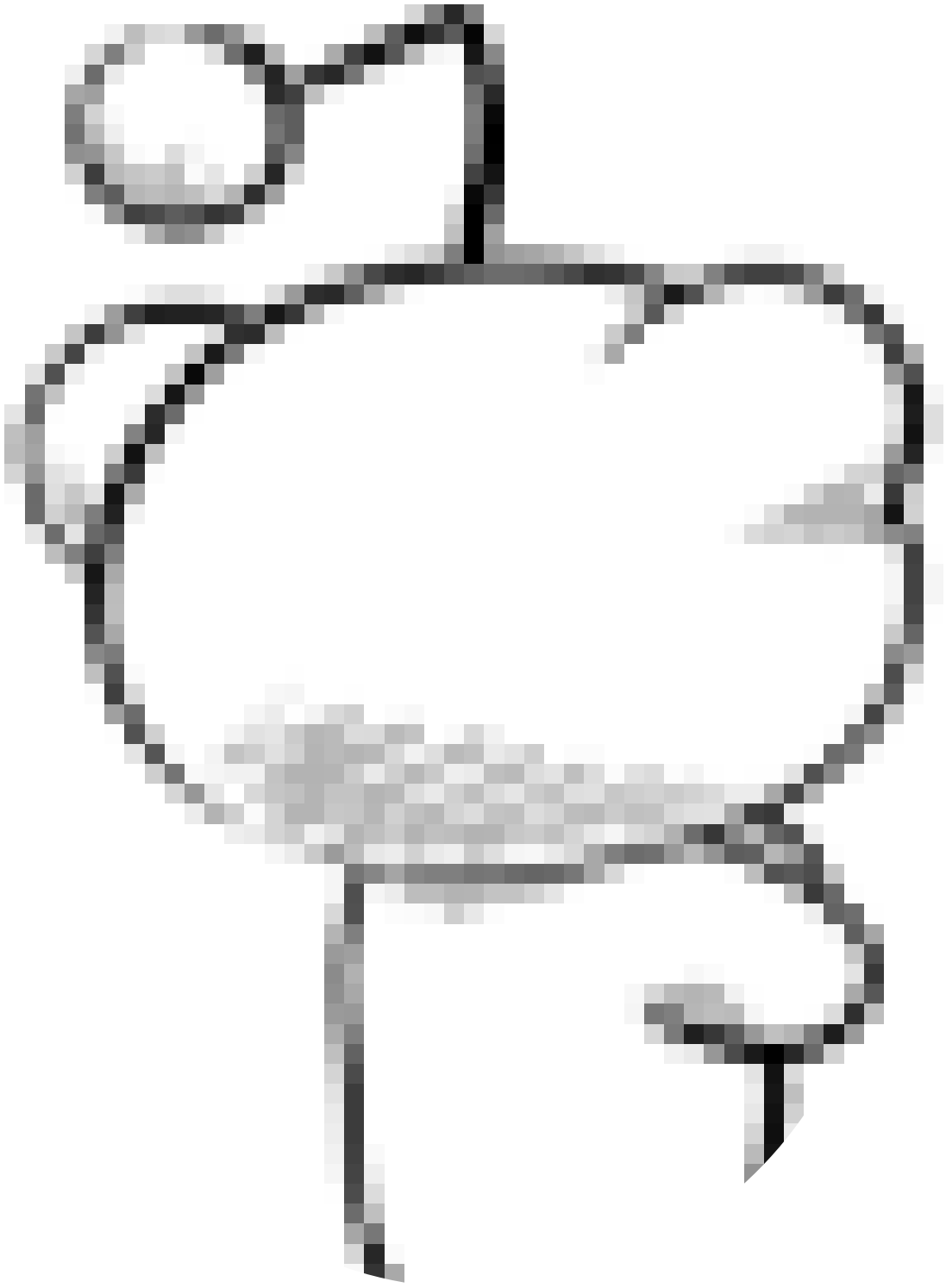

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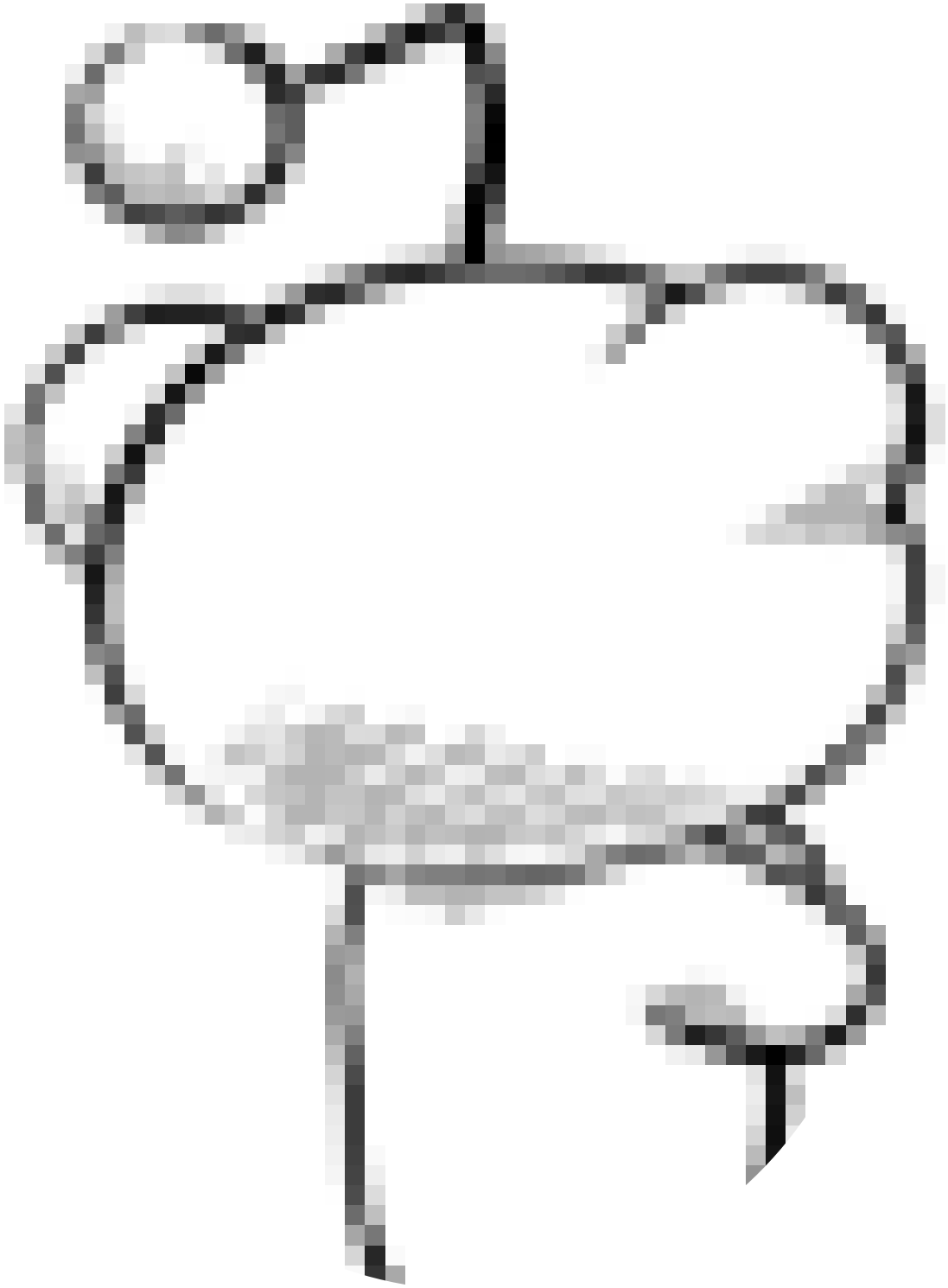
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger I lived in a place called Trenton, MI. We lived in a town house in a little community. Our back door, one of those large sliding glass types, opened up into a large park with a playground further back. Our house was also right on the end of the block, and just beyond were train tracks. Anyway, one summer night my cousin is in town so we are all up late playing Sega Genesis in the living room (my older brother is there as well) and for some reason I just get up and go to the back door. I still can't remember what inspired me to do this. As I'm staring out at the empty field a train comes down the tracks as they tended to do. Nothing weird about that, until a couple of minutes later what I can only describe as a disc with red lights in a similar pattern to a "Simon Says" type game comes floating over the track. I'm not sure how large it was, so telling how close it was would have been is difficult. It was maybe the size of a quarter from my perspective. It hovered in place and then glided in a straight line, hovered some more and glided. it did this a few times before speeding back the way it had come. The thing that bothers me the most about it, is that I remember no sense of alarm at all. I just stared out at it, no shock, no worry, no sense that this was weird as hell. I just treated it completely normal. I remember walking back into the room and and just playing games and watching movies the rest of the night like nothing had happened. It was maybe a decade before I even told anyone what had happened, and realized how weird it was for me to have just acted so normally about it. My brain was just like, "Oh, there's a UFO that's close as hell. Well, better go beat Labyrinth Zone"



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â€¢ 14y ago

This only ever happened once and I know it's nothing too crazy but I don't know why it happened or why it's never happened since.

When I was about 5 I didn't have a clock in my room. I would have to creep down the hall to my parent's room and check the time, then go back to bed. I was having a horrible nightmare of being chased through the forest by dinosaurs towards my parents clock, I have an idea that even at that young I knew time was/is my only unconquerable foe. I awoke in my bed, as in I was awake I could feel everything fine, although my dream didn't stop. It wasn't sleep paralysis, I was able to move but my brain didn't turn off the dream.

It was like having glasses on that played the dream, I could see some of the real world around me, but through this dream that wouldn't stop. So I decide to run to my parent's, screaming. Right, towards their clock when the dream took over again and I just fell asleep in the hallway (I think this part was just my brain overloading from two similar feeds going into it).

The dream then ended and I woke up in my bedroom, only there was no door. There was a window with my dad reaching for me, but that was it. He grabbed me and pulled me out and suddenly I woke up in the neighbour's house on their couch. I asked them what happened and they said that my parents had left me there overnight (obviously to get a night off from being parents). Later a man walked in and they greeted him as my dad, but I didn't recognise him at all. To this day, his appearance hasn't changed from the stranger that walked in. I have come to accept him as my dad and as I've grown older I see all the similarities, but I can't quite account for the man who I thought was my dad for years and why his appearance would change like that.

Reply Share

getoffthecouch
â€¢ 14y ago

I am in guatamala on a bus. It is about four am, still dark. On the bus is the driver and two old guys sitting up front and I, which I don't speak very good spanish, am sitting in the back...noone else is on the bus. After a while I shut my eyes, it's dark out, then I hear a voice from behind my right side telling me in a whisper to 'open your eyes'. I open them of course and I see a volcano going off then a wall of rock to obstruct the view..I turn around to see who said that, no one.. Let's make clear I normally do not hear voices...I almost peed the pants..

Reply Share

die_Kirche
â€¢ 14y ago

I have seen a UFO. Because I have no way of proving if it was extra-terrestrial, I still think of it in the literal definition of a UFO, as an unidentified flying object.

I grew up in a small town in central New York. Life was average, I had a close-knit group of friends. We had the fat kid, the sporty kid, the nerd, you know, the typical group of boys that you would find in any mid-90s TV show. None of us were predisposed to flights of fancy or overactive imaginations; it just was not our style growing up in relatively poor surroundings with realist parents. We did everything together, bikes, scooters, football, basketball, video games, etc. We would commonly ride our bikes to some random house owned by one of our friend's parents and hang out on the porch, drinking soda and eating snacks. One day, (this was around 1999 or so) we were hanging out, doing what we normally did, just sitting on a porch, talking. There were four of us.

I happened to gaze up at the clear blue midday sky while stepping off the porch steps and I saw what I could only describe as a UFO. I quickly told my three friends to come and look. They all saw it. The object seemed to float, almost as if it was a balloon. It was slowly gaining altitude, and if I had to guess from my memory of it, the object was about 200 feet above ground when we saw it. We quickly yelled to my friend's mom to come and look (she was in the house.) She came out and saw it as well. We watched the object for 2-3 minutes before it suddenly vanished into the cloudless sky. All of us looked at each other dumfounded. Of course with all of us being young boys we automatically jumped to the conclusion that we had seen an alien space craft. It wasn't in the awesome way that one may think, we were genuinely scared of what we saw. We all went to my house and agreed we would never talk about it again.

Now, over a decade later, I have lost touch with all my friends from the old neighborhood. I have to wonder though, do they remember our experience as well?

I have researched different weather balloons and aircraft in the years since I witnessed the UFO in an effort to try and figure out what it was, if anyone has any insight, it would be greatly appreciated.

Please forgive the poor paint representation: http://imgur.com/l9QSE

The red arrow indicates that the balls at the bottom of the object rotated in perfect form around the base of the main object as it 'flew.' From what I could see at a distance, the rotating balls around the base were not connected to one another or to the base of the object in any physical way. The object also appeared to be about the size of a Cessna.

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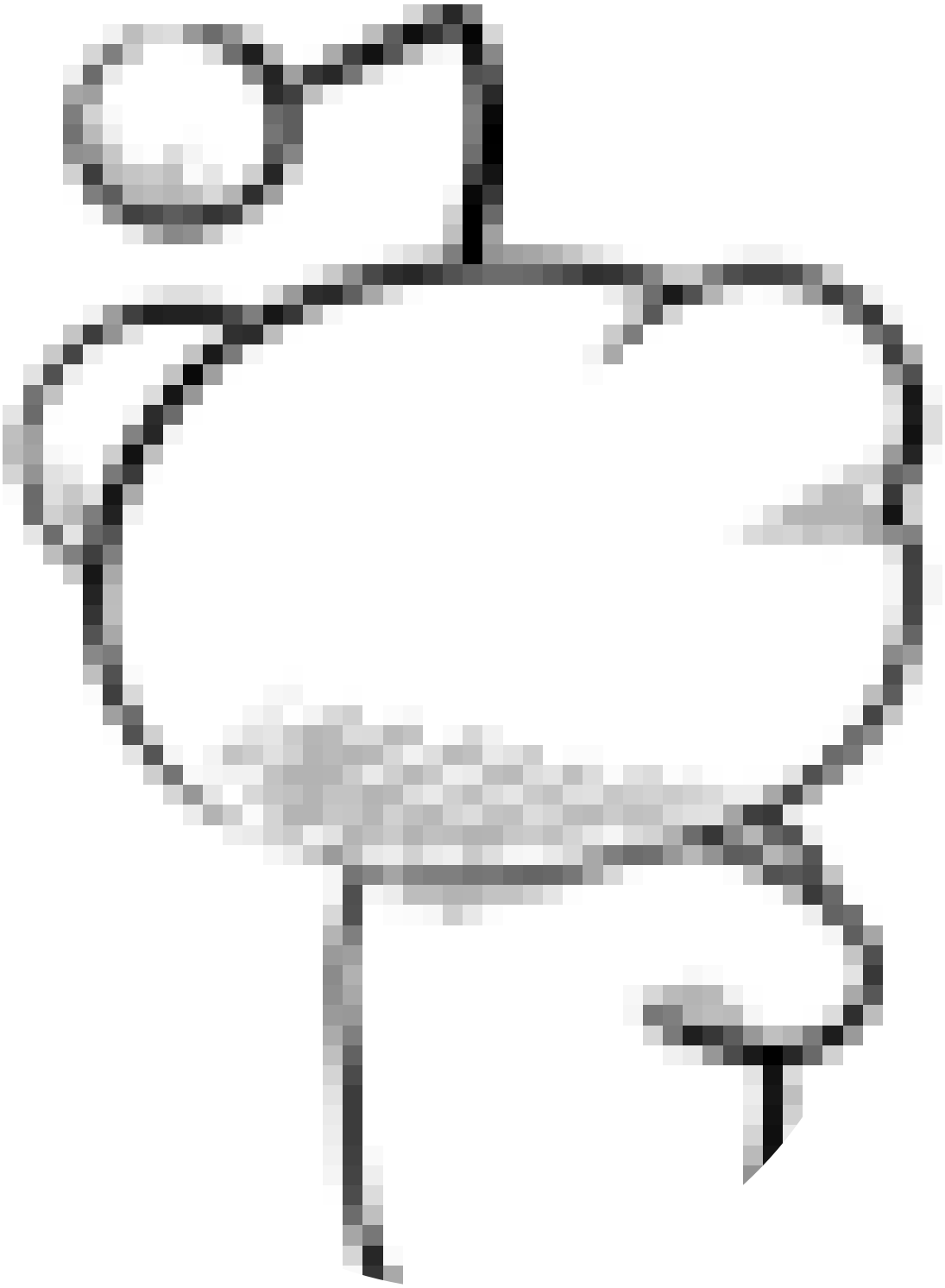

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â€¢ 14y ago

Went camping once with 5 friends, we're sitting by the creek stoned out of our minds and we see this snake come swimming over. Being stoned and all, for some reason someone decided to throw barbeque tools at it, snake gets KTFO.

Someone says "you shouldn't do that, the snakes might get mad" and then we all laugh and go back and stand in a circle near the tent eating a watermelon (all white fyi)..... BAM!!! Massive snake drops 30m out of a tree into the middle of the circle and slithers into our tent.

We never found the snake, slept of the river bank in a ring of fire.

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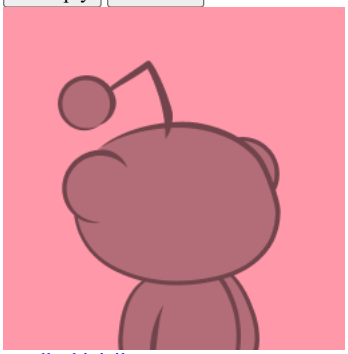

goodluckinjail
â€¢ 14y ago

One morning when I was about 14, I was alone in my house getting ready for school. This was about 7:30am. I hear a noise building from the south getting louder and louder until it was immense enough to drown out any other ambient noise including my footsteps, and it was right over my head at this point. I ran outside to see what looked like one of the smaller commercial aircraft(think 2 rows of seats, 3 seats per row, 1-50 front to back. 737 maybe) flying **extremely** low and pulling a turn that I understand can only be used as an emergency maneuver. I thought for sure this plane was going down. Now, I live in a very small town(pop 2000), we do *have* a runway, but it is suited for no-passengerlight aircraft, like hobby planes. I suppose in a pinch it could be used as an emergency landing strip, but the thing is *nobody I told about this to knew anything about it*, and I asked a **lot** of people. This airstrip is within one kilometers of town, *someone else had to have known about it*, or at least heard or saw what I did. I wouldn't have been the only one getting ready for school, or work, or whatever.

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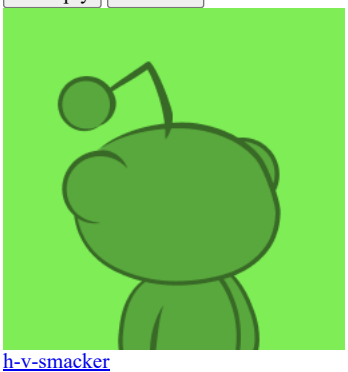

h-v-smacker
â€¢ 14y ago

It's not as fancy as the others here, but I too have an inexplicable story. About 10 years ago, I was sitting alone on the western shore of Lake Razliv, where I could observe a decent part of the sky completely unobstructed, and it was a nice day with almost no clouds. I spotted a small aircraft in the sky slightly to the south of me, heading eastward. I tracked it along for a bit, averted my eyes for a second, and when I looked back it was gone. Assuming it was moving at constant speed, it could not have had enough time to get out of my sight; there were no clouds it could enter either. Now that I think about it, such a small aircraft â€” that is, a small business jet or something â€” must have been a rather uncommon thing in Russia then all by itself.

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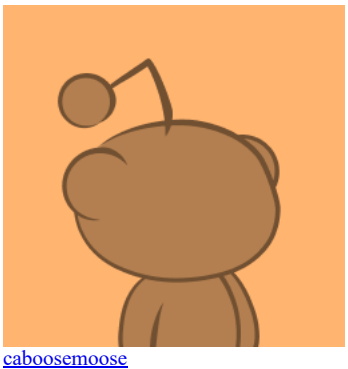

caboosemoose
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 11y ago

countryoceangirl
â€¢ 14y ago

One time I was watching a solar eclipse with my dad. We thought a satellite was flying under it. The object looked like a very bright star. Suddenly the thing seemed to go back and forth really quickly and then disappeared. It was like it was entering light speed and zoomed away. So strange.

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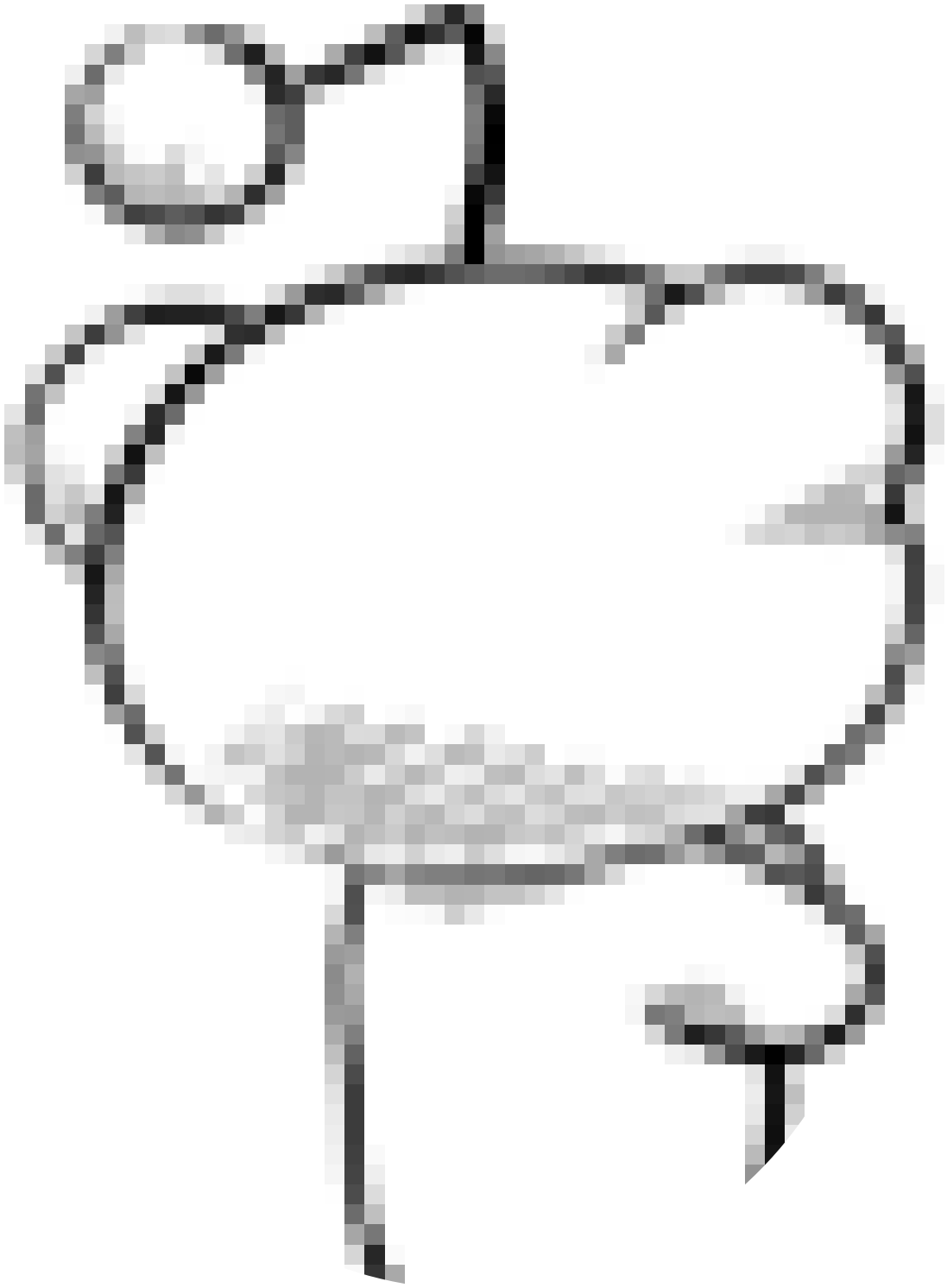

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â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a kid, we lived with my grandparents for awhile, and they had this house that'd been in the family for like...120 years or something? It'd been updated and so on, but it was always in the same place, always built to look the same.

Now, the main hallway linked up into the living room, and if you sat in the big blue chair in the living room, you were the only one with a view into the hallway, and this was my *favorite* spot to sit because the chair was huge and comfy and smelled like my grandpa, and I could also see my friends from it!

...What friends? Oh, the shadows that walked up and down the hallway! I'd sit in the chair for *hours* while my great-grandparents babysat me and my lil brother, and I'd just talk to and watch my friends go up and down the hallway. They'd wave and even though they were just a solid shadow, I *swore* I could see them smiling and talking to me. They'd look like they were walking into a bedroom, but then one day, I noticed they could never actually pass the door's thresholds. Their body would slowly just fade away as they 'passed' into the room.

I could never see them anywhere else in the house, except that hallway.

I don't remember what really happened to freak me out, but my mom said one day I started insisting that they were being 'mean' because they'd get mad at me for not coming into the hallway or the rooms with them. I'd flat out refuse to step in that hallway even when I couldn't see them.

I don't believe in ghosts or weird shit like that, but god damn, I never saw those creepy fuckers anywhere but that house.

easygoer89
â€¢ 14y ago

A couple of years ago I had to fly home because my mother's health was declining and she had just had extenisve emergancy surgery that had gone badly. I hadn't had a chance to even sit down after arriving when the decision was made to life flight her to a major medical center an hour away. So I drove my mothers car to the new hospital. Her car had no air conditioning so I had the windows down while traveling up the Intersate. I remember being annoyed at how hot it was in the car and that my wedding band and anniversey ring was too tight because my hands tend to swell in the heat. I would occasionaly twist them to loosen them and then reach my hand out the open window to cool them off. When I pulled into the medical center's parking lot I was horrified to realize that my anniversery ring had fallen off. I searched the car, my clothes, my purse- everywhere. I could only assume that it had fallen off while speeding down the highway and was gone. I spent the rest of the day and early evening at the hospital before getting a hotel room on campus. I was so exhausted that I rolled my luggage into the room, parked it, and literaly fell into bed and went right to sleep. I woke up the next morning, showered and then unzipped my luggage for the first time in 24 hours. When I turned around my anniversary ring was sitting on the dresser top all by itself. I have absolutely no idea how it got there. I'm grateful...but completely mystified.

sunnynook
â€¢ 14y ago

A lot of weird events in life can be blamed on false awakenings

Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

I tend to assume this is the case when we get the "I was lying paralysed in bed while some monster creature bared down on me" (I've even got one of those stories, and even though I have a rational explanation, it still scares me), but the stories that take place during the day...

Now those are the ones that terrify me.

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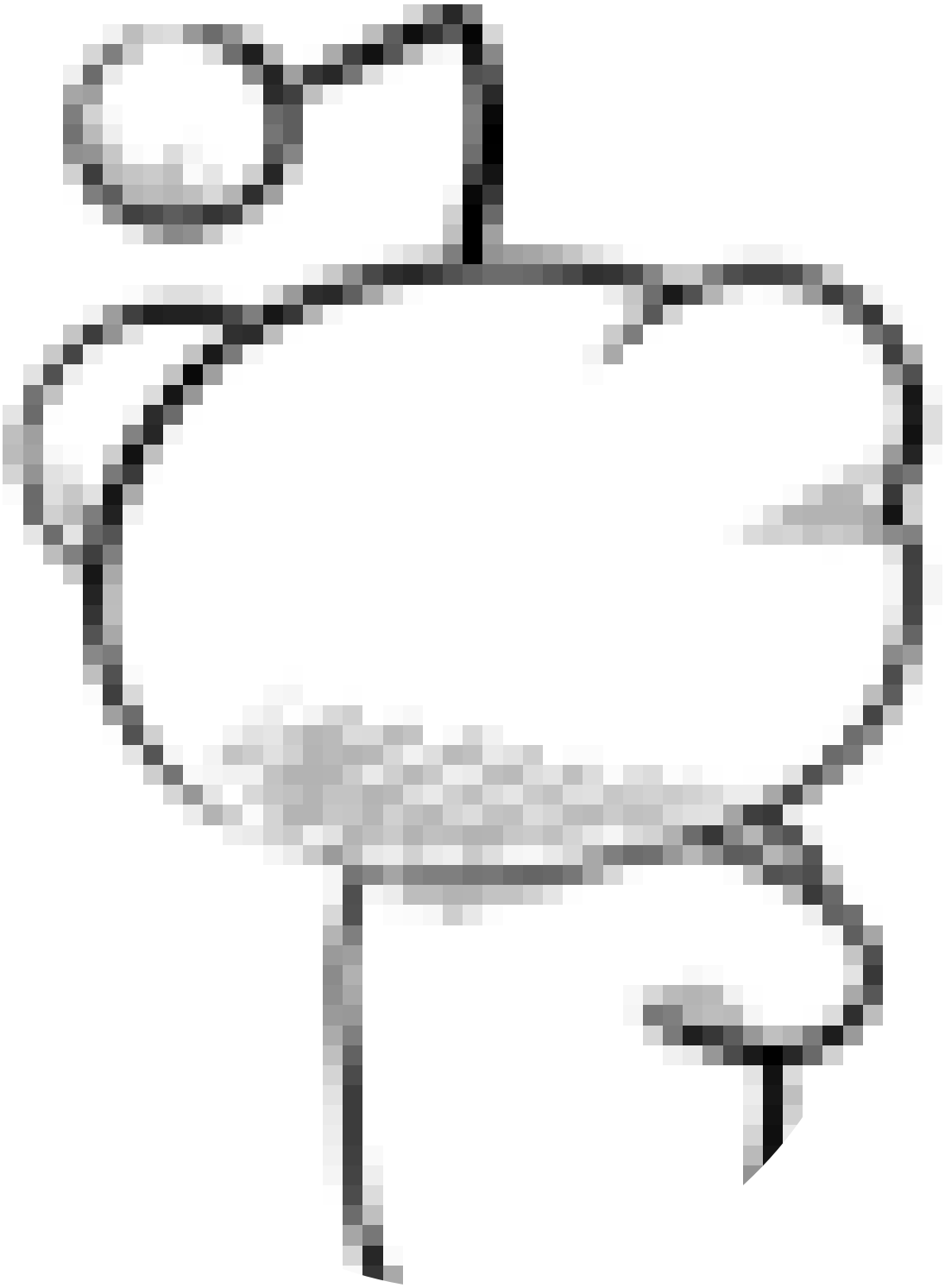

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â€¢ 14y ago

Comment removed by moderator

Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

Interesting I'd come across this story- I recently had a graduation requirement issue that I believe He suddenly solved. That, plus a lot of other little things in the same time span, really reaffirmed my beliefs in a time of doubt.

More replies

Raggamuffin88
â€¢ 14y ago

My nan passed away when I was 11 years old (in my bedroom) and following up until 2 years after that some strange things happened.

When I would go to bed some nights I would hear the sound of another person breathing very close to my head. I didnt tell anyone about this, my coping mechanism was to breathe at the same speed as the other sound so that I could convince myself it had stopped and get back to sleep. It also helped to tell myself it was my nan, I was known as her "favourite" so I assumed she was looking out for me at the time.

The second major thing happened when I was 13 in the bath in my house on my own. About 5 mins in I hear what sounds like foot steps up the stairs. We have really creaky crappy steps so the sound of them is very specific. I sat in the bath fucking terrified thinking someone had broken in. It continued its way up the steps to the point where I was staring at the door handle ready to jump out of the bath and hold it shut if someone started moving it. There were no weapons in the room with me and I was naked...

The sounds stopped and I sat there for about another hour and a half. I remember being in the bath so long that the water had gone cold yet I was still sweating from my brow. I only came out after my mum got home, who (bless her) thought I had fallen asleep in the bath.

Reply Share

arcrinsis
â€¢ 14y ago

walked into a girl at school one day and at the moment of impact, a stapler fell out of nowhere. neither of us had ever owned a stapler and there were no tables near us

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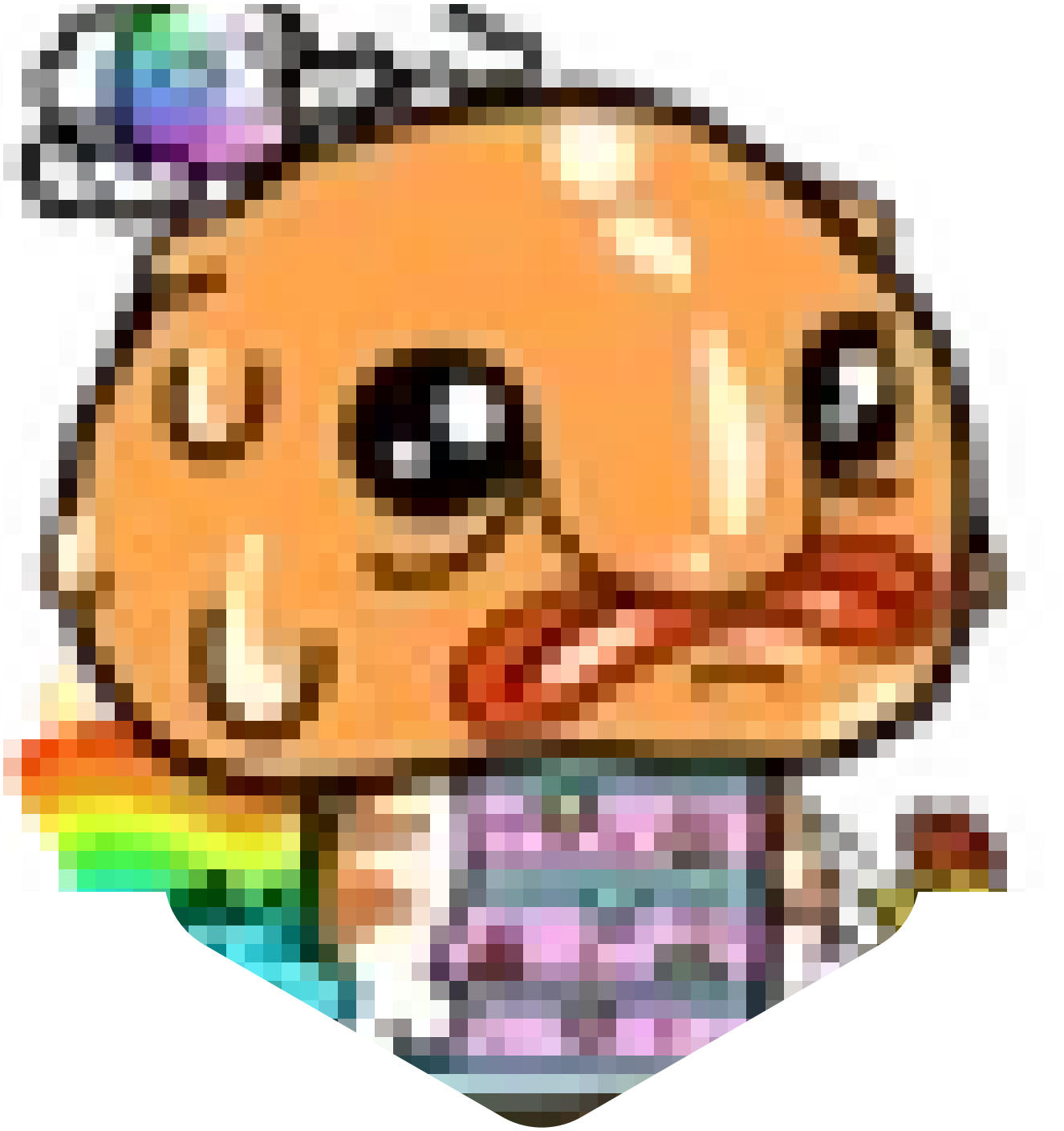
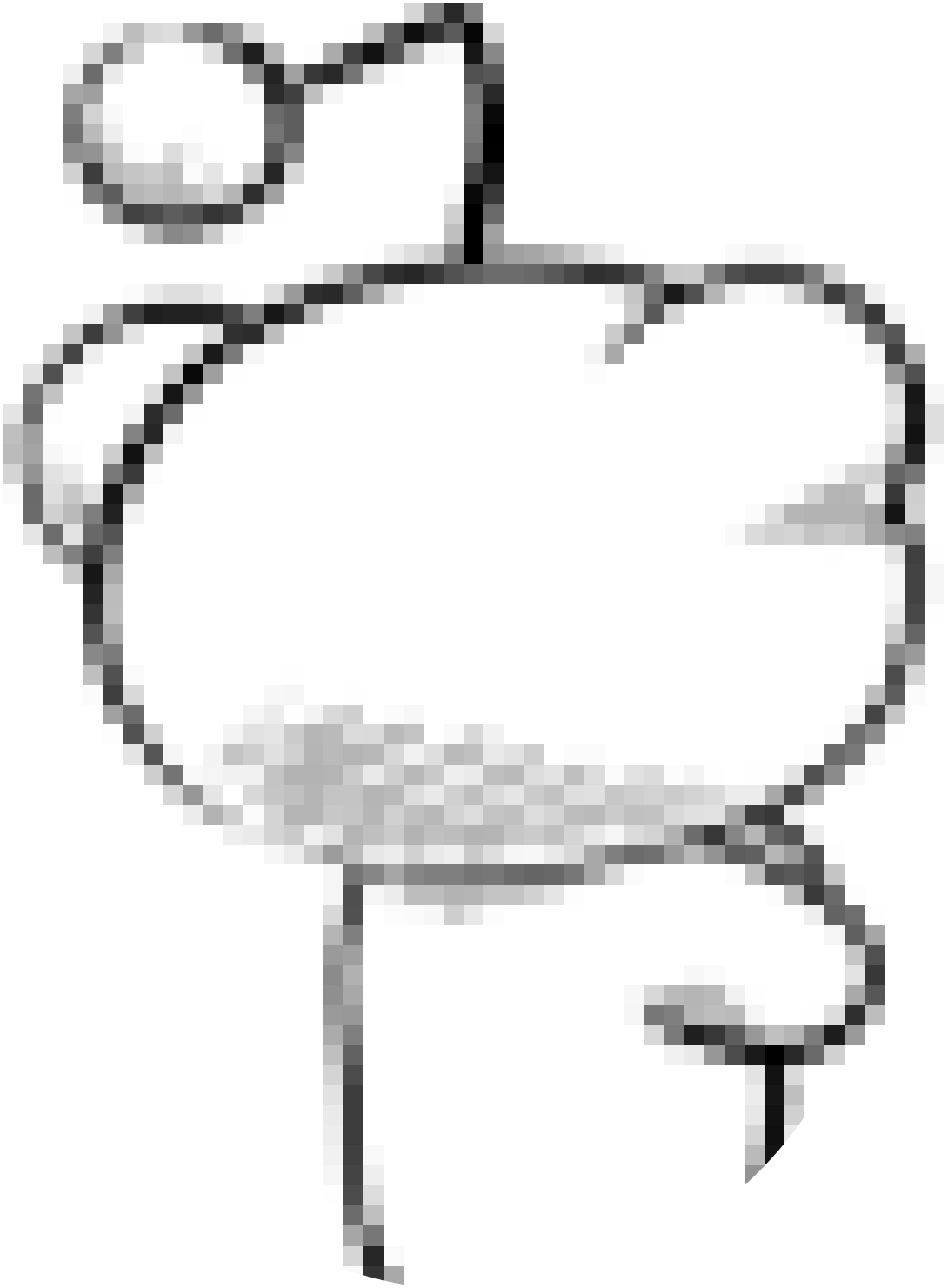


EliteDonkey
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm a little late, but I hope this doesn't get buried.

I was laying in bed one night, nothing out of the ordinary. But something told me to wake up. So I opened my eyes and right in my face was someone else s faces. I wanted to move but I couldn't. My body just wouldn't work. I kind of drifted back off to sleep and then it felt like a split second later wake back up. I jumped out of the bed and and went to go for my door. But standing in front of my door was a figure that was as tall as my door. I stood there and couldn't do anything again. My legs felt like they weren't even there. The figure then turned and walked through my door. I don't know who or what it was. But I haven't seen it again. That was at my parents house and I no longer live there.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

One of my old friends' grandma used to have an amazing penthouse flat by the beach. Their family was rich so because they owned a conservatory business. One night me and my friend were on the balcony of the flat drinking hot chocolate and talking when we saw like a ball of light maybe about 300 metres or so above us? It was moving across the sky towards us but also at an upwards angle in a perfectly straight line.

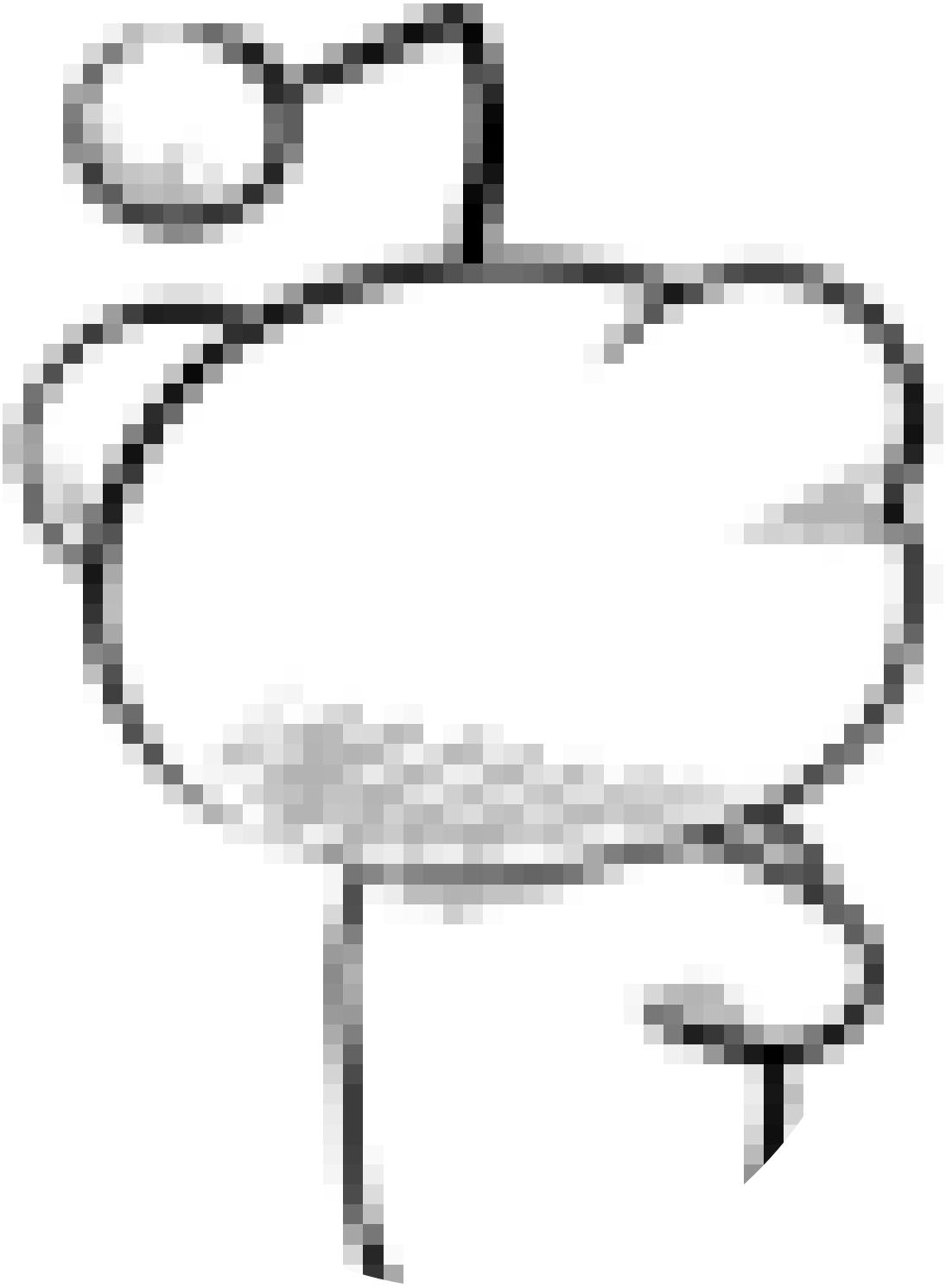
I know what you're thinking. 'Airplane!!' But no.

1. the light was too big and bright to be a light from an airplane.
2. it wasn't making any noise and it was easy to gauge it's distance based on the size and brightness and it couldn't have been far enough above us to be a plane.
3. no airport around for miles to justify it being so low down
4. it wasn't a flashing light or tiny white light, it was a big bright single white light.

We watched it for about 3 minutes just move up and towards us until it disappeared over the top of the building but me and my (ex) friends were convinced we'd witnessed something unusual that night.

OsamaBinLlama
â€¢ 14y ago

Only recently, I've started hearing train whistles in the late hours of the night. I don't live anywhere near a train station or railway lines and I'm not sure what to make of it.



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â€¢ 14y ago

All these amazing stories make my life seem uninteresting...

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

lonelyrider
â€¢ 14y ago

my friends and I decided to go to my boathouse in the middle of the night during the summer once (I'm a rower, the boathouse in question is a large structure in the middle of the woods, situated on a river, and is pretty isolated. There are a few houses within minutes of the park, but they're mostly abandoned, not creepy abandoned, but abandoned as in the owners sold them and nobody moved in. Mostly nice houses and such) We drove there, parked our car on the outer boundaries of the park (there was a gate preventing automobile traffic) and walked in. We got pretty far in when I started to hear talking coming from the woods. Not like "hey Mary how are you" "oh I'm pretty good John" but just light whispering that I couldn't place. I ignored it and didn't tell my friends. We walked on, got within view of the river (which means you're pretty far into the park) when all of a sudden **we heard a fucking woman scream in the middle of the night at an empty park** We looked at each other, and then started sprinting back to the car. We floored it out of there, and the adrenaline rush didn't wear off for about ten minutes. Also, for all my fellow skeptics, no, it was not a fox. "Well gee lonelyrider, how do you know?" I grew up in Virginia's woods, *I know what a fox sounds like*

so yeah cool story

Reply Share

croga15
â€¢ 14y ago

Not something I can't explain but at the time it freaked the living shit out of me. Just a regular dream but then suddenly come to the realization that I am dreaming and at that moment I know something freaky is going to happen and Im trying my best to wake up but can't and then it happens classic freaky little girl crawling out of a field towards me. Im using my complete concentration to control the dream and stop it at this point. Then I wake up in bed but I still cannot move and just feel like someone is standing over me. I live in the country and it is pitch black inside. Never have I felt anxiety like that. Turns out its fairly common sleep paralysis.

Reply Share

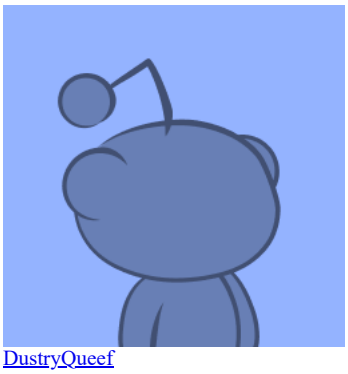
DustryQueef
â€¢ 14y ago

My story isn't as scary or freaky as many of the other ones in the thread, but it sure left me incredibly confused. I was visiting my second cousins who live in Texas, I was maybe 10 a the time and my second cousin Noah was 11. His dad and grandma decided we would all go to this fair where there would be music and food. Noah and I were reluctant to go but they dragged us along anyways. We got to the fair and it was moderately crowded, and there was a maybe 15 year old girl wearing next to nothing who

was singing badly on a stage. Noah and I wandered over to a picnic table and played with straws for maybe 15 minutes before we decided we were hungry and went to find his dad. When we located his dad his dad looked relieved and told us that he had been looking everywhere for us and it was time to leave. We told him we didn't want to because we had just got here, and he told us we had been there for 4 HOURS... and we were freaked and went home

Sorry I suck at writing

Reply Share



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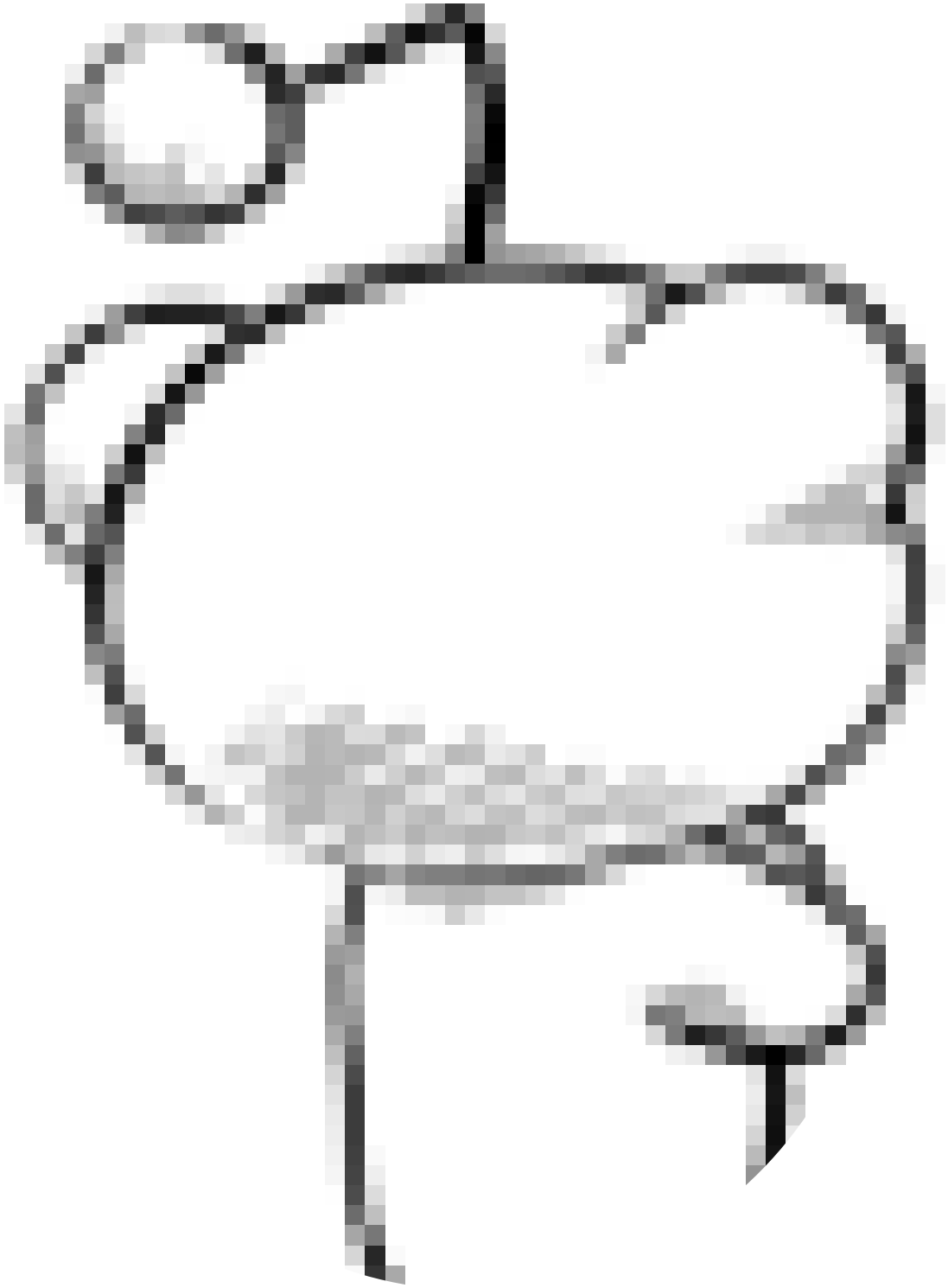


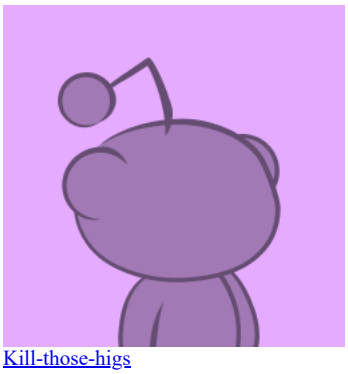
Smokyo7
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago I was with my girlfriend at the time and one of my other friends walking through the woods, the plan being to smoke a doobie. It begins to get dark, that time of night where it's not dark enough to use a flashlight, but dark enough for your eyes to not be able to focus properly. On our way out we walk past a guy who was presumably hunting, he was heading into the woods.

Now as we are walking my friend is about 5 feet in front of my, my girlfriend was about 5 feet behind me, I was in the middle. This is kinda where things get hazy. We all remember things getting extremely quiet, like oddly quiet, the wind may have picked up a little as well, but from above us this 'spotlight' engulfed all of us. I remember either not being able to move my legs or not thinking about it, just being dazed. The light went from the front foot of my friend in front of me to the back foot of my girlfriend behind me, no more, no less. Just enough to completely surround us all. We each remember looking at each other in confusion, then beginning to look up. None of us remember anything afterwards other than suddenly resuming our walk out of the woods. There may have also been a time loss, meaning it was darker when we started walking out then right before the incident occurred.

This scared the shit out of all of us, we never really brought it up again, and have since gone our separate ways, which is a bit disheartening as we were very good friends with each other. I feel like I may have memories about what happened, as I've gotten very drunk and started thinking about it before and begin to get upset, I don't know why I am upset, but I feel like maybe there are some suppressed memories about what happened. Very strange and uncomfortable.

TL;DR - Abducted by ALIENS!

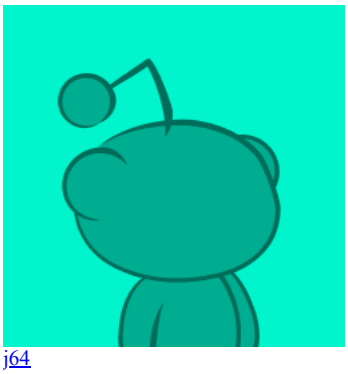


Kill-those-higs
â€¢ 14y ago

Several tears ago I came out of my room one night and asked my roommate "Is Rosa Parks dead?" He said so i went back to my room. The very next day she died.

Another time in high school I turned to a guy in class and said "Remember that kid Clifton that was here 2 years ago? I wonder what ever happened to him." The next week Clifton moved back to town and was in class.

Reply Share



j64
â€¢ 14y ago

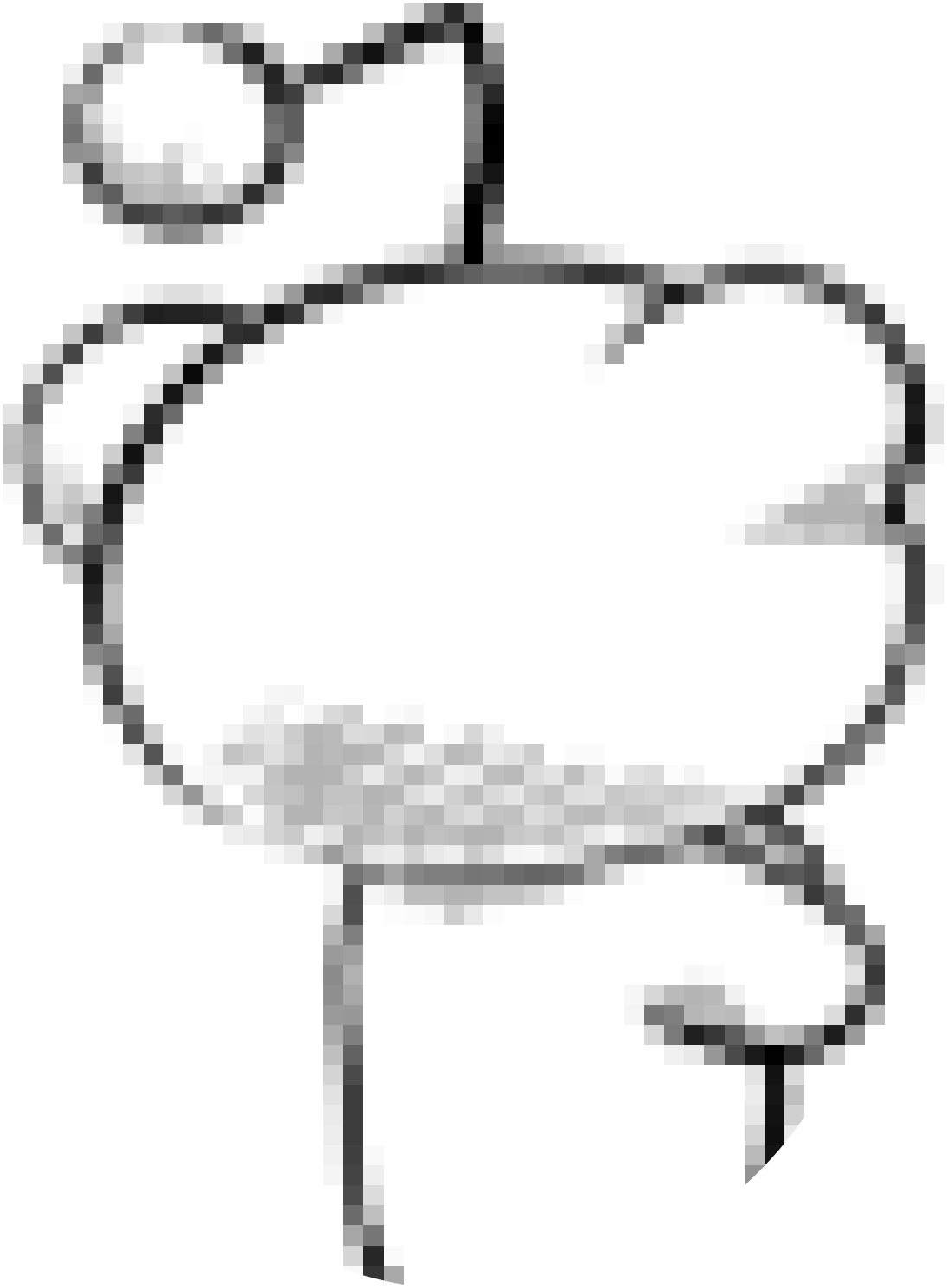
My motorcycle won't start. I can't figure out why, it was fine yesterday.

Seriously though, I've got a few.

My grandad died when I was 14ish. The day after he died I was doing my paper delivery route as per usual, got to the last house and there's an old dude leaning against the tree out front. Looked exactly like my grandad, same coat, hat, leather gloves, all that jazz. Rode up to the house, half shitting myself, he looks at me, smiles and says "cheerio, boy" and walks off.

Posted this one before but i was walking home from hanging out round a friends house at about 0130/0200. I could either take this short cut which would shave about a half hour off my walk, or take the long way. I headed towards the alley-way and stopped dead in my tracks. Half way down the alley-way I could see this figure. I'm 6'2 and about 195lbs, this figure dwarfed me. Easily 2 felt bigger and had the reddest eyes imaginable. I took the long way home. Also I found out that the day after someone was stabbed down that alley-way.

Last one. I was driving home from a Air Force base and it was located in the middle of all these typical twisty, bendy country roads. About 5 minutes away from the base and we're the only car on these roads. We turn a corner and there's these 4 blue flashing lights in a vertical line in the centre of the road. The closer we get, the further away they seem to get then we corner and then they appear again. We tried flooring it to catch them but it was no use. The country roads came to and end and so did the lights. Absolutely no explanation for that one.



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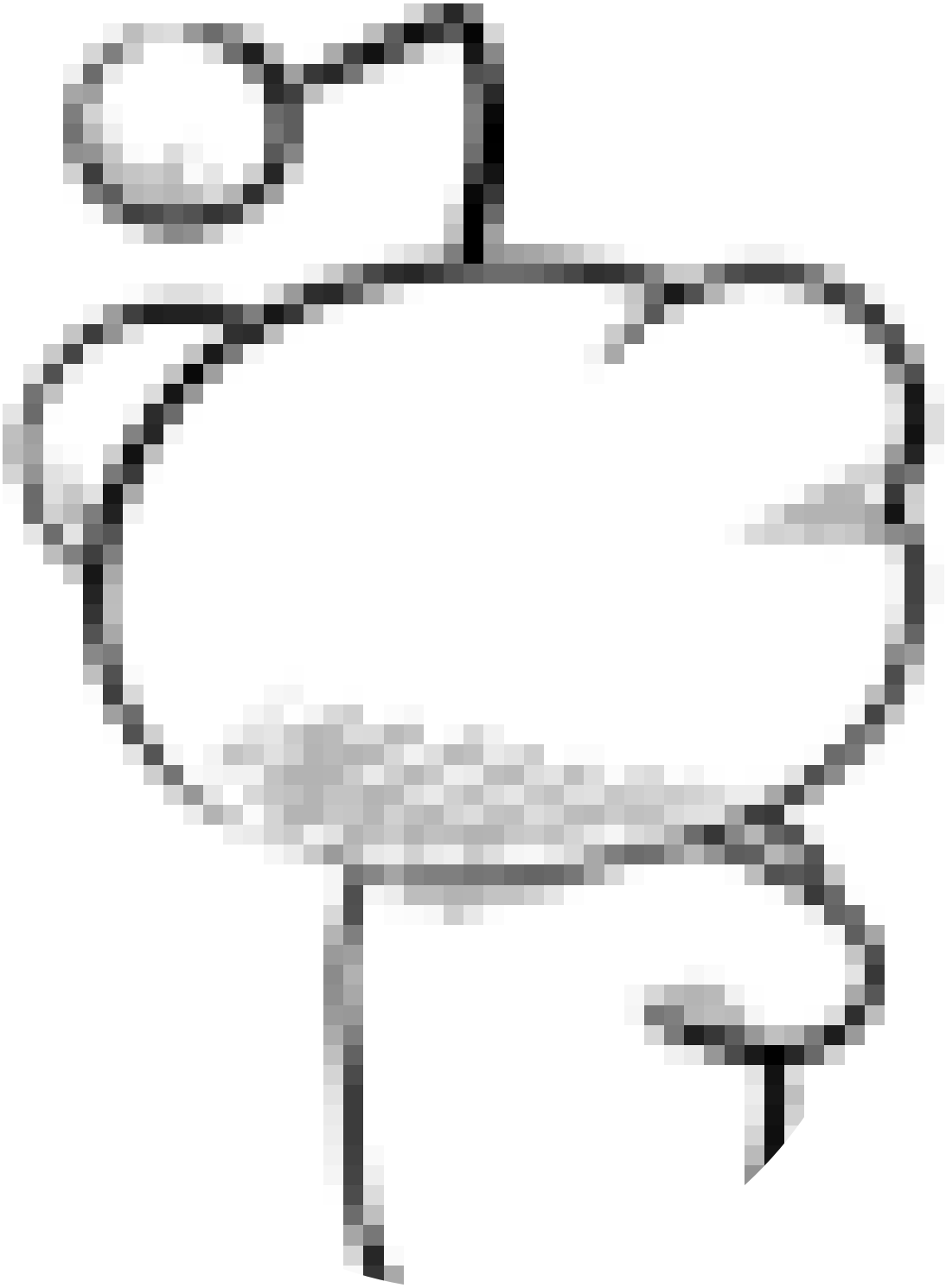
â€¢ 14y ago

Maybe out can be explained but it always freaked me out. One super late evening I was chatting with a friend on Aim with zero microphones on either of our laptops, not even any video, just basic typing and etc. I started to hear voices coming from my laptop, I made it out to sound like my friend's voice and started guessing what he was saying. It freaked both of us out and then it started with him as well with my voice. I'm sure it can be explained, but at the time it was freaky.



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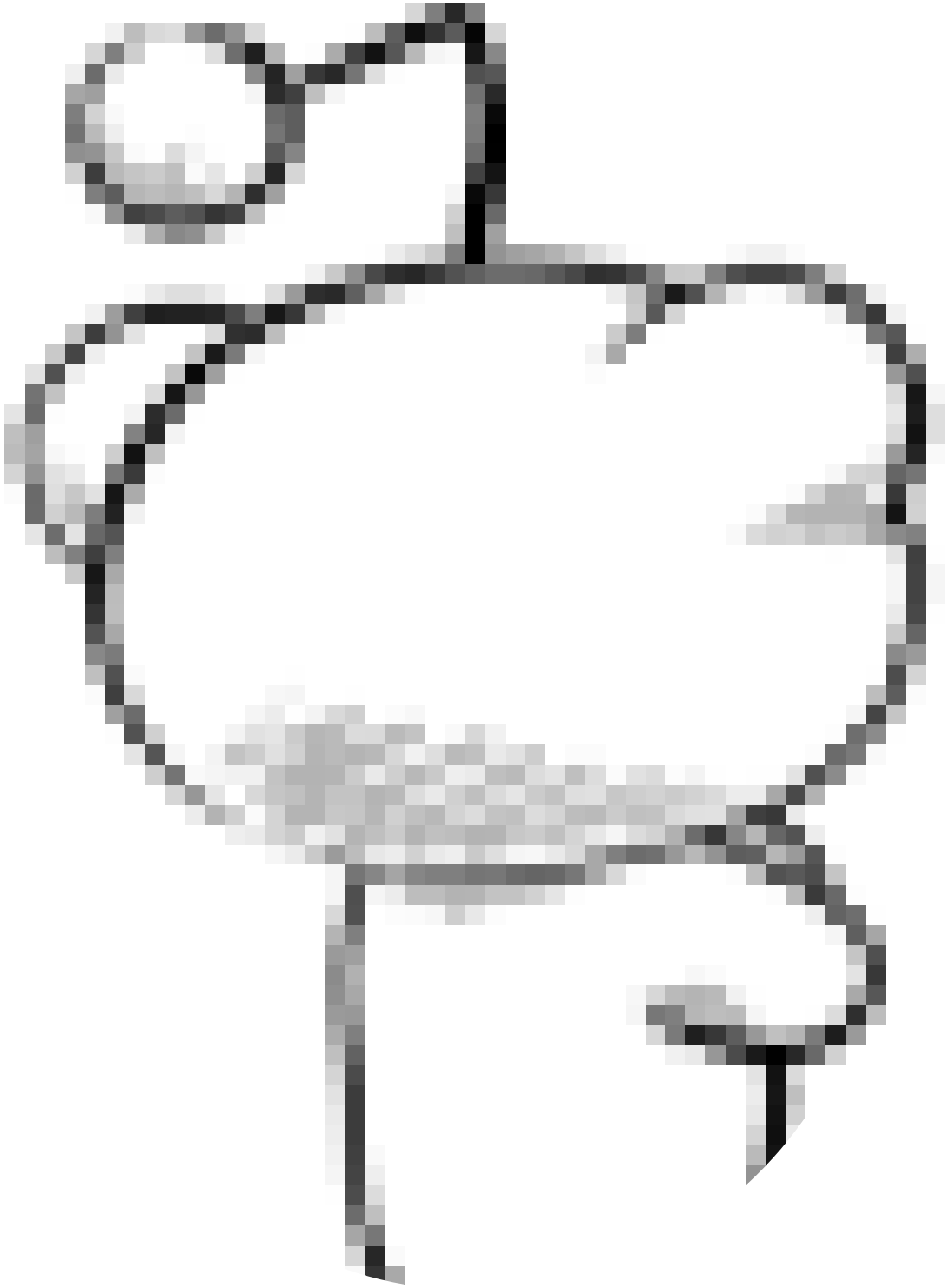
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 16, me and a few of my friends were out drinking. We were on our way to a bush party and when we got to the tree line we opened our bottle and passed it around. Anyway we start walking down the main path in this forest. We are having a hard time seeing though because its so dark. Finally our night vision starts working and I run ahead a bit. Next thing I know is it get bright, really really bright and loud. Like a jet flying past loud. I look up and a ball of crackling white light zooms across the sky. It's so bright that for about 8 seconds I can see te expression on my gfs face and the rest of the group about 40 feet back. Frozen and shocked. Then it's gone and it's black again. I run back (which is hard because now my eyes have to adjust because of the light ruining my night vision) and my first question was the obligatory "did you see that?". There was 12 of us, we all saw it. Being rational and a realist I instantly said it was probably just a meteor or something. My other friend shot that down because it had only been about 20 feet above the ground, and given the size of it, it would have hit the ground. Guess I'll never know.



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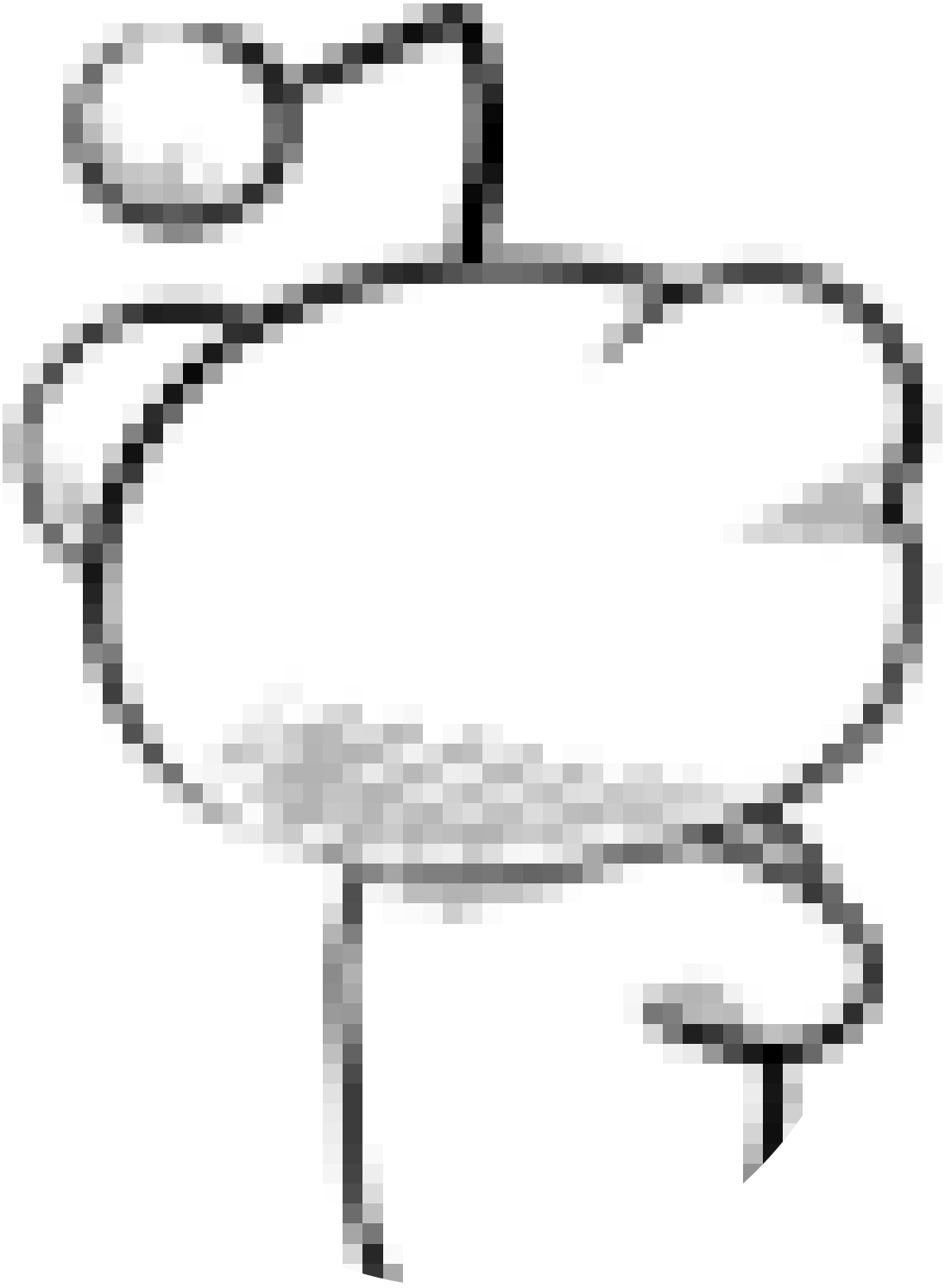
â€¢ 14y ago

Comment deleted by user

coldforged
â€¢ 14y ago

Dubstep. Ruins *everything*.



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â€¢ 14y ago

One time when I was about fourteen, I was laying in bed sleeping, and then was suddenly woken up by my bed violently shaking back and forth. Like, *really* fucking shaking. It lasted about ten seconds or so before it stopped. I looked around my bed to see if my dog had maybe shook it, in an attempt to get underneath it. He wasn't in my room. No one was in my room. Nothing. I asked my parents and brother the next day if they felt the house shaking last night and they said no. I have no idea what happened that day and it creeps me out to think about it.

Reply Share

celticeejit
â€¢ 14y ago

15 years ago - my wife and I were on the highway - driving 70 - and hit black ice.

The car did a complete 360 on the highway - missing a humongous pickup truck on our right by mere centimeters and the guard rail on our left by even less.

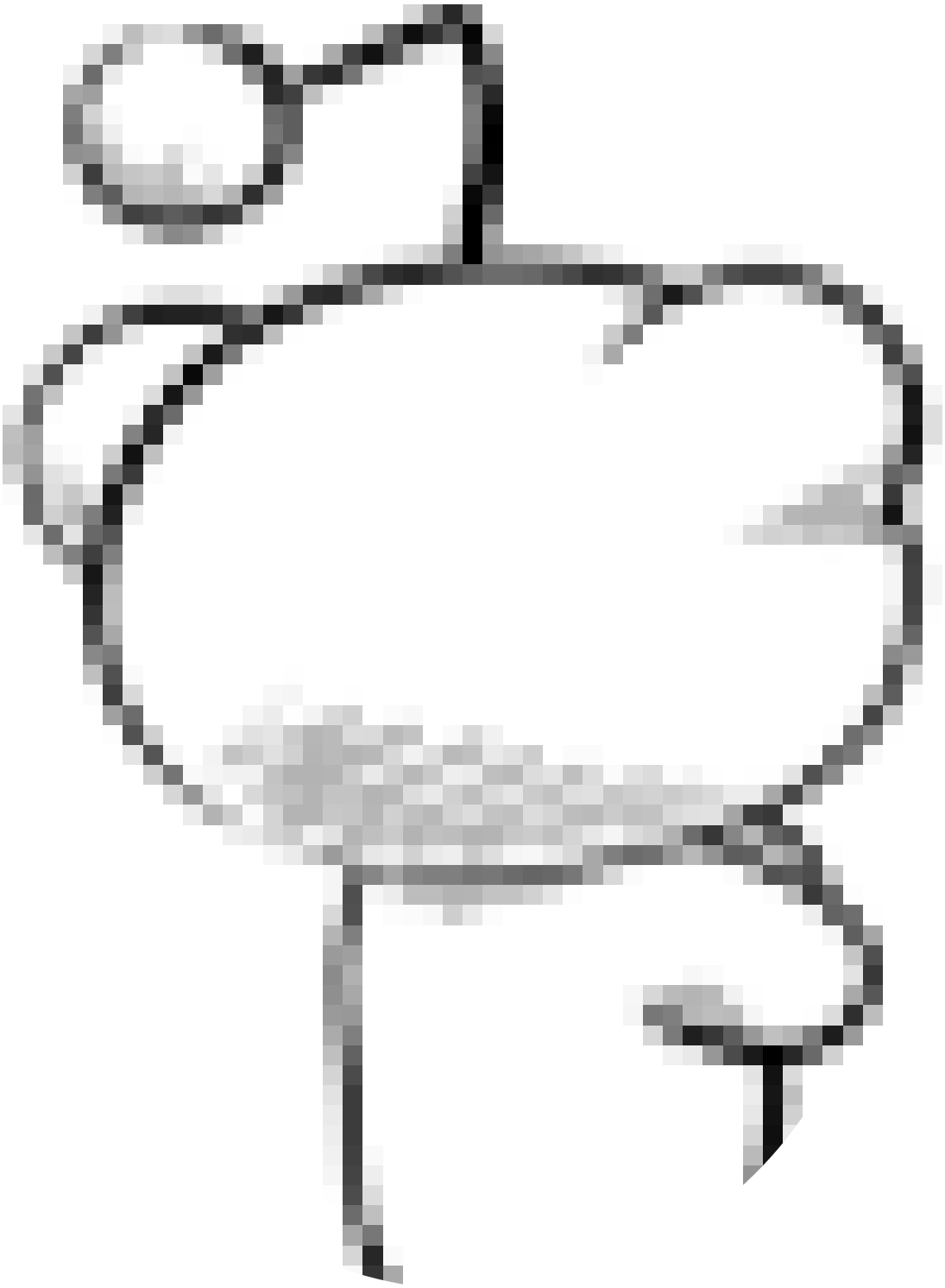
At the time my only thought was - 'aw shit - we're gonna ruin that awesome truck'

No *life flashing before my eyes* or *crippled by fear* thoughts.

Just casual banality.

Crazy stuff.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

Aw hell I just thought of another one that I usually keep buried because it gets called crazy. Well here you go. When I was very young, my grandmother lived in a place called Riverview, MI. We were over visiting and I was outside playing with a little rubber ball. It was broad daylight, and I was just throwing it up in the air and catching it. One of my throws takes a bad arc, and lands in a huge bush against the house. I tried getting up on my toes and reaching as far as I could, but it was no use. And then I recall, from behind a hand and then an arm reaching over my shoulder and grabbing the ball. They weren't normal. It was like, they were made of hollow plastic, with hinges where joints would be. I could see in and through the spots were the hinges had been given enough space to move. I turned around. There was a very ordinary man there, in all respects besides that his limbs seemed to be plastic and hollow. My young mind said, "OK, he has prosthetic limbs, this must be what those are like" He handed me my ball without talking and walked away. As time passed since this happened, I've realized that there is no way that that makes sense.

1 more reply
1 more reply

⊕ More replies

neverenough22
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Three things:

I'll try to keep it short.

1. I'm sitting outside before a class was about to start, reading a book and I get this very strange and powerful pain in the top of my head.

5 hours later, I found out my cousin had shot and killed himself about the same time I had that sensation.

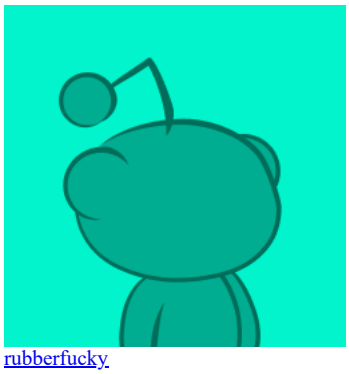
2. Another time, I'm in the Columbus Circle Whole Foods in NYC on lunch break. I'm in the bakery section, days going fine. All of the sudden, I get a gut feeling that I must leave the store. I shrug it off, it gets worse. I walk deeper into the bakery, it gets much worse. By the time I get outside, the feeling is gone.

The store wasn't crowded. I wasn't stressed. I'd been there dozens of times before. I've had panic attacks before, but this wasn't one. There was no anxiety or fear or stress... Just a deeply powerful knowing that I had to leave the store immediately.

3. The house I grew up in was situated in the woods. We lived on a quiet cul de sac.

On multiple occasions I had friends (some of whom knew each other, some who did not) mention to me privately that when they left my house they felt the urge to run to their cars. They all said they felt like they were being watched and that something wanted to hurt them.

In that same cul de sac, my brother and his friend had an orb of light pass between them.



rubberfucky
â€¢ 14y ago

So I've never told anyone outside of my family about this because it sounds too implausible. I've never been able to explain it and have pretty much tried to forget it or put it down to "misremembering".

When I was around 11 or 12 years old, I used to wake up in the middle of the night to very frightening images. Sometimes I would see bats flying around in my room, sometimes I would see a middle-aged man with his skin falling off wearing a hat sitting on the edge of my bed, looking at me. I would also hear things. I would hear the flapping noise of the bats, I would hear the breathing of the man with the hat.

I can resolve all of this in my head by telling myself I'd just woken up and my brain wasn't fully out of it's dream state. This was confirmed for me because whenever I hid my head under the covers for 30 seconds and looked back up, everything was normal. So, just a kid with an over active imagination. That's how I rationalised it anyway.

That is until one night I woke up to the sound of a witches cackling. It was VERY loud and sounded like it was in my ear. Then it stopped. Then I heard a cat crying very loudly outside. My bed was right next to the window, so I looked out, and sure enough, there was a cat sitting down in my back garden, looking up at my window and meowing very loudly. I did my usual. I hid under my covers for 30 seconds, but the meowing didn't stop.

I decided to wake up my parents, because I was close to shitting myself (I think because the cat appeared after the cackling). I didn't mention anything about the witch but I told him there's a big cat outside meowing so loudly that it was keeping me awake. He said he couldn't hear anything, but reluctantly he went downstairs in his boxer shorts (I didn't go down there with him, I was too scared). I ran back in to my room and looked out of my window. The cat still there, staring at me. I see the outside light turn on and our back door open (the door is directly underneath my window). My dad walks outside, looks around, then looks up and says "there's no cats here". Im shocked. I can see the cat, not 5 meters in front of my dad. I tell him "It's right in front of you!". He walks to within INCHES of the cat (which is still looking at me) shouts "Quit messing around, you just had another nightmare. Get back to sleep!".

That's it. It freaked me out for weeks. Ever since then I've just tried to forget it.

TL;DR Cat that's only visible to me, wakes me up and scares the shit out of me.

luckyduckypuddinpop
â€¢ 14y ago

My family's homes are built very close to the Honey Island Swamp in Louisiana. There was a tribe of Choctaw Indians who settled here first, but were wiped out by diseases brought over from the French. Now there are three neighborhoods where their village once stood. Anyway, my grandmother's house has always creeped me out, there have been numerous accounts of paranormal activity. When my mother was 10, she had her hand hanging off the side of her bed and something grabbed it and tried to pull her off. She screamed and it let go. When my grandfathers came in to investigate, there was nothing there. My aunts have all 4 seen a floating figure on the balcony at different times through the year. One day my grandmothers was taking a nap with my infant cousin on her chest. She woke up, looked over to the clock and saw a baby on the floor. She reached up and made sure my cousin was still on her, and he was. A transparent lady in deerskin walked in, picked up the infant, and walked out.

At my house, I saw a white face in my window, and thought it was my father trying to scare me. I went to tell my mother to get him to stop, and she said he was in the shower and had been for the last 10 minutes. Freaked all of us out, and my dad went out in a towel with his pistol to see if he could find anything. There were no footprints or ladder marks under my window. Years later, I had a friend staying over. In the middle of the night she woke up screaming. She said there was a man that touched her face and called her beloved in Choctaw. All she could see was his face and the hand that touched her, they were both a transparent white color. We saged the whole house, and didn't have any issues for almost a year. I left the sage we used on the front porch as a kind of ward. It worked really well. We had no activity at all, until my mother threw the sage away. I had some cedar boards I was lining my window seat with stacked on top of a storage bin. That night they were violently thrown off and landed all around my bed, narrowly missing me. We called a priest and he came out and did some kind of blessing to get rid of everything, but it didn't work too well. A week later I saw a black mist manifest in the hallway. I was home by myself, so I grabbed my dogs and ran outside. Still having issues, but at this point just learning to live with them. My mom hates how sage smells and won't let me do it again, even though that worked the best.

TL;DR my family is crazy as fuck and built on an old Choctaw Indian village.

Reply Share

commodore-69
â€¢ 14y ago

There's this restaurant that we used to go to for our birthdays. We could choose any place but we always went there because they had a playroom with N64's which we didn't have at home. One night I had a nightmare that the restaurant was burning. I remember seeing the plastic from the N64 melting. A little while later I was in the car with my mom and we passed by the burnt down restaurant. I told my mom I had a dream that it was burning but she didn't believe me. She said "Oh really?" as if I just had a wild imagination.

pitchblack1138
â€¢ 14y ago

I lived in New Mexico as a kid, and one day we took a field trip to an observatory. My dad came with me and while we were listening to the employees talk about science and stars and junk, I randomly looked into the sky. I saw a giant fireball falling towards the ground, way off in the distance. I mean, it was HUGE. No way that nobody else could not have seen it. After the fireball descended below the tree line so I couldn't see it anymore, I asked my dad what he thought it was and he was like wtf are you talking about, there was no such thing. I asked around, nobody else saw it. My dad still thinks I'm crazy.to this day but I know I saw it.

Reply Share

Dooey123
â€¢ 14y ago

Well this is not scary like everyone else's stories but it was weird.

I can remember being in primary school (like 1st grade) and the teacher was teaching us our 10x tables. By the end of the lesson we all had this down so as a final confirmation the teacher asked the class to say them out loud, so in unison the whole class goes: "Ten... Twenty... Thirty... Forty... Fifty... Sixty... Seventy... Eighty... Ninety... Twenty"

Every kid in the class says twenty again at the end instead of one hundred, it was pretty weird and I just remember everyone looking at each other confused and the teacher being pretty disappointed.

Reply Share

Palhinuk
â€¢ 14y ago

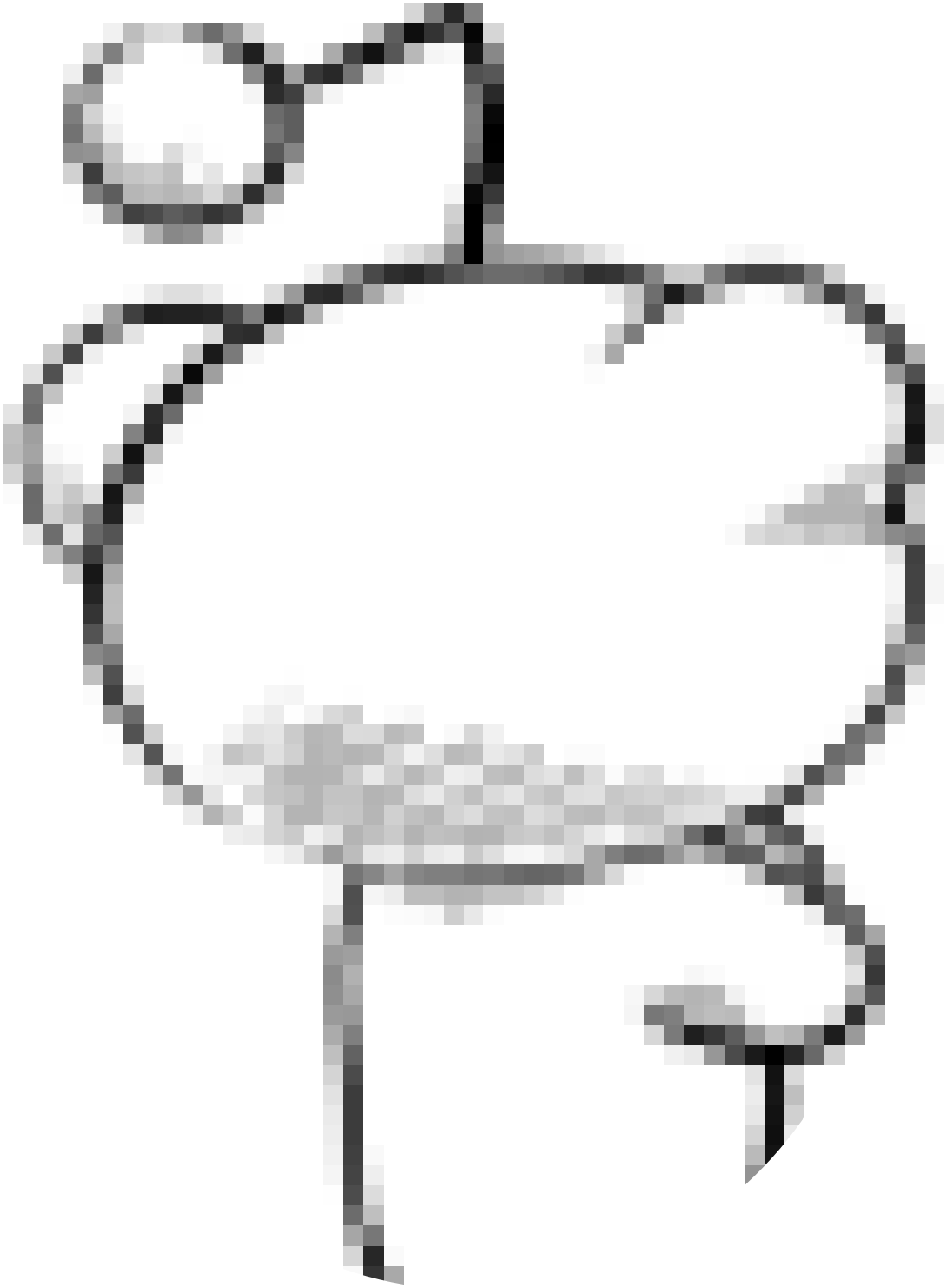
I've posted this to a few subreddits, might as well do it here too.

I live in the middle of the DFW metroplex. Now, for those of you who may not be familiar with the area, even in the most heavily populated of areas have long stretches of unused land along the various highways in the Lone Star State. Well, a few years back, I had a friend who lived in the next town, about a good half-hour to an hour drive depending on your route. Well driving out to his place was fine. We chatted, he played some music on my CD player (damn dude used to just throw CDs in without asking me, kind of annoying honestly), drove through Wendy's, the usual. Driving back though... Driving down a desolate strip of I-360, I was taking a bit of a different route then normal due to construction closing off the road I normally take back. This was a long stretch of road with little-to-no streetlights lighting the area. When driving back I had some weird interference block out the radio station I had tuned it to. It was really weird because I'd done this route before (day and nighttime) and there was never a dead spot there and hasn't been one since. When the radio blinked out I felt like I was driving down that road for about five minutes or so before it kicked back on. That's when I checked the time. It was 45 minutes later than I when the dead spot started. Now, I know it doesn't take that long to drive that particular stretch bar traffic. What the hell happened to that 30 minutes I lost? I'm not even creeped out by what happened that night, I'm more just curious than anything...

Reply Share

Sarcasm_and_stuff
â€¢ 14y ago

I was at home alone with my three year old son. I was facing him with the hallway behind me and he said, "Daddy, who's that person standing in the hallway?" There was no one there. It couldn't have bee the shadow of something: the hallway was empty and all the lights were on. This has happened three times, all with the same set of circumstances (me home alone with him, back to the hallway, light on).



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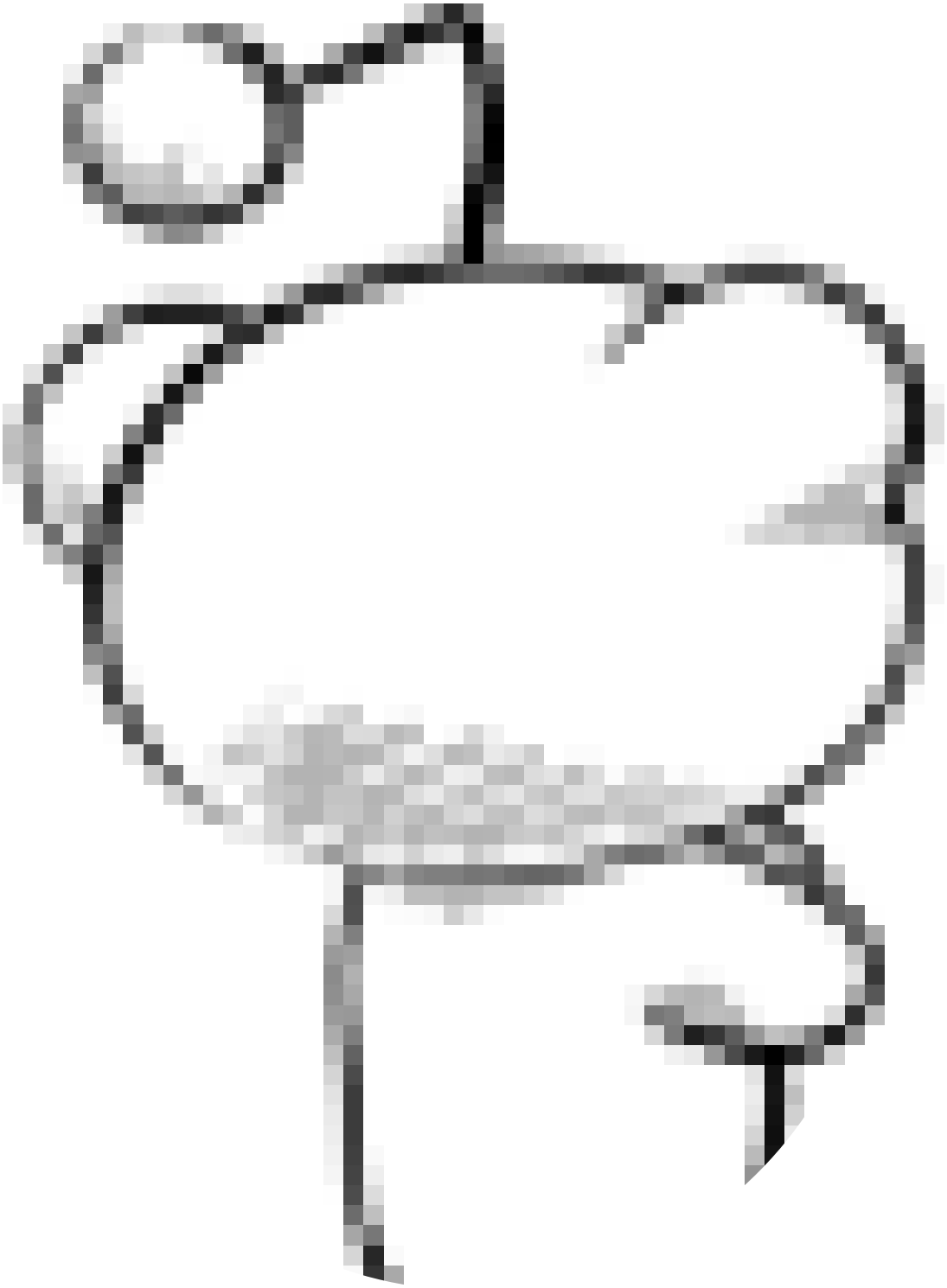
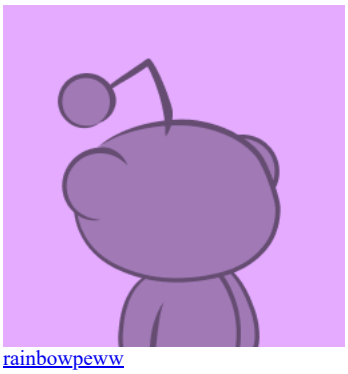
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend and I were in my room (which was basically the attic). We were probably in 2nd grade. The house was very old and belonged to my great grandmother before she died. Well the TV was on, but we were playing with toys not really paying attention to it. It was one of those old TVs with the dials on the front. Well all of a sudden the dial starts spinning wildly. The channels are flipping very quickly. We looked at each other and ran downstairs terrified. The dials were not easy to turn either, but something unseen had no problem spinning it like crazy.



woodyreturns
â€¢ 14y ago

I was always making fun of God and joking around in CCD class. I just joked around and did whatever while not paying attention. Then one day I flipped open the bible while in the actual church. I put my finger to a sentence and it said almost completely randomly. It was separated from other paragraphs, "Do not snicker at the Lord thy God."

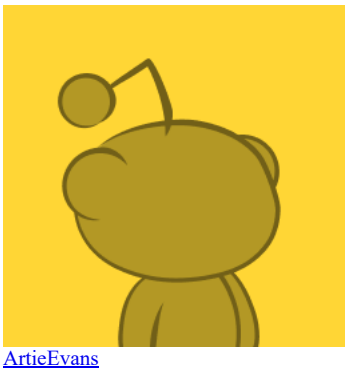


rainbowpeww
â€¢ 14y ago

About 5 years ago, I was visiting Yosemite with my sister and we sat down on a bench while waiting for our parents to come back from the information booth. We were both absentmindedly watching the grass when suddenly a very tall shoot shrank to about half its length into the ground. Surprised, we looked at each other and then stared back at the grass shoot. After a few seconds, the shoot completely disappeared into the dirt. I have no idea why.

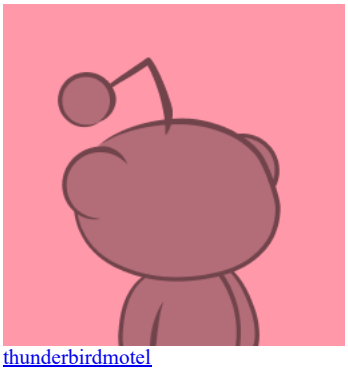
Ultimateforeveralone
â€¢ 14y ago

when i was 9 i had a problem with "something" that would tug the covers near my feet. it got to the point that i was convinced that my brother was doing it somehow, since he had the bottom bunk below me. yet the one time I decided to catch him in the act, i found that the covers were being tugged and i wasn't crazy, but the fact that nothing was there made the truth even worse. and now that i had witnessed it in the act, the whole smizola of crazy got ramped upwards, cold room, moving toys, door locked randomly or opened suddenly. and the whispers. luckily i had to suffer through it for only a year, we moved to colorado to be closer to relatives. still a skeptic.



ArtieEvans
â€¢ 14y ago

First time on lsd, pushed to my limits. I open up my computer to listen to Iron and Wine's newest single "me and lazarus". I obviously am jamming out beyond belief, but decided to turn it off and do something else. I close Itunes, but the song keeps playing. I am curious as to how this is possible, so I close all my windows. Still playing. I restart my computer, still playing. The album continued to repeat until my computer ran out of batteries. I took a video in case I was just tripping myself out.



thunderbirdmotel
â€¢ 14y ago

I lived in a house in Silverlake, CA with several roommates a few years back. One of the bedrooms was down in the basement there was a small set of stairs that led down to it. After living there for a while all of us noticed that from time to time that it sounded like someone was walking up and down said stairs, despite no one being home. Whenever these "spells" would come the TV would start acting weird: the volume would go up or down for no reason and/or it would turn off/on with no one touching it.

So one night I am upstairs and my roommate who lived the basement room and his girlfriend come upstairs. She is hysterically crying. Apparently they heard the usual stepping sounds but this time they were accompanied by scratching on his door and then a sudden banging on BOTH his bedroom door and on another door in his room that led to our backyard. When he opened the doors (about the last thing I would do), no one was there. As we were discussing, the TV turned on and blasted the volume full up...

Long after moving out of that place, my former roommate came to stay with me for a while. Guess what I start hearing in my apartment? You guessed it! Footsteps when no one is there and my TV again starts acting weird. My dog would randomly start barking at a corner of my ceiling as well (same one every time. I guess thats where the ghost hung out?)

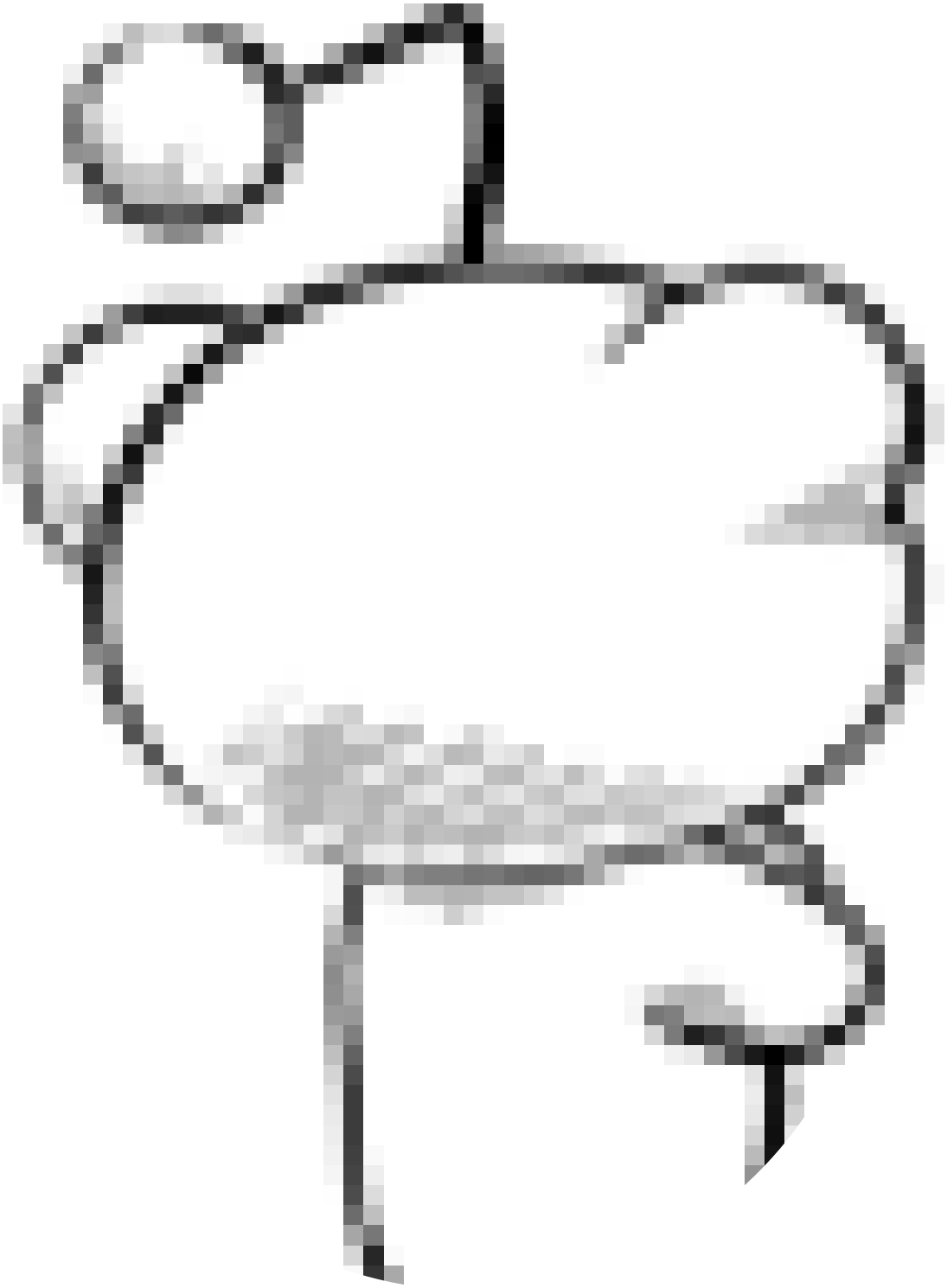
I don't believe in ghosts and the afterlife but I have not been able to explain it.

dalonelybaptist
â€¢ 14y ago

Back when I was 10 or 11 I went on holiday with my dad, his girlfriend and her son to a cottage out in the middle of nowhere. It was kinda a creepy old house, abit dark and scary once it got late.

Anyway on the second night I awoke in the middle of the night. It was pretty dark so I couldn't see properly but I swear by the side of my bed I could make out a naked man crouching down like he was praying. For some reason my 10 year old mind wasn't concerned, in my sleepy haze I just assumed it was my dad praying next to my bed at night (not religious?) and after about 5 minutes of trying to make out the figure in the dark just happily went to sleep. After asking my dad in the morning he told me of course it was just a dream. But it was so vivid. I've never really had a dream that felt so real.

Reply Share



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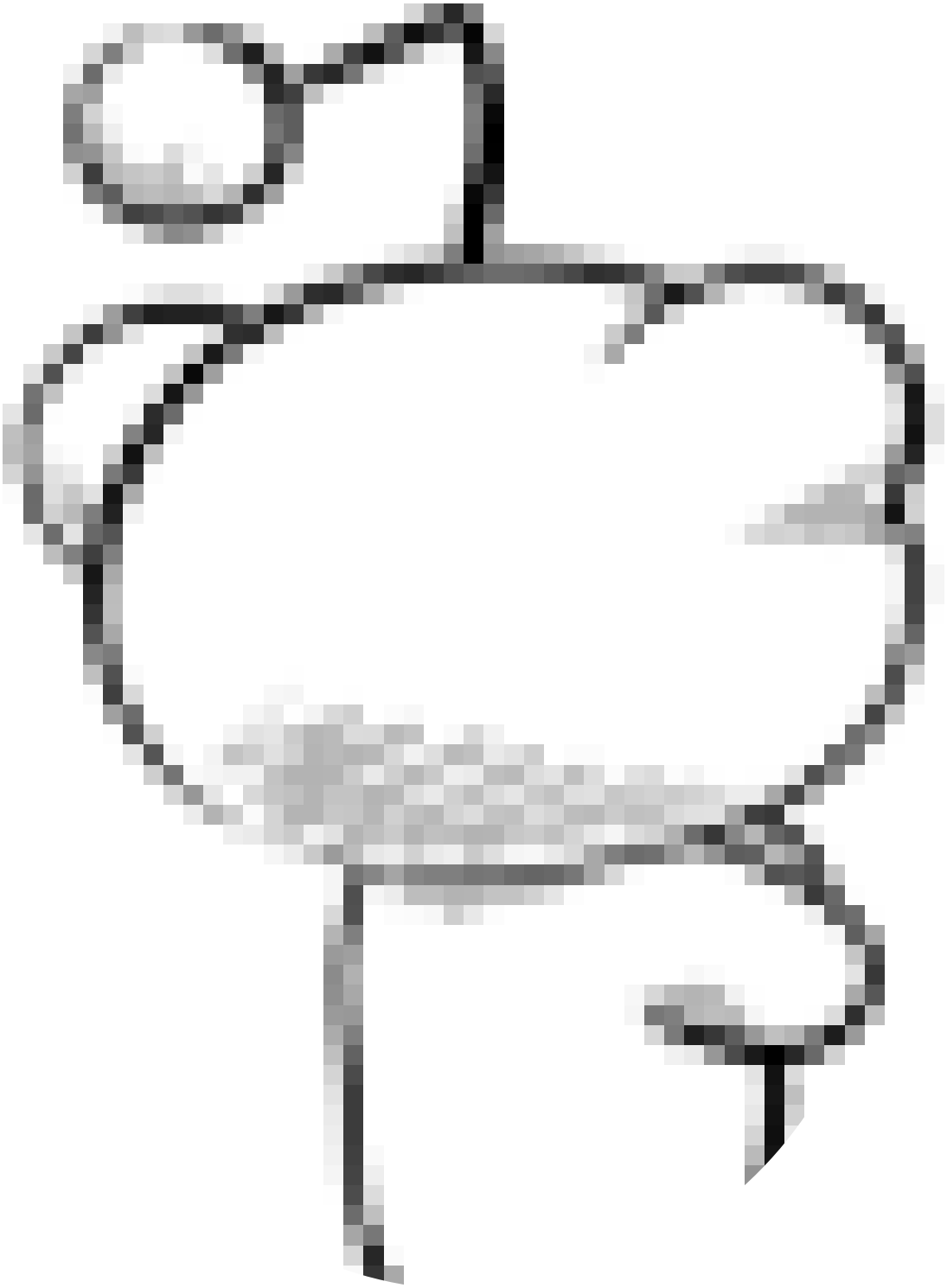
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago a friend and I were walking down a road to get home from visiting a local market place. This road is busy during the day and normally during the early hours of the night also. It has a cornfield/farm field on one side with a few houses along it and a forest on the other side. The night I speak of had zero traffic, which is suburban new jersey was weird in itself and that fact me and my friend took notice but without really scaring us at all. We reached a point with a forest on one of us and the end of a corn field on the right. My friend was a little ahead of me when he just stops, I see immediately that he's looking over towards the corn field and I look too. What I see is the outline of a tall figure (it was nearly pitch black) and I feel a crazy wave fall over me of fear, goosebumps, and my eyes start tear up. My friend immediately sprints away and when I look back the figure is gone and I only hear a crushing of branches and such while I also hightailed it out of there. Closest and scariest encounter of my life and it's not the only weird thing to happen on the road by my own and other locals.



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â€¢ 14y ago

Lost my mom to cancer. About three months later I was spending the day just immensely hung over and fell asleep. I was in this weird place between being awake and being asleep when I suddenly felt my mom sitting at the side of the bed, stroking my forehead and telling me everything was alright. I've never felt anything this real in a dream before or since.

I woke up half an hour later feeling perfectly fine. Might have been delirium tremens or something, but I really don't want to explain this or have it explained.

eddlette
â€¢ 14y ago

I wanna preface this story with I am not and have not ever been religious or supersticious. A few years ago my grandfather with emphysema came down with pneumonia so we all sort of knew what was coming but after a few weeks he actually seemed to be doing so well that they were going to prepare to send him home. I was a junior in high school at this time and in VA every morning there is a moment of silence and for some reason this particular morning I decided to use it to, for lack of a better word, pray for my Grandfather's peace and comfort and at that moment I had this mental image of him pop into my head of him in bed and something leaving him. Got a call from each of my parents during second period that he had passed that morning.

TL;DR In an uncharacteristic act I prayed for my Grandfather's peace and comfort, then imagined something leaving his body the day he died.

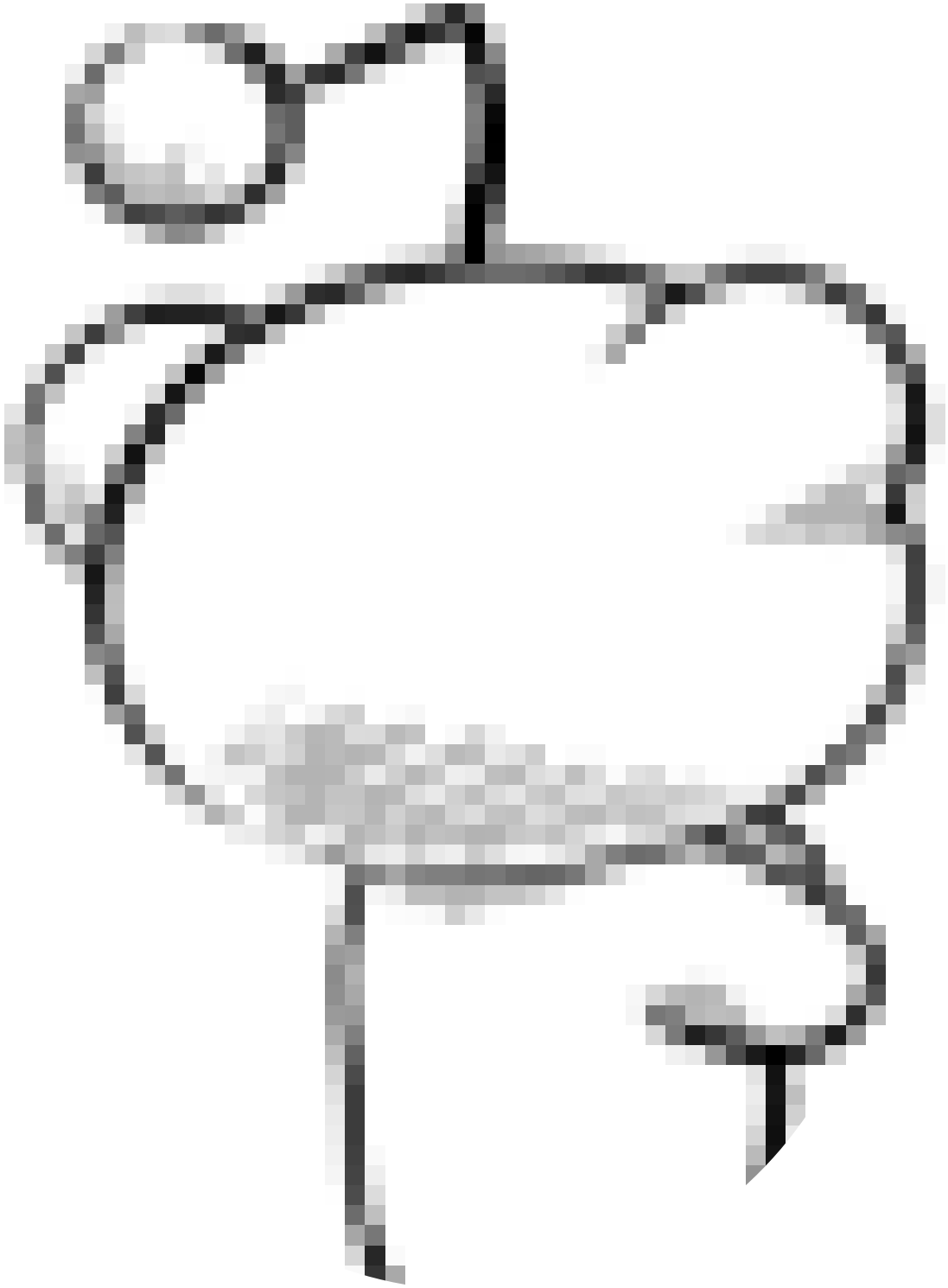
m0rganja
â€¢ 14y ago

I have this memory, I'm not sure if it was a dream or actually happened, but I think it was a dream because neither my grandparents who I was with nor my parents whom they would have told after something like this happened, remembers this happening at all. But I was riding a tricycle out front of my grandparents' house and somehow got my feet caught under the metal bar in the back of the trike. My feet were bleeding and I remember my grandfather coming outside hearing me cry, picking me up, and taking me inside to clean me up. I remember sitting on the end of the counter while my grandma tended to my wounds while my grandfather called my parents. I don't remember anything really after that. I was about 3-5 when that happened and I'm 17 now. I still have perfectly circular scars on the insides of my ankles and when I ask my parents/grandparents about it or about the scars, they don't remember at all.

My parents are both fairly young, both 41, so I know they're not affected be memory loss or dementia or anything. To this day, I believe the scars came from the dream.

Erbrah
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was 6 or 8. I saw a one-two foot centipede crawling on my wall/ceiling while I was laying on my bed. I'm 100% I saw it, told my parents and they said they don't grow that big. If was either partial sleep paralysis, Alice in wonderland syndrome, or there was a big fucking centipede there. That's it.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

One morning when i was about 12 i think, i randomly woke up before i was meant to. I would usually have to wake up at about 8am, but this morning i woke up at like 7:45. I remember just lying in bed then suddenly the phone rang. Right then i knew something was wrong (It wasn't really uncommon for the phone to ring this early in the morning). Then my mum came into the room after she had answered the phone and as soon as the door opened i said aunty Edith has died. She looked at me and just walked out of the room. It was freaky.

Another time, about 2 months ago i was out with some friends, when i just got an overwhelming emotion. I knew at that second that the girl i was seeing was cheating on me. There was no reason for me to feel it but i just knew it. So i just text her asking what she was up too... no reply for a day. Eventually when she replied i managed to get it out off her... she had in fact cheated on me. She was a whore... It was funny because she always said "I'm not that kind of girl to do anything like that" Yet she cheated on me twice and became a stripper. Ha

Edit: Spelling...

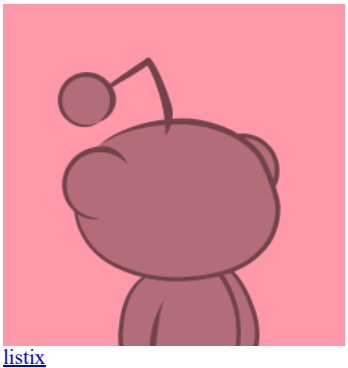
Reply Share

Morganithor
â€¢ 14y ago

1996, Roswell, New Mexico. My family had always loved camping, hiking and backpacking and on one of our weekly jaunts we decide to check out Roswell! At this point, we had lived in New Mexico for a little over a year and we were still exploring the state. The trip was excellent with balmy weather and excellent hiking occurring. We did make a stop over to the newly renovated Roswell ufo museum, and though it was mildly disappointing... What follows was not. On our way back North, heading out of town we decide to stop at the famous crash site. As some people may know, it's actually a few miles along a dirty Road before you arrive at a Ranch and for an extremely steep fee, you are then driven a few more miles to the site itself. My father says screw that and just drives far enough in to no longer see Highway traffic but still far away from the Ranch. He stopped and says we should have a look around. I decide to walk about a half mile away from our car, alone. I stood still among the desert scrub brush enjoying the comfortable temperature and vast emptiness when suddenly... SILENCE. No wind movement, no small animals, no insects, no sound whatsoever. I cannot even hear myself breathe. ..I force my chest to expand and collapse, but I cannot hear myself breathing! The air temperature suddenly rose by about 10-15 degrees and I just yelled as loud as I could and as my voice was quickly losing power, I began to realize something was truly wrong. I ran as fast I could, heart pumping, adrenaline flowing panic fully set in. I arrived back at the car in no time with my perplexed father asking why in the hell was I yelling? I just shut my mouth and got back in the car.

shootfromthehips
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in my room talking with my girlfriend when suddenly I felt an intense hatred or anger emanating from my doorway. Its weird to describe feeling an emotion from the outside that generates within oneself, but it was very clear at the time. At the same moment I became petrified with fear. I couldn't move and I desperately wanted to escape. I remember thinking about trying to jump through my glass window but I could barely breath. It seemed like that lasted forever but it was probably a few moments. Then I had an intense "waking dream" and after that it was gone. I sat a few moments and thought to myself that I'm crazy and making shit up but my girlfriend said "that's weird." ... sorry phones going to die.. I'll finish later if anyone cares.



listix
â€¢ 14y ago

I am kinda late to the campfire but I have two stories.

About 12 years ago I was staying in a Motel owned by my aunt(grandma's sister) in Italy. My whole family was minus my dad were taking a vacation there. One day my aunt and my grandma took a car to buy some stuff and my aunt was driving. I remember going to the lobby just to play. The lobby had glass doors and a huge mirror on one side. Then I simply saw my aunt's car brake to halt as they approached the door and ultimately stopped just away from my view. I simply went to tell my mom that they had arrived. When I can back they were nowhere to be found. They arrived about 2 hours later and they never came back to the Motel in that time. This was the weirdest thing I have witnessed. I could have sworn for everything that my grandma had arrived at that time but she didn't. Was it a hallucination? I remember seeing their clothes and it was exactly the ones they had taken that day(They left that morning without me seeing them).

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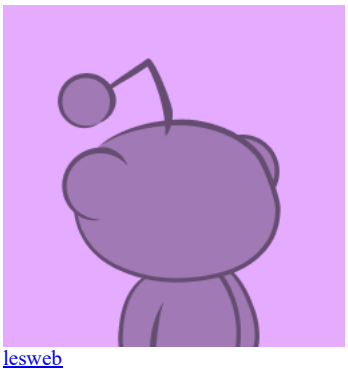

lesweb
â€¢ 14y ago

I was backpacking around the Balkans, in Croatia I spent a day wondering around Zagreb with a stranger. Later on in Montenegro I partied on a beach with her friends, at the time none of us knew that we had any friends in common. THEN...about a year later, they met some people in Belgrade I'd partied with too, again by complete accident.

The whole time I slept rough so it wasn't even due to popular hostels/clubs or anything.

Can't explain how out of the millions and millions of people I met three groups of inter-connected friends. At the time it felt like destiny, like the world was telling me I'm doing it right. I'm still an atheist, but am a lot more open to the idea of some type of energy/spiritual connection with mother earth now, then again I has taken a lot of drugs at this point. (this was only 20% of the entire trip too, more incredible things happened)

wrathy_tyro
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I'm actually not a fan of telling this story, because I'm legitimately afraid of becoming known as the super-crazy, tin foil hat guy. Rest assured, I'm really not.

So one night, a few years back, I'm lying in bed, trying to get to sleep. I've always had trouble sleeping at night, so this isn't really out of the ordinary. I was basically staring out the window, looking at the stars through the slits in my blinds. Suddenly, something passed by my window.

FLYING. FUCKING. SAUCER.

That's what it was. It was saucer-shaped and it was flying, I don't know what to tell you. It was covered in square panels of light, and it passed by in about a second; too fast for me to get a read on how high up it was, but it seemed close. Or enormous. We're talking big enough in the sky that there was no mistaking it for a weather balloon, swamp gas, etc. Didn't make a sound, though, and like I said, it was gone in an instant.

Now, the first thing you're going to think is that I was dreaming. Sure. That's the first thing I thought. Except I was definitely awake the moment before I saw it, and suddenly seeing a UFO is a good deal better at waking you up than Folger's in your cup. So that's probably not what happened. You might also point out that I didn't see any Little Green/Grey Men, so aliens are still up for grabs. Fair, but slightly irrelevant. Aliens aren't what I saw.

I saw a flying saucer, and I can't begin to explain that.

EDIT: I can't words.

Reply Share

HerbertWest
â€¢ 14y ago

I once remembered something that didn't happen to me. My friend and I were driving up to a hiking trail on a windy, gravel, mountain road right off the Appalachian Trail in PA. I remembered that when we were dating, she was depressed one night over something, and I drove her up there as a surprise to cheer her up, to look at the stars and city lights. The only problem was that it was winter, and my car slipped off the road into a slushy little ditch...for some reason, I couldn't remember what happened beyond that, so I recounted the story to her to find out. She gets all wide-eyed and tells me that that did indeed happen, but to her and the person she dated after me, not with us. Incredulous as we were driving back down, she asked me where it was that the car got stuck, and I correctly pointed out where it had happened to her and her ex. She had never told me this story before, as, at the time, we were just reconnecting as friends and talking about her ex, who she broke up with me for, made me uncomfortable.

TL;DR: I'm not sure what happened, but I have two theories. I either read someone's subconscious thoughts or recalled some faint impression from a geographic location. I'm usually a rational person, but I have no other explanations for this.

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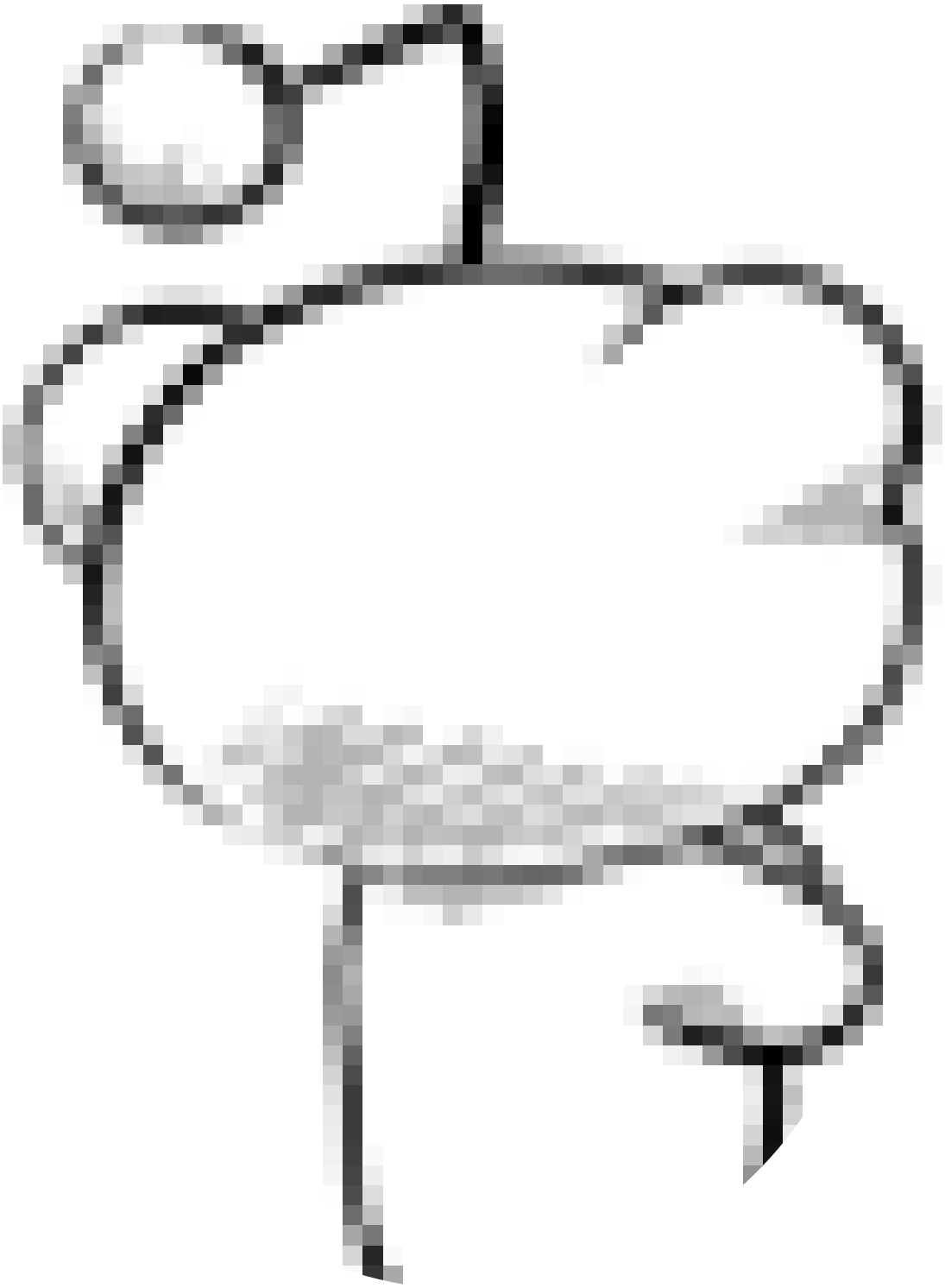

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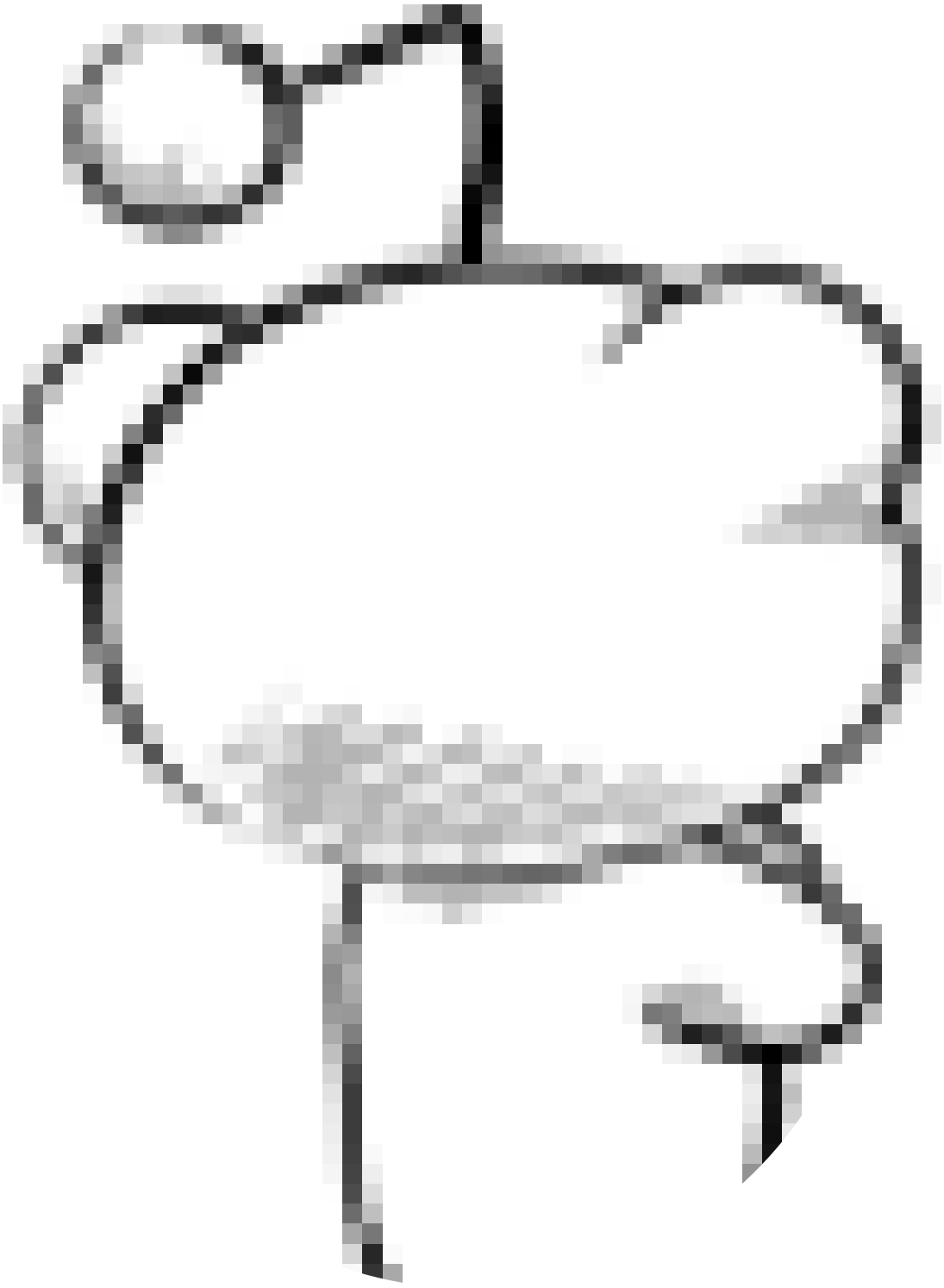
â€¢ 14y ago

Before my mom met my dad, she lived in a rural part of Ohio. I've been there before, the roads are almost all dirt, your next door neighbor is a couple miles a way. Anyway, she's driving down one of the winding roads and all of a sudden she sees one of her friends pulled over on the side of the road like he's having car trouble. So she pulls over to help. She couldn't remember his name, but she swore she knew him from school or something. So they get to talking, he says his car is fine and he doesn't need help. But he warned her to be careful around the bend because they're tons of cop cars and ambulances and such. So she thanks him for the info and heads out. There were absolutely no cop cars or anything, but she did find a smashed car. It looked like they were going too fast around the bend, didn't make it, and slammed into a tree. The car was wrapped around it. If I recall correctly, she said only one of four girls in the car survived.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

A couple years ago, I went to Clearwater, FL with my then boyfriend. We stayed at a place called the Belleview Biltmore. I didn't book the place, he planned the trip, I was just going along. I was amazed, the place was massive. Anyway, after dinner and coming back, we walked around the place just to see the place. It was pretty creepy in some areas, lots of places were "off limits" because of reconstruction and restoration. The place is really old, so I didn't think anything of it.

Anyway, next morning, I wake up early and notice the dresser drawer is pulled completely out and all the lights are on. I assure you that we didn't go to sleep with any of the lights on or pull out that drawer. I woke him up and asked if he was up; he was just as surprised as me. It spooked me out, and he played it off like no big deal.

... only after we're driving away does he inform me that the place is actually haunted and they have ghost tours of the place. Never would've agreed to stay there if he told me! Yes, a fuse could've blown and done something with the lights, but I pushed that drawer back in: there is absolutely no way it just came open by itself, there was way too much resistance.

Reply Share

redrahc99
â€¢ 14y ago

One time when I was about ten I got a new pokemon game for Christmas. I didn't believe in Santa anymore so my parents decided to just go ahead and take me to gamestop on Christmas eve and buy it for me. So I was playing that game the whole way home and all night after diner but my parents told me to go to bed and I was a good kid so I did as I was told. So I was in my bed with a bunch of candy canes and my favorite game in the whole wide world next to me. Since my parents were asleep I decided a four A.M. Pokemon spree. (Best idea ever when you're ten) So there I was playing pokemon and I hear something on my roof. Not like someone walking but like reindeer landing on my roof. So I was like "Uhm ok that's not normal but I'm probably just hearing thing because I'm tired." So I went on playing pokemon with the sound of footsteps on my roof and after a while I hear the reindeer again and it sounds like they're dragging a sleigh too. I swear I heard bells and someone say " Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas!" After that I decided I was on a sugar high and I just went to bed ignoring that what just happened really happened. I still don't believe in santa but I want to know what I heard on my roof that night. TL;DR I got on a sugar high and played pokemon heard Santa on my roof decided to go to sleep and ignore it

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Xektar
â€¢ 14y ago

Well, there was this one time at Band Camp... :P

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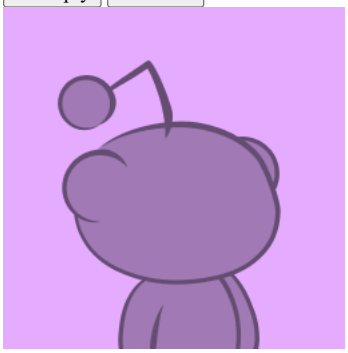

TheDeathStar
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 17 years old and graduating high school I really had no idea what I wanted to do in life. I didn't know if I wanted to go to college, start work right away, or join the military. My grandfather, who had passed away when I was about 10 or so was a die-hard Marine. He lived for being a Marine. A friend of mine was joining the Marine Corp and talked to me about doing the same. I met with a recruiter and talked to him for a while about it, but I was still really unsure.

Some time went on and graduation was fast approaching and I still had no decision. Randomly, one day my mother gets a phone call. It was from the people that had bought my grandparents house in Brooklyn. Keep in mind, my parents or grandparents for the matter have never kept in touch with these people so I don't know how they found our phone number. Anyway, the women told my mom that they found a sword in the house that they had never seen before and had no idea where it came from. They wanted to see if it belonged to my parents. Both my mom and my grandma knew exactly what it was. It was my grandfathers sword that he had taken off a Japanese solider he killed in WWII. It just randomly appeared after years of being missing. I took that as a sign and joined the corp. The rest is history.

Reply Share

Chadrover
â€¢ 14y ago

When my grandfather was alive he used to always where this tweed coat and hat. Like everyday he got up got dressed threw on this coat and hat and left for the day. Well like three years after he died I'm driving home from work and I turn on to my road. I see this old man walking with the same coat and hat. I slow down as I drive past to try and get a look at his face but it's getting dark and he doesn't look at me. I get to my house turn the car off and run back up to the road and there was no one there.

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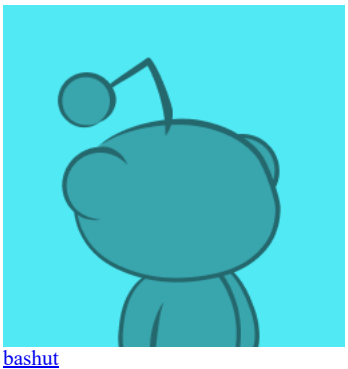

bashut
â€¢ 14y ago

In my late teens my grandparents took me on a road trip to Nashville, TN from Delaware. On our way back north my grandfather pulled into a bigger gas station for fuel and some snacks. I remember being awake as we pulled in, but somewhat laying down so I could see between the front seats. All of a sudden I see a small dot of light hovering between the seats, not near any of the other dashboard lights, it was something different. I could not move any part of my body, even my eyes. Everything was exactly as I remember it when we pulled in, including my grandmother sitting in the passenger seat reading book. I couldn't look to her or make any sound. I was frozen in that position, only able to stare at the little ball of light until my grandfather got back in the car. I didn't have any sensation of waking up, it felt as if I had been freed from something. I don't know what it was, maybe it was some kind of dream or trick of the mind, but the whole thing has always freaked me out and I just shook it off and told no one.

xvermouth
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 8, my family went on a company outing in another city. This city was infamous for its ghosts and whatnot but I had to come and I thought that I never had any experiences with ghosts up until then so why should I had some there?

The outing was in a big cottage. We arrived shortly after lunch, so after we put our bags in our room (in second floor) my family went downstairs to have lunch and socialize with others. I wasn't hungry, so I stayed in our room and sat by the window.

I was watching the little kids play on the field below when there a blowing wind that, I kid you not, carried a woman's voice calling my name. I immediately turned to look at the door (it was open the entire time), thinking that maybe it's my dad's colleague who just wanted to say hi. No one's there. I got out of the room and wandered around to the other rooms (all of the doors were open). I even checked the bathrooms. No one's there at all. I hurried downstairs and asked my parents if anyone came downstairs before I did. They said no one did.

Laytonius
â€¢ 14y ago

On a warm, calm summer day I was walking with my friend on the shore of the lake/pond near our house when all of a sudden we heard a rustling in the water. We looked and saw the water starting to ripple and waves form. (This all happened very quickly). A small twister or whirlwind moved onto the land and right through our legs and off into the woods. As I recall, the air was cool! It was very strange, and to this day I haven't had anyone give a decent explanation.

gingertitz
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was around 12 or 13 my sister and I (a year younger) were at home alone while my parents were at a dinner. My computer was right by a window facing the side yard and my sister was in the living room watching tv facing bigger windows to the side yard. Out of the side of my vision I see this big grey/brown mass dash across the window and I stand up and run to the living room to see if it passed by there too. By the time I got there my sister was already locking the door to the yard. I just asked "did you see that?" And she just nodded, looking white as fuck. We called our parents and of course they didn't believe us, I probably would've chalked it up to my imagination if my sister hasn't seen it.

The thing was, our house is lifted enough that this thing that we saw had to have been at least seven feet tall and it moved SO FAST. It was literally a blur, so neither of us saw any details, just a colored blur. Fuck that.

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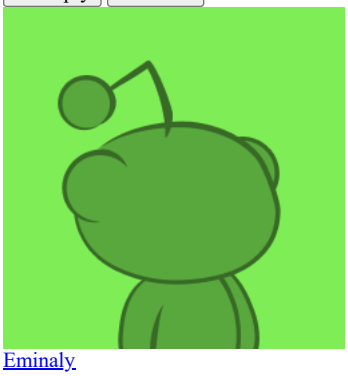

Eminaly
â€¢ 14y ago

I actually have two stories. The first one: I was around 13 and I was alone at home, watching TV. Suddenly I hear my mother's closet door moving because there's this handle on it that makes loud noises whenever you open it. I freak out and keep telling myself it's the wind. I go to her room and find that the chair that was right in front of the door (it was literally right in front of it) has been pushed aside and the door is now open. The window in her room is closed so it wasn't the wind. And my car was sleeping in the living room. And I was completely alone. I still don't know what happened. The second story: also when I was 13, I was sleeping on my stomach in my room. And I was in that place where you're not really asleep but you're not awake either. Then I sort of felt like I was floating. I opened my eyes and I felt a pair of hands let go of my legs and I fell back onto my bed. I'm not even kidding. That really happened. I just curled up into a ball and wouldn't open my eyes again . I actually have two stories. The first one: I was around 13 and I was alone at home, watching TV. Suddenly I hear my mother's closet door moving because there's this handle on it that makes loud noises whenever you open it. I freak out and keep telling myself it's the wind. I go to her room and find that the chair that was right in front of the door (it was literally right in front of it) has been pushed aside and the door is now open. The window in her room is closed so it wasn't the wind. And my car was sleeping in the living room. And I was completely alone. I still don't know what happened. The second story: also when I was 13, I was sleeping on my stomach in my room. And I was in that place where you're not really asleep but you're not awake either. Then I sort of felt like I was floating. I opened my eyes and I felt a pair of hands let go of my legs and I fell back onto my bed. I'm not even kidding. That really happened. I just curled up into a ball and wouldn't open my eyes again.

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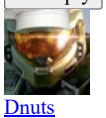

Dnuts
â€¢ 14y ago

Ten years ago I was coming home late from work driving through some back/country roads fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest town in north central Indiana. It was the middle of February and the temperature was somewhere in the single digits.

At around 11:30 or midnight driving north I came across a figure up ahead walking along the side of the road wearing a hooded sky blue coat. I slowed down to see if they needed a ride as it was beyond freezing cold. As I got closer I realized the person was close to 3 or 4 feet tall and I thought, "WTF is a child doing walking down the road in this weather?!"

Being so far away from any towns I stopped the car and got out to see if the needed help or a ride home. As soon as I opened the car door the figure dashed right and ran off into the field. As they turned to run their hood came off and I saw a mane of long blond hair from what I assume was a young girl. She must have been 7 or 9 at my best guess.

She never even turned around to look at me. Literally just ran off into the wilderness in near zero degree weather.

MacFatty
â€¢ 14y ago

I've seen what I could only explain as an UFO. It was dark out and by chance I spotted a light on the sky, it looked like a bright star but it moved vertically across the sky faster than a commercial airplane would have, it was also dead silent and I would have been able to hear the jet had it been a fighter. It was a constant bright light, no blinking or anything. I don't know what I really think it was. It was observable for too long for it to have been something burning up upon entry in the atmosphere.

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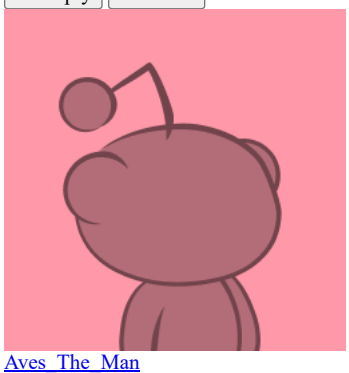

Aves_The_Man
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get lost in the sea of comments, but once I was waiting at a bus stop and saw a man on a unicycle riding down the street. This was odd in itself, but what was really unsettling is that he rode behind a moving bus and just vanished. The bus was going the same direction as him and a bit faster, so he was behind it for a second or two. I even jogged up the street a little to see if he had turned or anything, but there really wasn't anywhere he could have gone.

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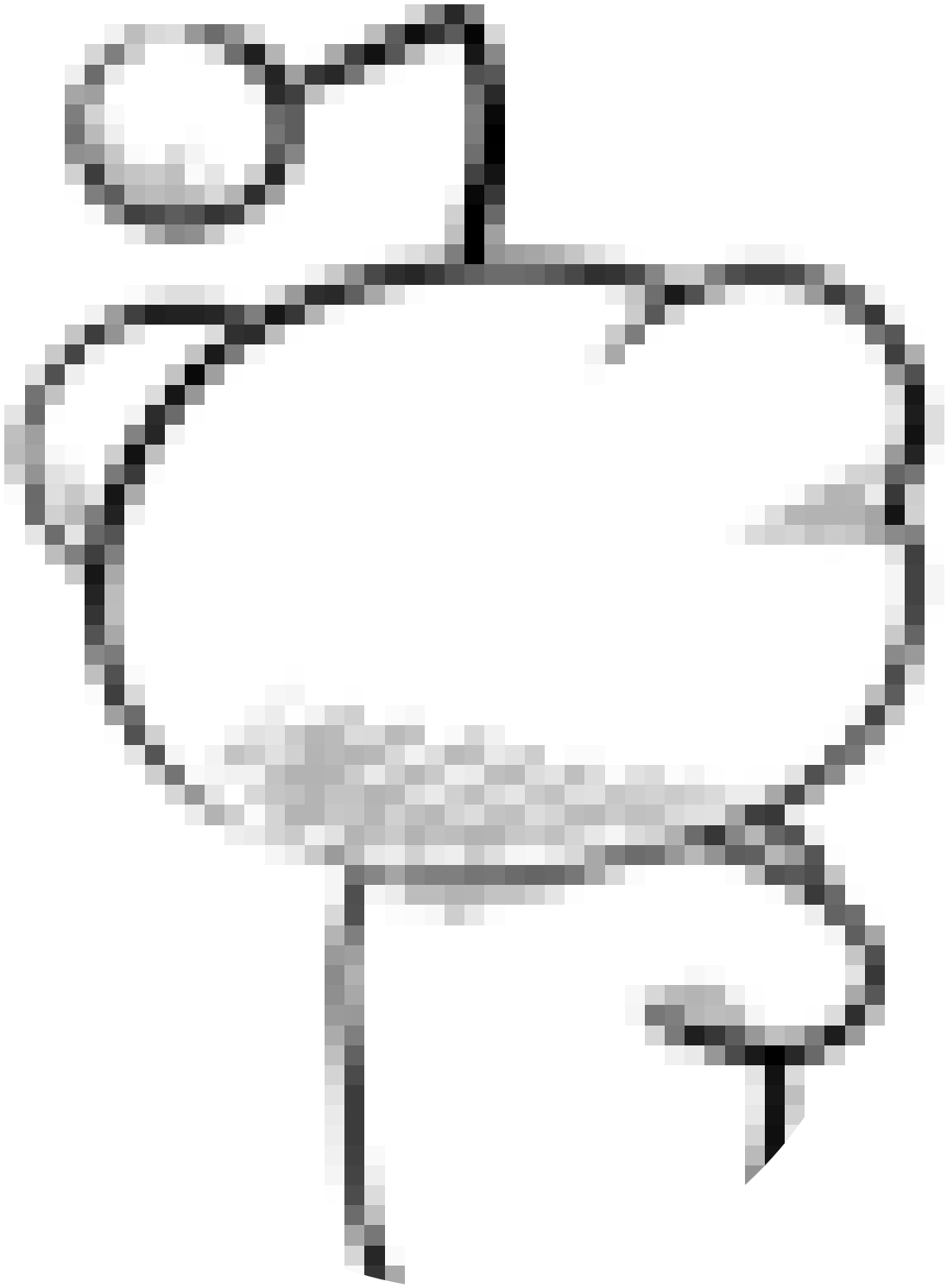

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â€¢ 14y ago

Once a few years back, I had a nightmare and in the dream I was walking through the woods with a friend. There was a small trail that we were on and on each side there were very small trees and briars so thick there was no way you could get through there. After about a mile of walking, I started to hear a chainsaw far off. I didn't think anything of it, because it would come as no surprise that someone would be cutting down a tree in the woods. As we kept walking, it got louder and louder. We came to the end of the trail and there were a bunch of branches covering a clearing. I started to get a bad feeling and turned around to leave when leather face came through the clearing. I instantly woke up and turned the tv on. My tv was on MTV, and it was about 3 AM. This is the scary part, Texas Chainsaw Massacre was on tv and it was the part where they are in the woods. Scariest night of my life.

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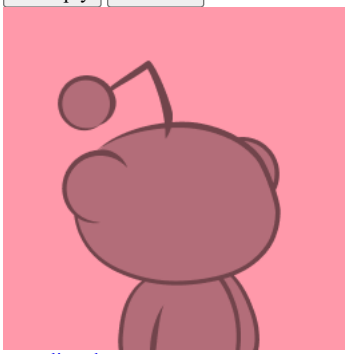


yera_lizard
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

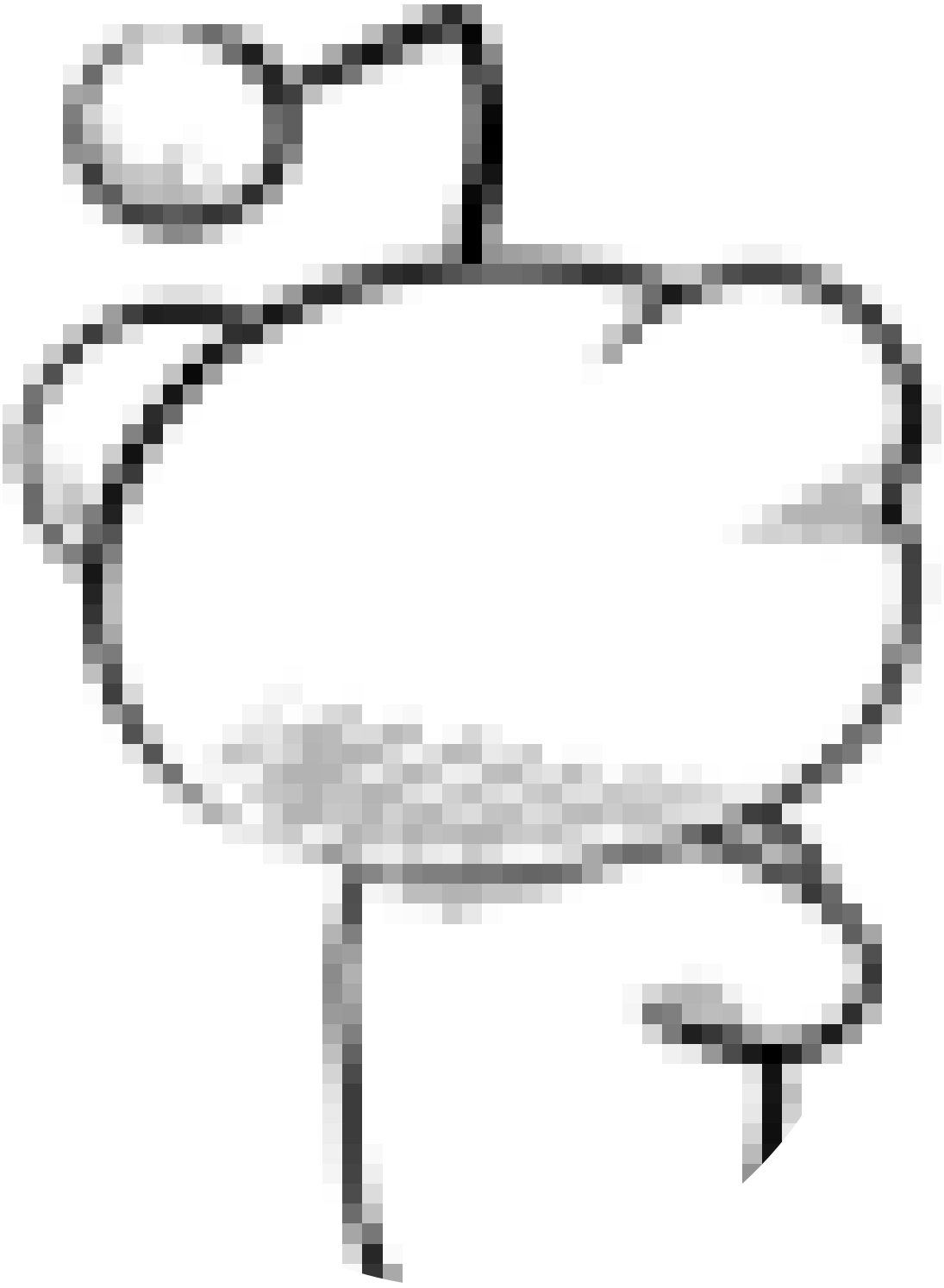
I went with my boyfriend down to his hometown in southern Virginia. We decided we wanted to go to his friends house which was next to the river. It was beautiful, his backyard was a slope that led down to the river and it was fairly wooded. I was sitting staring off his friends porch at the river when all the sudden felt really uneasy and chilled. I decided to shrug it off, didn't need to be the weird one with a 'strange feeling'.

Throughout the evening I kept getting the chills and felt like someone was watching me. I saw out of the corner of my eye an outline of a man walking into the trees, I quickly tried to look but nothing was there. My boyfriend looked over at me and said that he felt really weird. He told me that he felt like someone was watching and that he could have sworn he had just seen a man walking into the trees. I freaked telling him how I felt and what I had just seen. We both got deadly silent. Our friend says he does no feel anything and that we are just pulling his leg. We decided to stay for the night thinking we were just being silly.

We had a couple beers and I was a little tipsy. I felt foolish that I was so scared and looked out into the night, I said under my breath "Fuck, if there's anything out there you know where we are.". We are now all sitting below his back porch when we hear the sliding glass door open and close and a couple footstep come towards the railing, we thought it was our friends dad asking if we wanted another beer, but no one was there. We waited to hear for someone but nothing came. Now there was no mistake, we all had just heard the door open and close and the footsteps, our friend runs into the house and knocks on his parents bedroom door. They were both asleep and no one else was there in the house.

We slept with the lights on that night...we never did shake that feeling like we are being watched. Now every time we go back to his hometown we get the chills and we feel like we are being followed. FUCK. We have no clue what it is and have no exclamation to the things we felt or saw that night.

Reply Share



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about six or seven I clearly saw a flying saucer fly over my head. It was black with glowing gold windows, for lack of a better word. It zoomed by and I never saw it again. It freaked me out for a while.

I actually attribute it to an over active imagination. I read a lot of books about aliens when I was a wee boy, and I used to watch a lot of movies on the subject, too. Critters and ET were my favorites.

I'm pretty sure a UFO didn't really buzz over my head for no good reason, but still, when I think back to that night I can see it clearly in my mind's eye.

Reply Share

Topher101987
â€¢ 14y ago

So... Last 4th of July I had a party at my house. The night was winding down and there was just about 8 of us left outback listening to some ccr and having some drinks (not I though because I'm sober) I was walking to my back deck with 2 other friends and I look to the west and there is an amber ball of light in the sky up there I mean the altitude was impressive and I point it out to my 2 friends we watch it go from west to east then turn north and just vanish. No clouds nothing for it to vanish behind. My one buddy who's in the military immediately says nope not a plane ... Maybe helicopter? My yet buddy who works on planes at the airport says def not a plane, but the lack of noise would exclude a hele. While we are debating it another light in the exact same spot the first one appears follows the exact same path and vanishes in the exact same spot. Now at this point both friends are just standing there with the expression of well fuck. I do a major fireworks display each year and it wasn't that, I live by a major international airport and it wasn't a plane or a helecopter, and it wasn't an aerial flare.the next day I type in the description to google and come across a website where people post UFO sightings. 5 other posts from people in my state starting from the far west towards Lake Erie to the east (me) across a 6 day span all posted seeing the same thing moving in the same direction. Mindfuck

Reply Share

Carin1790
â€¢ 14y ago

Not me, but my friend and her sister were in a giant Yankee Candle and she found a blue and clear marble on the ground, so she kept it and was walking around with it in her hand. They went to check out when they were done shopping and she dropped the marble and it rolled under a display table, and when it rolled out on the other side, it was completely black. Not like dirty, the marble itself changed colors. At the same time a song that said "God is watching you" came over the store radio, and the music type was completely out of character for the store. They searched under the table thinking there was another marble that it bumped but there were none and then they asked the workers if they had marbles like that anywhere but they didn't. She kept the marble but lost it, but it will now show up out of nowhere in times of stress and trouble, and will always get lost again. Yet, she and I are still firm rooted atheists.

Reply Share

CtownCreep
â€¢ 14y ago

I can't settle on any one particular inexplicable thing, but I'll start by saying that the house that I grew up in used to be a funeral home. The lining of my garage is made out of what I'm told are body boxes that used to be used for transporting bodies before they were transferred into burial coffins. They have little rectangular openings so as to confirm who was inside. (If anyone can confirm that this is a real thing, I would very much appreciate it. I love telling people about this, but I'm scared it's blatantly false). Also, makeup used to be done on the bodies in my basement. I can't remember a time when I was comfortable in my house. My entire life I've walked up stairs feeling like something was watching me or about to come up right behind me. If I'm alone in the house, even in broad daylight, it feels like someone's just out of sight. I'm ALWAYS anxious when I'm in that part of the basement where bodies used to be prepped. I've seen silhouettes and heard some weird stuff. The worst was hearing labored breathing right next to me when I was in bed one night.

Now, I'm all for chalking it up to manifestations of fear; I definitely consider myself a skeptic. but growing up with it and experiencing a lot of it before knowing the house was once a funeral home is creepy as all hell.

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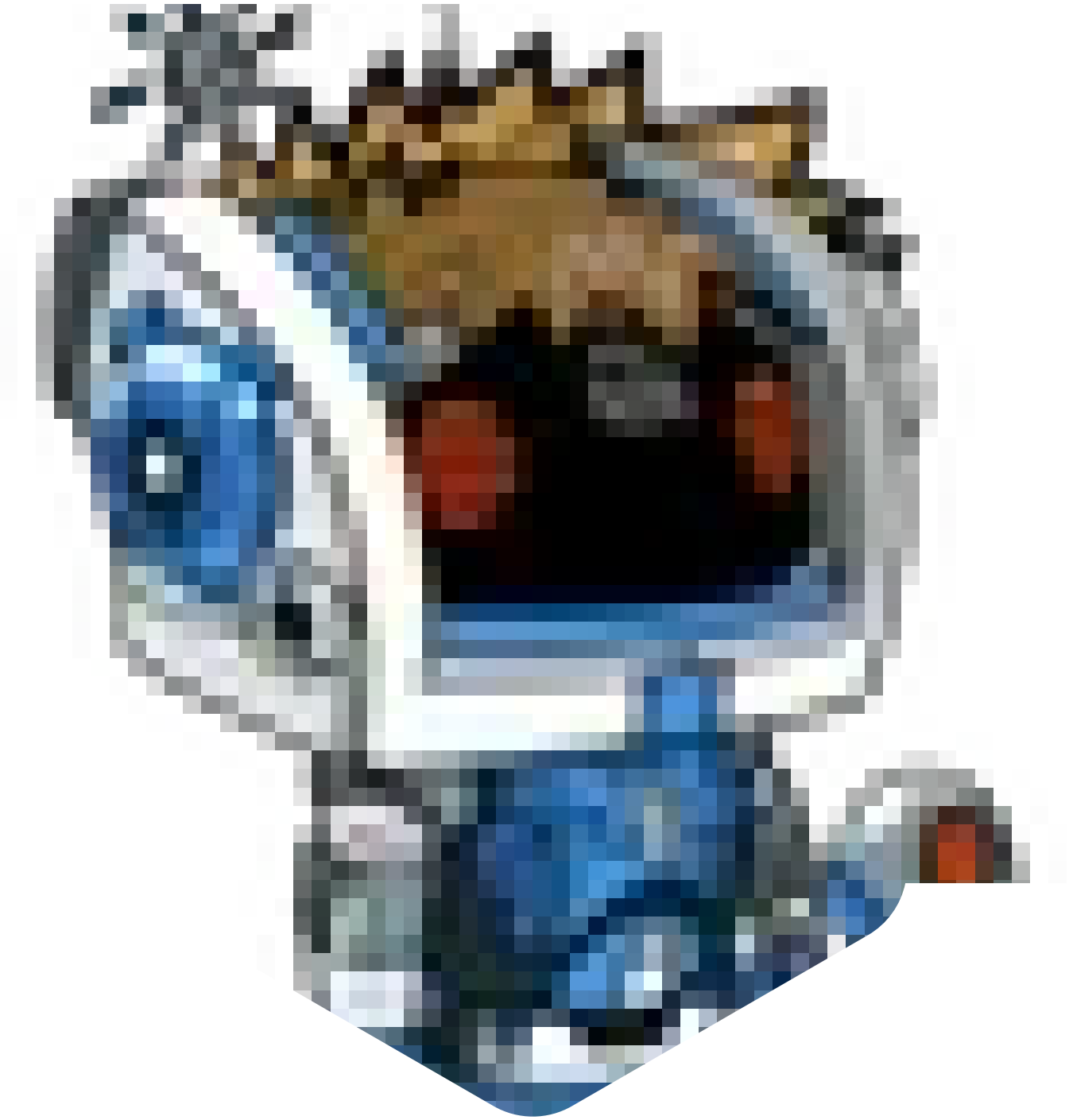
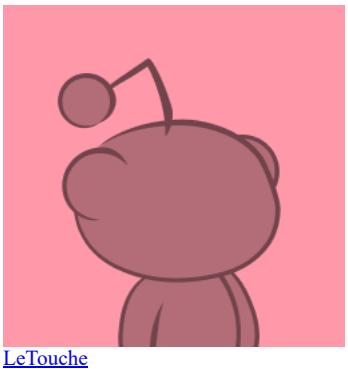


fasteasyfree
â€¢ 14y ago

I was with a bunch of friends in a bar/club. We were sitting around a table talking over the music, when the heavy glass ashtray sitting in the middle of the table slides about eight inches from my left to right. Three of us see it happen from different angles, and we all look at each other with the "what the fuck was that" face.

Nobody was touching the table, so the only thing I can think is the music was at the natural frequency of the table/ashtray. Still, it was some spooky shit.



LeTouche
â€¢ 14y ago

I was in Spain a few years ago when one night I had a dream. I've never dreamt so graphically and vividly in my life before, and I woke up in sweats.

Here was the dream: (For context I went to a boarding school where we had 'houses' which held about 60 guys who's age spanned across 5 years. There are 26 houses in this school) Anyway, what I dreamt was set in Roman times, it was the storming of a castle, there was a lot of gold, red and brown - colours, which may or may not have significance. Anyway, I was defending the castle, the battle raged on for hours and hours until it was me, and my allies, who weren't people I knew, not recognisable at all, vs every single person in my year in one of these houses at my school, so that was strange in itself. Well, every one of these guys got injured, hurt, stabbed somehow during this battle, not killed, just injured. Except one. This guy, who sat behind me in maths, was killed, he was stabbed through the heart, and rather theatrically the 'camera' of my dream panned to his face, a face of horror.

Well, that was a strange ass dream.

The next day, we, my family and me on holiday, got an email from my brother, who was at home in the UK for some reason or other saying: Hey! LeTouche, have you seen this? With a link posted to a BBC article. (Context, my bro who sent this email went to the same school a few years before me, and he also went on this arctic expedition too, earlier this year.) The article said that the guy who was killed in my dream, the guy who sat behind me in maths class, had been mauled and killed by a polar bear on the same (just a few months later) arctic trip my brother had gone on.

Fucking horrible. Me, an 18 year old, 6'4" guy cried, for days on end. I had no fucking clue what had happened, how I dreamt it so vividly, how any of this was possible.

Well, my mum is a psychotherapist, she tried to explain to me that everything really is connected. She used the example of her, waking up in the middle of the night thinking: FUCK! I MUST CALL BILL (her twin brother). Well, she called, and all in that night, Bill, my uncle, had broken his leg, lost his job and broken up with his 2 year girlfriend, all in the space of a few hours.

Anyway, I wasn't going to post this, until I saw other peoples' posts speaking of similar 'connections'. eg. guy who's stomach lurched at school, then found out his grandpa died at the same time. eg2. The guy who he, and his mum, woke up at 2 am and got a call from grandma saying something had happened to granpda.

To this day, I still feel, despite being a huge atheist, skeptic, anti-religion militant ass hole atheist, I still feel that everything is connected. I'm not saying I'm psychic, or anyone else is, I have no way of explaining it, but these instances happen, have happened and will continue to happen, out of my control, unexplainable mind fuckery like this makes me feel that this universe really isn't how it seems.

TL;DR: Dreamt friend had died, found out he did. Conclusion: Everything is connected, somehow. Horrible TL;DR, but difficult to be brief on this one

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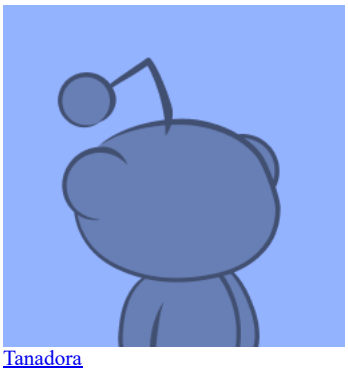
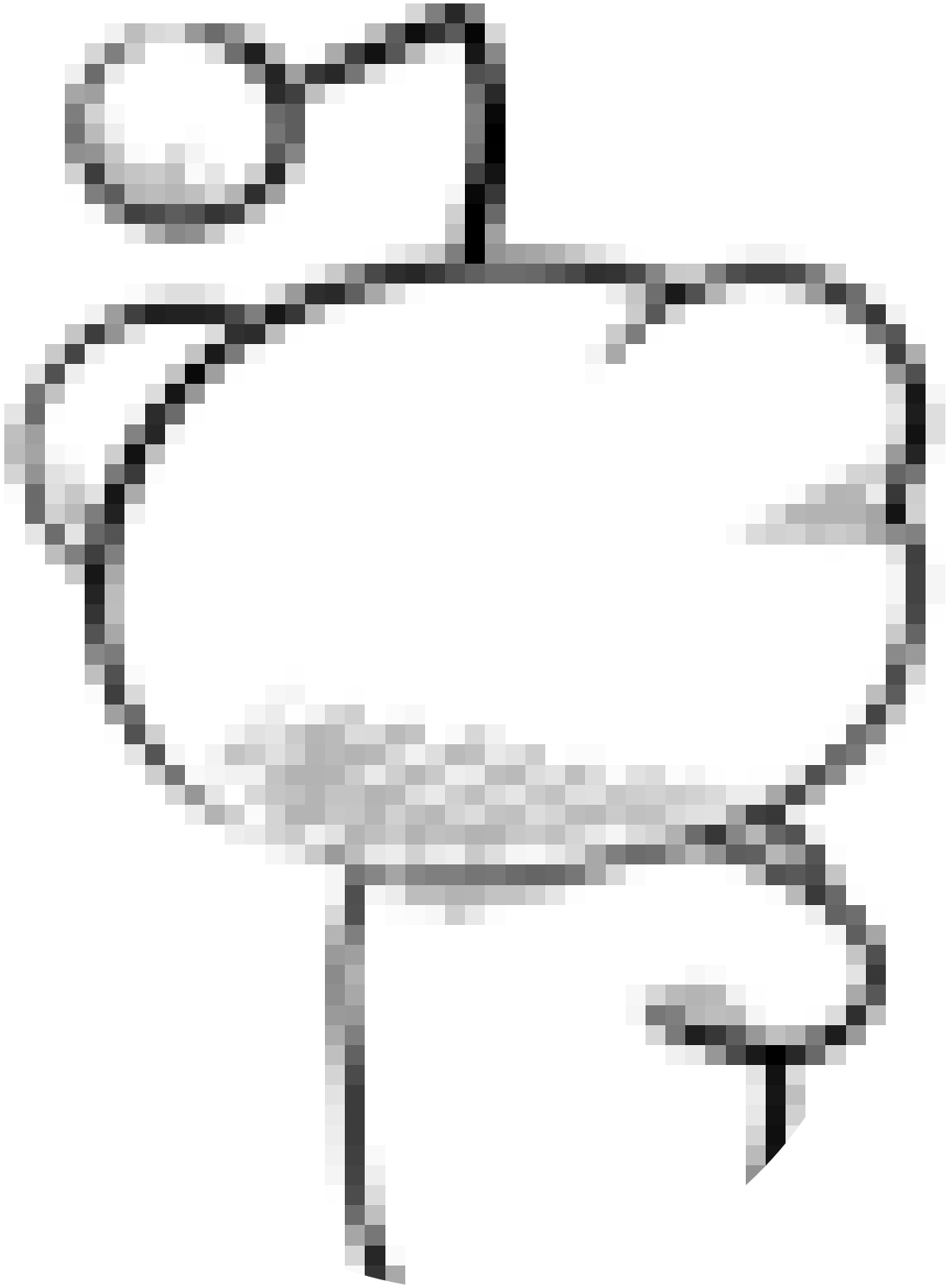


Tanadora
â€¢ 14y ago

One evening when I was pretty young I was trying to recall what I had done the previous weekend. I had that feeling that I had gone somewhere or done something but I couldn't for the life of me remember what I did only a week before. So, being a member of a family of five, I start to ask my parents and siblings if they could remember what we did. None of them remembered last Saturday, but they all felt as if we had done something on that day.



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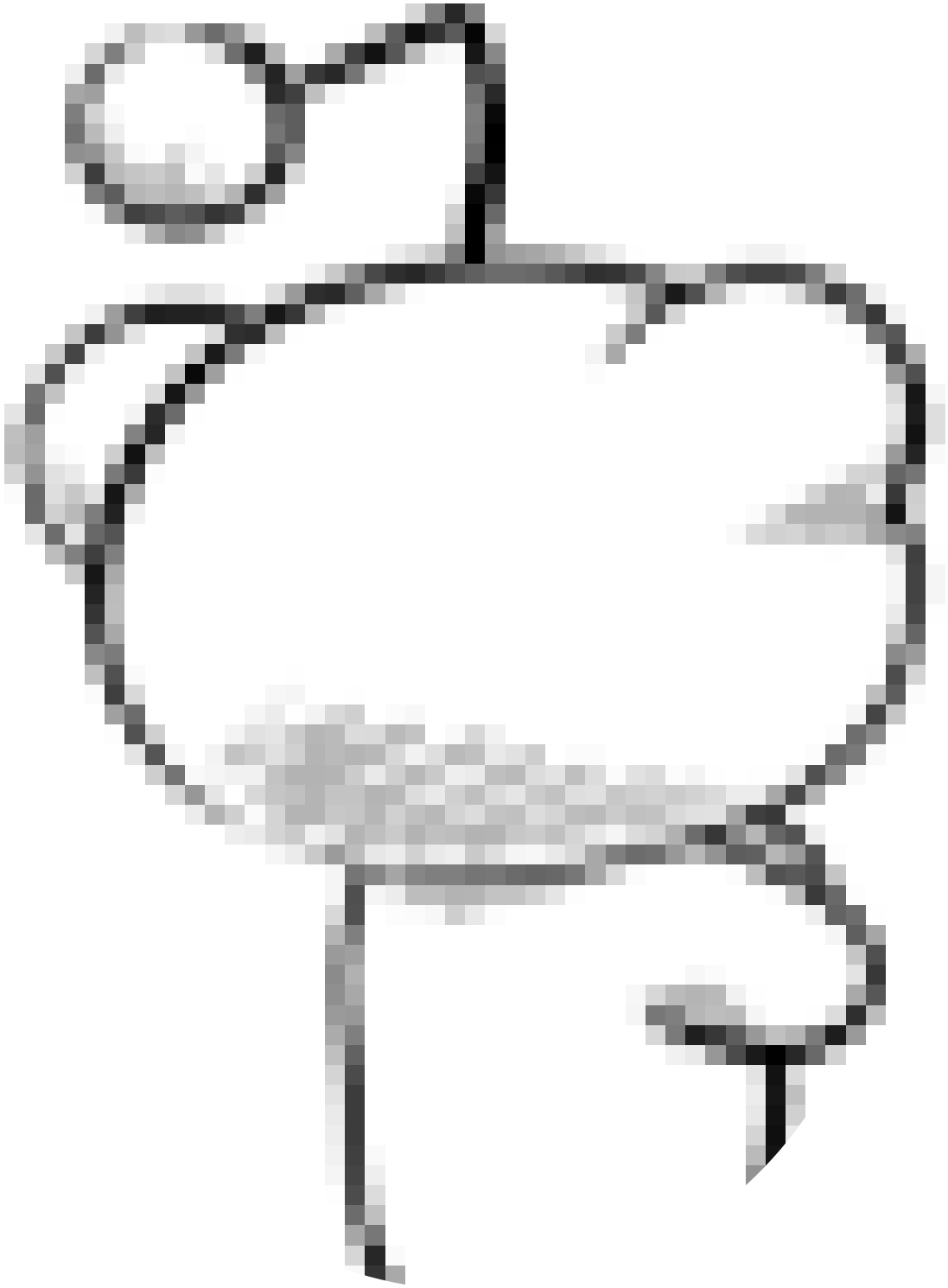
â€¢ 14y ago

I had a dream that I answered a phone call in the morning and it was my father saying that my grandfather had had a heart attack and was in the hospital. The next morning my dad calls me and tells me my grandfather had a heart attack and is in the hospital. I had to ask him if he had already called me at night and forgot, but he had just found out. Weirded me out for the rest of the day.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I moved across country two times as a kid, about a year before each move I had vivid dreams about living in a new place. Never had a dream of living anywhere realistic other than where I lived at the time except for these dreams. They were always exactly like where I would live and each time I had no idea we were going to move.

I also had a couple instances where I'd enter a kind if dream state (I'm narcoleptic but didn't realize it at the time) and would know exactly how a conversation would play out. I felt compelled to say what I knew I would say, but would mutter how the other person would respond. It wasn't just a single line they would say but a whole conversation. Later I would confirm that that conversation did actually occur and that I didn't just dream it.

I don't believe anything mystical happened, but it's not easy to explain.

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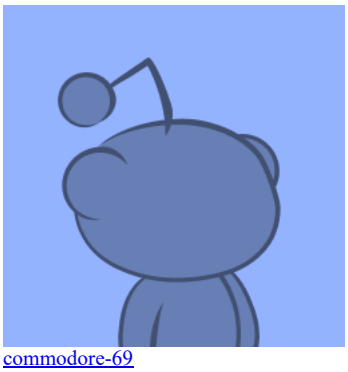
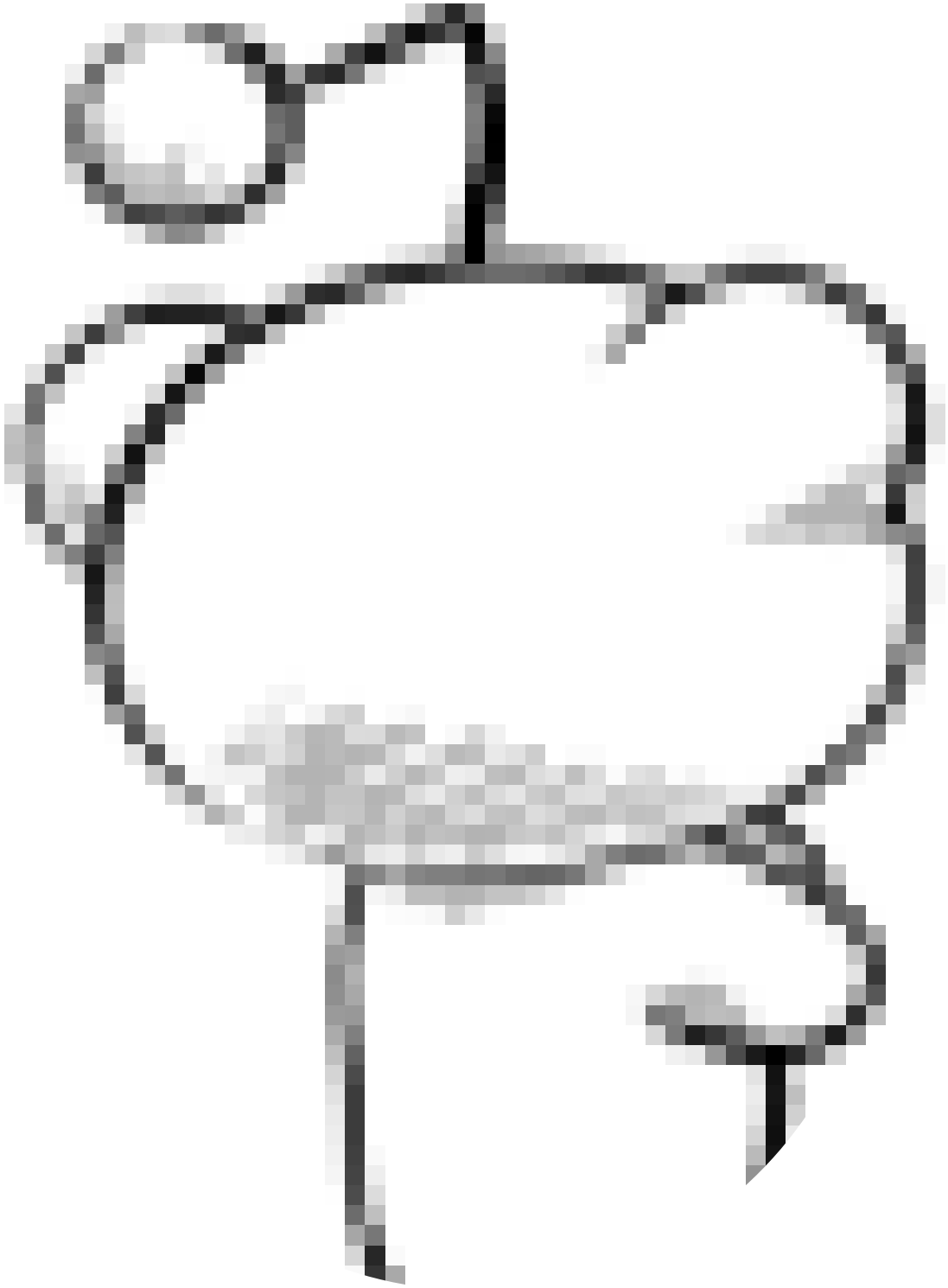


commodore-69
â€¢ 14y ago

One night my desktop computer in my room turned on all by itself. It stayed on for a few seconds and then shut back off. I did a search online the next morning and it turns out it's a pretty common problem with iMacs. So it wasn't a ghost after all

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get buried, but here goes:

To preface: I am your average Reddit loving godless skeptic sort, so I do not believe in anything like a soul, or ghosts, or whatever.

That said...this is by far one of the most vivid memories of my childhood:

When I was very young (maybe 9 or 10) my parents decided to paint my room. They bought the house a few years before I was born and the room hadn't been painted since they moved in, so the walls really needed a lot of work.

My grandparents live with us so I stayed in their room on an air mattress for a couple of nights. I'm a life-long insomniac, as are a lot of people in my family (and I mean no sleep at all for a few days insomnia). When I was a kid it would come in waves and being in a different room I was sure I would have a hard time falling asleep. The first day in which I'm to sleep in their room comes and I'm exhausted rather early in the day. I happily go to bed early at around six in the afternoon.

After a bit of sleep I feel like I wake up, very hazily, but I feel like I get up from my air mattress. The room is empty and I hear the TV downstairs so I assume everyone is still awake. I go to the stairs and it feels like I'm floating down them. I don't feel the steps beneath me and I feel tall, like an adult.

I move into the kitchen and don't make any noise because... I can't. I watch my parents and grandparents at the dinner table. My father is cutting a banana, my mother is standing serving a Spanish omelet to everyone. My grandparents are talking and sipping their Johnny Walkers on the rocks with a touch of water.

I try to move a chair to sit at the table and I realize I don't have... anything... no body whatsoever.

I freak out and it feels like my back is being pulled and I find myself reeling back to my bed, flying through the house and up the stairs into it.

I wake up in the bed. I hear the TV downstairs and after a bit finally go to sleep.

The next day I ask my mom if I had come downstairs during dinner. She says I didn't. I ask them what they had for dinner. "Oh, I just made a tortilla." A tortilla is what a Spanish omelet is called in Spanish (not to be confused with tortillas, you know, the things for your fajitas). The bananas that had been on our kitchen countertop are all eaten.

The next night comes and I go to bed at a normal time.

I feel myself lift out of my body again. This time though, I'm controlling myself. I get to the stairs and jump. I'm in the air and I float down the stairs. The house is dark except for my dad passed out on the couch in front of the TV. This time I'm in complete control and seem aware of the fact I am not in my body but a conscious entity floating through my home. I float through every corner downstairs and then go through my front door. I go down into the street, and now I start moving fast. I go into town, flying above cars and up in the trees. I spend what feels like hours exploring my town until I get back towards my house. I float back in and just as I'm back in I feel the same intense feeling as if someone is pulling at my back and I find myself reeled back into my body.

Nothing like that ever happened to my ever again.

Since then I've heard about "out-of-body experiences" and I guess that's what happened to me. I just find it so hard to get a good rational explanation for what happened.

It's a very vivid memory and for several days after I felt very off.

Reply Share

vagabond_king
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

My mother has been very sick recently, and her father just died last year. All of us kids had been out pursuing careers, but I ended up moving home to help support her and supplement her income by paying rent, and getting some roommates to help pay rent.

Anyhow, we're out in front of the house - looking at it and talking about what we'd use the rent to fix. The roof had been getting battered by this one tree, and it was causing some roof leaks. We needed to trim it. Right as I pointed it, and am mid-sentence talking about cutting the tree back - a major portion just breaks off and falls neatly to the ground on our extremely wealthy neighbors land who has it removed immediately and rejects our offers to split the cost.

This portion wasn't the portion we needed trimmed to save our roof, though. So we're out front of the house again - I'm getting into my car and talking with my mom - when a guy wanders up our somewhat long and out of the way driveway. In a t-shirt for a tree cutting business. He had wandered up while looking for another client, and I convinced him to do the work we needed for only $100.

As they were leaving, they had chopped up the branch into foot diameter sections that we're about a foot deep. And that's when I noticed it...

In the middle of the tree branches that had been beating on the roof of our house, that had snapped when we had pointed at it, that totally luck had us be able to afford to fix - was the near perfect shape of a red, human palm.

I shit you not, I can post pictures of this stump - my mom is convinced it was my grandpa who had just passed.

TLDR: tree snaps when i point at it, get lucky and guy wanders up my driveway to clear it for cheap... we cut it down and it has a bloody palm print running through the whole branch that was hitting our roof...

Reply Share

TheHighestHobo
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was around 13-14 years old I would always go to my younger brothers little league games. I wear glasses and when I was younger I had a problem with breaking them. I'm sitting on the one set of bleachers that is set up near the small town baseball field and my glasses just pop apart and one of the arms falls off. I wasn't even doing anything but watching baseball. I dive under the bleachers with one of my friends and we found the arm, but after more investigation we discover that the screw is missing. I panic because my parents have had my glasses fixed a bunch of times and I knew my dad would be a little upset. The grass under the bleachers is of course about a foot long. No one bothers to move the small metal bleachers when they mow. Then this older kid that I have not seen since walks over and asks what we were doing. He was probably around 16 or 17. I tell him I lost the screw to my glasses in the tall grass and that I would never be able to find it. He walks over, goes under the bleachers, kneels down, and picks up the tiny screw. He didn't even look more than 10 seconds and he didn't have a light of anykind, My plan was to wait for it to get dark, then take a flashlight over in the hopes the metal would shine.

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EltaninAntenna
â€¢ 14y ago

I've had a boring, prosaic life. :(

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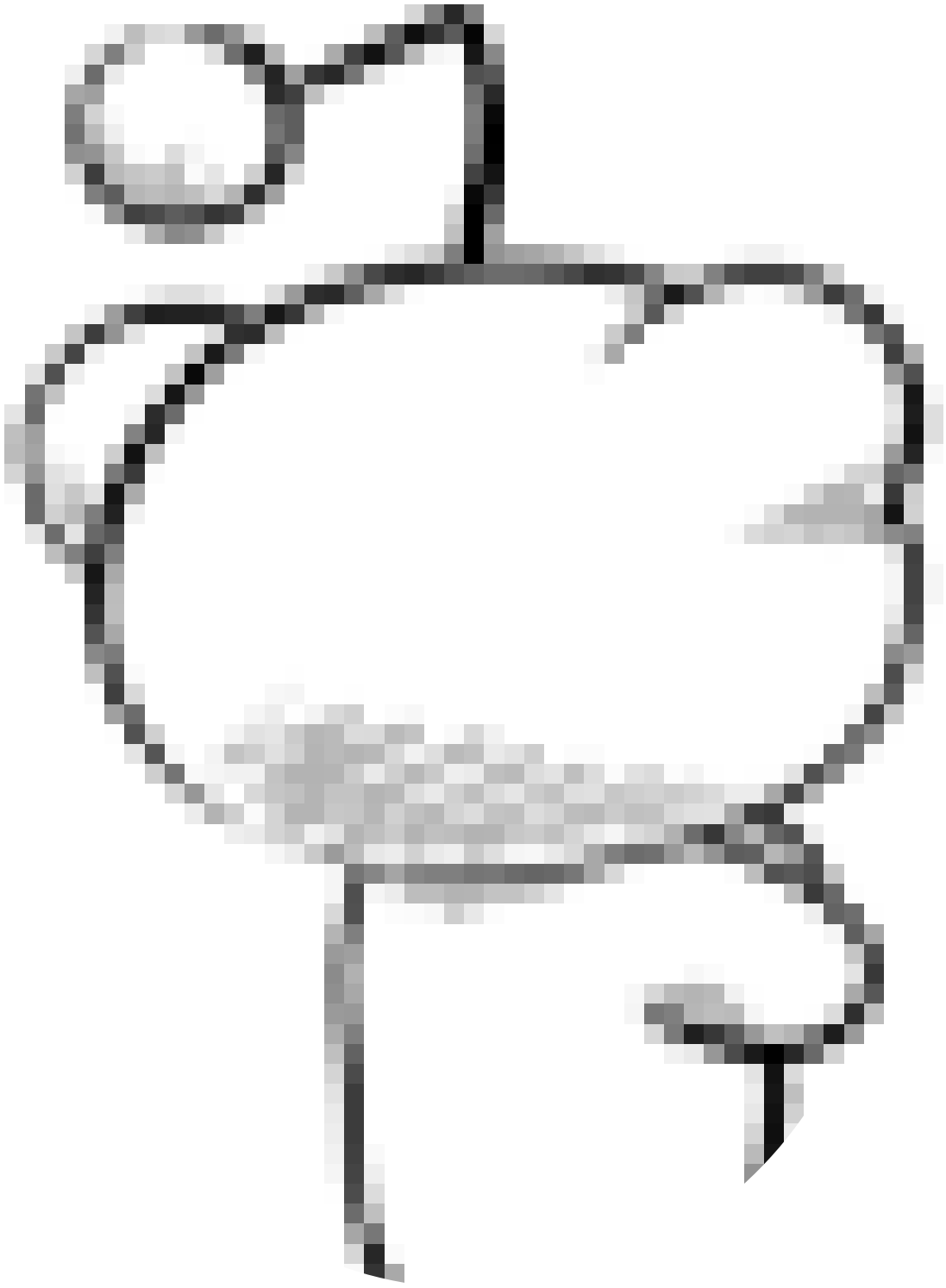

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â€¢ 14y ago

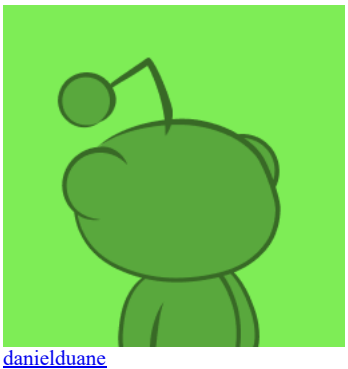
Holy fucksticks, I just remembered I do have such a story:

One night I was driving along, to a friends house if I remember correctly. On one of those quiet-ish suburban streets that's only 35mph and at a weird angle to the "normal" main roads - if you've lived pretty much anywhere in the Midwest you'll know what I'm talking about.

I'm sitting at a stop light, when all of a sudden from two (possibly three?) directions at once I see all these really nice and some not so nice cars zooming past me, some coming from the direction on the right, and all turning to go the same direction I was pointed. About 20 seconds later I see a couple cop cars and what I can only assume was an undercover detective's car (beige Suburban, no obvious lights except for those flashing in the taillights) also come zooming past.

Mind you, I was sitting at a red light this whole time. Pretty sure I saw a less glamorous version of Fast and Furious IRL.

It would have been way less weird if it was only one car, but it was at least four or five, and a couple or three looked REALLY nice.

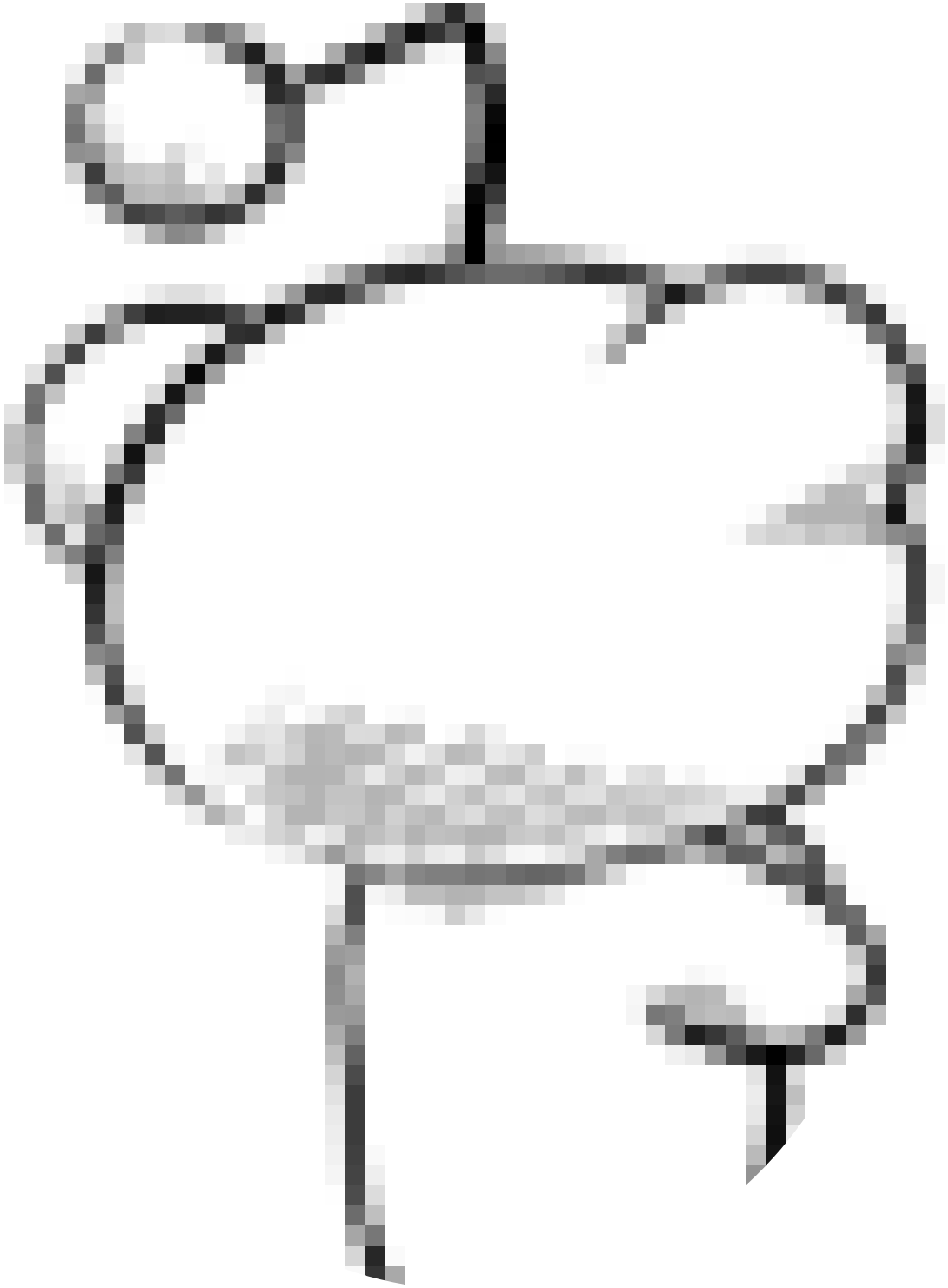


danielduane
â€¢ 14y ago

Dude, Toad, I saw practically the same thing when I was young. So crazyâ€¦recently I witnessed another strange event. A light fell from the sky and exploded just a few hundred feet above the ground. I presume it was a meteor burning up in the atmosphere..

Spicy_cupcake
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably be buried but when I was little my mom woke up and was acting all weird and quiet. Me and my dad both asked her why and she said she had the most vivid dream of my dads aunt (who she only met once about 5/7 years prior) and she said his aunt was holding a baby with black hair and blue eyes. My dad laughed because his aunt was like 50 and we all forgot about it. About 6 months down the road my dad gets a call from his mom, his aunt is pregnant. Her daughter is 14 now and has black hair and blue eyes. My dad and I never believe that kind of stuff, but this was just too weird.



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â€¢ 14y ago

i originally posted this in r/Glitch_in_the_Matrix:

I was taking a nap before i went to work, when i was woken up by what i can only describe as a sudden feeling of terror. when i opened my eyes i was greeted by a "dark mass" that was less than a foot away from my bed. as my eyes adjusted, i noticed that "it" had a humanoid form with two dark pools for eyes (that somehow reflected what little light was in the room) and a mouth full of teeth. I don't think "it" was ready for me to wake up, because when i looked at it, the thing hissed at me and "blurred"(?) away from me into the shadows at the foot of my bed. It growled one last time from the shadows, but the funny thing is that the growl faded away as if the thing was going further away, as if the shadow at the foot of my bed was a path to somewhere else and the "thing" was going further into it. I haven't seen the "darkness" again, but i still get that feeling of dread every once in a while when the room is darker than usual.

has anyone else experienced this, am I the only one?

Reply Share

the_cholm
â€¢ 14y ago

Have you heard of the old hag syndrome? I learned about it in a folklore class, people all over the world experience it. This was slightly different but seemed pretty similar. I would have shit a brick if that had happened to me.

http://paranormal.about.com/od/humanenigmas/a/Old-Hag-Syndrome.htm

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More replies More replies

bjex
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

I went to high school at a private technology-oriented school. I was in the electronics program. Once or twice a year, the students who were attending had to come in on a weekend to work an open house, so that we could show people what we were learning.

For one of these open houses, I built a demonstration fiber-optic transmitter/receiver circuit. Nothing terribly fancy: audio source (my CD player, it's been a while since high school) hooked to send an analog signal into an ADC (analog to digital converter) that controls an LED so that it flashed on and off, sending a light signal down a 1 foot fiber-optic cable to a matching light-sensitive diode and DAC, which sent the signal to an amplifier before it went out the speaker on the other end, with an oscilloscope tapped in the receiver circuit to give folks something moving to look at.

I think it was about an hour before the open house was about to close when one of the other students in my class asked me to come out to the parking lot behind the Electronics building, and he led me and a few other people out to his car. He turned on the car, which turned on the radio, and out of it was playing the test music that I was using with the demo circuit. The signal was coming up exactly in the middle of the FM spectrum between two different well known stations.

I sent a friend of mine back into the building to stop the music and load another CD and start playing that, to test. He went off, and sure enough, about a minute later the signal stops mid-song, and changes to something new.

Now, I put together that circuit myself, of course. I knew full well there wasn't anything doing any frequency modulation, let alone transmitting. Nobody, not teacher or student, had a decent explanation for how it was happening, although one of my teachers joked that he was going to turn me in to the FCC for pirate broadcasting. Edit:typo

Reply Share

boom_boom_squirrel
â€¢ 14y ago

I used to play soccer when i was little. One day me and my brother were messing around kicking the ball around in the basement(i know its not an inside sport mom). Anyways, my brother knocked over a small empty wicker waste basket , It was just bigger than the size of said soccer ball,we had in our basement and bet me I couldn't knock it in. I wound up and gave it a pretty good kick. It went right at it,and out the other side. The strange part was the basket appeared to have not moved. My brother picked it up to see if it had busted through the bottom, but everything was still intact. We both looked at each other like wtf. The ball either spun it around really fast spit the ball out the other side and stopped EXACTLY where it was or it was a glitch in the matrix. Not quite as crazy as some of the other stories here but my brother and I were pretty puzzled.

Reply Share

thom5377
â€¢ 14y ago

We had moved into our house a few months prior. (the exact build date of the house is unknown to us, but its around 150-160 years old). My SO & I had put the kids to bed at the usual time, and about an hour later I decided to go upstairs and check on them. Walking up the stairs, i notice through the glass transit at the top of his door that the light was on in my sons room (he was about 9 months old). Getting to his room, i found that his door was fully shut. My SO & I never shut his door all the way; the knobs are extremely old and I don't really trust them. We also left the door cracked to be able to hear him. So the light in his room was on, but my SO & I checked the entire house. Nothing was out of place, and the kids were fast asleep. After doublechecking, my SO & I went downstairs, with me bringing up the rear. As I got to the groundfloor, I walked through the foyer of the stairs. The instant I walked under the fixture, the light above my head turned on, and the dog started barking furiously. Needless to say the kids slept with us that night.

Nothing like that has happened since.

Reply Share

Hyperbolethecat
â€¢ 14y ago

I was working in a coffee shop by myself when a customer came in to order a drink. While I was taking her order, a chocolate sauce bottle which has a very flat bottom approximately 9 inches across (read very stable) falls over on it's side. This kind of freaks me out, so I mention what happened to the customer and she proceeds to tell me that her grandmother died recently and has been playing poltergeist with pictures and other things in her home, tipping them over, turning them around. I always wondered if grandma followed her to the coffee shop. Nothing else weird happened after she left.

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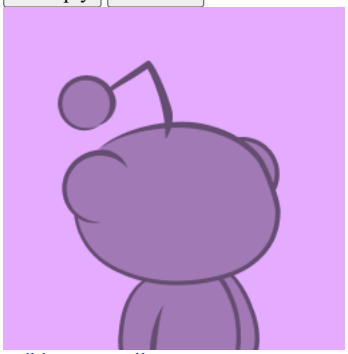


redbluegreenyellow
â€¢ 14y ago

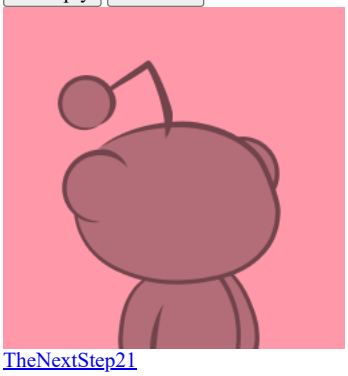
It's not scary or anything, but one time I was at a stoplight, first in line, and it was red. It turned green and I looked both ways and it was free and clear; however, something told me to stop, don't go through this intersection yet. Person behind me honked a few seconds later, this semi truck comes barreling through the red light. Had I gone I would probably be dead right now.

Reply Share

Shesthunderstorms
â€¢ 14y ago

Around two years ago i sat in my car outside of my parents house and had smoked a few bowls for a few hours with an acquaintance, as time rolled by we started to feel more sober and at around 1230am we both witnessed what i can only describe as a dark black shadowy silk like apparition around the size of a king sized beet sheet blowing over my neighbours house a good 7 feet from the top of the roof. At first i assumed it was a bat or possibly an actual sheet in the wind however it was moving in such a linear pattern at what i could only guess was 20 kms an hour. Anyway me and my then smoking pal both followed this unidentified flying object down the road and as we caught up it seemed to get faster and faster as it quickly moved into the distance. My best friend has dubbed it Aladdins Carpet.

Reply Share



TheNextStep21
â€¢ 14y ago

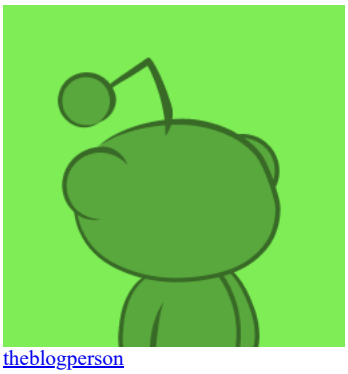
This was during the nor'easter right after hurricane sandy. I live out on LI. 3 friends and I are driving around smoking a blunt, gazing at the rapidly falling snow. NO ONE is around, and theres still no power at this time. Its eerily quiet and alone, but hey we have weed, music, and friends and this marvelous act of nature to entertain us. We pull over and are chilling, when all of the sudden theres this massive green flash. Not like a lightning strike. It was like if you were sitting in a near dark room with all the bulbs replaced with green tinted ones, then someone flashed the lights on for a brief second then back off. This happened three times. We have NO IDEA what is was, and still baffled to this day.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

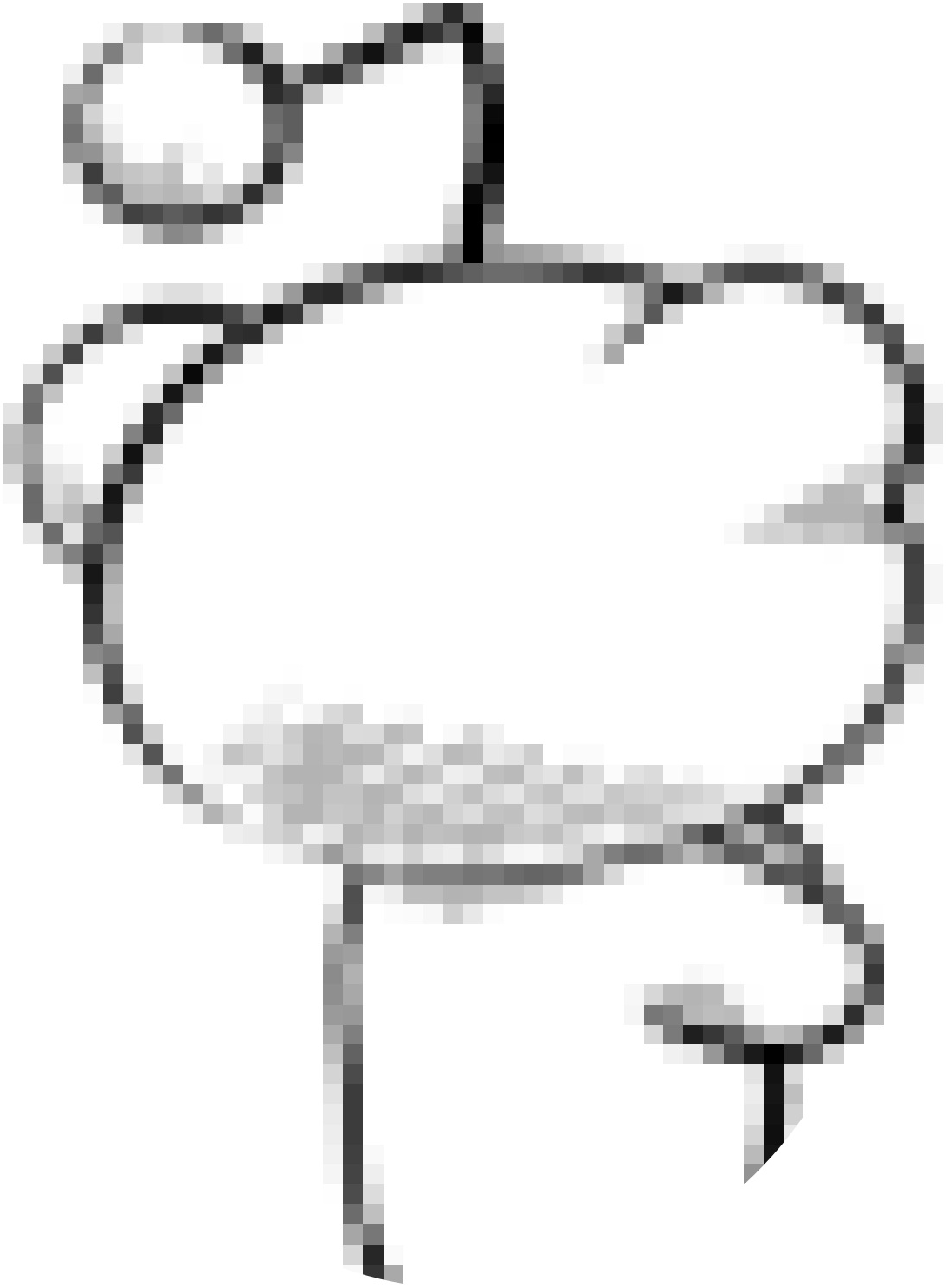
schnib_dibble
â€¢ 14y ago

My grandfather told us how as a young man, he had a recurring dream about the same house for YEARS. The dreams were always uneventful, just him walking through the various rooms. He had never been in this house before, but he felt like he knew it like the back of his hand. Years later, while fighting in the war, he was walking with his troop and he stumbled upon the house. They walked right by it and he said it was exactly as he remembered.



theblogperson
â€¢ 14y ago

My mom and I once sneezed at the same time...that's about it.

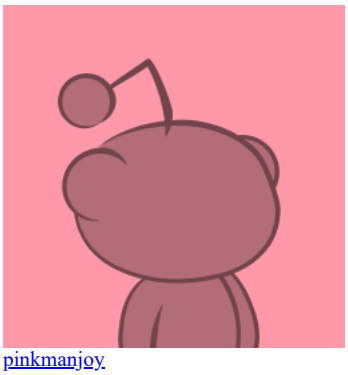


[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Everyday I see the tide going in and out, you can't explain that.

MidgetAttack
â€¢ 14y ago

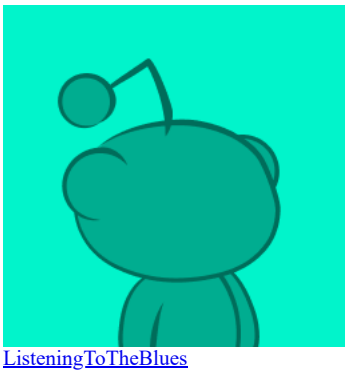
When I was about 10 or 11, I saw two homeless people having sex in a bush outside my local church.



pinkmanjoy
â€¢ 14y ago

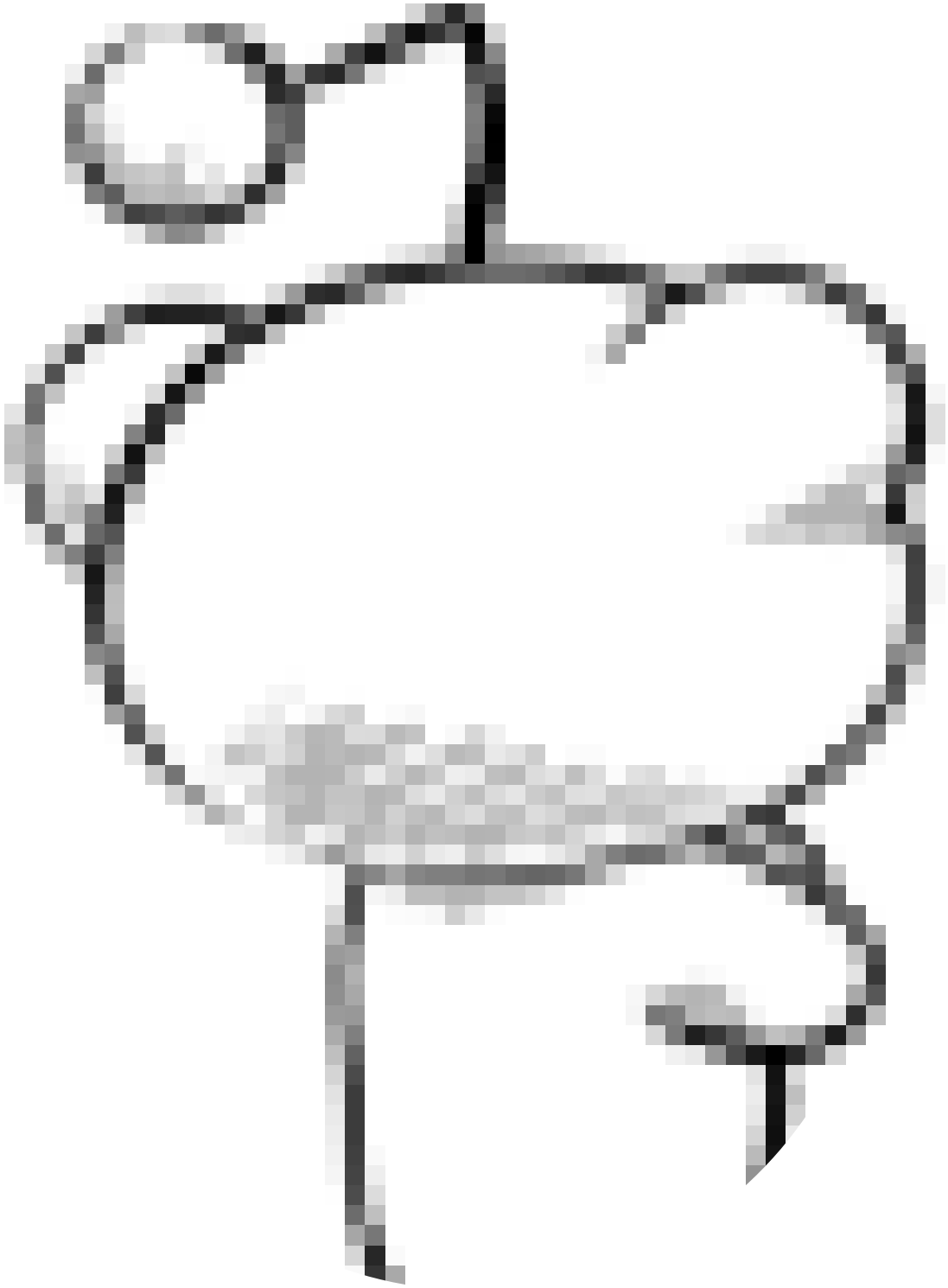
A few years back I had a dream about me and my cousins walking through this certain backyard (which I have never seen before in my life) and a helicopter flying right above us. I woke up, not thinking anything about it, but remembering it very vividly to this day. Fast forward a couple years and I'm visiting my cousins for thanksgiving. We decide to take a walk down to the neighborhood pond and my cousin says there's a shortcut she knows of to get there. We walk around for a bit and then it happened. I was standing in the exact backyard I had remembered from my dream years before. I look up, and what do you know? A helicopter flying right past us. To this day I still have no explanation for this.

TL;DR: I lived my dream.



ListeningToTheBlues
â€¢ 14y ago

I've been an atheist or non-religious for almost all of my adult like and still am. When I dated a girl at 19, she was religious. I started going to church with her parents and got involved. One night I was outside, I don't remember exactly when. I think it was February, for some reason. It was darn cold out...this was in Central PA. But I was outside and I think I was just talking to God. I saw a lightening bug in front of me. I recall seeing it, again. Then I searched around for it but couldn't find it. I've heard that Carbon Monoxide poisoning can cause hallucinations, but I was standing outside. I don't understand it to this day. I told a member of my church at the time, a guy who was doing his own weekly church meetings from his house, and he said it was a sign, but I also kinda got the feeling he wanted to laugh. Still strange to me.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I'm pretty sure I was abducted by aliens in the 7th grade. Allow me to elaborate. I just finished dropping a deuce in the bathrooms adjacent to the mess hall. By the time I had finished and was washing my hands half of lunch break had passed (shit of epic proportions). I remember that I could clearly hear the sound of my classmates playing and talking.then I remember looking in the mirror and noticing myself at this point it's as if time had completely disappeared. I "come too" and lunch has been over for 8 minutes or so! I walk out of the bathroom and what had just a moment ago been a beehive of activity was now an empty blacktop, nothing but scraps of trash drifting ominously in the wind and a silence which gave me chills. 10 minutes went by in a flash and I hadn't even realized it! After my wtf feeling subsided I realized I was late for my next period and ran my ass off to room 112.
I've read reports of alien abductees that said that time had disappeared just as it had with me so I believe aliens snatched me out of the crapper and made me miss my English quiz. Bastards

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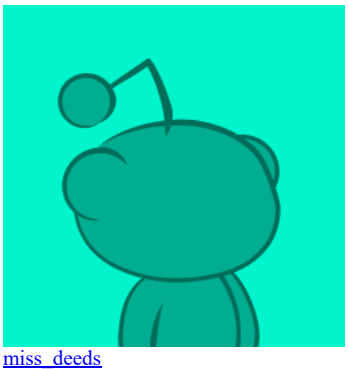

miss_deeds
â€¢ 14y ago

One winter when I was in my 20's, I went to the top of Stone Mountain GA. We were walking around, looking at the scenery when I looked down an saw a small shallow hole filled with water - maybe 10" around and 6" deep. There was a goldfish swimming around in it. No idea how or why it was there.

Reply Share

ramrod350
â€¢ 14y ago

One night about 1:00 a.m. my brother and I are returning to the apartment. We exit the car and start walking toward the front door. A guy in an old brown Chevy Celebrity pulls up in front of us and asks us for directions to a street we had never heard of before. The dome light was on in the car. In the back seat was this shrunken brown little doll -mummy looking thing with a metallic skull-cap on it's head. Very creepy. We looked at each other and ran inside.

Another early morning we were returning home and had to drive past an abandoned milk/ice cream plant. There were several people standing around a burning 20-25 foot radius pentagram. We assumed they poured gasoline in that shape and lit it on fire.

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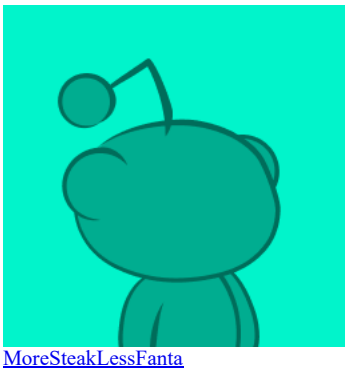


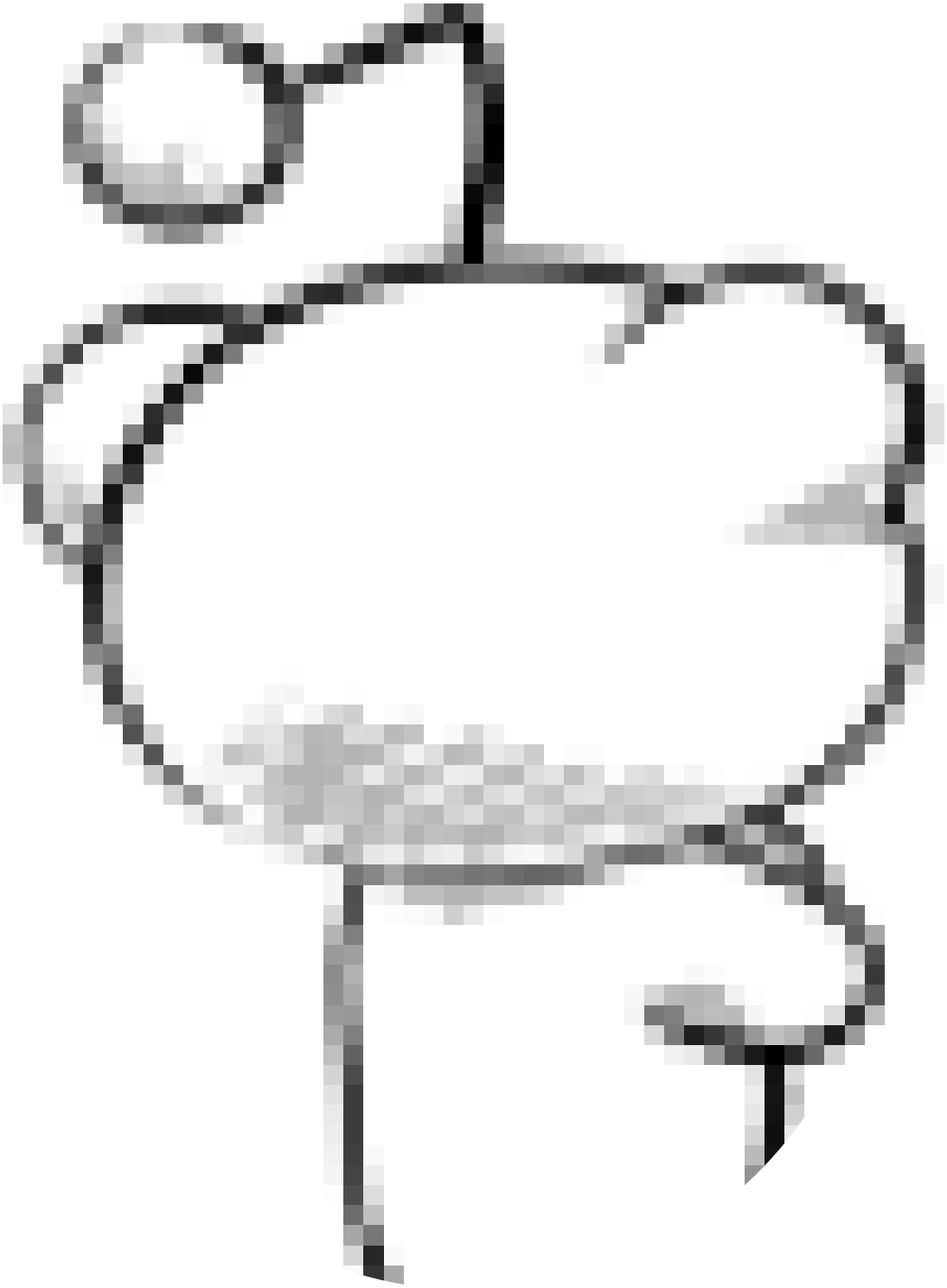
MoreSteakLessFanta
â€¢ 14y ago

Me and an ex broke up, and I couldn't get over her. About a year later, to the day, I said to myself "Self, it's been about a year. She's dead to you. Move on." The next day a mutual friend called me saying that my ex died that day of cancer. God damn.

Karnman
â€¢ 14y ago

I was out at my friends cottag and we were exploring the lakes in the region, we come across this old rusted out 50s ford by the river bank. I decided to hope out of our boat to investigate this thing. As I look in the water i see something long and white about a foot in lenght. It was a bone from what I can gather from a femur. I showed my friend and put it against my thigh to prove it's a femur bone. As I look at him, I saw the look on his face and knew he was feeling the same thing as I, pure unbridled dread. I gently placed back the bone into the water and said "I'm sorry, I was just curious, I didin't know what I was doing" to my friend and just like that the terror abated. I mean we were still scared but the danger no longer seemed immediate. That spooks us out till this day.

The other thing was when we were chilling out on his dock and I decided to look out onto the lake and we both see a random ass light, cylindrical in shape hovering I would say 5m above the water on the other side of the lake. It moved very quickly and eventually disappeared after a minute or so. creeepy



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â€¢ 14y ago

I have nothing that I cannot explain.

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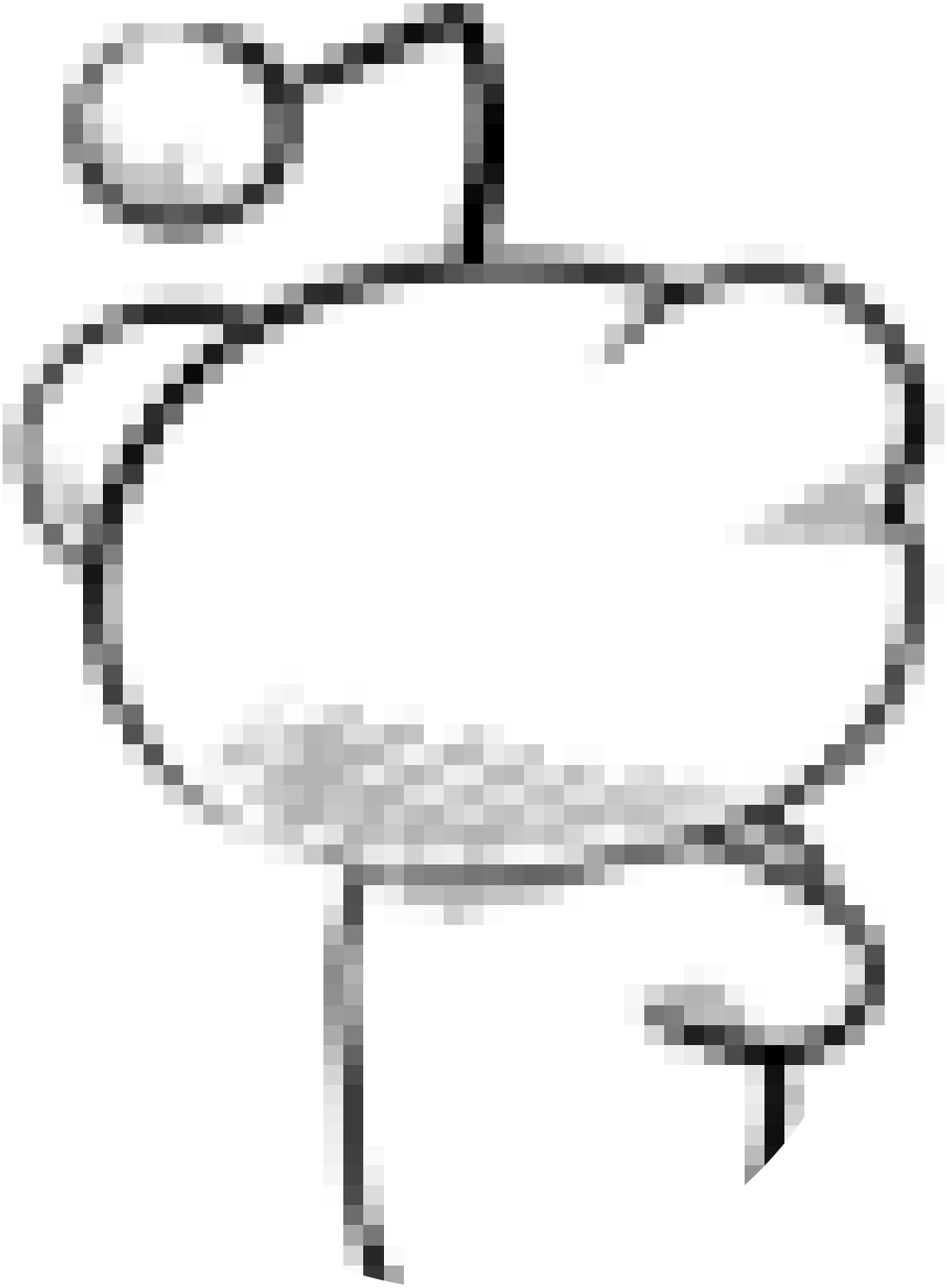

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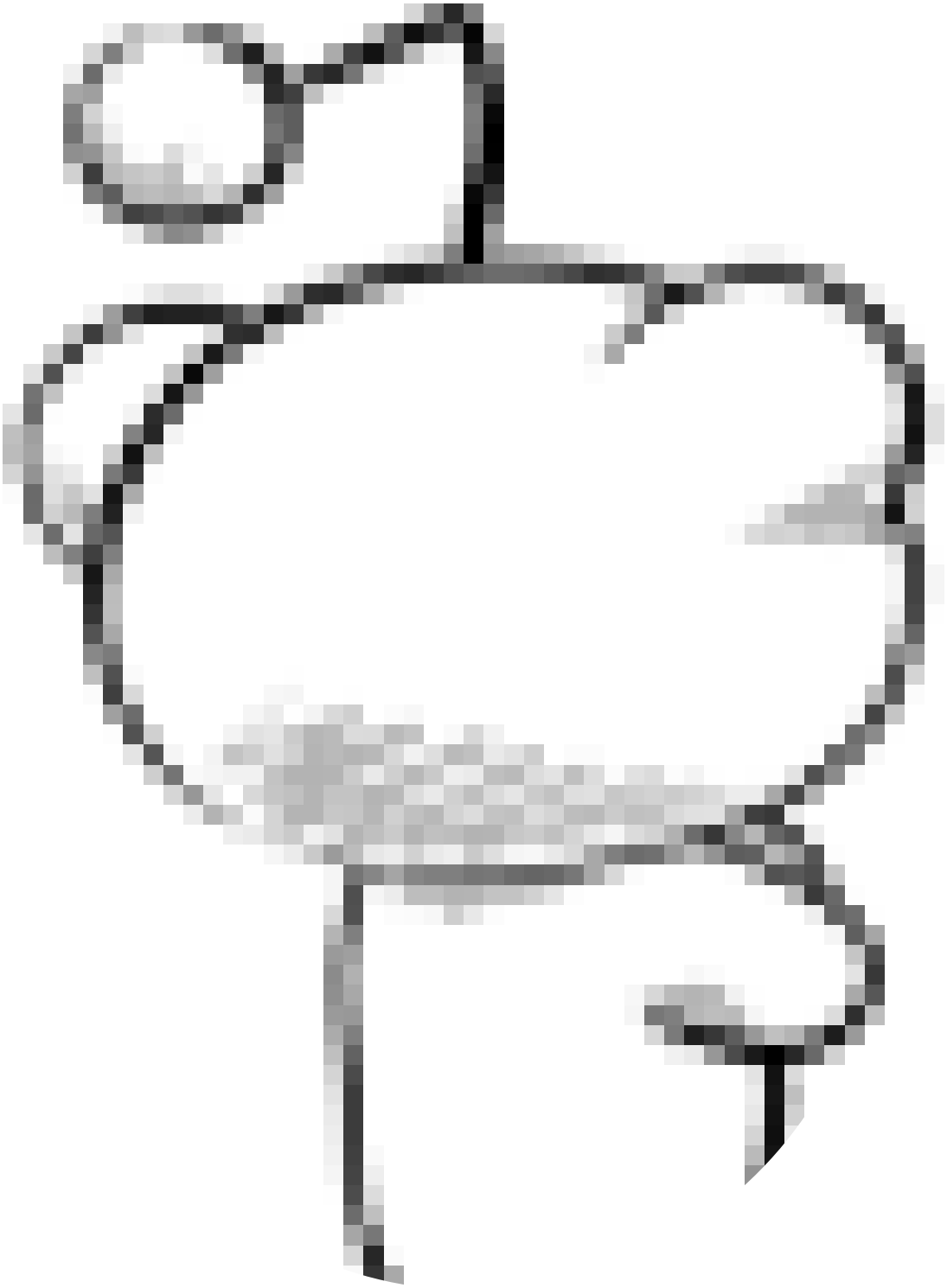
â€¢ 14y ago

I was once walking around with my ex-boyfriend in his grandma's neighborhood late at night, which was a normal thing for us to do. Suddenly, he decided he wanted to scare the shit out of me by taking off running and hiding somewhere further up our usual route. (I swear to god its like a sport for guys to scare their girlfriends) So here I am walking and calling his name over and over until he decides to come from his hiding place. We stood in the middle of the street under a pool of streetlight laughing being doofuses, when suddenly we heard something that sounded very large swoop right above our heads. It sounded kind of like a vibration almost, kind of like the way you'd imagine skin would sound flapping in the wind. It was odd because we were in a streetlight. We should of been able to see whatever it was if it flew so close to our heads. We assumed it to be a bat or something, but I don't think there's big bats in Florida... Still kind of creeps me out.

Reply Share

gamemasterty
â€¢ 14y ago

I saw 4 lights in a square fly over my playground in elementary school on a cloudy day. People tell me it could have been a plane at a weird angle. But to this day I have no fucking clue what it was. It was not a plane and probably wasn't one of NASA's space shuttles (I live in New Jersey so idk why one would fly over us)



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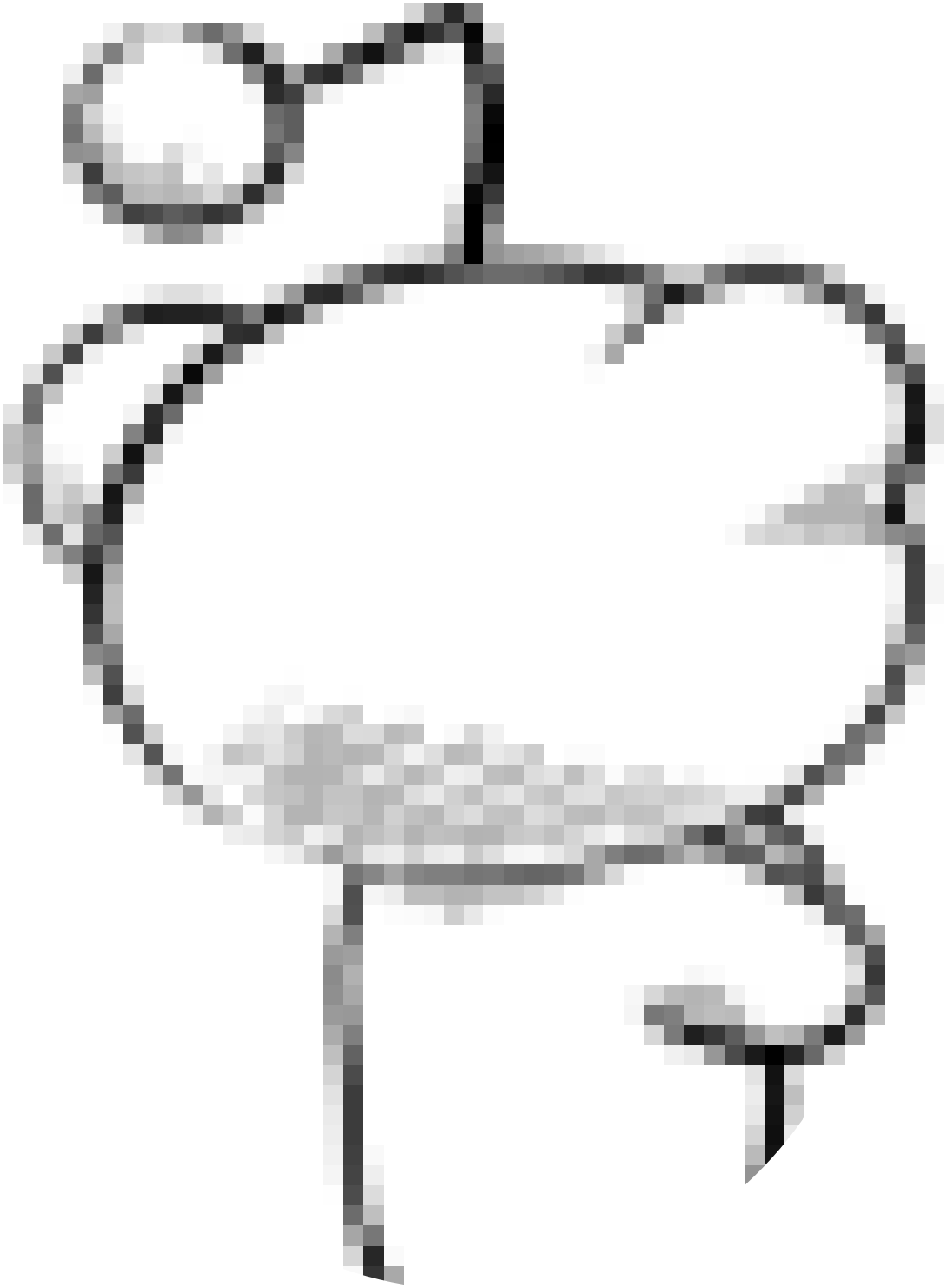
â€¢ 14y ago

The problem is that when people tell a story they "can't explain," they often *do* explain it. They often end up pretty confident that it was God/a ghost/angels/their own psychic powers.



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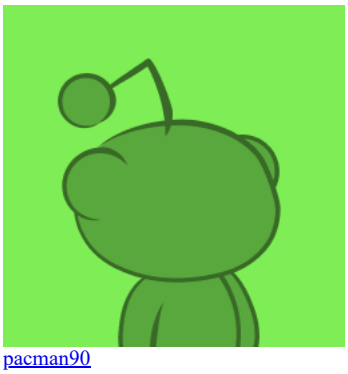
â€¢ 14y ago

I was sleeping and i woke up in the middle of the night. There was this bright as hell white orb floating in the room i dont have anything reflective tha maybe light came and was just a really bright reflection. No lamps either. I know my grammars bad oh well.

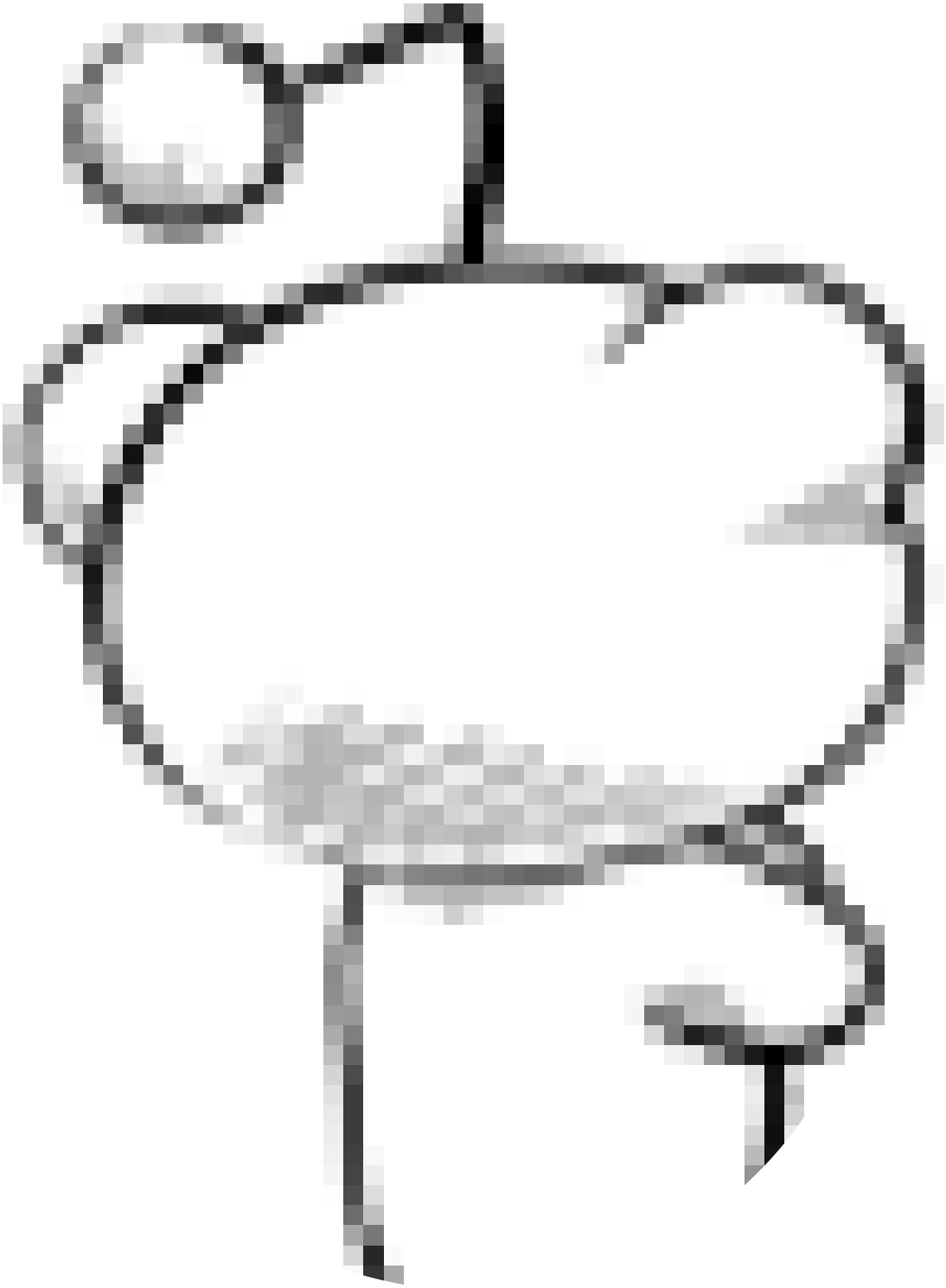
StinkyTuna26
â€¢ 14y ago

One time, I still had a CD player/boom box next to my bed to play CDs before I go to bed. I was getting into bed, and was going to turn it on, but it started automatically...on the 5th track. Which is impossible because it was turned off, not on pause. To this day I don't get it. Freaked me the fuck out.



pacman90
â€¢ 14y ago

about 9 years ago, when i was 14-15, we had a band. Being sort in equipment me and my best friend would go early for practice to use the second guitarist's amp for the mic. Sine we were not that good, one of our songs was the "sweet dreams" the marilyn manson cover. So, one day we again go there early, and as we plug the microphone into the amp, we hear a really loud noise and then "sweet dreams" by marilyn manson started playing from the amp. I just stood there for like 5-10 seconds cause i thought i was fantasizing it, then looked my friend being as scared as i was. i asked him "do you hear that too??" and he said "yes". we pull the power cord of the amp to stop it and then we just sat there, we didn't talk about it much later cause we didn't know what to say about it.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I was staring up at the night sky watching meteors and satellites trace along the sky. It's something I've done many night before.

I saw one ordinary satellite moving roughly south to north straight across the middle of the sky. Same usual speed.

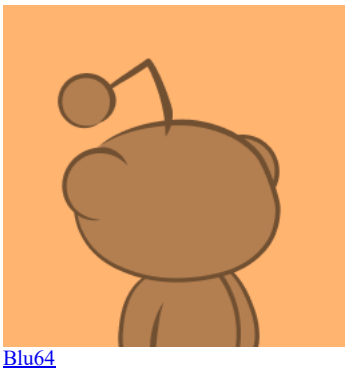
Just before it reached the point directly overhead, it changed direction 90 degrees heading east.

It did not curve into a turn like aircraft and did not change speeds at all. (like the snake game)

Never understood what it was or could be. Up there it must have been moving at incredible speeds.

I know, I know. "aliens"

Reply Share



Blu64
â€¢ 14y ago

late to the party as usual, but what the hell. In the mid nineties I was living in Spokane, WA. I was at a dr. apt. and was parked in the rear parking lot. between a main street and the railroad tracks. When I went to get into my car I saw a train coming really slow down the tracks (maybe 10 mph). It was not a normal train. It had a really old engine, like early 40's or so, and it was painted bright yellow, as were all the cars. There were only about 6 cars, and they all looked brand new. When the caboose came by there was a black porter dressed all in white, almost like a chefs outfit, smoking a cigarette. He smiled and gave me a little wave as he went by. I don't know why but it has stuck with me for all these years as just a really surreal experience.

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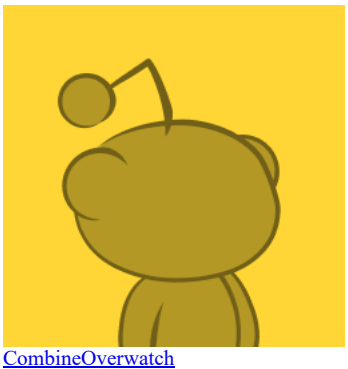


CombineOverwatch
â€¢ 14y ago

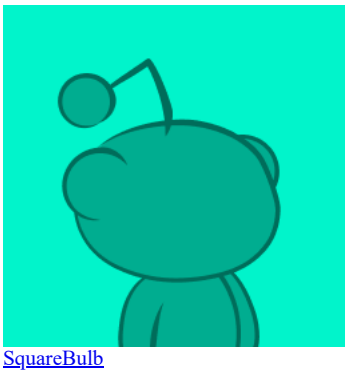
This happened around when I was about 5 or 6. The dreaded day came when my grandpa passed from a blood clot in his brain. My parents didnt want me to witness the end of my grandpa's life as they thought I was too young. "Okay" I thought I'll just stay home and wait for you guys to come back at night. So the night rolls around and I'm watching tv in my living room. It was starting to get around 11:00 pm so I was pretty much passed out. Then.. While I'm in that sort of Sleep where you're not completely passed out but it's gonna happen in like 30 seconds, the point where your brain is drowning out the real world....I hear something go "Hes okay combineoverwatch." It didn't really sound like my grandpa but needless to say I woke straight up. To find that the tv was completely turned down(not muted, just volume all the way down and the remote was where I left it, on the table next me) and I had a blanket over me.

Lets just say I waited for my parents to come home with tv incredibly loud after that.

Sofa_Queen
â€¢ 14y ago

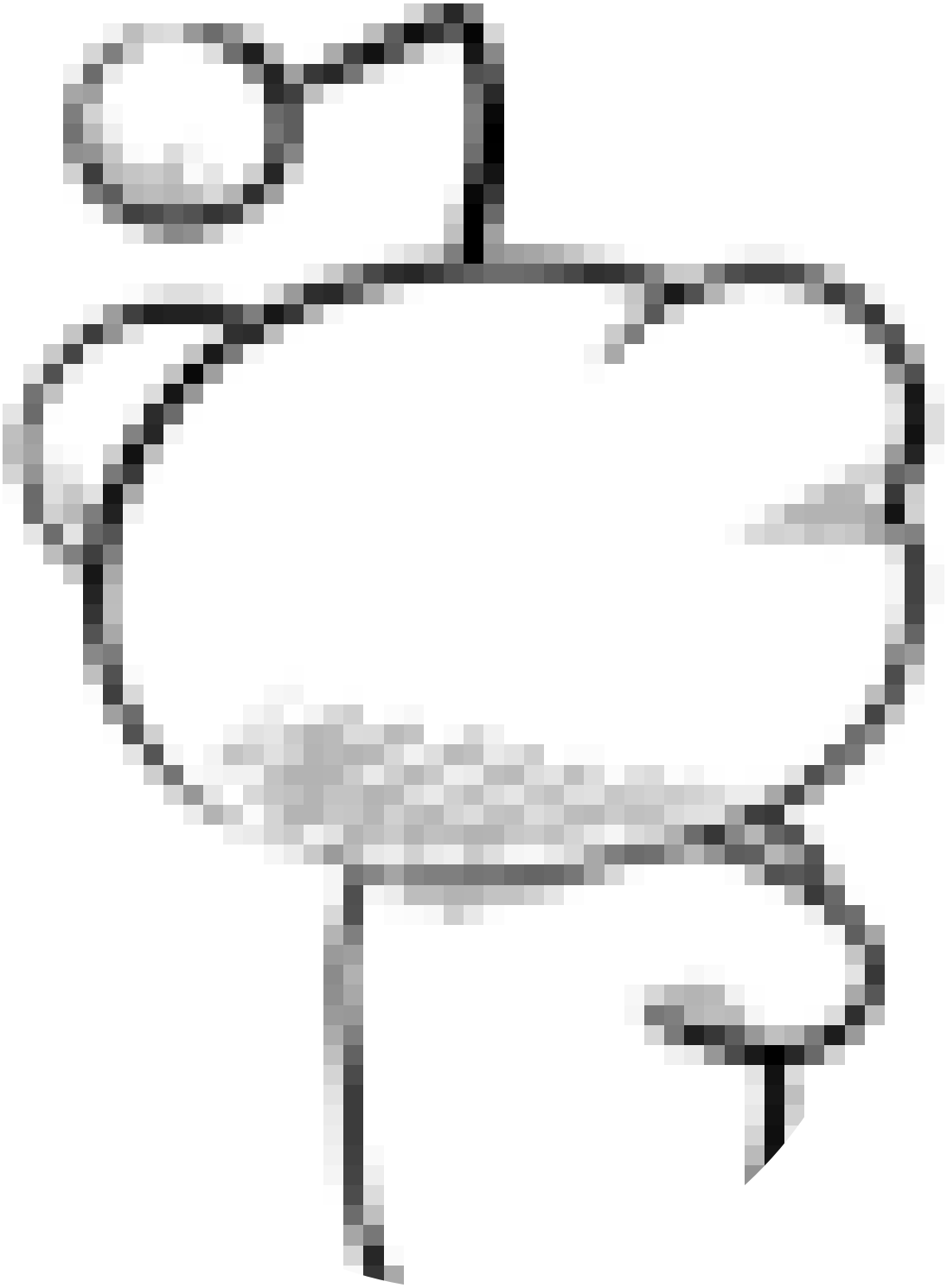
Late to the thread, and posted this last week:

About 10 years back, was at a huge swap meet. There was a big tent with a guy selling thousands of photographs. On a whim, went in, grabbed one out of a box of old war pictures, and was looking at a picture of my son. An exact likeness. Showed my husband, who promptly freaked out, took the picture from me, shoved it in another box, and rushed me out of there. He still freaks out whenever I mention it. Have gone back a few times looking for the photo seller, but have never seen him again.



SquareBulb
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was around 5-10 years old I would sleep walk very frequently. But the creepy part is that I would cry very loudly. I would just wander into my mothers room and just cry. She always asked me the day after if I remembered anything but I never did. I've also had semi-sleep walking states when I would like wake up from a dream very confused. At some point I dreamt I was in a war and when I woke up I was so afraid I went to hide in my bathroom corner.



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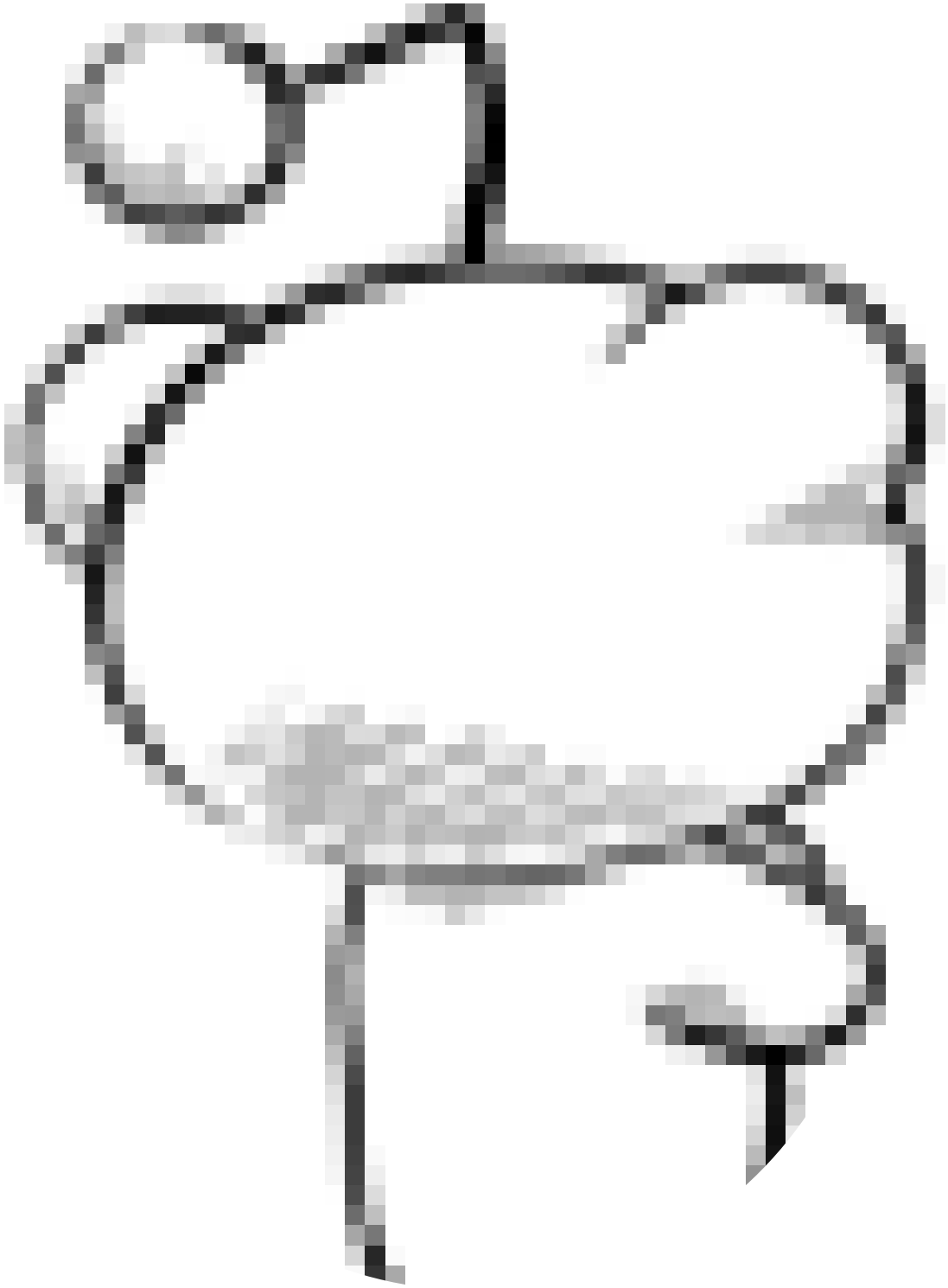
â€¢ 14y ago

This is just delicious. I've spent a good two hours reading everyone's stories. MORE PLEASE.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I know this will probably be buried, but I haven't spoke this story to but a select few people, and it feels good to tell it again. Location: Central Massachusetts. Very rural town in Worcester county.

Year: 2001, my age at the time was 16

Incident report: Walking with two of my friends, from one friends house to another house, it was kind of late, I'd guess about 9PM or later. We're walking down a long straight road, houses line one side of the street, the other side is completely wooded. The road terminates in a 'T' shape, going left at the intersection brings you trudging up a rather large hill, going right leads towards our destination, but directly to the front is a large and unused sandpit.

We are getting close to the 'T' intersection when I notice a large bright red light in the otherwise clear dark sky (the night sky being incredibly dark when you are in the wilderness). I immediately point out the light to the group who all instantly notice it as well... One friend speaks up, saying he didn't mention it because he thought it was one of those Aircraft warning lights on a radio tower, it seemed like a good explanation, besides the fact that we were all familiar with the area, and had never seen this particular light before. We did note that up past the sandpit and into the wilderness beyond that, there WAS one radio tower, with red light, on a hill... but what we were seeing was far too high up in the sky to be that light, and if our eyes weren't playing tricks on us, the light was MOVING.

We are all sort of freaking out at this point, the red light didn't look anything like any aircraft we had seen before, the red light was steady, and it was very bright. So we decide to do what anyone would do, we investigate further. We double time it down to the sand pit, we hop the fence to gain entrance, and we clambor up the highest cliff we

could find to give us the best view of the night sky. What we observe is half terrifying, half stunning.

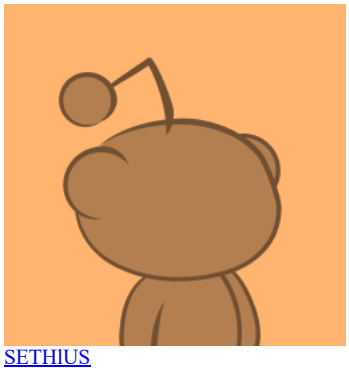
The red light, at this point we had dubbed it 'big red' was performing a variety of strange aerial maneuvers overhead. The only was I can describe it is that it was moving in an otherworldly manner. It wasn't moving at incredible speeds, but it would move in one direction, then abruptly stop, and switch directions, almost like a ball bouncing off invisible walls. It seemed to stay in our general area, and we all had the feeling that it 'knew' we were watching it. There was also ZERO noise, which rules out many possibilities. The flight pattern ruled out the rest. The object stayed there for well over 1 hour with us watching it. Canvasing the sky back and forth. We ended up leaving, and telling the story to the friends parents, who naturally doesn't believe us. We go again the next night with cameras and such, but I do not recall if we saw it again, I don't think we did or I'd have pictures.

There was more, it's hard to remember as it was so long ago, and it was before any of us had cell phones. We were not high or on drugs at all, which is what most people ask.

This is the craziest part, and honestly I don't even think I remember it right, it must have been our eyes acting weird from staring into the sky so long, but the red light object appeared to have multiple whitish/bluish lights that were almost twinkling that were following it around? I have no idea, gives me the chills even remembering that much... I usually leave that part of the story out as it is the most unbelievable portion.

We went over every single possibility while we were in the sandpits, and we ruled out every natural/manmade thing we thought of... not a plane, a jet, a helicopter, a satellite, a hang glider, a parachutist, a radio tower, a spotlight, a star, a planet, a comet, a blimp, nothing.

TL:DR Saw a bright red UFO. That single incident cemented my belief in UFO's, it was that believable to me.

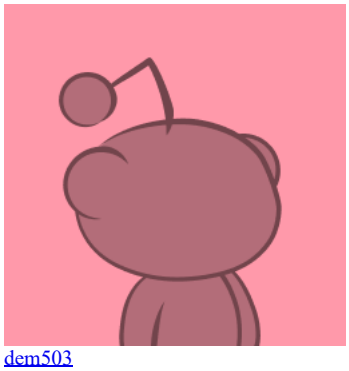


SETHIUS
â€¢ 14y ago

Shortened version because I'm just on a coffee break at work:

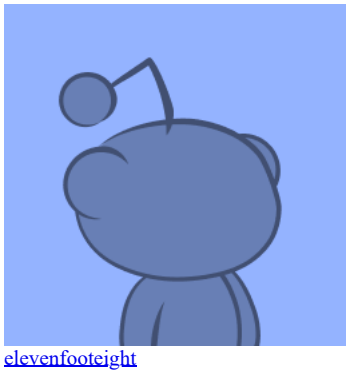
My mom and I have always had this kind of "in sync-ness" about our relationship, I've always attributed it to our being so close since my dad died when I was six.

The most bizarre thing that has happened by far occurred when we were visiting China. We had just eaten in an oriental restaurant (duh) which was typically Chinese themed with Asian music and decor and what not. At this point we'd been there for a few weeks and had heard almost no western music at all. As we were leaving the place and walking down the street the song I'm walking on sunshine just popped into my head and just kept playing itself in there. So we walk for a little bit and all of a sudden my mom starts singing the *exact* part of the song that was going through my head at the time. I just stopped and stared at her for a while before I could tell her what had happened. We brainstormed for a few minutes trying to remember if we had heard the song recently but couldn't for the life of us recall. I thought it was pretty cool!



dem503
â€¢ 14y ago

any novelty accounts sprung up because of this? 'mega_scientist' who goes round explaining them perhaps? 'It_was_god' acclaiming all these instances to....Thor?!



elevenfooteight
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago, my wife and I were shopping for a new home. We looked at maybe a dozen places. One house, way out in the country, just really gave us the creeps. As soon as we walked in, we looked at each other and shook our heads. But the place was soo cheap, so we checked it out anyway. My wife refused to go in the basement. I looked at the basement and even though it looked fine, it gave me the heepy-jeebies the whole time and even the selling agent just sort-of rushed through the basement (We had no buyer's agent yet). Finally we all went outside and started breathing again. After some pointed questions, the agent finally coughed up the fact that the previous owner had hanged herself in the basement.

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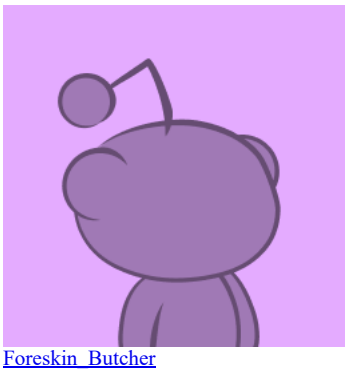

Foreskin_Butcher
â€¢ 14y ago

My family (wife, two boys and a neighbor's young son) were leaving after a company picnic/barbecue in Wildwood NJ and heading home about 20 miles up the Parkway. It was just starting to get dark and as we're heading out of Wildwood, a Horse and Carriage began to follow our car. Wildwood had those horse and carriage rides at that time so it was no big deal to see. What was so strange was, that this horse and carriage started to gain on us in speed. The speed limit on this road out was 25mph. I was up to about 30 and the horse and carriage was on my bumper. The driver had a look of terror on his face like he couldn't stop it. I could see it in my mirror. The kids were in the back seat watching this transpire and started screaming for me to go faster. I now got up to 35 then 40. The carriage now started going up on 2 wheels. The road is narrow, and I can't pull over or slow down because this guy and his carriage are so close to my car and i can see that he is not in control of this thing. We approach the bridge out of the north end of Wildwood and we head to go over the bridge and the horse veers left on two wheels. We were so effin relieved. My kids are in their 20's today but we still talk about that night. Did the horse get stung by a bee? did a stone frm my car maybe strike it...I have no idea. Crazy night.

Toxette
â€¢ 14y ago

My BF and I were in the car driving along the coast to go to the shops. There we are, minding our own business and then we see a huge light falling through the sky.

We watched it as it passed over the road and then we saw bits of it crumble off it and then it fell over the dunes and out of sight (presumably into the ocean) It looked like a giant rock on fire. We turned to each other and asked "you saw that, right?" When we came out the shops, we saw two helicopters fly over towards where we saw it fall.

To this day, I still don't know whether it was a meteor or something else. There wasn't an article in the newspaper either.

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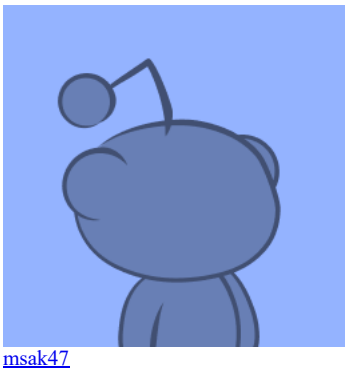
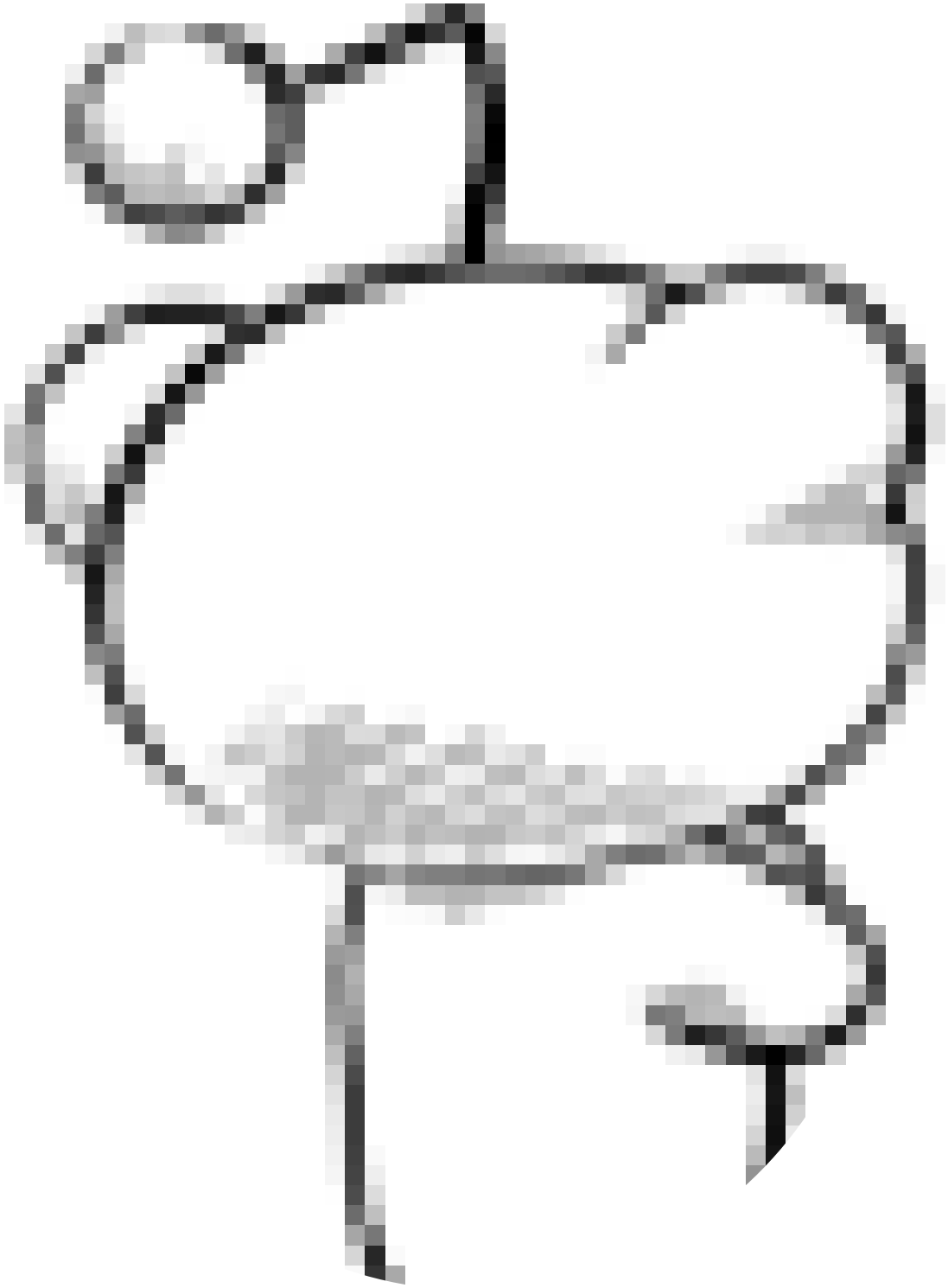


msak47
â€¢ 14y ago

This happened just a couple years ago. I was sleeping in my bed and woke up in the middle of the night and it was still very dark in my room. I felt somebody in bed next to me. You know, you can feel the bed sunk down just a bit more when somebody else is on the bed. Well I thought, " Oh weird, I wonder which one of my siblings is in here? I'll just look real quick." To my surprise, I could not move my head to look. I tried to roll over and realized I could not move any part of my body, I was paralyzed?? I start freaking out a bit, attempting to thrash around to get moving, but nothing works. Finally, after what feels like forever, I feel the person next to me start getting off the bed, you know how the bed rises after the weight of the body moves. The body then appears in my doorway. I see their shadow and it sort of looks like my sister with a towel on her head, maybe she just took a shower and is trying to steal some of my clothes.. I call her name , ask her what she's doing but I get no response, just a weird, chilling, still figure staring at me. I ask who they are a couple of times all the while trying to get out of bed. I'm finally able to sit up and once I do the figure is gone. I thought about it for a second, considered sleeping somewhere else for the rest of the night but ultimately just fell back asleep in my own bed. That year I had a few encounters like that. I just started calling him my ghost. He hasn't been around in a while though.



SwampJew
â€¢ 14y ago

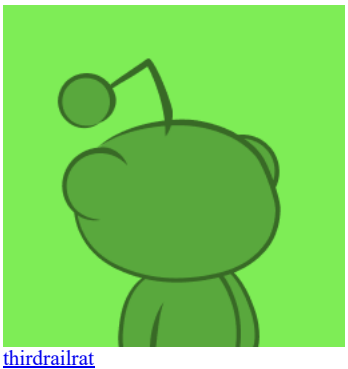
Got two.

- So I've assigned 'sister golden hair surprise' as my ringtone for this really cute blonde coworker I was, at the time, seeing. I call her, leave a voicemail, go into a restaurant with a friend and sit down to dinner. Getting the check I start singing the song randomly - it just pops into my head. Get into the car, turn on the radio and the song is picking up where I was currently singing. I say, this is too weird and turn off the radio and my phone rings picking up right at the chorus where the radio left off, and it's her.

She says, "I heard sister golden hair surprise in my head and remembered you singing it to me, so I thought I'd give you a call."

- I'm in the army manning an observation post on the roof of a building watching the sporadic fighting on the other side of this city. Reporting movement, directing mortar fire, trying to find an exfil for a rescue engineer team. Call comes in over the radio requesting numbers for smoke rounds. OK, no problem. Call in the rounds, few seconds later they're on the way. Few seconds after that the vehicles they were worried about come down the street. Second after that the fire starts just as the smoke gives zero vis for the entire intersection and almost as light-down for a whole block. So much shooting it looks like angry fireflies. Takes out a small stone building downrange, I'm thinking our guys are toasted and start calling in an Apache and casevac. This was maybe fifteen seconds.

Radio up - zero casualties. Rescue Oscar Mike. The enemy combatants come zooming out our side of the smoke, a few moments later I can see our guys going the other way. They had passed like ships in a fog. Not even a single HMMV had a bullet hole.



thirdrailrat
â€¢ 14y ago

1. When I was approx 7 years old, I woke on christmas morning and was full of excitement. I the time I shared a waterbed at the time with my mother. I heard the sound of a 'reindeer' landing on my roof. I was filled with a rush of joy. I felt something rustle the waterbed down at the foot end of the bed. I quickly woke my mother and told her what I heard, she walked over to the window and slowly glanced through the blinds, looking kind of frightened actually (now I know it was because of a likely robbery, given our neighborhood). Im now wide awake. I turned back around to see a clown like man right at eye level with me kneeling beside the bed. I was never afraid of clowns, nor was really familiar with them. But it paralyzed me in fear. I looked at it until I could peel away which felt like forever because I was blinking and it was still there. I looked back at my mother still looking out the window and she says in a monotone/shaky voice (because she might have been a little worried of a possible robbery) "Its Santa Clause". I just slipped back under the covers never looking back. **TL;DR** Clown Kachina

2. I was 17. I was with my girlfriend at the time, and my best friend and his girlfriend. We were bored, walking around downtown, and decided to poke around in this 4 story historic antique goods warehouse. It was a slow day, and in Central Florida that means zero customers in the whole building. So we were free to play around and take photos and goof around with cool old stuff. My girl and I decided to find a little 'private time'. We ditched the friends and booked it to the top floor. The furniture floor. No one was there, it was eerily quiet. At the far back corner of the room was late late 18th century children furniture. It had that.. smell. We got a weird vibe and glanced at each other at the same time. If you exhaled you were being loud. We both took a few more steps into the far corner a 12x12ft space. on the right side of the wall was double doors. There was a knock. In my adolescents I was a true trickster. I decided to knock back and play a game with the employee on the other side who was obviously messing with my makeout sesh time. I knocked to the tune of da da dada da DA DA on the door only to the delight of receiving one knock and then a second later the rest of the tune. I did it again and they did it back just right this time. I decided to be a prick and bang really hard and loudly on the door and run away. I did, only to take a few steps away and to almost get whiplash by turning around to look at the door and hearing the loudest possible single bang on that door before it would fall off the hindges. Literally flexed the double doors center from the power of the force of the knock. I walked back over slowly curious my girl slowly following behind when my friends walk up with an employee, old guy, from the other end of the floor and briskly walk over. The employee asks what were upto (he undoubtedly heard the banging). I cheekily ask who made that sound. He goes on to say that there are ghosts on this floor. Im like.. uh.. yeah right. He goes on to tell this story of the floor tiling men they hired a few years prior. A older woman, another employee started walking up and murmured "oh no, dont listen to his stupid scary stories" and started walking off right back down stairs.

Story: The tilers worked throughout the nights and on mondays when the shop was closed. They were told of the ghosts that resided within the building, but payed no mind as they didnt believe in such things. They were working late one night when one of the tilers thought he had seen a little girl prance through the hall way. He was freaked out. He ran back to his partner tiling the very corner I was standing in. He explained what he saw and the two ran the hell out of there when a rocking horse started rocking ever so slightly.

The ground under neath us *was* unfinished, in a strange abandoned way, yeah, but.. "Isnt this just a staircase or office?" I mocked. He said "Why dont you go inside?" I didnt feel like such a badass anymore. The girls were not keen on the idea of finding out. With all of us standing there I walked right up to the doors, held them firmly so they would shake and create some kind of echo. I knocked. It knocked back again, softly, at waist level. I knocked, and nothing. The man walked up and said "Who's first?". My friend stepped up to bat, said "I aint fraid of no ghosts" and the double doors swung open with a loud creak, dragging dust and dirt on the ground. It was a closet. sealed on all sides. It had one storage rack through the center with broken antiques piled on it and scattered along the sides of the room was the larger broken old junk. The man said "Go on.." and we entered and looped aroung the 10x6 ft room around the center shelf and back out. My friend stopped for a second in front of me in the back of the room and I was so fucking scared I stopped breathing. I looked around once back out of it and laughed it off manically. I walked all around the outside of the room looking for an explanation. Kept asking "How??" My best friend and his girl, only witnessing the one knock brushed it off and walked off. The employee locked it and said "So can I help you with anything?" nudging us to leave the shop. My girlfriend and I stood there for a moment pacing and just glancing at each other, for we just experienced something truly paranormal first-hand together. I got the shivers and was about to hop to catch up with the group, when I looked back at the corner and off to the side was the painting of the little girl in the dress on the wall. No smile, just staring at me. **TL;DR** They can knock back...

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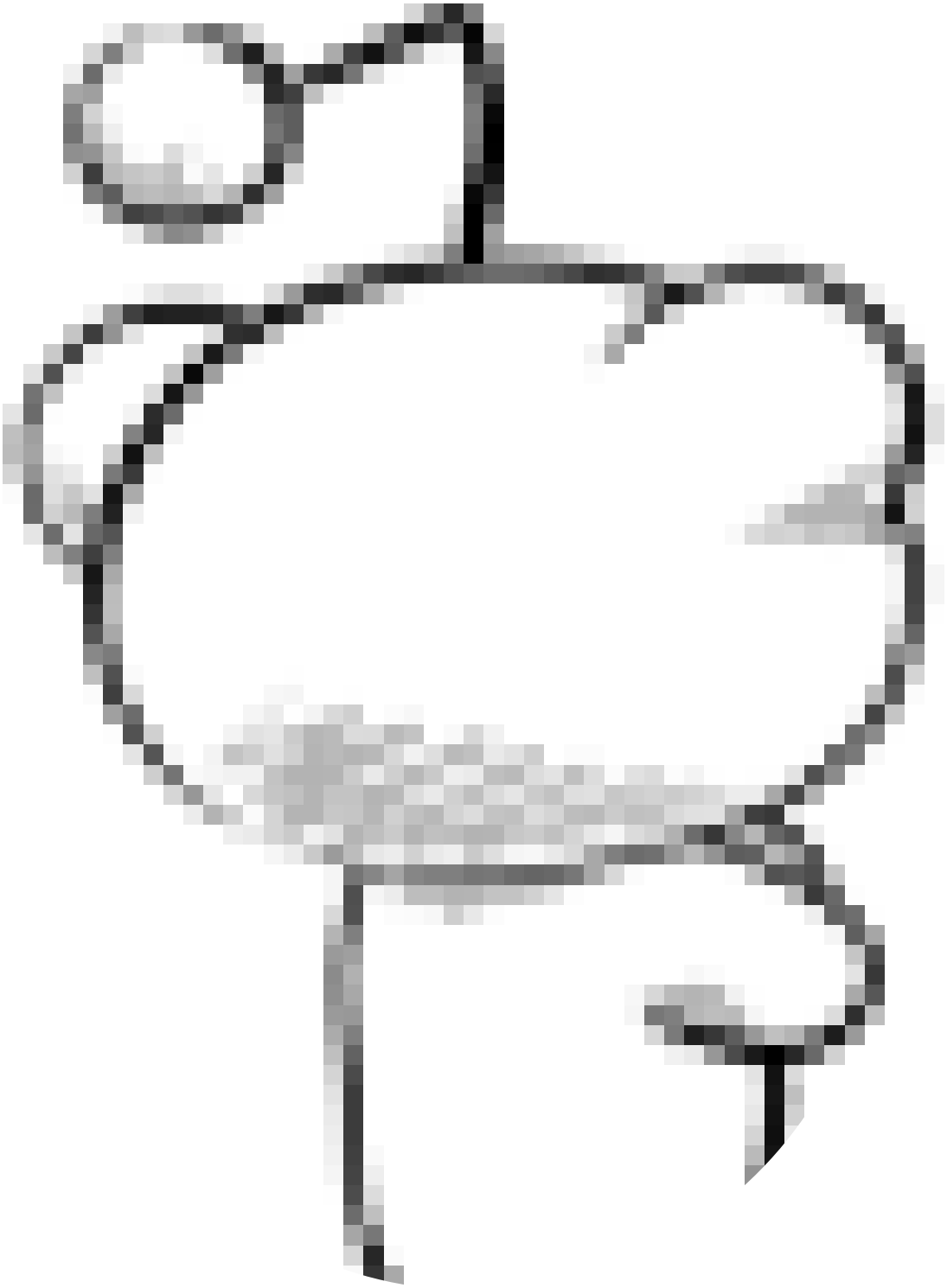

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I was driving southbound on I-95 in Connecticut one afternoon in a pouring rainstorm when suddenly the whole sky lit-up, and I don't mean by lightning. It appeared to be the sort of flaring flash that you see in videos of a meteor entry or an atomic explosion. It lasted a good 5-7 seconds and came from every direction. Scared the shit out of me and despite happening while I was surrounded by other vehicles in traffic I never heard anything on the news about it.

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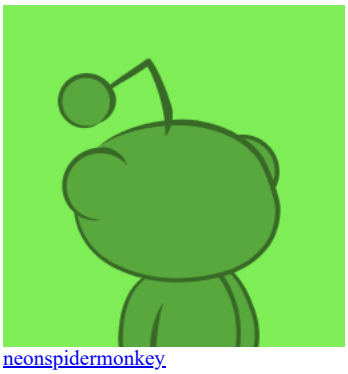


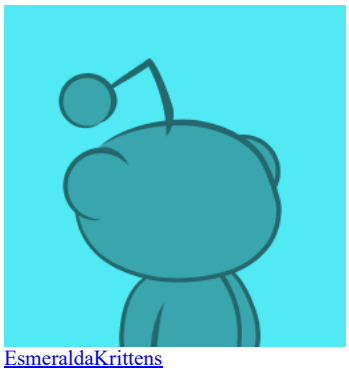
neonspidermonkey
â€¢ 14y ago

Muggle repelling spell.

Reply Share

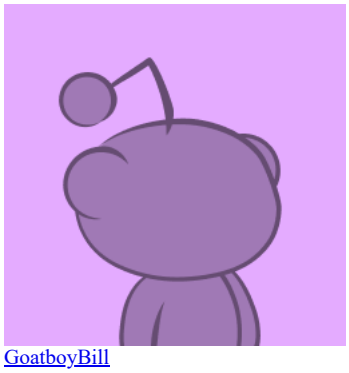
ToyofGod
â€¢ 14y ago

I grew up in NC. Over the course of my childhood. Some said they were the Seneca guns but no one knows what they are. Look them up. However this one time in middle school. We're all sitting there. Like u do in school and suddenly all the ceiling tiles sucked up into the ceiling. You know the big 2.5 by 2.5 tiles. They sucked up about a foot and just say there for a split second. Then they dropped back down. I think it happened again like 5 minutes later. No one could explain it so everyone just ignored it.



EsmeraldaKrittens
â€¢ 14y ago

I've got quite a few but here are some highlights: 1) this is my mom's story from the 1970s. She lived in a tiny town between mountains in WV. Her best friend moved into this house where this guy had murdered his wife. The house still had a picture of the dead wife which Debbie (the friend) claimed creeped her out and she claimed that she would put it in her close only to find it in her room. Debbie's bedroom door also still had a bullet hole in it. Mom went to her house one day and then both girls felt like there was an earthquake in the bedroom. They ran downstairs and Debbie's parents had felt nothing. 2) I go to university of Memphis and I lived in the one supposedly haunted dorm building last year. She's supposed to be a friendly ghost but I had never witnessed anything one way or the other. Right before spring break, I was waiting in the common room for my date to pick me up. I noticed a portrait of the alleged ghost Elizabeth. The glass was reflective and as there was no mirror I the room, I used it to check my makeup. The next morning I had a creepy feeling. I heard the shower on in my bathroom but no one was in there. I turned it off and then went to rinse my hands in the sink only to find scalding hot water. I walked out of the bathroom but left the door open and heard a creepy sound coming from the bathroom. Needless to say I never used her portrait as a mirror again. 3) I moved into a new apartment this summer... Granted I live in Memphis which I think is one of the creepiest southern cities. I was in my bathroom one day and noticed an eye painted on the wall painted in the same shade of blue I had used to paint a mermaid in there. The eye looked creepily like mine. Both roomies denyed it. I also would find things moved around my room and couldn't sleep without a light or the tv on. I finally surrounded my bed with crosses and icon bracelets and native American dream catchers (I'm Cherokee) and it stopped. TL; DR 1) murdered ghost causes an earthquake scares the shit out of my mom 2) don't use a dead girl's portrait as a makeup mirror 3) stoner ghost picked the most psychedelic room in the house to paint weird shit on the wall



GoatboyBill
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 4-6, I had a bad dream while sleeping, not really a nightmare but it still woke me up. As I woke up I looked in my room and there was a black man/figure/creature standing in the middle of the room, it/he was pitch black, because my parents were in the room next to ours (me and my brothers) and they had their lights turned on, so the light was shining in our room a bit, but that creature was PITCH black. As I looked at it, first I thought it could be my dad, because he said, he is going to tidy our room or smth that night, but as I thought of that I heard both my dad and my mom talking in the living room, I slowly got up like leaning to it and said: "Dad?" I waited 2-3 sec and it didnt say anything so I covered myself with my blanket and just tried to fall asleep asap, everytime I tell this story to some1 I still get chills all over my spine, that shit was crazy.

4 more replies
4 more replies
More replies

algernoone
â€¢ 14y ago

Two incidents. First one happened when I was about fifteen or so. During my breakfast one sunday my dad got woken up by a phone call where he received word that his father had finally past away after a short time in hospice. I remember dad being very matter-of-factly in his response, showing no emotion and going back to bed after a short word with me telling me what I already had gathered from the overheard phone call. I was a little shook up by the whole situation and went to my room. A short while later that same day I was lying in bed doing some homework, just trying to focus on something else for a while. Suddenly the sharpest pain I've ever felt hit me a brick. It was a burning, stabbing, excruciating sensation centered in my brain, like a dagger with a tip of fire shoved right through the skull. It probably only lasted a few seconds but it left

me breathless, heart racing and my head spinning with a dull ache. After recovering enough to raise my head up from the bed where I'd burrowed down in sudden panic, I felt something even stranger. I could feel different memories and things I'd learnt in school over the years just dissipate away and disappear like they never were there to begin with. I could feel myself becoming less intelligent over the course of just ten seconds. It was like a slight depersonalization where I lost bits and pieces of my own self, irretrievably. Exhausted by the experience I basically passed out on the bed and woke up the next day, went to school, and pretended nothing had ever happened. Never told a soul about it to this day. I really don't know what happened, except that I lost the almost perfect photographic memory I had and many childhood memories along with it.

The second incident happened a few years ago. I was out walking one winter evening, it was quite late and quite cold leaving the sky completely free from clouds. As I live in a small town there's very little light pollution and here at the outskirts I could see stars shining brightly all over. All of a sudden I see something in the corner of my eye and look up to the eastern sky. I see what I then believe to be two shining stars, brighter than any other stars I'd ever seen, one just over the other. I stop walking and just stand and stare. Just a few seconds later one of the lights become much stronger over the course of maybe ten to fifteen seconds and then fades rapidly away into nothing, almost in a flash. Then the other light flares up the same way, into a big bright ball of light and fades away quickly, leaving nothing. This happened far enough up over the horizon that it couldn't be headlights from a car, lamp posts, or airplanes or any sort of reflection, neither were they chinese lanterns. They were being completely stationary the whole time and impossibly bright, blowing out like some distant supernovas. It felt surreal and as if I'd just witnessed some sort of glitch in the matrix. I looked around but it was so late at night I was the only one out there that had seen it and I had to walk home completely puzzled.

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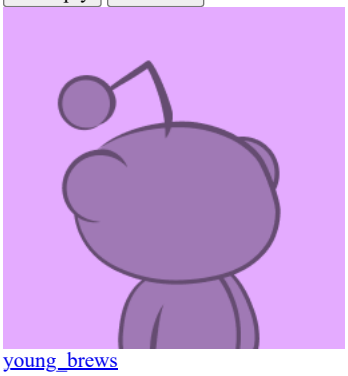

young_brews
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay so two things, When I was about 3 years old my parents gave me this teddy bear that when his stomach was pressed would sing a song to the effect of "Goodnight, sleep tight". From overuse the batteries that made him sing had died in a year or so. Flash forward to when I am 8 or 9. I was in bed reading in the middle of the day and suddenly I hear the bear singing from underneath my bed. I quickly went to search for it but by the time I was on the ground it had stopped singing. When I tried to make it sing again it wouldn't and never did again. The second thing happened at night. I was fast asleep and for some reason woke up and only opened my eyes without much other movement. I immediately saw the pitch black blurred outline of someone kneeling at my bedside directly looking into my face. I was immediately filled with this overwhelming sense of terror and couldn't move or even speak. At the time I shared a room with my brother who was known to sleepwalk very often. Since my eyes were adjusted to the dark I looked beyond the figure to see him fast asleep across the room. The only thing I could do was convince myself that if I close my eyes and ignore it Iâ€™ll fall asleep and be fine in the morning. When I woke up the next day I asked my parents if they had gone in my room last night, as they were the only other people in the house, and they said they hadn't. To this day that was the most scared I have ever felt.

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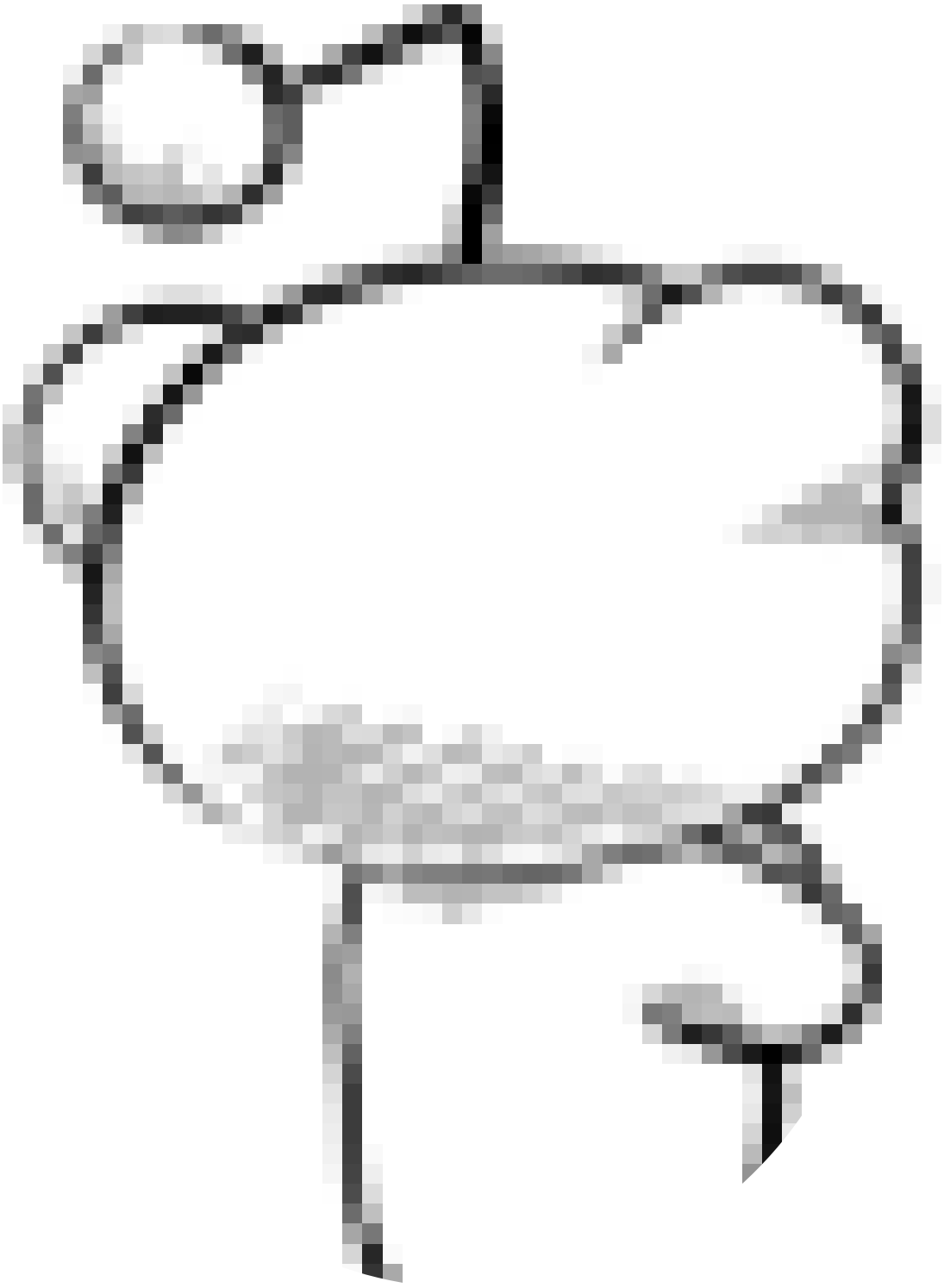

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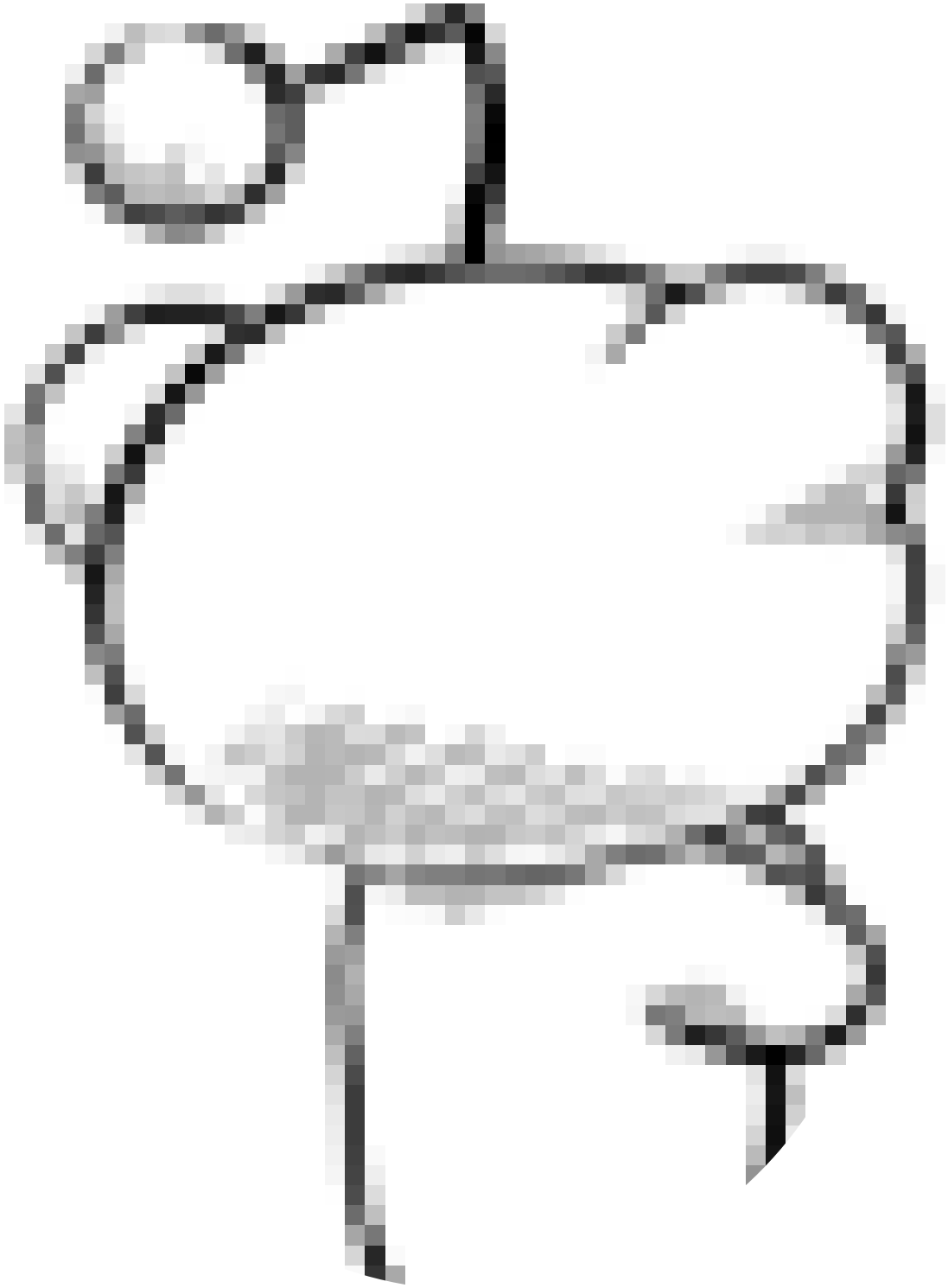
â€¢ 14y ago

I had been sleeping with my boyfriend every night for around five months. Not one night apart. We ended up having to sleep apart one night and I was uncomfortable going to bed that night because I had gotten so used to sleeping with someone. Embarrassing to say, I kept my bedside lamp on as I feel asleep.

I woke up to the delicate melody of a music box playing at 3 in the morning. I thought it was my phone, so I searched for it before realizing what it really was. The light was out, and I had to scramble to the main light switch to turn it on. The last few notes of the melody played and stopped just as i turned the light on.

It was a music box on a shelf that I hadn't touched in months, ever since i had move it there. It was a gift from an ex for our one year. I had debated throwing it away for some time, but couldn't bring myself to do it. he had gotten at a weird little antique shop on South Padre Island that sold oddities like ancient voodoo dolls and weird, Mayan figurines--but also just your regular antiques. Its tag said "very old, likely from italy" and it was beautiful and ornate.

That morning my ex texted me after I hadn't heard from him in over two years. I still can't get myself to throw it away, but it now sits on my front porch next to some plants..I'm thinking about removing the gears that make the music box and making a planter out of it.



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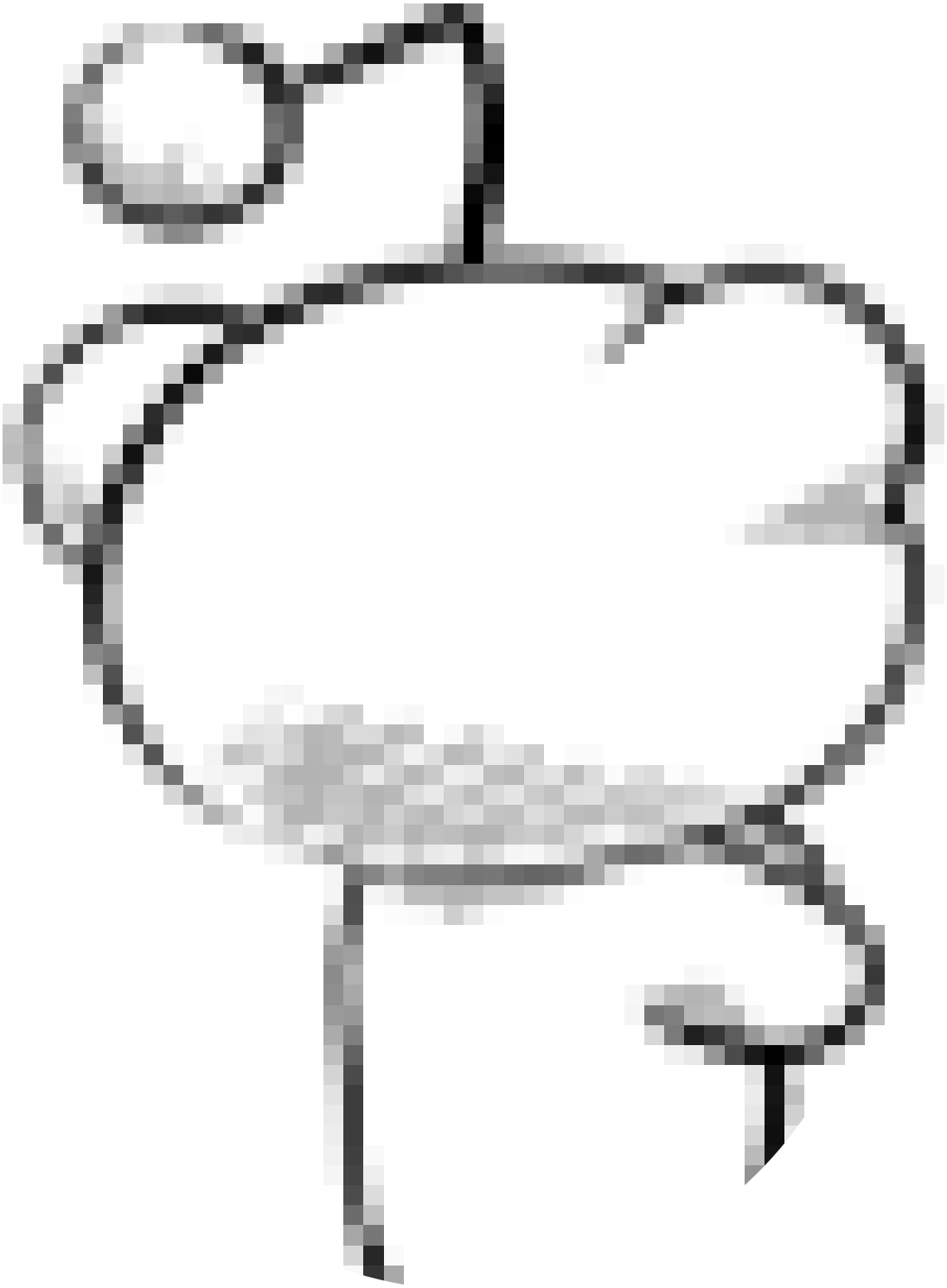
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm not religious, but my great grandmother was a devout Christian. She coincidentally happened to die in her sleep, the way she always wanted, in no pain, still healthy....on Christmas.



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â€¢ 14y ago

I have one from just last night. I was walking back to my friend's house with him, it was like around half 12 - 1 in the morning. We're almost to his when suddenly I saw movement against the wall ahead of us. I thought it was a cat but then I realised it was too big, this was a fucking dog or something but it was as black as its shadow. I pointed it out to my friend but he couldn't see it exclaimed so rather loudly. He spotted it when it turned its head to look at us, and it just stood there staring. I asked my friend if he wanted to turn back and go another way and he agreed so we turned our gaze back towards us just for a second when we turned around but when we looked back, the "dog" had disappeared without a trace. The way we went had a chainlink fence that looked onto the street we originally went down when we saw the thing but there was no sign at all. Very freaky.

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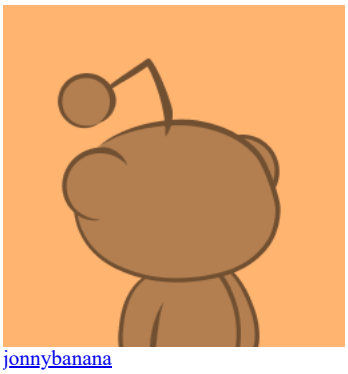

jonnybanana
â€¢ 14y ago

Once I was laying in my grandmother's basement, falling asleep next to my little sister. I must have been about 10. The room we were sleeping in used to be my mother and her sister's room, but since they were grown it was basically a mattress on the floor and leftover childhood relics. I was falling asleep and listening to music, deathcab for cutie. I remember the song I was listening to was "I Will Follow You Into The Dark" with my eyes closed. I opened them and there was this teddy bear with a rainbow on its chest and googly eyes across the room. I glanced at it, and tried to close my eyes again but couldn't. I was locking eyes with this teddy bear. I couldn't move and could feel my heart pounding and this ringing in my ears getting louder and louder - it was kind of as if something was wooshing past my face, and I had a feeling like it was scary music. I stood there, staring at this teddy bear, unable to move, for what felt like FOREVER. I remember this specifically because the song, "I Will Follow You Into The Dark" repeated 3 times. It was not on repeat. It was so long that thinking back I must have been blinking, but just feeling like I was "unable" to actually shut my eyes. The third time the song reset, I could move my eyes but still not my body. I remember looking at my hand, 2 inches away from my little sister's hand, and trying so hard to move it and wake her up. I was staring at my hand and my sister and all of a sudden it jerked and I smacked her and we both woke up. I was fine after that and we went back to sleep. I didn't listen to that song again for a very long time.

From what I've read, that can be explained as "sleep paralysis." It was terrifying and I feel for people who experience it regularly because it was bizarre. But that was the explainable part...

My grandmother passed away last year, and I was in her house with my mother helping pack up the house. That room in the basement was all but empty, with everything having been removed years before. I opened the closet and was cleaning out her hatboxes. Up in the high shelf, hidden behind envelopes and hats, was that teddy bear with the rainbow. I asked my mom if there was any significance with it, if there would be a reason someone would save it as opposed to all the other animals they got rid of. She said no. When I got in the car to drive away that same day, "I will follow you into the dark" was playing on the radio. It was no longer popular and I hadn't heard it in years... and my grandmother lives out of state so I had no radio pre-sets or anything. The strange thing was I didn't feel surprised or creeped out at that point. When it started playing I kind of thought... "Sure. Okay."

Just one of those things.

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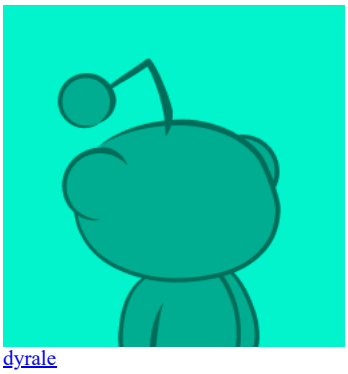
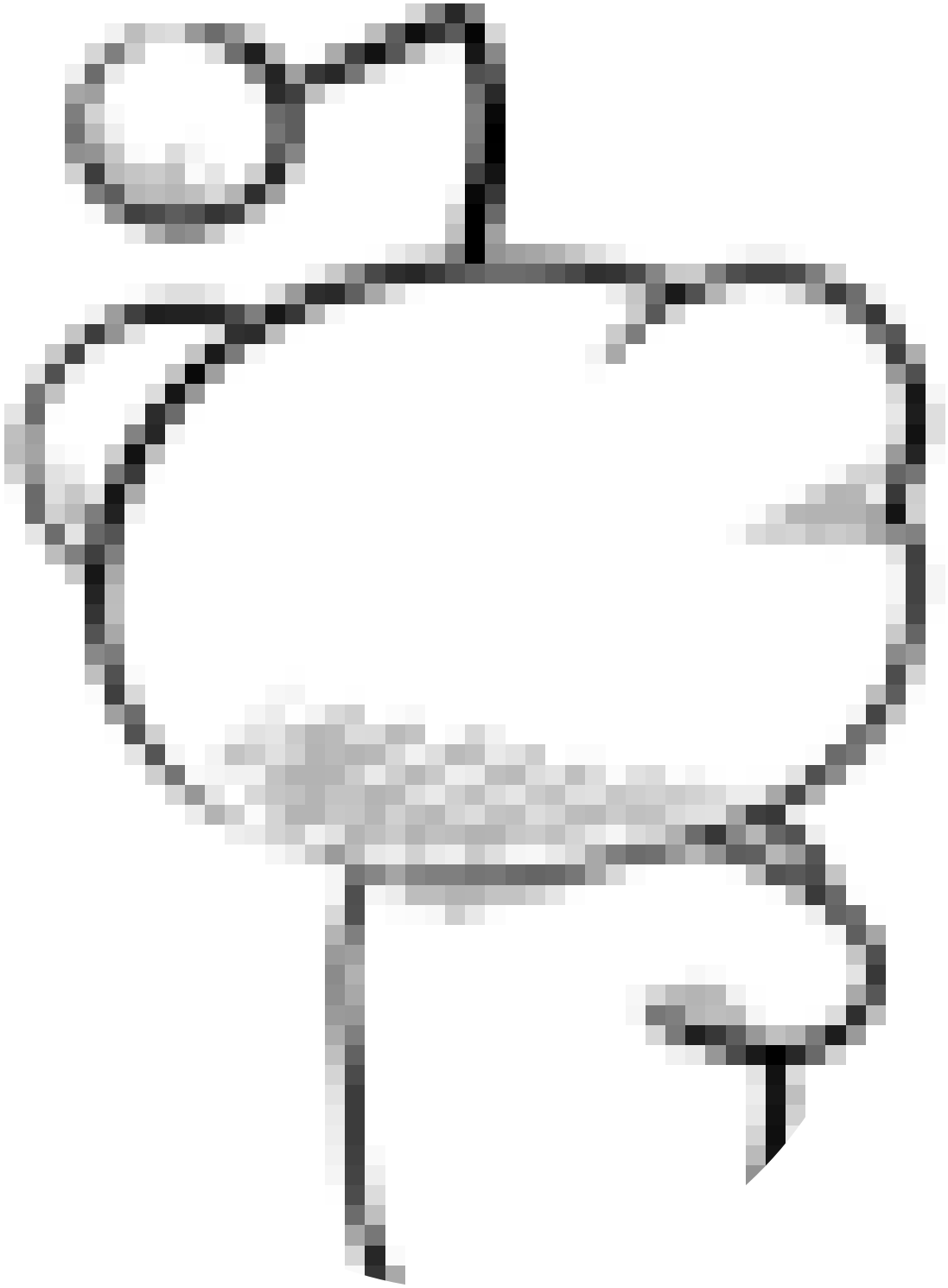


dyrale
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 6, my mom and I accompanied my dad on a business trip to the Netherlands (we're from the states). While in a car from the hotel to a museum, I suddenly said, "We have to go see great-grandpa," who had been in the hospital, in the US, for several months then. I wasn't hysterical, just figured it was something we should do since we were in the car. My parents explained that this was impossible and I soon forgot about it. This was before cellphones and international calls were expensive. Flash forward about 4 days when we all return home and the first thing my parents do is check the answering machine. The first message is from my grandmother, 3 days ago, saying that my great grandfather had died.



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â€¢ 14y ago

There is a national historic landmark near my house called The Grove. It is a huge property with an 1850's settlement house, large interpretive/nature center, replica native american village, and about 100 acres of old growth oak forrest with hiking trails. I go there very often with my son. The property is divided into half, the front half has all the buildings and more densly winding trails, and that is where almost all visitors stay. The back half is dark and dense woods, overgrown, only one trail winding through. On one my visits to this place, i decided to take my son into the 'back 50' to go on a walk and see some nature. We got about 5 minutes in, and i start to hear this faint pulsing. It grew louder, and i realized it was drum beats. Native american drum beats. My son who was 4 at the time, was getting scared. I could not discern a location of the drum beats, it sounded far off and yet all around us. I rushed out of there and have not been back since

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Viral_Krieger
â€¢ 14y ago

Every Alien on Earth:

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT

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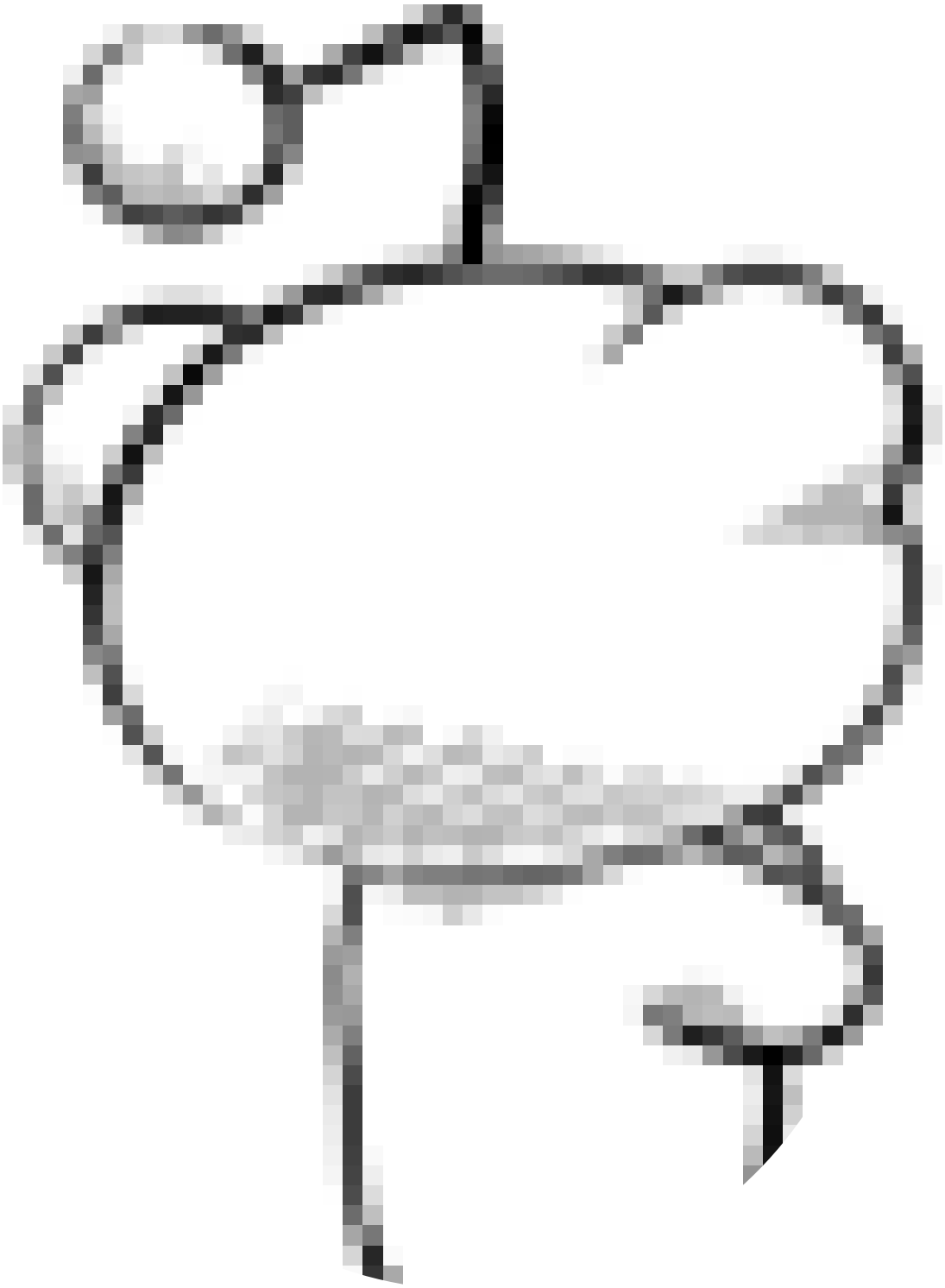

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

This will probably get buried, but I have yet to tell anyone about this. A few months ago I was driving by a neighborhood on the side of a big parkway when I noticed lots of smoke rising from the center of the neighborhood. I'm not talking about smoke from a chimney or a fire pit, I mean a HUGE pillar of smoke blocking out most of the sky. Tons and tons of thick, dark grey smoke was pouring into the air. I immediately thought, "Oh my god, there must be a house on fire!" The houses were behind a big gas station, so I guessed that there was some sort of gas explosion or other accident. I drove closer and tried to find the house that was burning. I could see it, and didn't want to be driving through the smoke, so I went back to the parkway and continued on my way. The funny thing was, there were no fire trucks anywhere near the area, and there was no one outside who looked concerned or scared. The next day I was driving the same route and I decided to check out the damage since the smoke had cleared. I went into the neighborhood and tried to find the house. But there was nothing except for perfect, intact, undamaged homes in the entire place. There were no signs of any fire, no firetrucks, just a peaceful neighborhood. Just yesterday I could have sworn that at least one house was burning down to the ground. Nothing appeared on the local news or in the paper, and no one ever mentioned anything about it. It was like it never happened. The image of this giant snoke cloud is very ominous to me, and it still creeps me out.

Reply Share

AbaddonSF
â€¢ 14y ago

One day while while come home from work, i was almost home when i saw this big fucking ass black dog. It was odd and big enough i slowed down to get a good look. Good thing for me, bad thing for a bystander who was walking on the other side of the road. A Car ran a stop sign on a side street in front of me and plowed right in to the gentlemen who was crossing the street on the other side. If i had not slowed down he would have hit me. My road was the main road and had right away.

Reply Share

gzanguitar
â€¢ 14y ago

Okay, here is my story.

I've always had terrible nightmares about aliens. The nightmares range from being abducted to seeing a UFO outside my bedroom window. One night I had a dream where I was being dragged across the floor of my living room by a group of Grey aliens. It was the most vivid nightmare I've ever had. I could feel the aliens touching me and the sensation of being dragged. When I finally woke up, as soon as I opened my eyes I saw the face of an alien two inches from my own that quickly disappeared. Oh, I also woke up on the floor of my living room.

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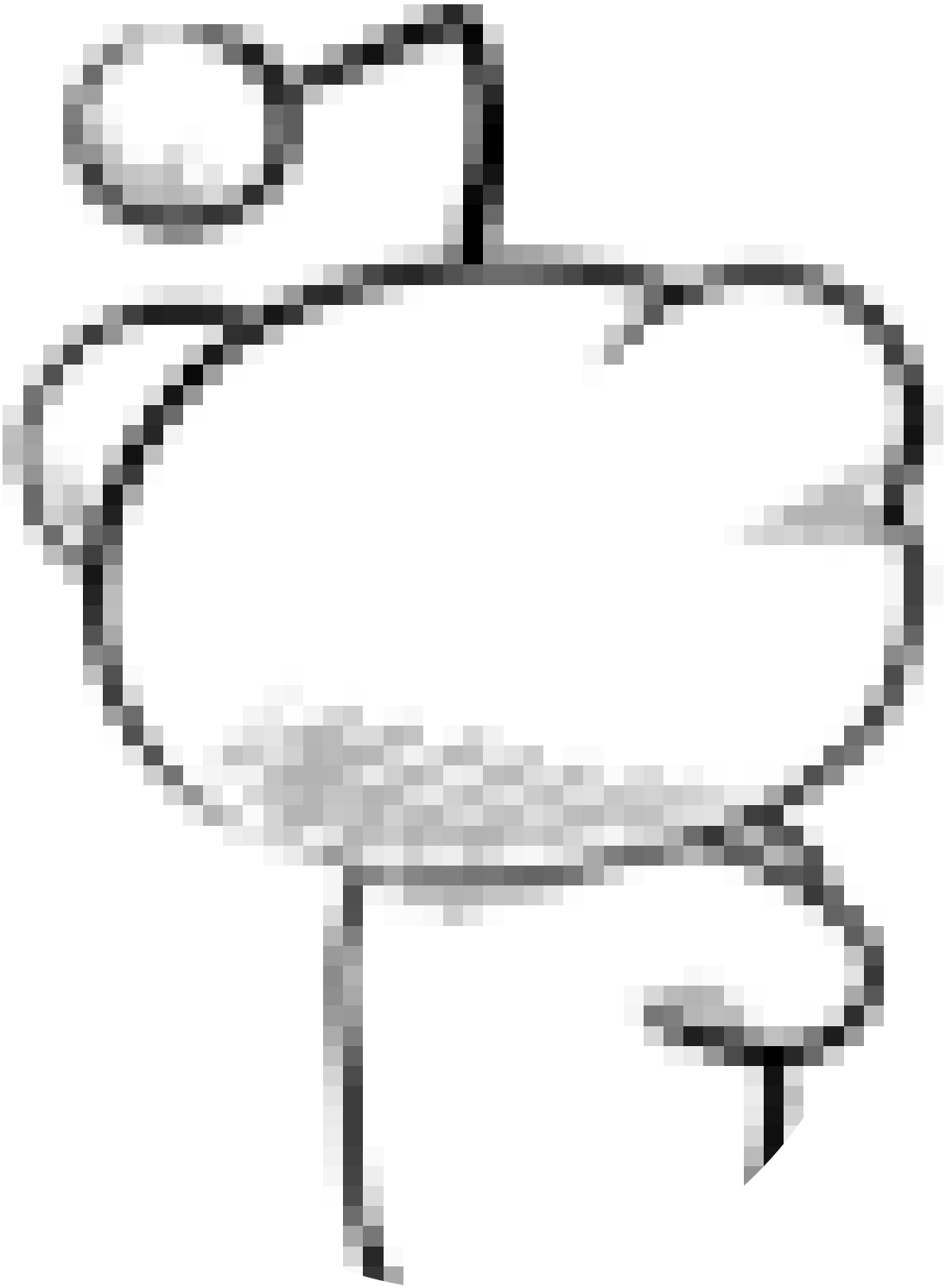

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Nope, no such story.

Reply Share

PikachuFap
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 14 years old or so I was home by myself for the night. My parents were out of town for the night and my brother and sisters didn't live in the area. I was watching TV in the living room and set the sleep timer and fell asleep. Early morning probably around 4am I wake up and hear the TV in the kitchen turn on. This seems odd so I get up and go to the kitchen to turn it off check to see if a timer had gotten set for it to come on, and as I walk in to the kitchen all the cabinets are open and all the chairs are flipped upside down sitting on the kitchen table and no timer had been set for the TV to turn on. Needless to say I am slightly freaked out by this so I check the front and back doors to make sure that they are locked and they are. There are no cars in the driveway or garage, and I am a very light sleeper (I wake up when the front or back door opens in my house). I return everything to normal and go up to my room lock the door and sleep the rest of the night with a shotgun next to my bed. The cherry on top to this is that I grew up in the country, no neighbors for 2 miles in any direction. Still have no idea how any of this happened. I don't believe any family members or friends were trying to prank me because I never told anybody of this, and never had anybody ask me if I was freaked out by it.

Reply Share

Roobomatic
â€¢ 14y ago

I had a ghost experience once in a graveyard with some friends. I do not believe in ghosts, but it was a weird and hard to explain series of events and the other people who were there are more than convinced they interacted with a ghost right before we all ran away.

One of the guys I was with told the story to a local "ghost hunter/historian" and she said it was definitely the ghost of (some guy with a name I promptly forgot) that people often see in the area, he was a town founder and buried in that cemetery"

Now my friend is totally mutherfucking beyond a shadow of a doubt convinced the bum we ran into in the cemetery that spooked us was the Ghost of Ebeneezer Somebody or something, local Clearwater Florida Hero.

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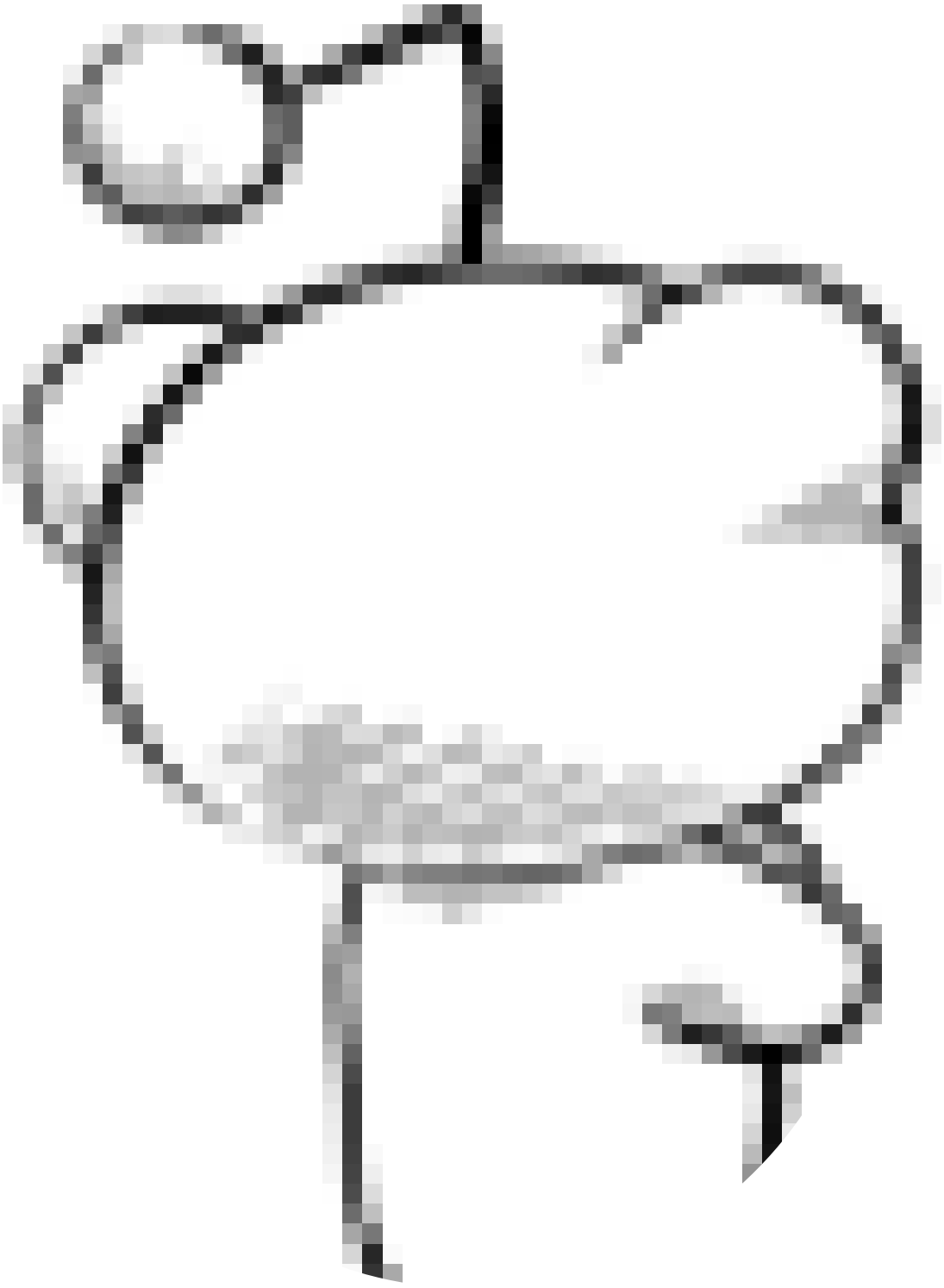

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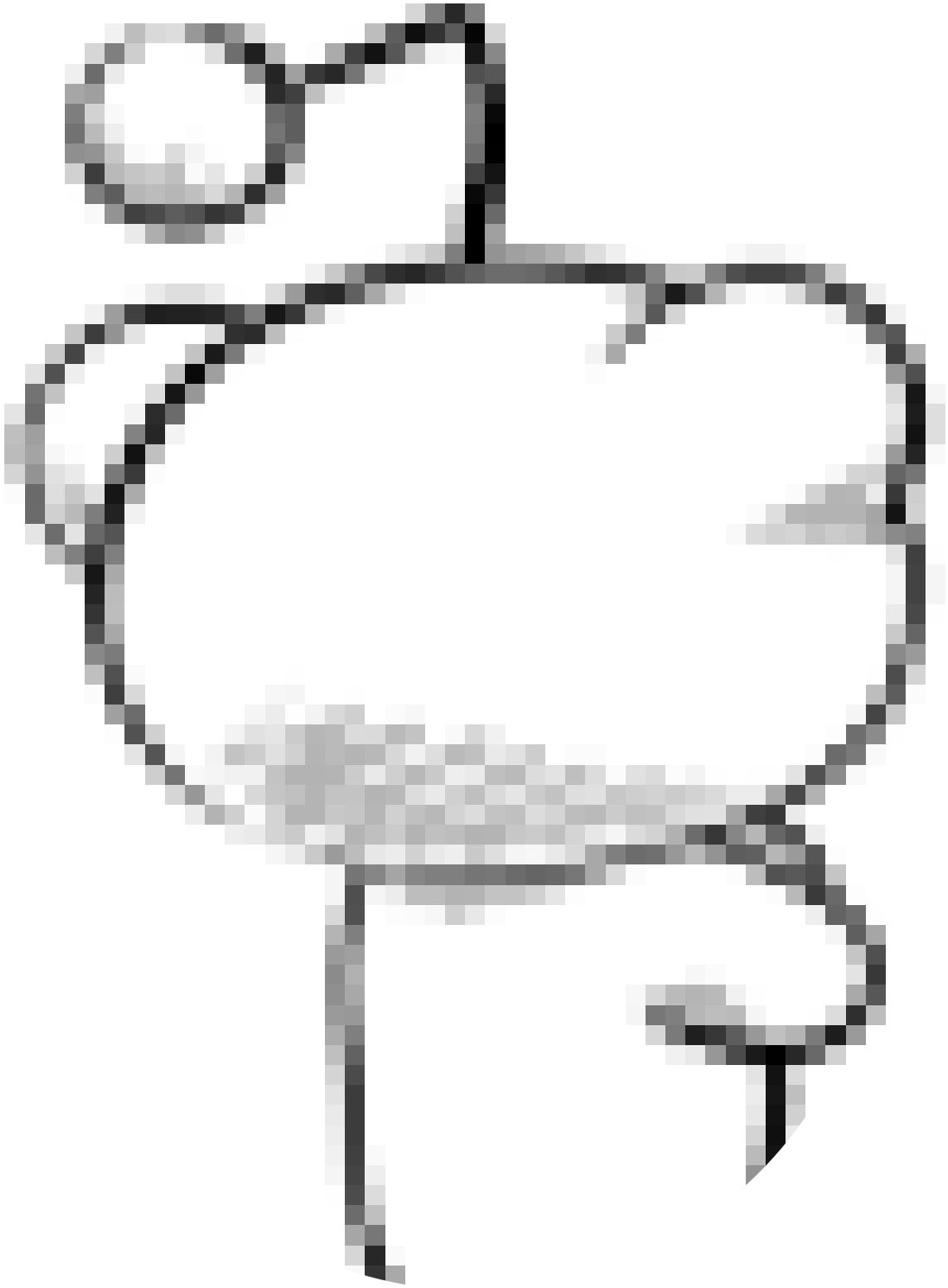
â€¢ 14y ago

Posted this before, but....

September 11th, 2001. I was 11 years old at this time. I had a dream the night prior(Sept. 10th) that planes had flown into two big buildings and I saw it from ground level perspective(If you've seen the home footage of the 1st plane hitting the twin towers from ground level, this was the exact viewpoint that I had in my dream.) I remember the buildings falling and me screaming "My mom is in there!" and then woke up. Went to school and found out later that evening what had happened. Scared the crap out of me.



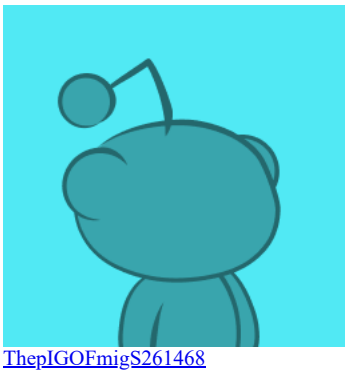
barcelonatimes
â€¢ 14y ago

My stepfather was on hospice for terminal liver cancer. My mother kept a baby moniter next to him and in the kitchen, as he was whacked out on painkillers and she wanted to make sure he wasn't choking or anything. Anyways, a sudden sharp crackle of static pierces the air from the baby moniter. My mother and I were in the kitchen, so we asked my little sister to check on him. She came back in a panic and said he wasn't breathing.

Perhaps, not so crazy, as there are all sorts of electrochemical interactions going on within a human body, and I'm sure things go a little haywire when they're trying to kickstart a heart that stops beating...perhaps. I just have to assume that was the case, or one of those chance coincidences.

Whiskey_McSwiggens
â€¢ 14y ago

Once when I was in high school, I was out swimming with some friends at night. I jumped into the water and when I came back up, I saw a flash in the sky. Then one star elongated and went back to being a dot. It was weird and other friends saw it too.



ThepIGOFmigS261468
â€¢ 14y ago

I know this comment will be lost in all the others but I will contribute none the less.

We all have had that feeling when you get out of bed too fast and your eyesight goes black, right? Well I recently had something similar to this. I got up, when my eyesight went black, not too bad, but then my cheeks go completely numb for a few seconds, I fall back on my bed and go unconscious for what seems like five minutes. When I wake up my cheeks are burning and I immediately rush to my sink and pour water on them. I will never forget that feeling.

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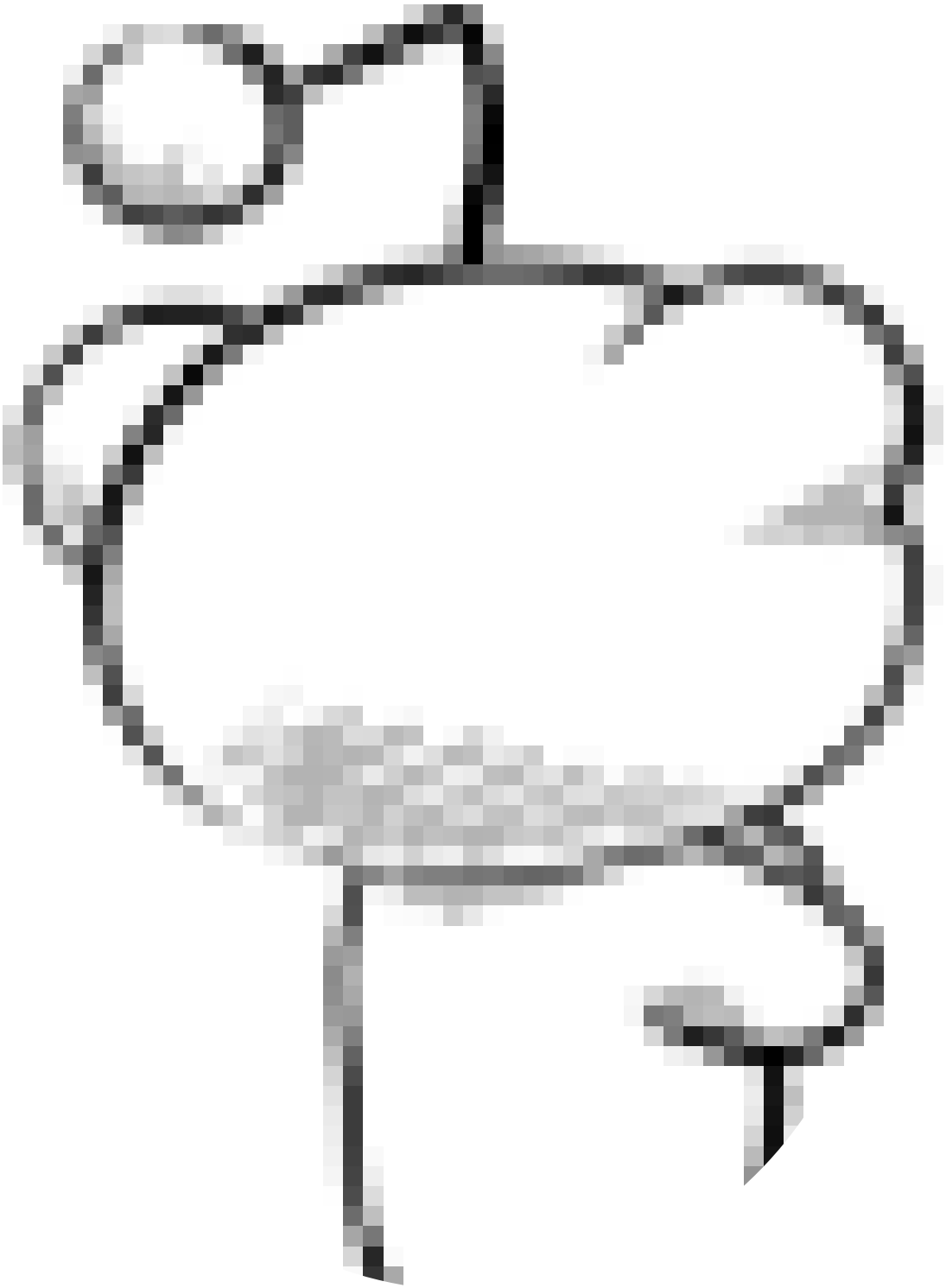


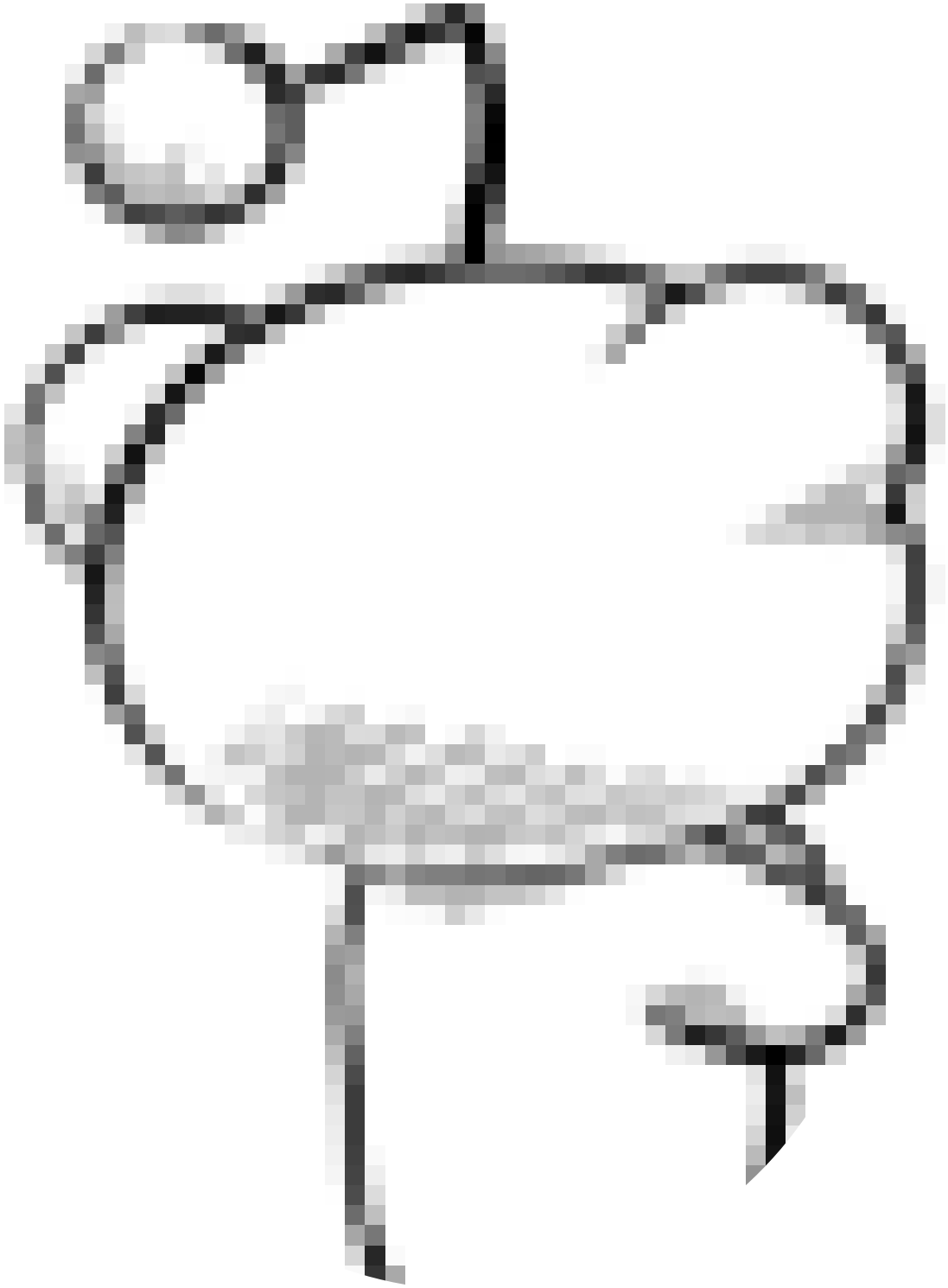
fjruiz
â€¢ 14y ago

One time I was in the shower and I felt something near me, like a being of some sort but I couldn't see it. It was REALLY weird. Then it ran towards me and literally knocked the wind out of me and I couldn't breathe. I haven't had an experience like that since.

DairySchmairy
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 14 or 15 I was sat in bed reading a book, the lights were on, it was late-ish afternoon, I hadn't been drinking or taking any medication, basically nothing that could cause hallucinations. I look up and in the middle of my room there's a floating packet of Maltesers. I stared at it for about a minute and it disappeared. It freaked me out but I never assumed it was anything other than a surreal but harmless hallucination.

When I was 18 I had a conversation similar to this thread with my boyfriend about 'inexplicable things' that had happened to us. He said that in his early teens he'd been alone in his room, watching tv, looked up and saw a floating packet of Maltesers. Needless to say, I freaked out.



neongoddess
â€¢ 14y ago

Two stories.

When I was in high school I went with my girlfriends to go see 13 Ghost for the last show. After the movie finished we all piled into the car and talked about how freaking the movie was on the way home. I started joking around with my friends saying that if I died I'd come back and visit them. I wouldn't do anything except turn off their lights. No one liked me talking about me dying so I was quickly silenced. I was dropped off at home and went up to bed. I sat there reading and my mind started to wander off. I started thinking about my grandparents and my uncle that passed away. I had a picture of my uncle on my night stand and I remember looking at it and thinking "I wonder if you're still around" when my light from my lamp just turned off. I got a little creeped out and but got up to inspected my lamp. The bulb was fine and the cord was still plugged in. Turned it back on and took it as a coincidence.

Last one. Last December we went on a giant family trip to our families place in Mendoza Argentina. My family and my husbands family came with us. Now there were a lot of us under one roof so my husband and I got lucky and were sleeping on a mattress on the living room floor. One night I woke up with a very strange feeling that someone was watching me. I thought I could see a figure in the corner of the room but I couldn't make it out. I kept rubbing my eyes and trying to focus but I just could not make sense of what I was seeing. So as I do when I'm creeped out, I roll over and shut it out of my mind. I started to fall asleep when suddenly I'm woken us by loud music coming from our laptop. My husband wakes up opens the laptop shuts it off and just shrugs it off and says "that's weird" and goes back to sleep. I was left there freaked out. I didn't want to freak him out so I waited till the morning to tell my family the story. My sister said that she also woke up and felt really creeped out but had a feeling that something was wrong with me and just watched my room door from her room.

Sorry for the long post TLDR: joked around that I'd shut off lights when I was dead then my light turned off when thinking about my dead uncle. Second story. Woke up in the middle of the night feeling like someone was watching me. Shrugged it off started to fall asleep when I was startled awake but super load music coming from our closed laptop.

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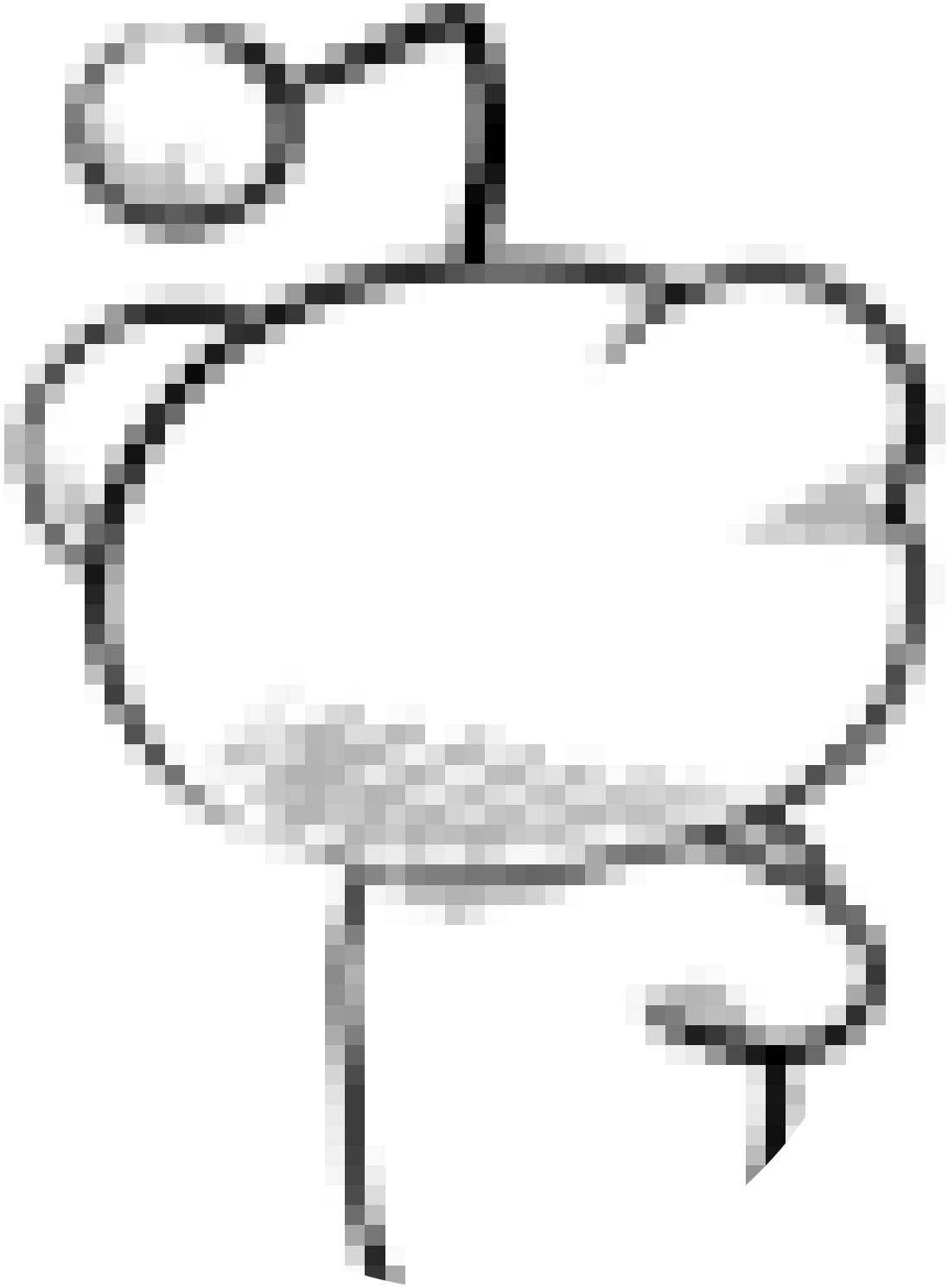

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â€¢ 14y ago

Comment deleted by user

silverfirexz
â€¢ 14y ago

Look up sleep paralysis.

2 more replies
2 more replies
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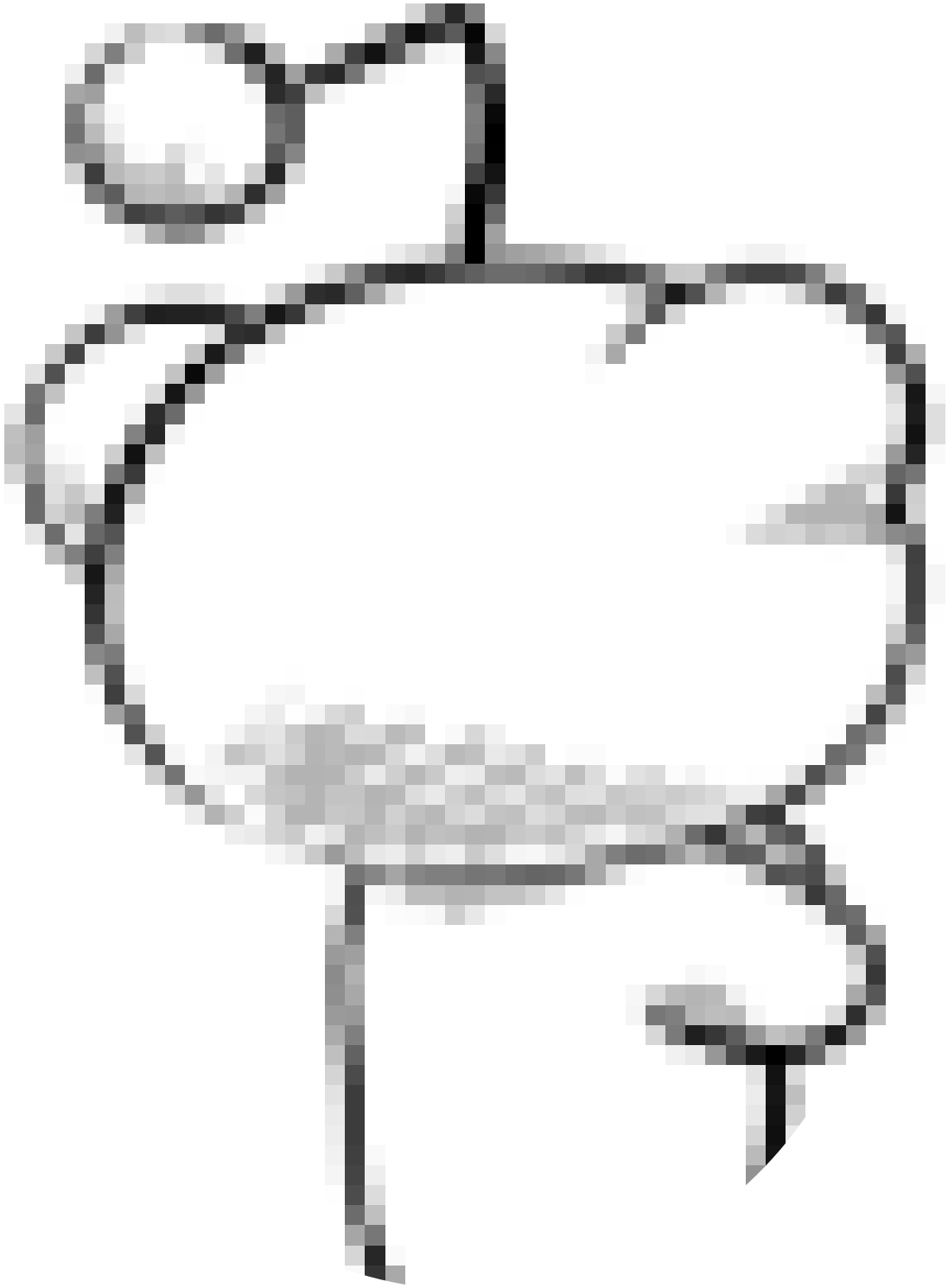
Tadpolish
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was little I was rollerblading really fast and was about to fall but I didn't because I felt something catch me. At the time I couldn't explain how that was possible but I was glad cos I knew if I had fallen, my ass would be in so much pain. I never told anyone because who would believe me? It was probably part of my imagination but sometimes that moment goes through my mind.



ohforgodssake
â€¢ 14y ago

Ball lightning?

razialx
â€¢ 14y ago

Twice in my life I've had the same terrifying experience.

First was in middle school. I was laying on my bed watching TV and my body froze. I couldn't move any muscle even to breath. At the same time I heard this loud noise that can only be described as a circular saw cutting wood. When I thought I was going to pass out from lack of oxygen it just stopped. The noise and the freezing everything. My heart was racing but otherwise I was fine.

I have a big family and nobody home heard anything.

Second time was in high school probably 4 years later. Was the middle of the night and I was looking out the window. I remember I could see the moon on the top left corner of the window pane. Body froze. Noise again. This time when I unfroze I could swear the moon had shifted to the right side of the window.

Of course when it happened the first time the x-files was at its peak etc so my Mind went to "aliens" but looking back I probably had a seizure or it was a dream. That's the most logical, though I've never knowingly had a seizure in so who knows.

Also I have had an unrelated full MRI and FMRI with arteries etc and there are no foreign objects in my skull ;)

Reply Share

BrokenVisitor
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 16 I had a dream that Jim Morrison walked into my room at night. As I woke up and sat up in bed Jim sat down and started talking. Before he got very far into what he was saying he stopped and told me I should be recording this. I hit record on my stereo and he then continued to talk for hours. The whole next day I thought that it was a pretty cool dream and left it at that until I ran into a friend that evening. Knowing I'm a doors fan he immediately told me about a CD set he just saw called "The Complete Spoken Words of Jim Morrison." Having no prior knowledge of its existence I was stunned and said, "have I got a story for you."

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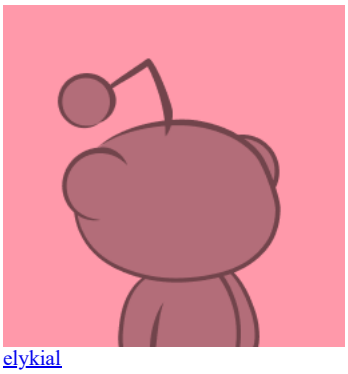

elykial
â€¢ 14y ago

copy pasting my story again This happened when i was really little, my mom and grandma worked as closing janitors in a movie theater and since i had no babysitter they would take me along and we would be there until the sun rose, it was always just us 3 in there after a few hours so i got to run around and have fun, one night i go to the handicap restroom which is just one toilet one sink, i use the toilet and i am washing my hands and i look up and there is a shadowy man standing behind me, i screamed like i was being stabbed and ran to my grandma and didn't leave her side for the rest of the night, to this day mirrors still make me nervous. TLDR: alone in bathroom, saw figure behind me in mirror, screamed like girl.

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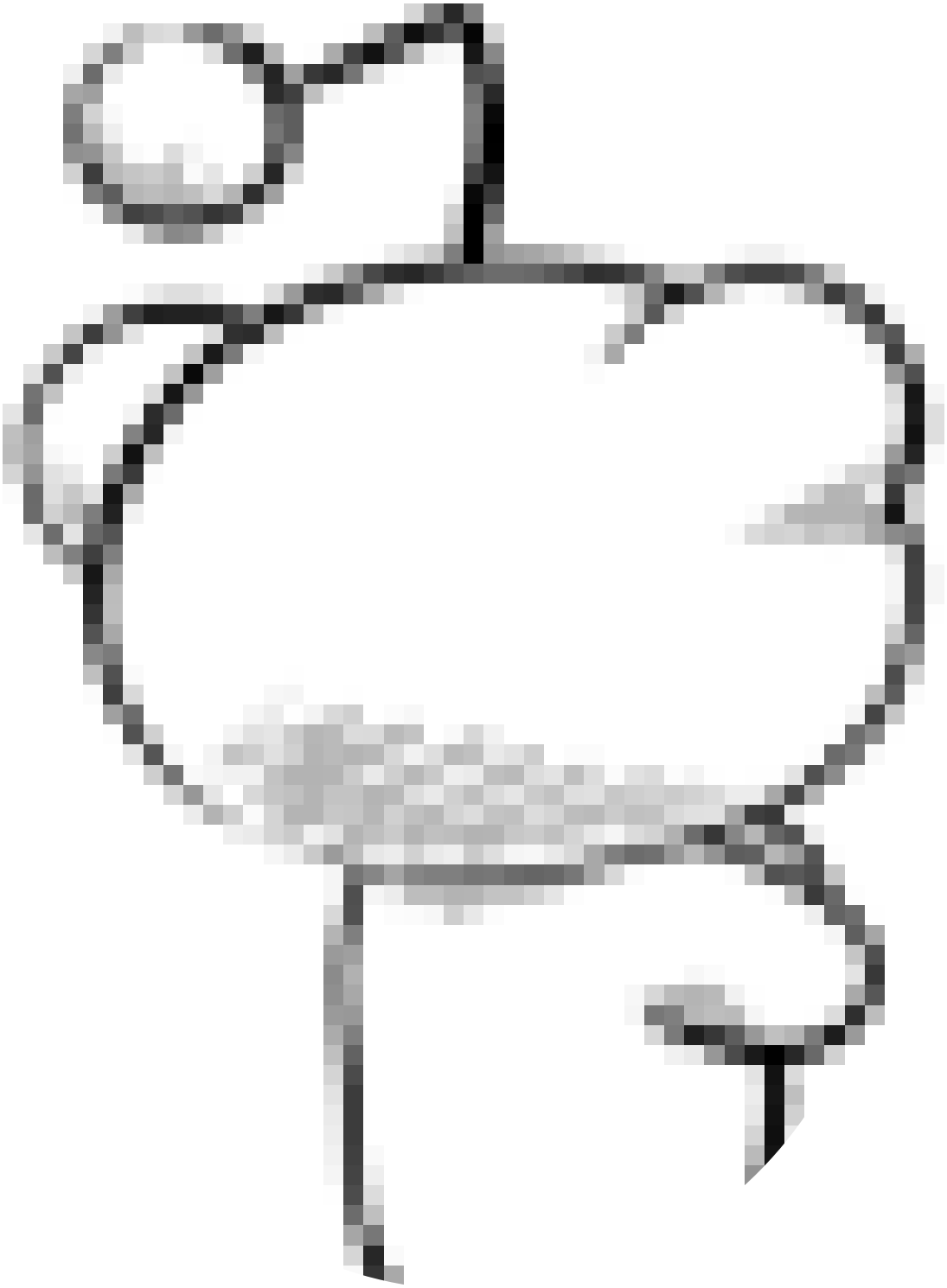

dMarrs
â€¢ 14y ago

Woke up one night,trying to sit up..but there was what seemed a person pushing me back down on the bed. I would try and raise my chest up about six inches and immediately was pushed back down. this went on for about 30 seconds. When it stopped..i made my self stay awake and ask.."did this just happen" perhaps it was a seizure..but it certainly felt like someone was pushing me back down repeatedly

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girlfrodo
â€¢ 14y ago

This thread is great, but frustrating. I WANT ANSWERS!

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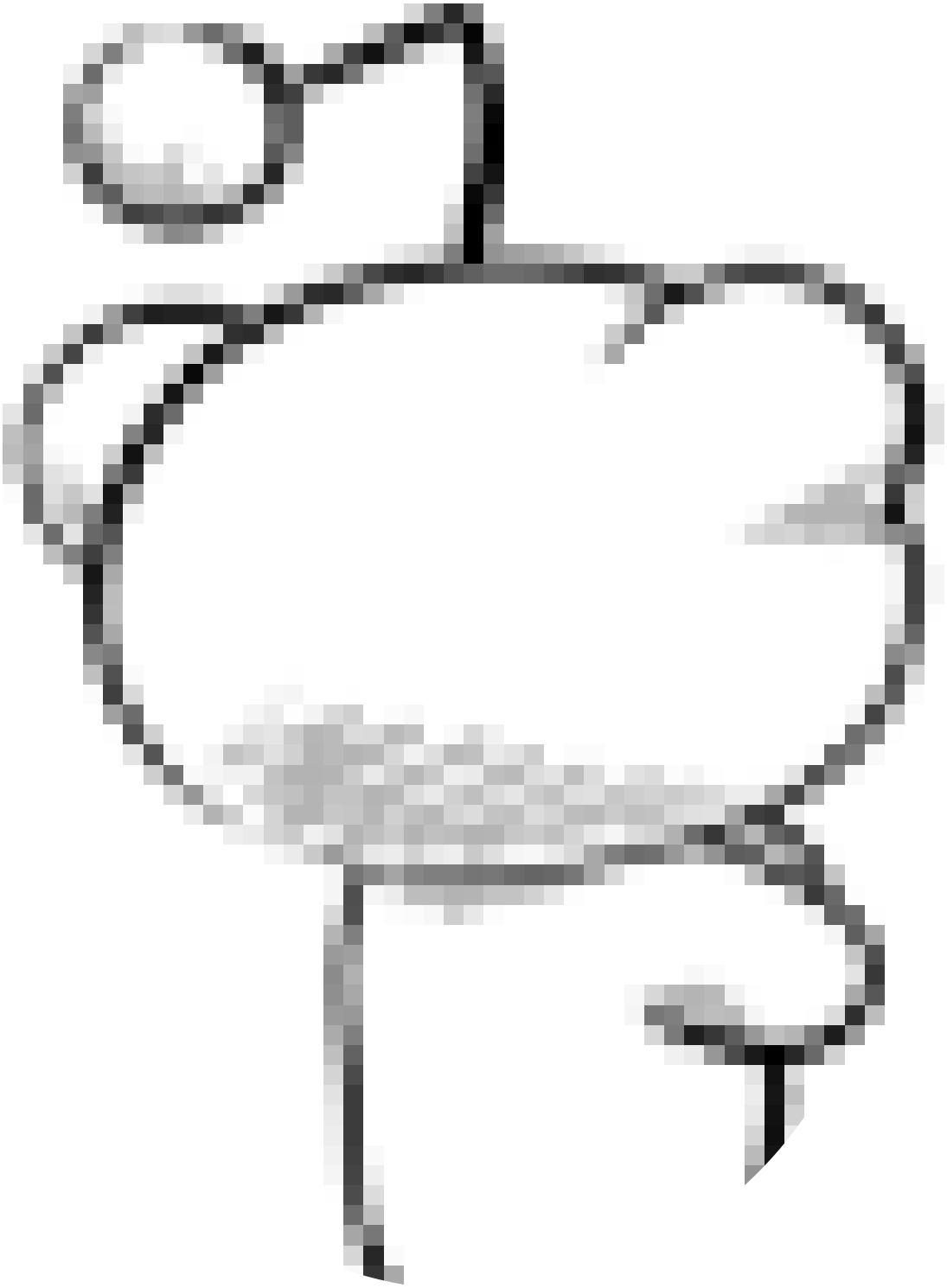

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â€¢ 14y ago

I was in a park with a friend leaning against a railing. We were both leaning the same way pretty close to each other. Both our hands were behind us on the rail. Then we both take our right hands off the rail and look at our palms. Then we look at each other with a sort of confused look on our face and I say "did you feel that?" and he says "yea I felt that too." We both felt a strange sensation on the same spot on our palm on the same hand at the same time.

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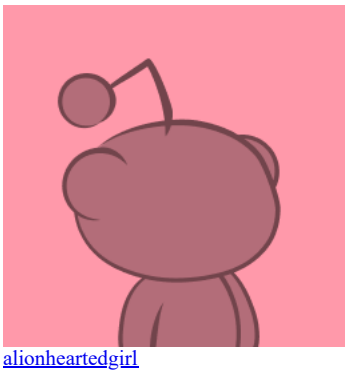


alionheartedgirl
â€¢ 14y ago

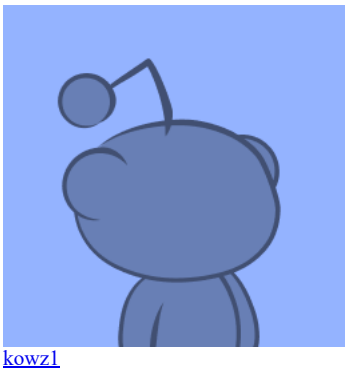
It was about a month after my grandfather died and my family was still really devastated. He was a huge part of our lives, and nothing was the same without him.

I had been home for spring break from college, and the following Sunday, my mom, sister, grandmother, cousin, and aunt decided to come when I was being taken back. There was a mall near my school they wanted to check out, and because of my grandfather being gone my grandmother no longer had to stay home to care for him.

Everybody shopped a little, then brought me back to my dorm. As they were all standing around getting ready to leave, my mother's phone rang. It was my grandparents' number. She answered it, said "Hello" a few times, but no one said anything.

All the doors were locked at my grandparents' house and nobody was home. Everyone who had the key to the house was in the room with me, so it's not as if someone had done it to play a joke. Additionally, they'd had the phone for quite awhile and it'd never just randomly called someone.

I'm a pretty big skeptic and don't really go for a lot of paranormal stuff, but this remains one event I really can't explain. I'd like to think my grandfather just wanted to hear my mom's voice one more time.



kowz1
â€¢ 14y ago

this story starts when my mother was in college. She was over at her friends house for the night, and when it was night, went to bed. The friend whose house he was at, Ray, heard a noise and went to check on her. When he opened the door, he saw a woman standing over my mom. The woman turned to Ray and put a finger to her lips. Ray, knowing my mother was Pagan, determined that this was clearly "freaky magic shit" proceeding to close the door and leave. When my mom woke up, Ray told her, and explained why he left, and said he had a "feeling" that she wasn't evil or anything. Time-jump a few years and I'm about 2-3 years old. keep in mind that neither of my parents talked about religion, so I would have no idea of angel mythology. Apparently I calmly walked into my Mom's room and announced that I had finally gotten rid of the "owl-women". according to young me, they would just sort of watch me. I said that they were protecting/watching over me, but I had to trouble sleeping with them watching me, so I asked them to leave. Also, I have always had a fascination with birds, either dropping everything and chasing after them, or being terrified by them. There were also strange birds watchjng us at times, like an eagle that would often sit on our fence in California, where I saw the owl-women, and a horned owl in the middle of the day, watching us through the window, and me being flocked lorakeets at thos lorakeet feeding places

tl;dr stalked by various birds/bird people, and bird-whisperer

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ImACracka
â€¢ 14y ago

I went to a funeral with my mother about a year ago. It was the grandmother of 2 of her friends. She has known the family for a long time. Funerals creep me out so I sat near the back while my mother was saying hello to people. In the room there were two sets of chairs. There were about 6-7 rows of chairs. Then an open area, then another set of chairs. About 5-6 rows. I was sitting in the first row of the second set of chairs. While I'm sitting there I'm tapping my foot. A few seconds later I feel under my foot the same

tapping pattern I just did. It felt like someone knocking the ceiling in the basement. This happened a few times until it stopped. This really creeped me out, but also fascinated me. TL;DR A dead person might have been mocking my foot tapping.

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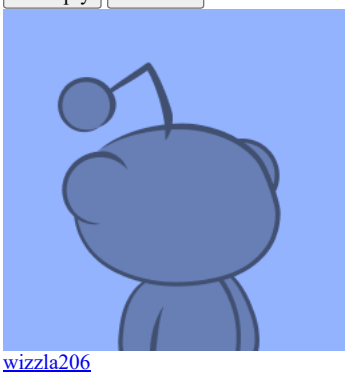

wizzla206
â€¢ 14y ago

I was coming home from my college classes in Olympia, WA one evening in the fall or winter so it was already quite dark. I was just in class for 6 hours so I wasn't, in the slightest, stoned or drunk or anything. About three blocks before my house there was a little creek in a small valley filled with ivy. Suddenly a glowing, semi-transparent orb floats up. It was about the size of a basketball. It sort of hovered about a small area in front of me for at least 15 seconds (but, of course, it felt like half a minute) and then just sorta flew away. Although it was more or less a featureless orb i had the sensation it was looking at me, sentient, and aware of my presence. Later in my life I read about will-o-the-wisps, Jack-o-lanterns, and spook lights. This did not seem to be a malicious spirit, just curious. I don't have any scientific explanation for this.

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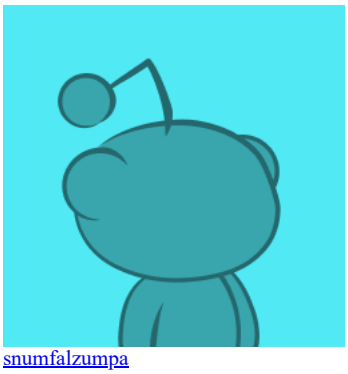
A_wild_fusa_appeared
â€¢ 14y ago

A while ago I had a friend over to my house. The house is south of Denver, but not far. Here in Colorado we never get earthquakes. Except that one night my house started shaking and we could both confirm with each other the house shook. It was a different shake then a washing machine or garage door too so it wasn't one of those. Nobody else in the house felt it shake and I checked over the next few days, no earthquakes nearby.



snumfalzumpa
â€¢ 14y ago

i see a lot of these stories are from washington state for some reason.

Paddington_Fear
â€¢ 14y ago

Seattlite here - Washington is weird. I have lived here my whole life, and I'm an old so I grew up in the times of Ted bundy and the green river killer. There is a hikers forum that is popular (nw hikers.net) and I love reading the creepy threads of things people have seen out in the woods while hiking.

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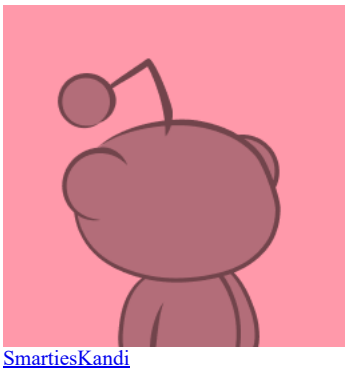
KallistiEngel
â€¢ 14y ago

One night when I was a kid my mom and I were out stargazing on a hill not too far from our house. We headed home because it was getting pretty cold out. The hill was behind our local firehouse so it's not like we were walking through woods or anything since the hill was cleared of trees.

As we were about to cross the street to my house, one of the neighbor girls points out this big, black triangular thing in the sky with round white lights near each of the corners. It was larger than a plane and moving slower than a plane would and it seemed to be flying pretty low. But the weirdest thing about it was that it made no noise whatsoever.

To this day I don't know what it was. And I'm not about to speculate. Whatever it was, I found out many years later that they're not an uncommon sighting.



SmartiesKandi
â€¢ 14y ago

I was around 13, visiting my aunt and uncles house over the summer. They have a huge house on a lake(the description is necessary), I was sleeping in a good sized room with two twin sized beds and a desk in a corner. I pull out my phone and do what ever 13 year old me did on his phone while visiting family. When I finished my reading what ever I was reading, I put my phone down on the table inbetween the two beds. I turned around, starring at the wall and tried to sleep. After a minute I shifted positions and when I looked up in the corner above the second bed I saw this blue light. I was confused and a little bit scared, but I thought there was a good explanation, so I looked around for what was causing it. When I looked toward the computer, I saw another blue light in the corner above the desk, and then I froze. It was a person, a blue, transparent ghost, crouched down in the corner with its face looking downward. I could not see much details, but it was definitely a person. The computer was black, and

there was no lights on anywhere in the room. All the windows were shut, after a minute of starring at my eyelids, I mustered up the courage to bolt out of the room. I told my I saw two blue lights in the room and went back to show them, they were both gone.

The computer had been shut off as it was my uncles work computer and he didn't want anybody using it, and the only other electronics in the room where my iPhone and lamp on the night stand. To this day I have no idea what it was, and don't want to know. Scared the shit out of me.

TL;DR saw two blue ghosts trying to sleep with me

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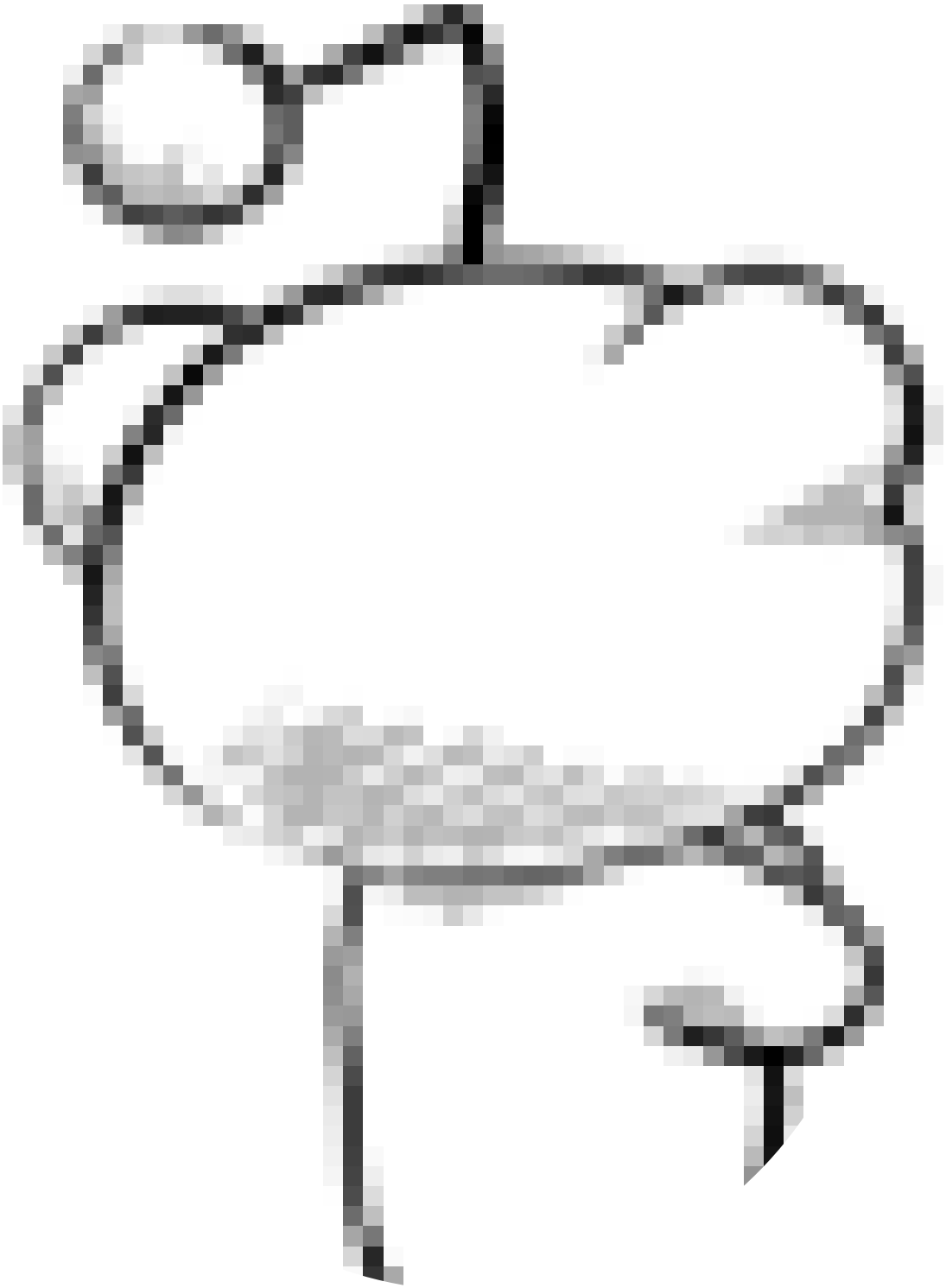


[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

A few years ago, I was driving home with my mom. I looked out the window and all of a sudden I saw a shooting start flying up, instead of across, and then a huge flare. Maybe that's normal, but I thought it was kind of weird.

Reply Share

gk3nyon
â€¢ 14y ago

I will just put this here because it has been a random re-occurrence in my life and maybe someone has something similar or knows what is happening to me.

Basically, a few times out of the year, every year, I wake up with horrendous scratch marks on my upper back. It is almost as if something clawed me, or I clawed myself in sleep. I know it is not me though, as I bite my nails, and have always bitten my nails, so short it would be impossible to leave the marks. Additionally, the location would make it really hard for me to do in my sleep as I normally have an arm underneath my pillow. It really freaks my wife out at this point, and I have no idea what could cause it.

Reply Share
6 more replies
6 more replies
More replies

aFlockOfNoobs
â€¢ 14y ago

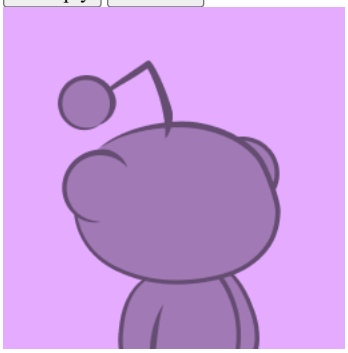
Fuck. After reading all of these, I don't want to sleep now.

Reply Share

daxl70
â€¢ 14y ago

Im so late to this, but it is true, i too have a story i cant explain, what ive seen in a lot of stories is that they happen to a lot of people when they were young, maybe when you are young you just stupid and dont see things clearly as you do now.
Anyway, i was with my cousin playing in some swings in a park that is exactly in front of my fathers house, the neighborhood was really new so we didnt have any neighbours yet so it was just me my father and my cousin that stayed there on spring break ocassionally. Suddenly we hear some dried leaves cracking at the corner of one of these houses i turn my head and i see something very rare, it was night so it was really dark, what i saw is like a big black ball floating with a smaller ball exactly in the middle of the greater ball, i have no idea what it was or if my mind made it up but my cousin saw something too and we both run towards my fathers house in like 2 seconds. My brother was the only one that believed us, and investigated a little bit to find there was something called a foo fighter and that they were big black balls of energy, but i doubt it was that, i have no idea what it was but it was really scary. I was 12 years old.

Reply Share



crazy_optimist
â€¢ 14y ago

My friend and I were sitting on her porch having coffee while our kids played. It was a beautiful day, blue sky, not a single cloud. Where we were sitting, there was a nice little forest in front of us. We're relaxing, chatting quietly, when my friend looks up over the trees, and says quietly, as if it were nothing, "do you see that?" I glanced up and saw a dark wedge shape moving across the sky, above the trees but it appeared higher than that. It looked like a boomerang shape, but thicker. I can't be sure of the size, because I wasn't sure how far away it was, it almost seemed like it was only halfway there, not completely solid. I would hazard a guess that it might have been the size of a large bird, or perhaps even bigger. Again, thinking hard about it, can't determine a size. I should confer with my friend to see what she thinks. But the point is, we BOTH saw it, and it moved not quickly, but not extremely slowly, and we only saw it for about 4 seconds or so. So it was sort of there, then it was just gone. My beliefs cause me to keep an open mind, but be skeptical of everything. This one has no explanation, other than the possibility of another dimension, and we caught a glimpse of some aircraft showing through. Unless our military truly has come up with some sort of cloaking device that really does make things appear invisible to the naked eye. BTW, this happened about 20-25 years ago.

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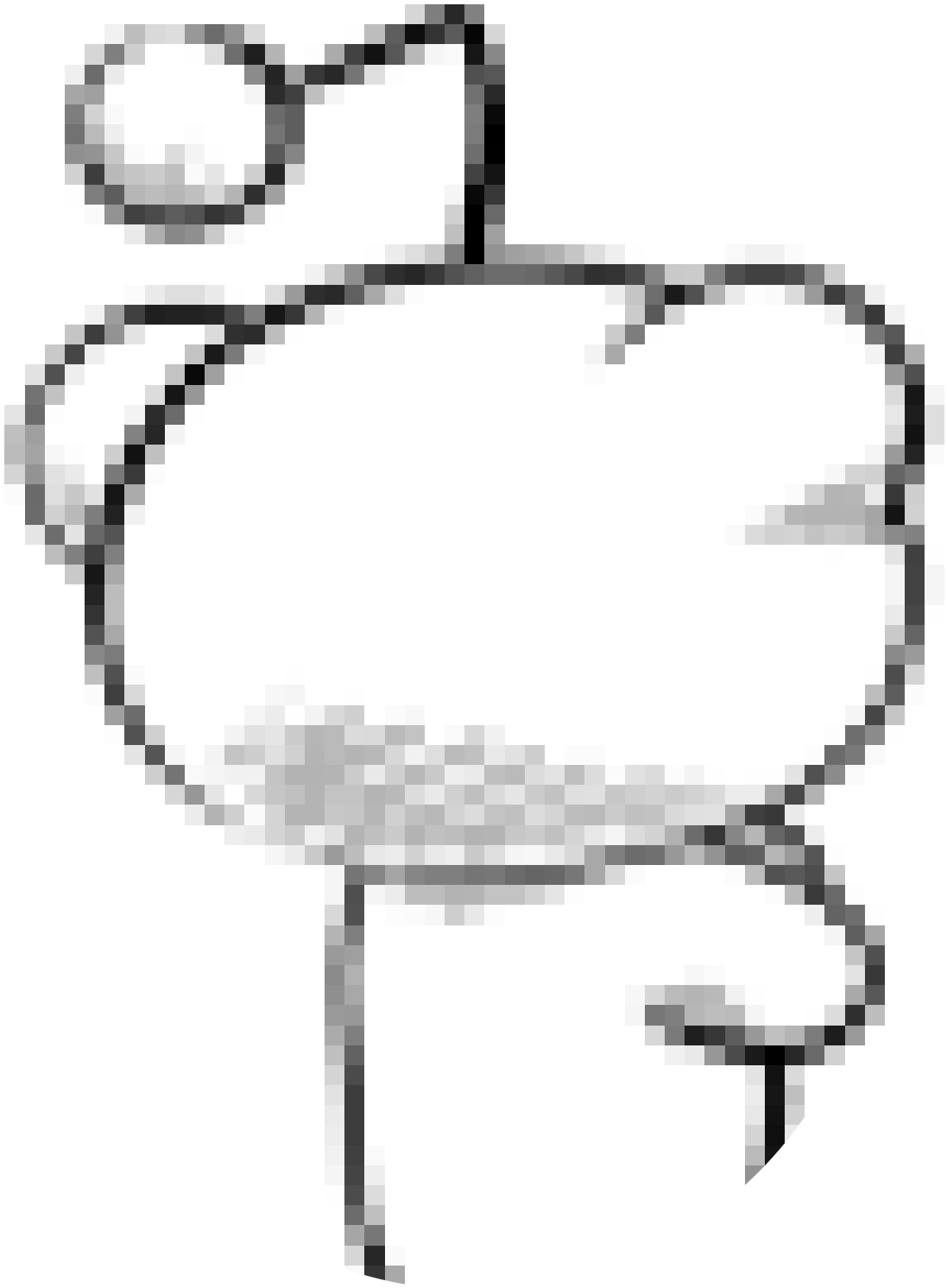

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â€¢ 14y ago

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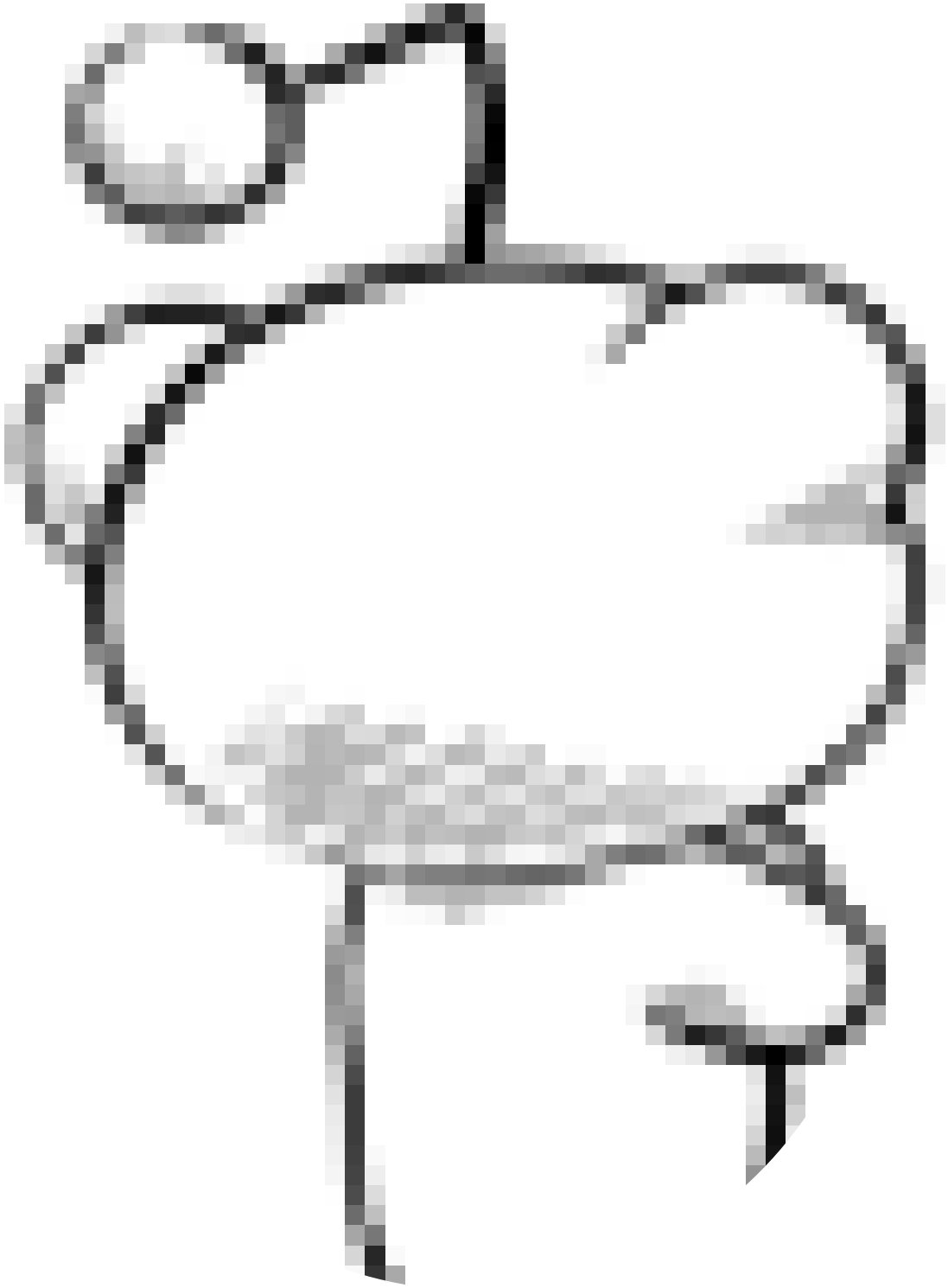
Sweet_Tooth_VII
â€¢ 14y ago

TIL that smoking DMT helps you learn more about the constitution.

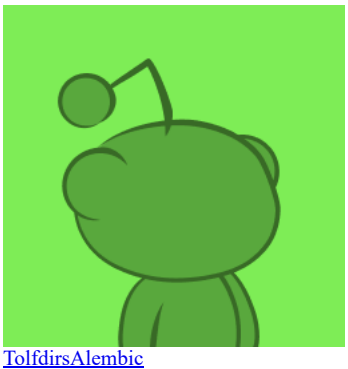


NolanK
â€¢ 14y ago

After reading a lot of what has happened to you folks, mine isn't all that great, but it was really unusual.

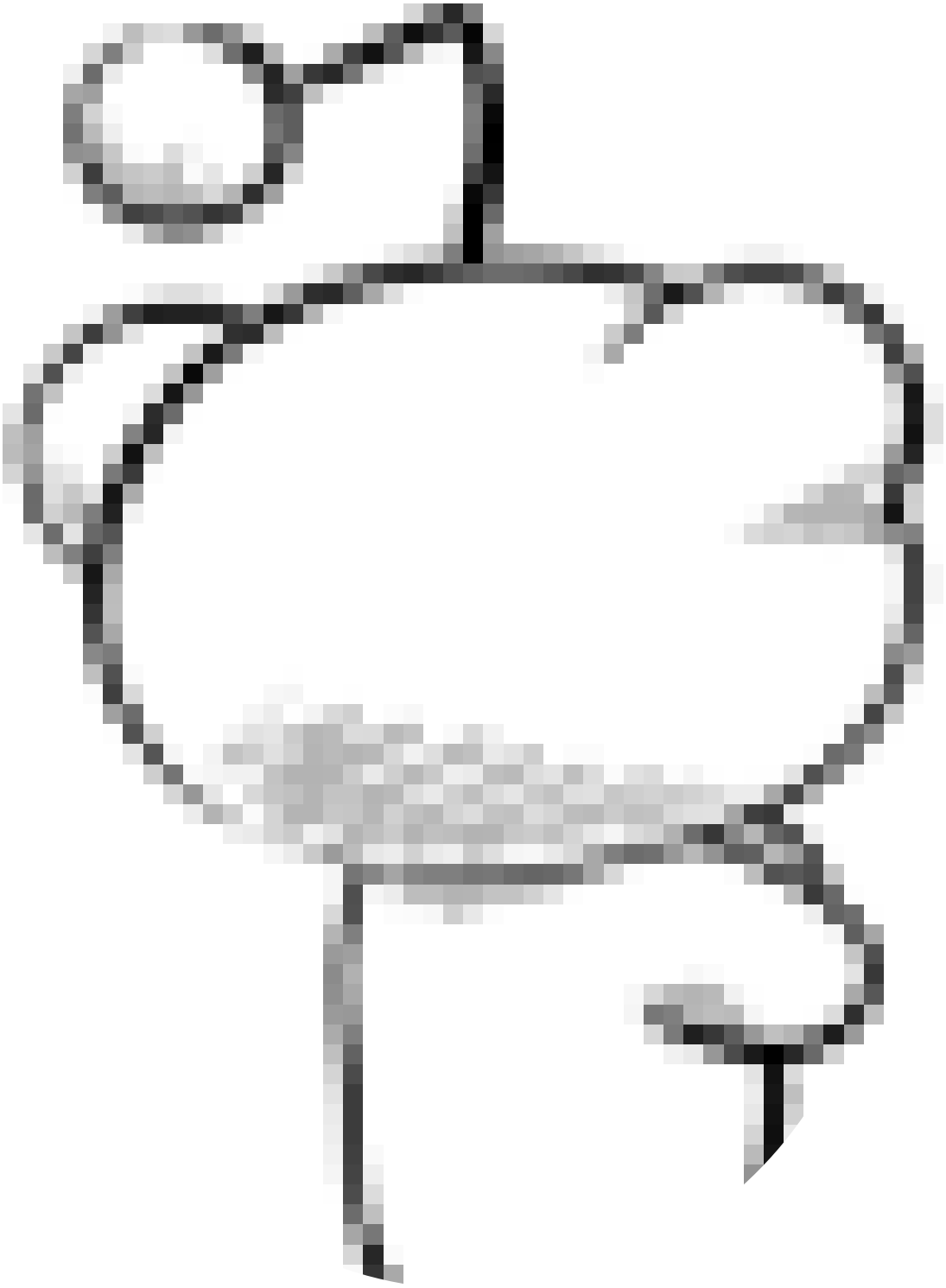
I woke up in the middle of the night, to this loud, and I mean car horn at a meter away loud, noise. The noise wasn't like a car horn however, it was like that of going through a portal in the game Minecraft. Anyhow, I sat up and realized it was in my head because no one else in my house was stirring. Then, my vision got all wavy, horizontal black and purple waves scrolling downward, really quickly. I remember sitting there with a totally fuzzy mind for what felt like a minute or two. I never checked the clock though, to determine the time. When it all stopped, I got a major headache that lasted until morning.

I cannot begin to try and decide what was going on.



TolfdirsAlembic
â€¢ 14y ago

Youve been playing too much minecraft. That Nether portal animation sticks in your head.



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â€¢ 14y ago

It may be something called "Exploding Head Syndrome", I once read about it on wikipedia. The name freaks me out, but it refers to loud sudden noises that happen in the brain.

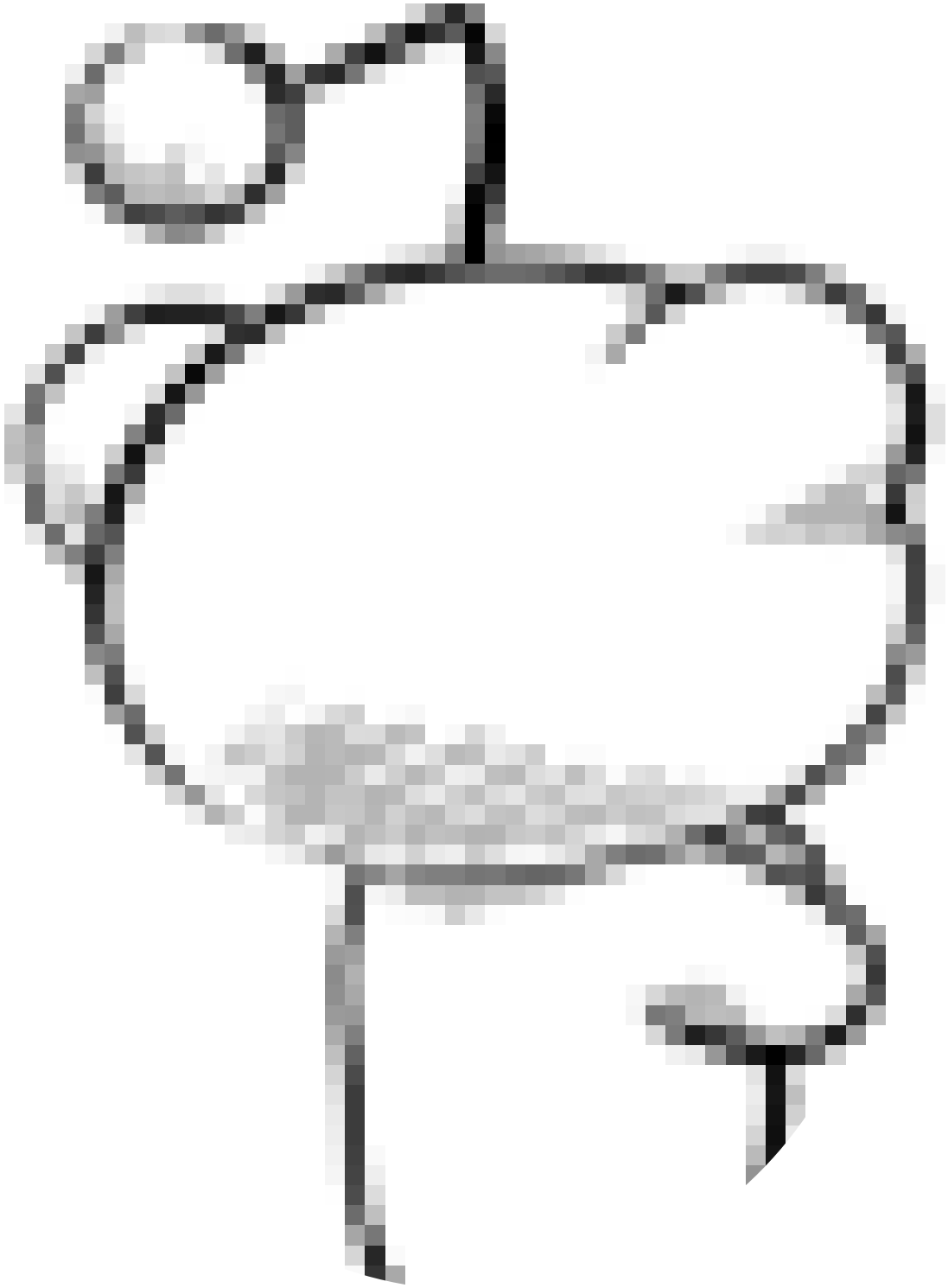
More replies

em_vader
â€¢ 13y ago

Pretty late posting, but that's no matter.

When I was about 7 or 8, my uncle died in a car/bike accident. Fast forward about a week later, and I wake up in the middle of the night. I have to use the bathroom, and when I step out of my room, I can see directly into the kitchen. I swear on my life, standing there directly in the middle of the kitchen is my uncle! I run back into my room and don't dare come out. The crazier part it days after that my mom saw my uncle too. My uncle died a week before my sister was born. Well, after waking up from a nap, my mom goes to see my sister in her room and standing over her is a man. My mom calls out my dad's name, thinking it's him, and he answers from the kitchen. When my mom turned back around, the man standing over the crib was gone.

Another would have to be when my grandpa died too. One of my mom's friends was taking a nap and had a dream. In this dream, if I remember correctly, it was extremely bright, and my mom's friend heard a voice saying that my grandpa and his son (the uncle that died) were safe and that we shouldn't be sad for them. It was funny because when she was telling my mom about this dream, mom realized she had never told her friend about my uncle; she didn't even know he had existed!



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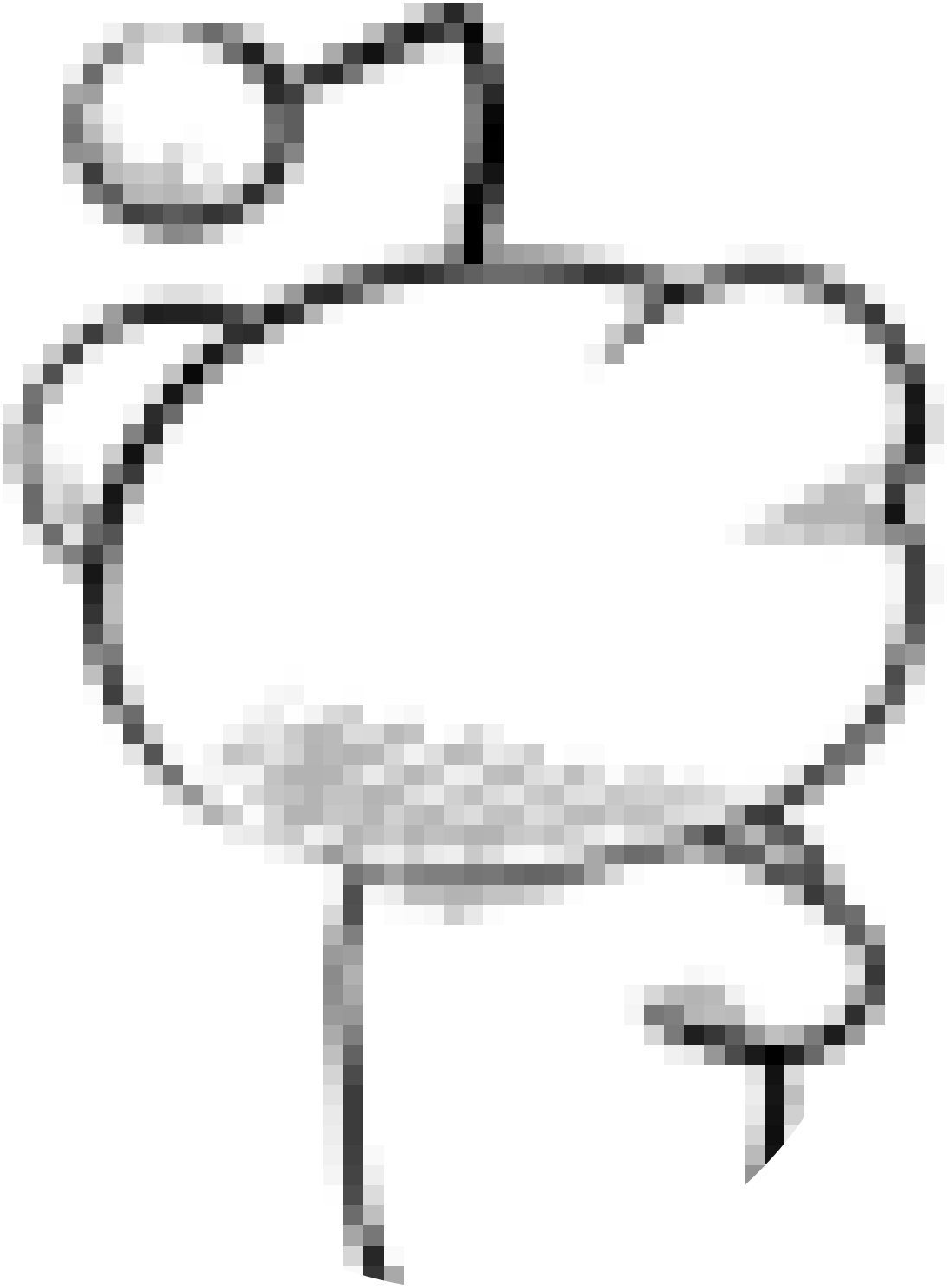
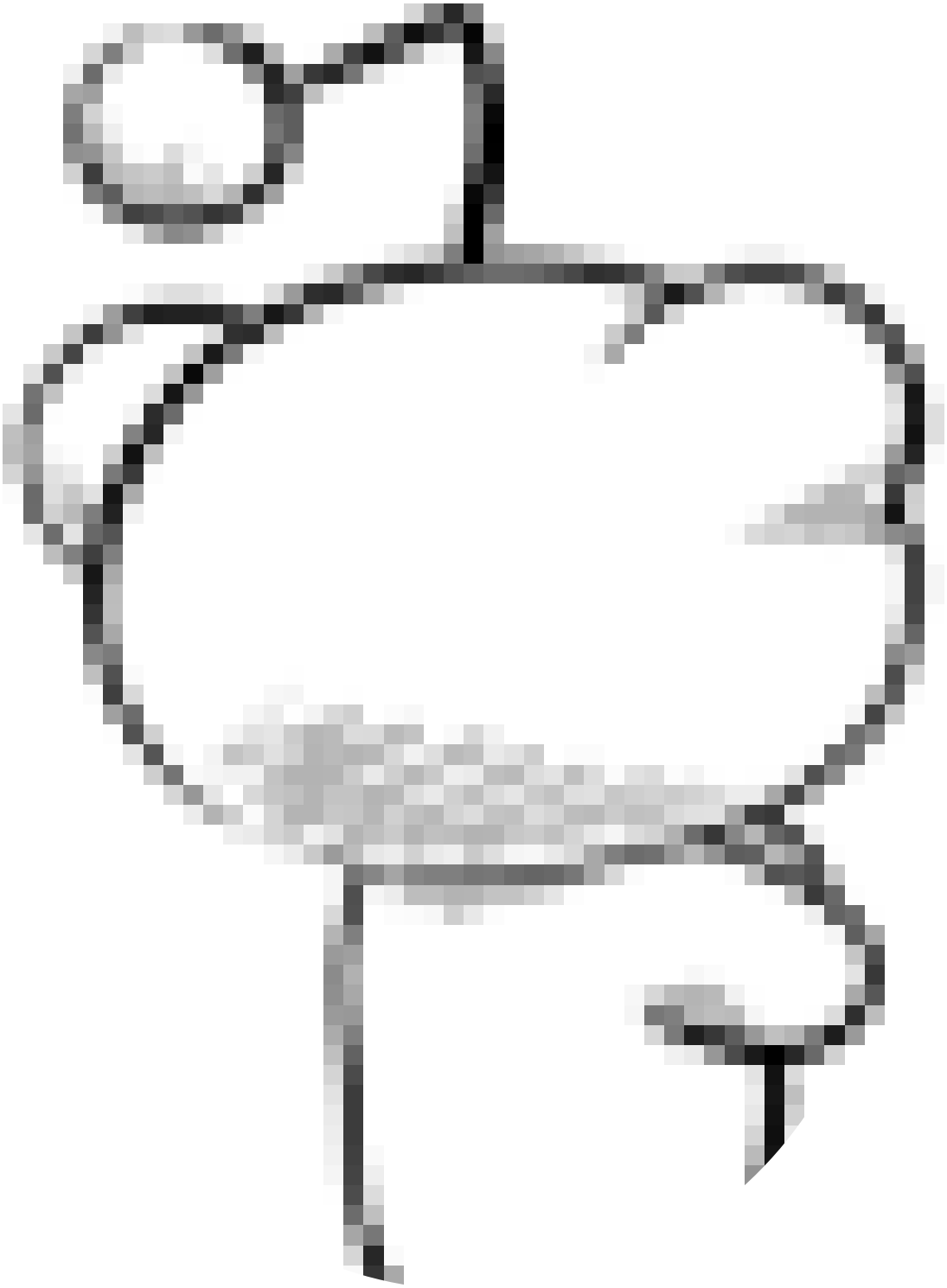


generousheart
â€¢ 14y ago

What is weird about that? Obviously you're not the only person who's lived in San Antonio.



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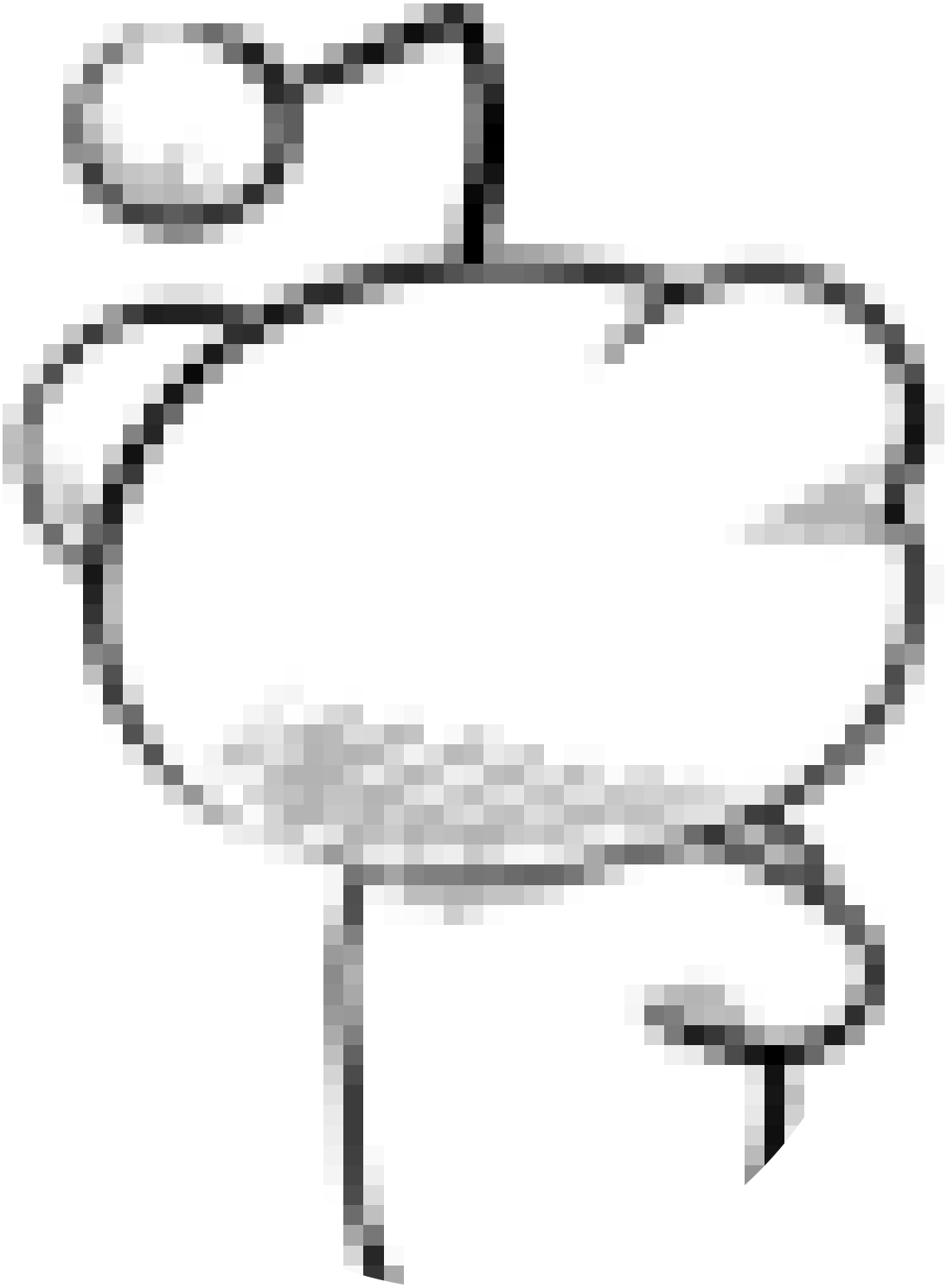
â€¢ 14y ago

hate to burst your bubble mate but that is one very common scam. had it pulled on me multiple times. the scammer always picks a place they know well to make the story sound believable and the medical bills are to garner sympathy which switch off your critical thinking skills as well as your observational skills. whilst there is always a chance the guy was telling to truth, in 99 out of 100 cases, its a scam. i am sure other's can provide personal examples of this scam.



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â€¢ 14y ago

Oh my god, a trivial coincidence? There must be a supernatural deity! The Bible must be true!

3 more replies
3 more replies

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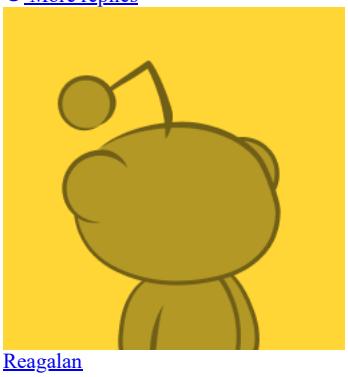


Reagalan
â€¢ 14y ago

Back in 2010 I was a busy bee in my WoW guild, Blood Legion, and we were at Blizzcon living it up being internet famous for a few days. With us were two people, Lazei and Llonie from Paragon, the world's top guild at the time, and we were going to be doing a thing with the documentary being made about us.

2010 was the year I started playing a spaceship game called Eve Online, and a friend of mine, Regenn (another BL member) had connections and we were both members of the infamous Goonswarm alliance. At the time I was actually having more fun playing EVE than raiding in WoW (everything was on farm at this time) so I was mentioning the game to a lot of people. One of the guild officers, Lawliepop, thought it would be "unprofessional" to even mention the game at Blizzcon, so I stopped doing it.

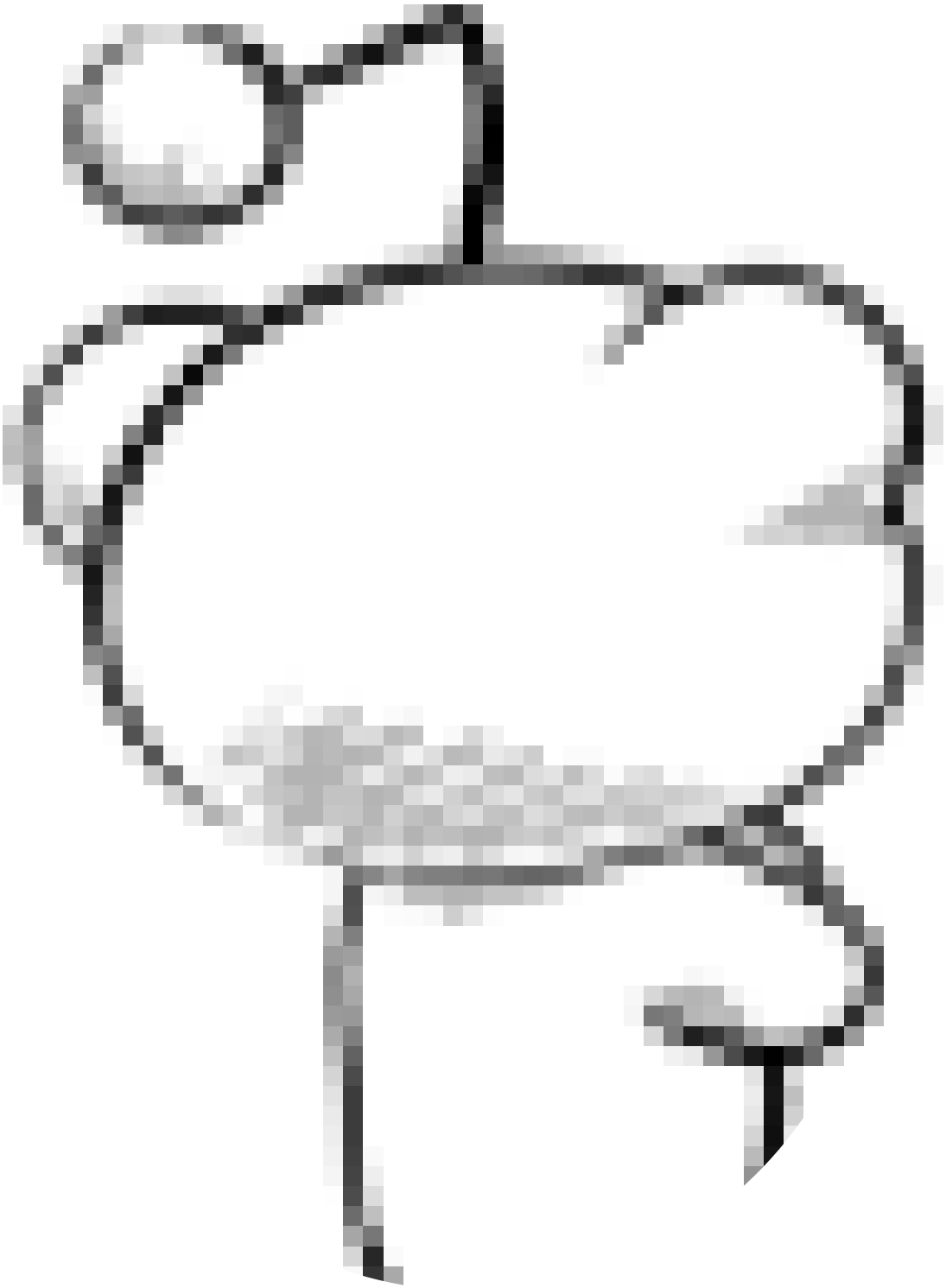
So anyway, we were going to do a roundtable thing with the two Paragon members, and I was there. Standing around bantering before it started, I had a huge urge to mention EVE to the two Paragon members, even as a passing "do you ever play other games", but I failed to work up the nerve to do it in front of Lawlie and the documentary guys. I never ended up asking either of them.

A week later, Regenn and I are getting ships ready for an EVE fleet op, and he notices a name in the fleet member list, Lazei. I think "it can't be", and Regenn is skeptical too, so I open a convo with him and tell him his name is a bit familiar. His response: "yours is too...". the ensuing conversation confirms that he is, in fact, Lazei, the leader of Paragon.

A chance for one hell of a good conversation that evening at Blizzcon was missed, and it's something I actually regret a lot, even today, considering how the conversation might have gone. Considerable disbelief at being in the same organization would be just a part of it, even greater shock would have been expected from the rest of my guild, and from Lawlie especially. Imagine the leader of the top WoW guild *not* playing WoW, but some previously-unknown internet spaceship game. (this happens to be the part of the story I can't explain)

Lazei still plays EVE, and later on I found a couple other Paragon members did too. I have no idea if he still plays WoW. We never talked much since that night as both of us fill very different roles in EVE, and actually have pretty different personalities so we wouldn't have ever made good friends, but I'll occasionally see him around. And each time I do, I get that pang of regret at the lost potential of an awesome conversation that night in Anaheim.

Reply Share



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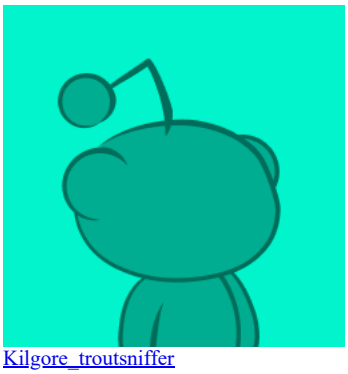
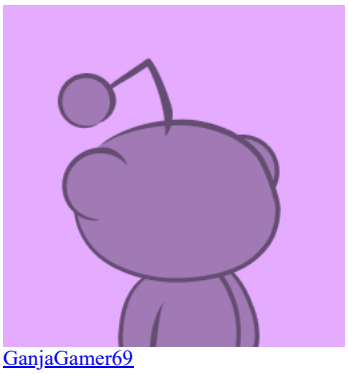
â€¢ 14y ago

TIL many of the redditors here were probably abducted by aliens



Kilgore_troutsniffer
â€¢ 14y ago

This thread would give r/skeptic ass cancer.



GanjaGamer69
â€¢ 14y ago

Please elaborate on this comment. Probably the most interesting I've read ere thus far.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies More replies

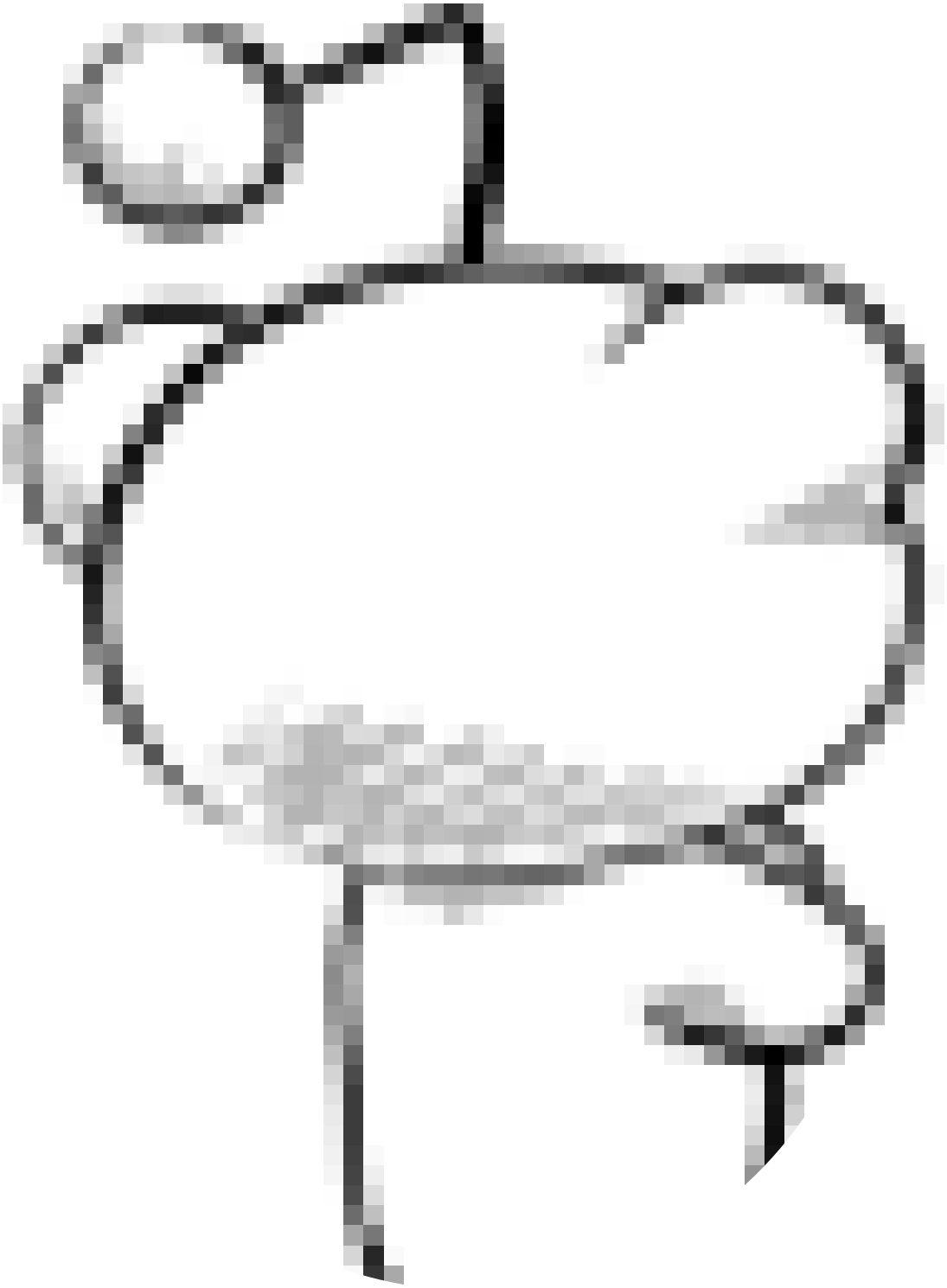
Nioclas64
â€¢ 14y ago

I thought I saw Santa Clause when I was little, in the sky, slay & all. Still trying to figure out how they tricked me, it had too have been a trick. Right? RIGHT?

Kytyngurl2
â€¢ 14y ago

Well, Virginia...

More replies



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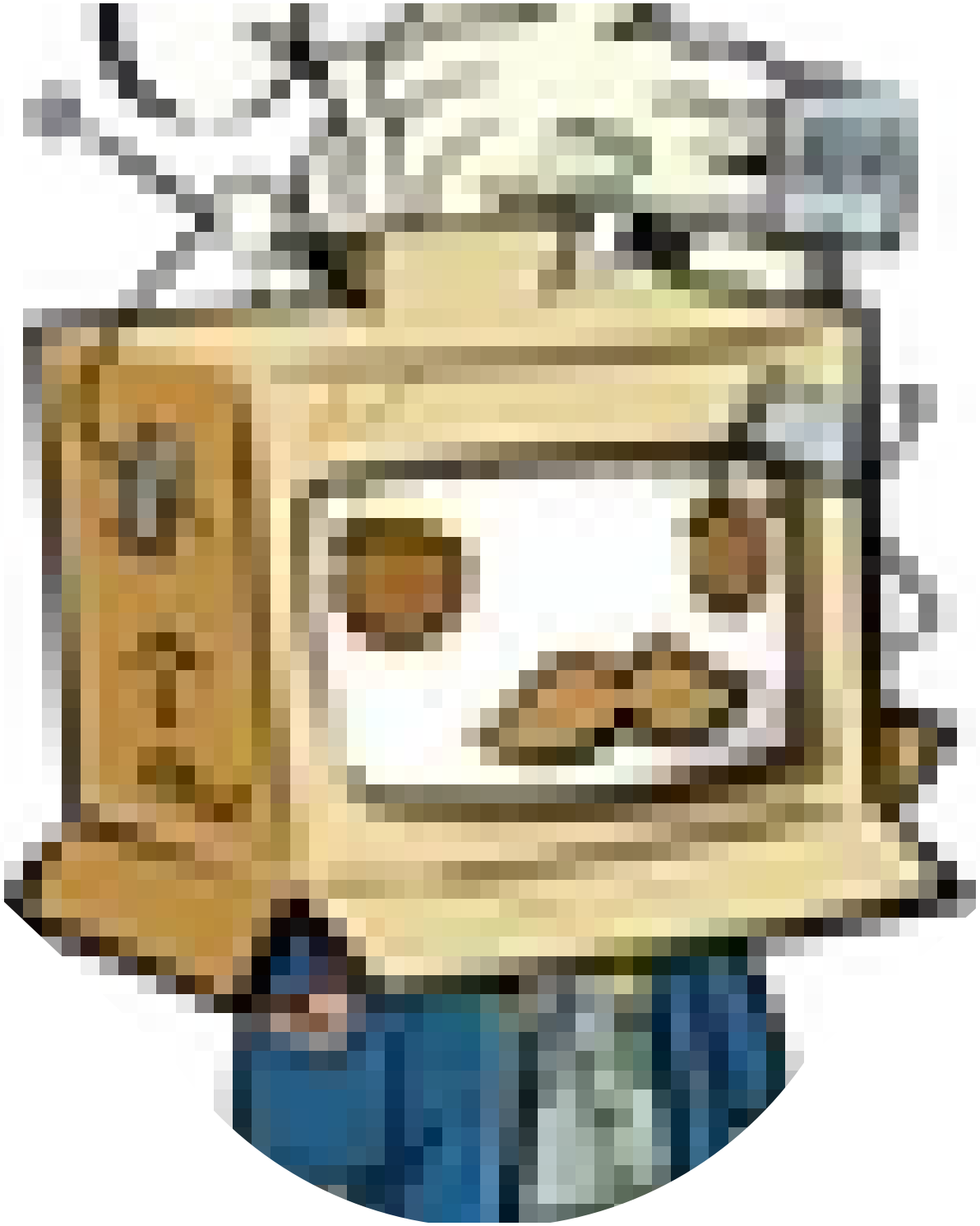
â€¢ 14y ago

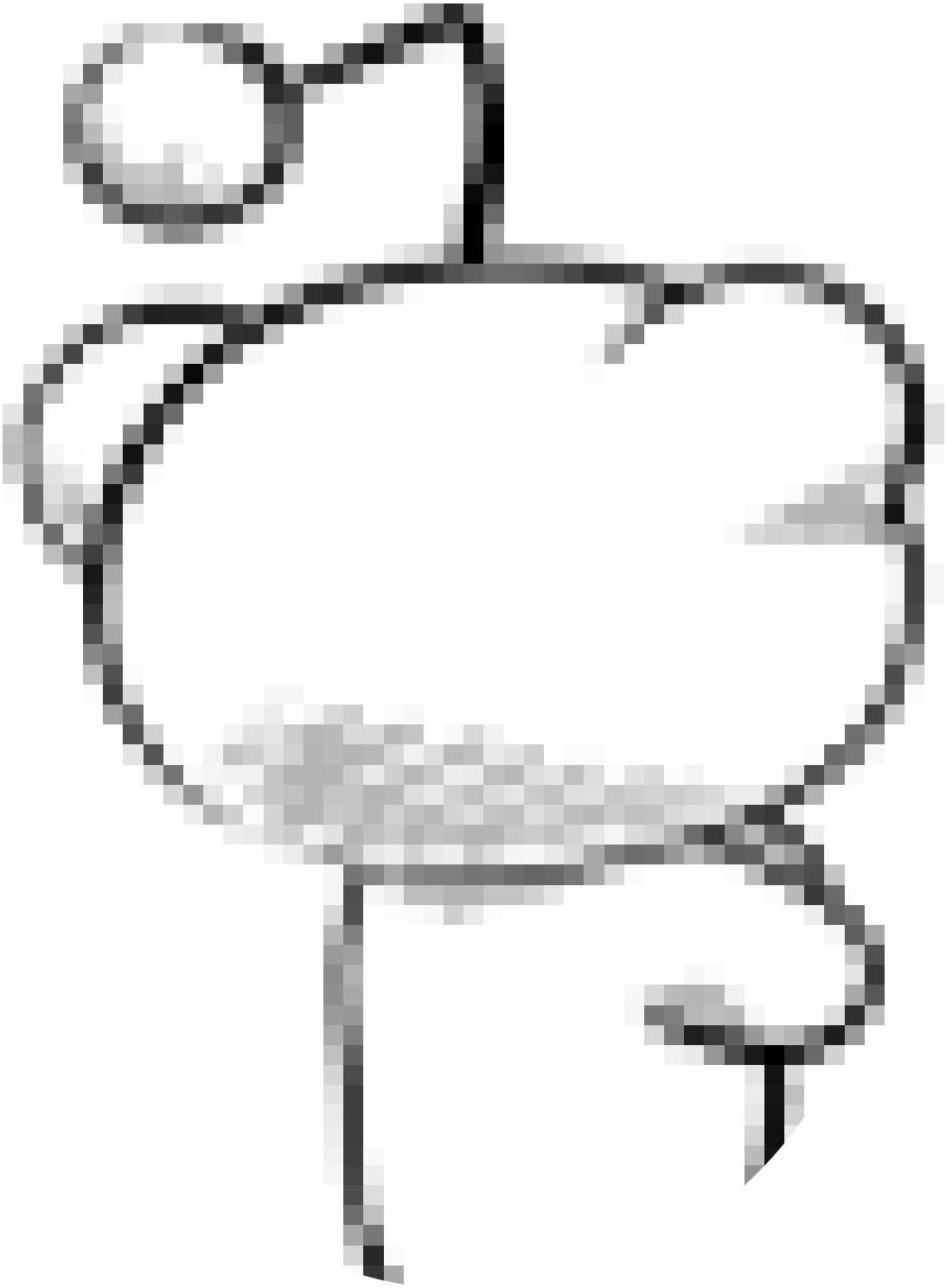
One time, I smoked so much weed, I forgot everything about my weed habit. The funny part is I don't even smoke weed.



rustypete89
â€¢ 14y ago

Winner of the only upvote I've given out in this thread.

More replies



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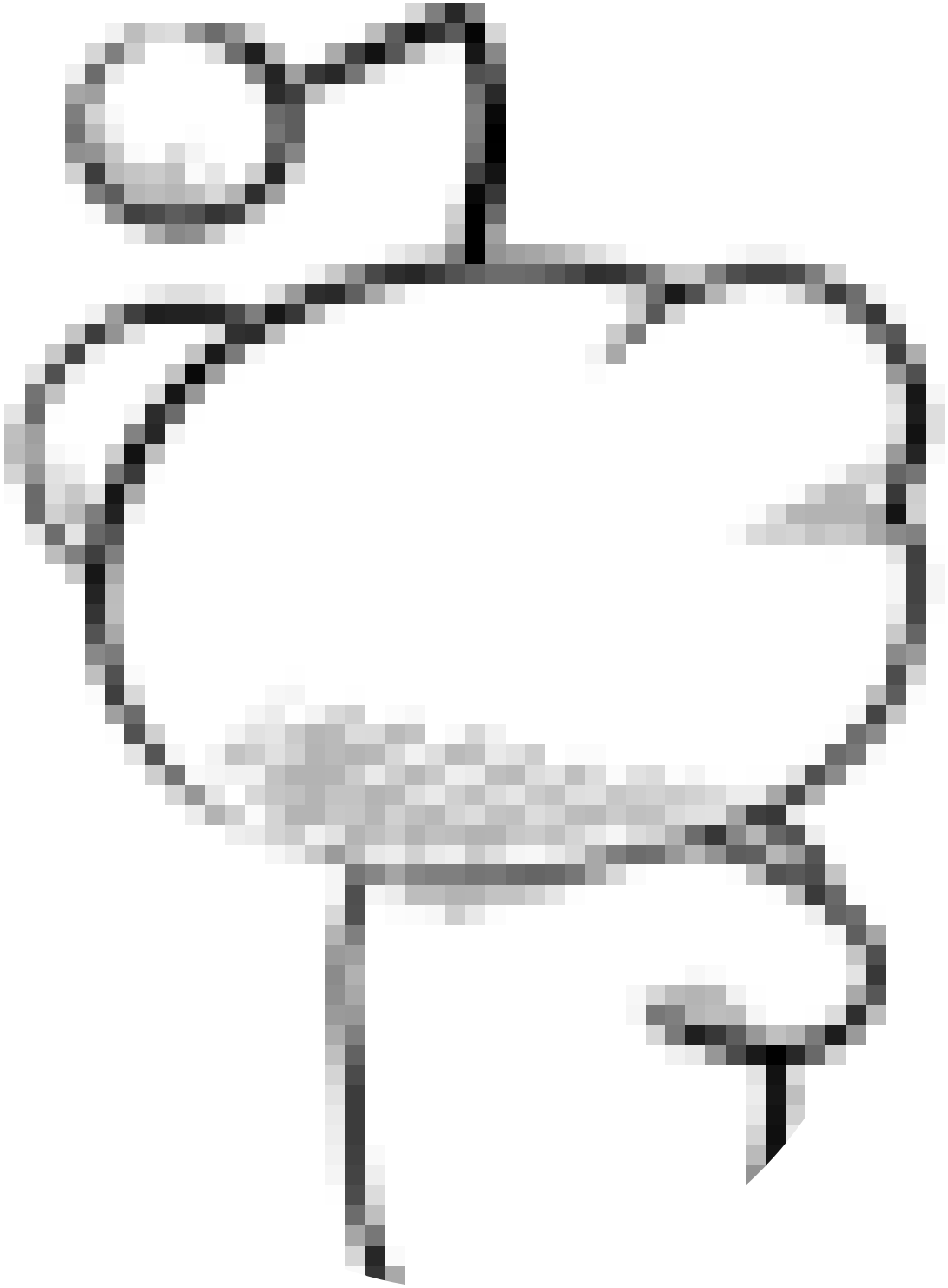
â€¢ 14y ago

Whenever I was a young teen whenever I was home alone or with my mom we would always be in the downstairs den playing with the computer. Occasionally we would hear footsteps in the room above us! Fucking scary because we were the only ones home. My mom has some CRAZY ass stories about stuff that's happened there, I could tell a few if anyone is interested. I only have that and one strange thing happen to me in the house. Thankfully.

THE_DINOSAUR_QUEEN
â€¢ 14y ago

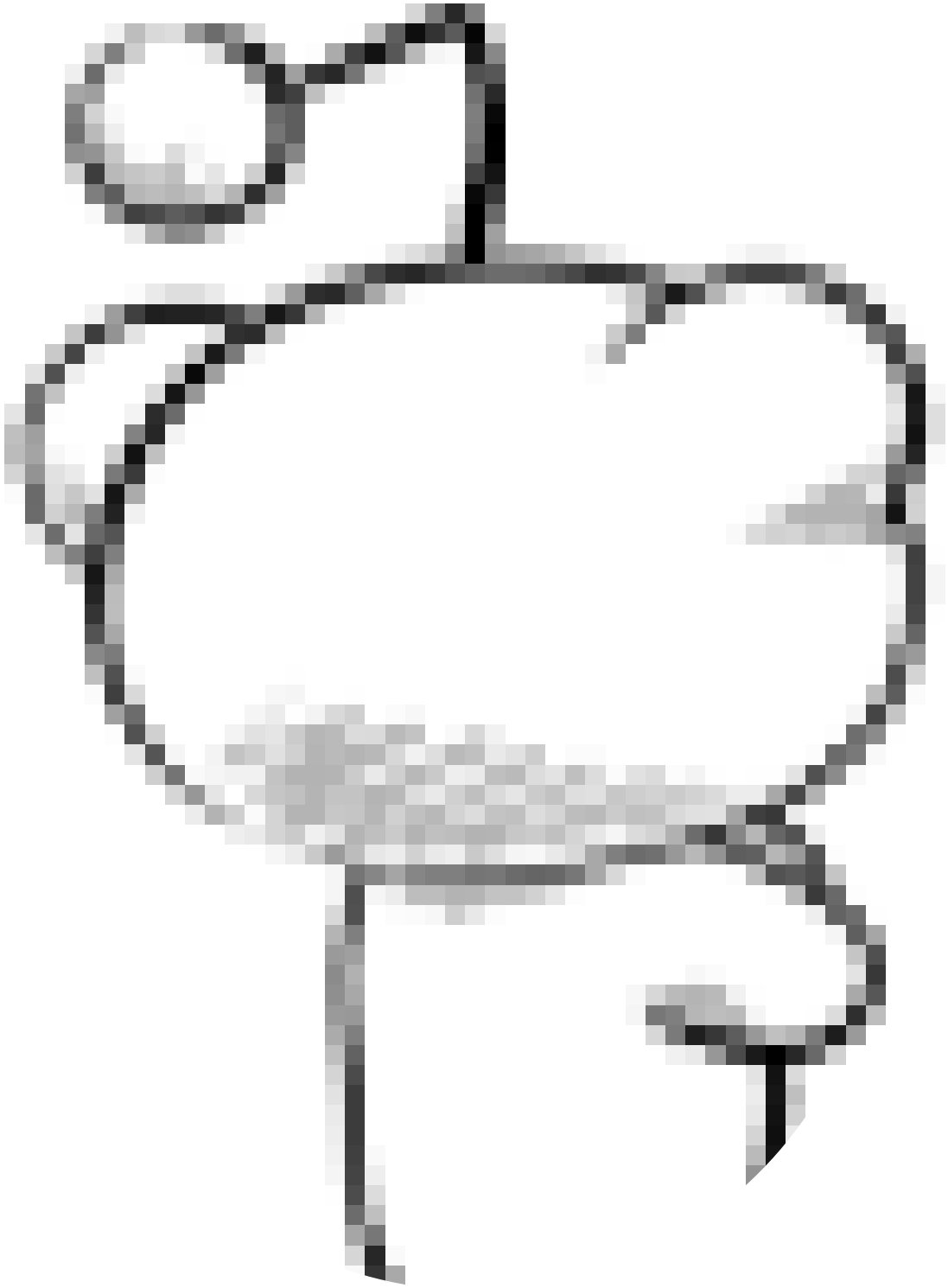
I'm interested in the stories!

More replies



specialmed
â€¢ 14y ago

this is one of my supporting arguments about inherent connections between mothers and their children. I got arrested and was released. On my drive home I felt like shit. Next thing I know my mother, who rarely calls, calls me and said " I dont know why I called you but I just felt like you needed someone to talk to." There was no way she could have known I was arrested. She has never done or said anything like that in the past. I still cant explain how she knew.



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â€¢ 14y ago

Ellensburg?! I saw weird shit all the time when I lived there. Or maybe it was the drugs...

kittykat47
â€¢ 14y ago

To this day, I believe our first Condo was haunted. Even my husband (who doesn't believe in any sort of spirits, ghosts, or afterlife) think something was odd with that place. It started with our three cats simultaneously running up the stairs to the loft, staring at the seemingly empty ceiling and meowing for no reason. Then stranger things started occurring... I'd be lying in bed at night and hear footsteps in the loft above the bedroom when there was no one up there; papers would be rustled about on the counter in the kitchen; I'd hear whispering when doing my college homework even though I was the only one home. The cream of the crop though, was the day I was doing the dishes, turned around and, out of my peripheral vision, saw a tall black figure walk from the kitchen to the adjoining living room. At first I thought it was my husband, but when I went into the living room a second later to find out what he wanted, there was no one there. Turns out my husband had actually been in the bathroom for several minutes as he was not feeling well. Yeah... there was some weird stuff going on in that place.

Reply Share

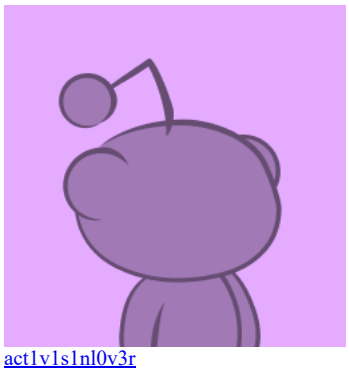
Spider-Man2099
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was about 10 or so I lived in a house that my family had been renting from some family. One night, the living room TV would make the sound of turning on every night for about a week and apparently I was the only person who would hear this. At the time my brother and I's room was the original living room that was right next to the kitchen with no doors between it, the kitchen, and the living room. I would get up and go torwards the living room seeing the light that is there when a tv is usually on, but there was no sound of a show or anything. When I actually stepped really close to the living room the light would just go away, not even a sound of the tv turning off. I

looked around for somebody in the living room everytime, but no one was there. My entire famiy was sound asleep. I remember mostly being more mad than scared because I really just wanted to see what was so damn interesting on the TV that the "ghosts" kept watching late at night. And yes I do believe in ghosts.

OnlyFoolsAndHorses
â€¢ 14y ago

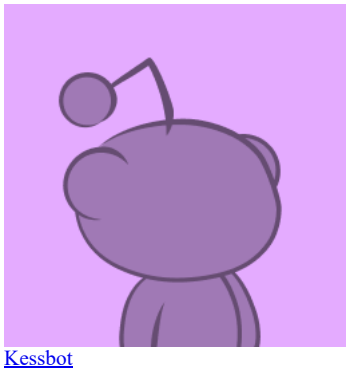
I was doing some work experience with a luthier. Doing repairs on violins and cellos mainly. He took off the top of a cello to fix a crack or something and written in pencil on the inside of the top: 'John Bradbury is a cunt.' Beautiful handwriting too.



act1v1s1nl0v3r
â€¢ 14y ago

The only explanation for what I had would be I met myself from the far future. I was waiting for the bus when this middle aged guy started talking to me. Nothing fancy, just general shooting of shit. His bus arrived, so he goes to get on it. Right before the doors close, he turns to me and says "Oh, and watch out for snakes." And off he goes.

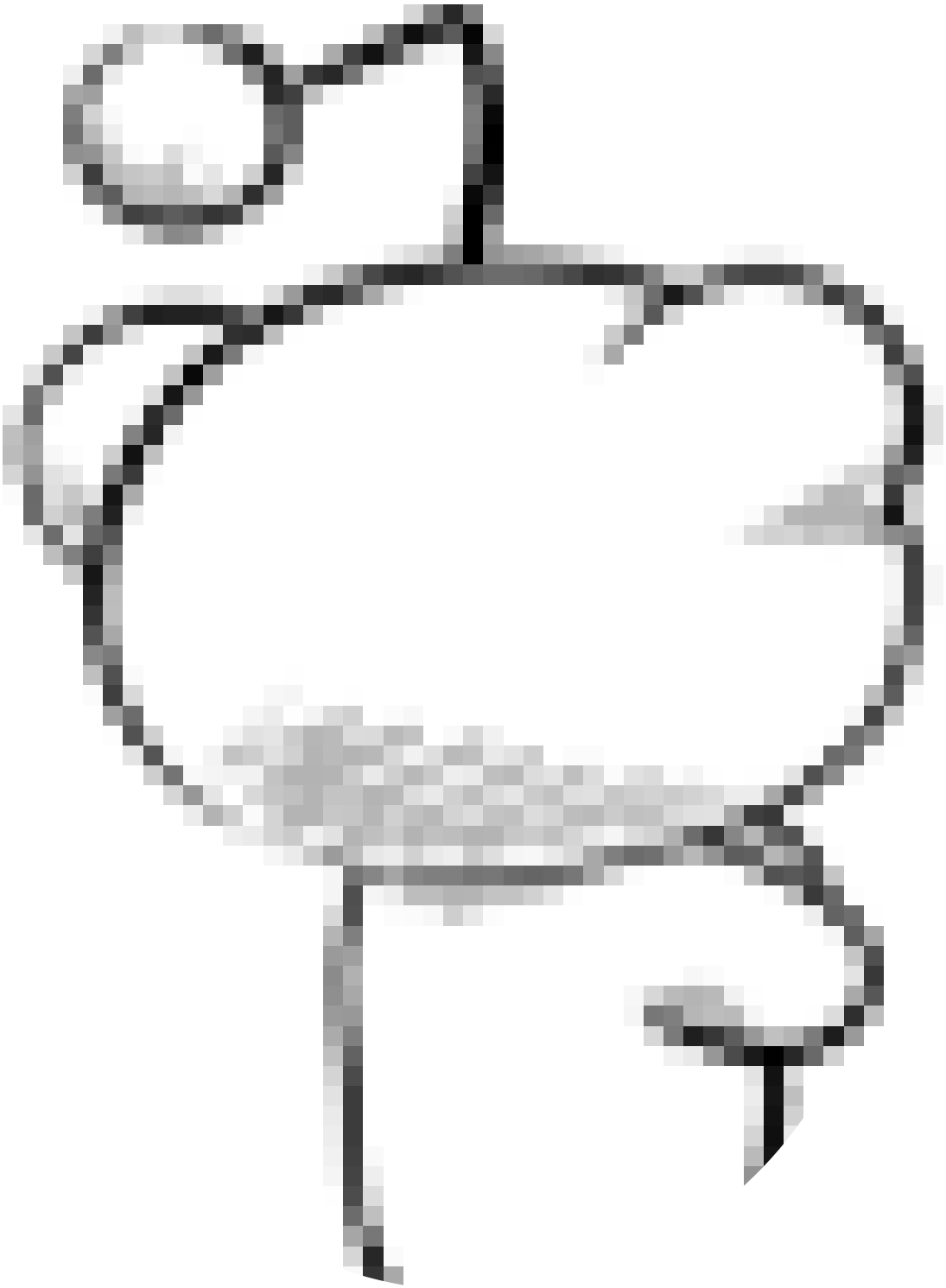
He was probably just fucking with me, but ever since then (about 5 years ago at this point), I've been paranoid about what he meant.



Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

Only explanation, huh. Mine was maybe he's crazy, idk.

More replies



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â€¢ 14y ago

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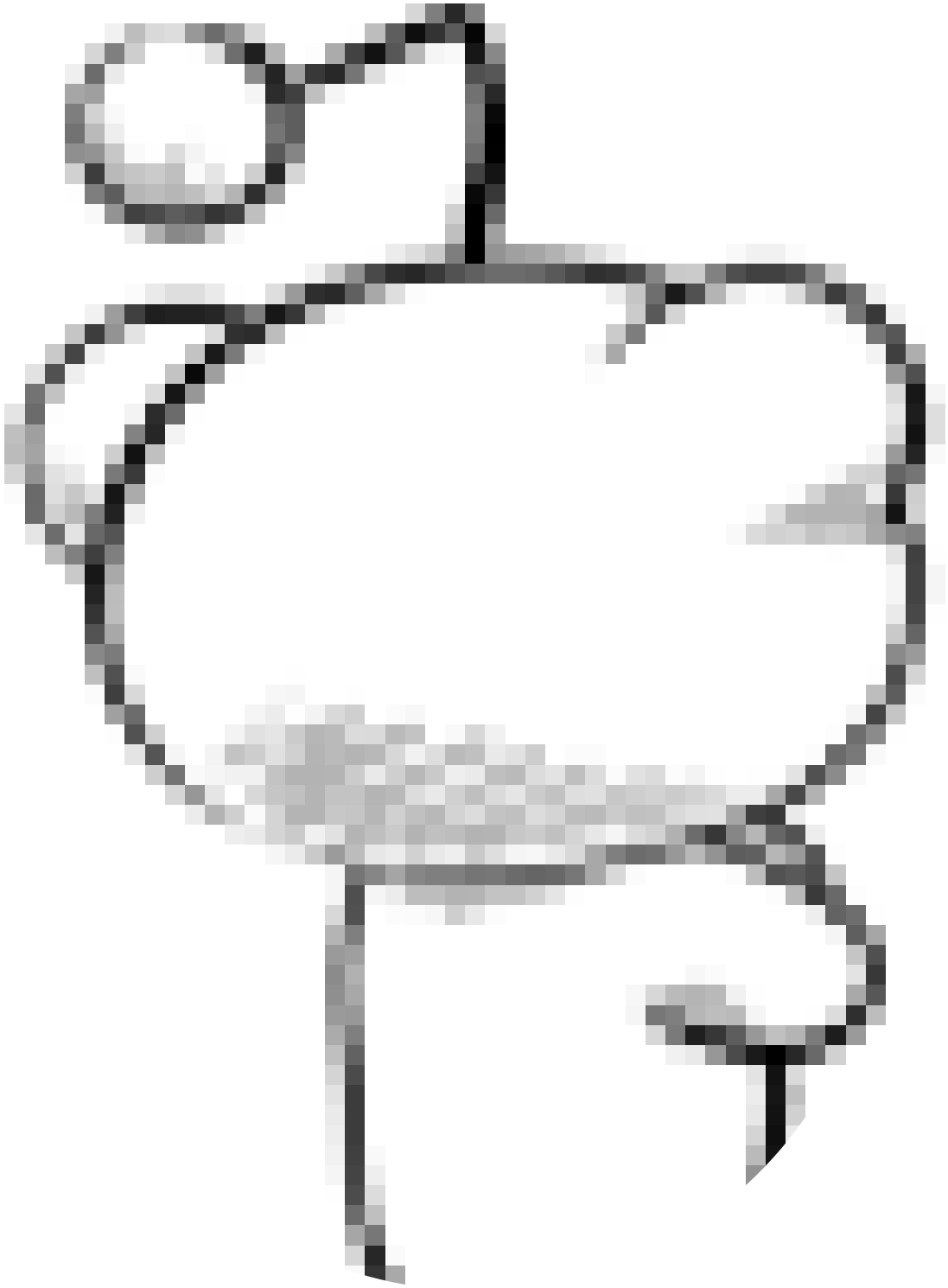
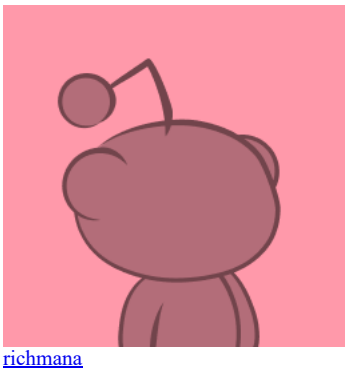


bitter_season
â€¢ 14y ago

Do you use shuffle often? I've noticed while listening to music through doubletwist that I can usually predict what song will come on the shuffle. I have about 1000 songs on my phone as well :D



richmana
â€¢ 14y ago

Commenting to read stories when I'm not trying to sleep.

poofacedlemur
â€¢ 14y ago

At age nine, I used to explore the riverbeds behind a friend's house. One evening before spending the night with said amigo, we did our usual tour with a few unscheduled detours. On one of these walks off the beaten path, we came a cross a plain wooden cross resting against a tree. Not seeing too much disturbed ground nearby, we determined it to be meaningless pieces of tree carcass and took it back to my buddy's back yard. We laid it against the house, just as it had against the tree. That night, a thunderstorm made its weekly appearance to the Austin skyline as we attempted to sleep. The next morning, the cross had disappeared. Assuming his father had moved it, Frankie and I cast the event from our minds. Two weeks later, while traversing the pebbles of the same riverbed, our old plywood pal was there, leaned back against the lopsided trunk it called home.

TL;DR Childhood grave robbery made me learn my lesson.

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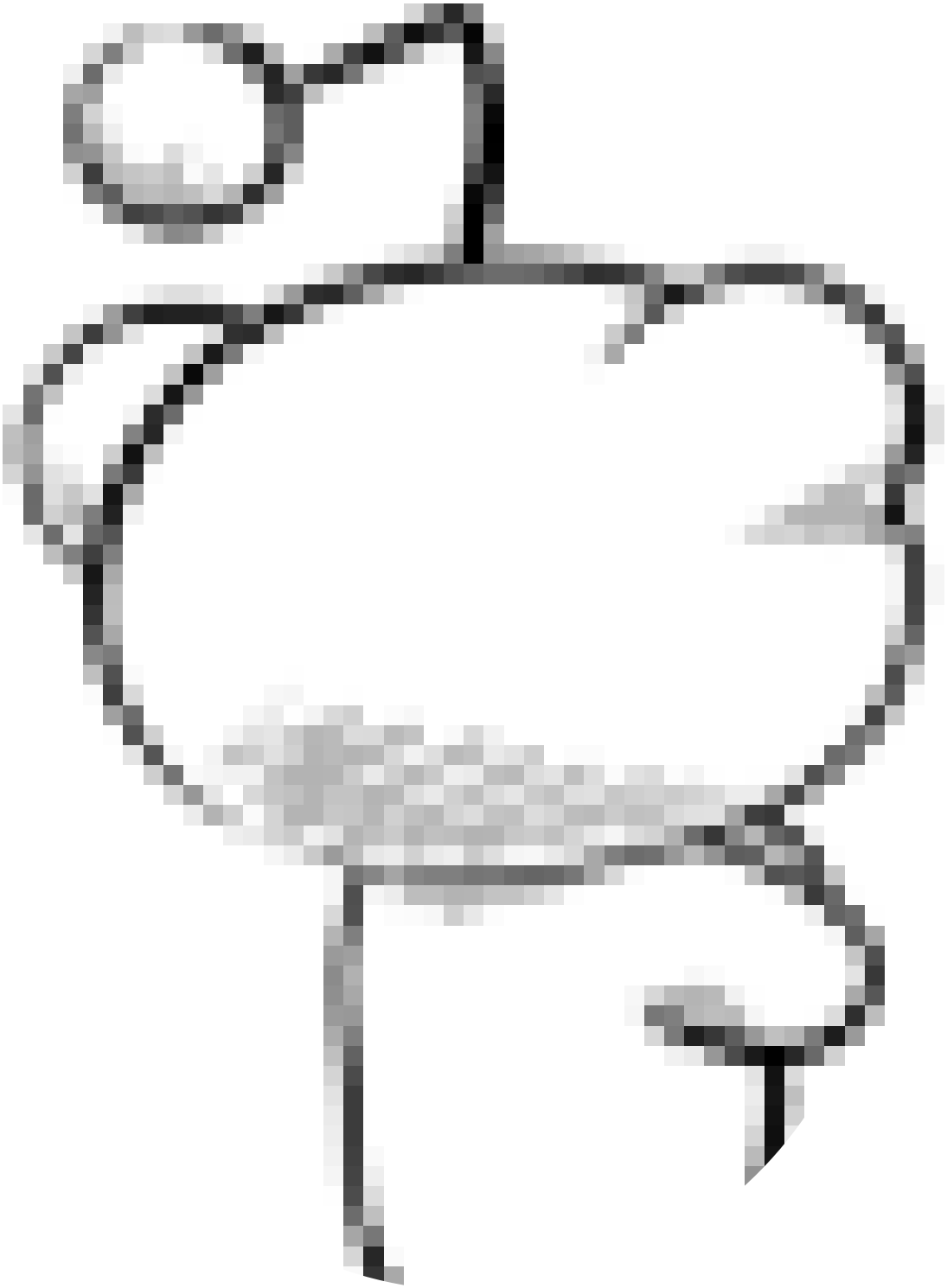

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â€¢ 14y ago

Theres this girl I know and she claims to be able to see the future. Well I half way thought she was bull shitting. Until one night she says. "Your going to walk into school Tommorow and your girlfriend is going to jump out from behind the two coke machines and scare the shit out of you. Then she going to hug you and kiss you in the middle of the hall. Shes going to be wearing blah blah and is going to ask you whats wrong. O yeah its going to be 7:27 by the time you look at your phone."

Well I laughed and said ok sure. The next day I walk into school and shes not standing in the hall where she usually is. So I keep walking not thinking anything about it. (right to the coke machines) She jumps out and scares the dogshit out off me. Shes wearing the same outfit as the girl said she would. she grabs me hugs me and then engages in sexy makeout for a minute. I then stare at her dumfounded remember what the girl told me last night. She asks me whats wrong. And I instantly scramble for my phone...Its exactly 7:27. I was freaking out in my head. But I kept it together by saying some shit like "You surprised me baby" I have no way to explain that but luck. They live in separate county's. Go to separate schools. Were never friends on FB or real life. An I never told my gf about her.

The psychic girl also predicated all 3 of our break ups after that. Down to Why we were going to break up and the fact that I was going to go back to her twice.

She also predicted me dating and then getting fucked over by a girl I didn't even know until 3 months ago. About 2 years ago.

I cant explain any of it.

Also I have loved reading all these crazy stories

PEN15_CLUB_CHAIRMAN
â€¢ 14y ago

One night (around 2 or 3 am) I woke up and for some reason decided to go out into the hall. I opened my door and saw a dark figure at the top of the stairs. It was a girl hunched over. Then I heard something next to me and find my little sister standing in her doorway. She was looking straight forward. I looked back at the stairs and the figure was gone. Then my sister looked at me and asked "did you see her too?"

joecamel18
â€¢ 14y ago

This I got off reddit a while ago...Not my story but it's pretty damn amazing.

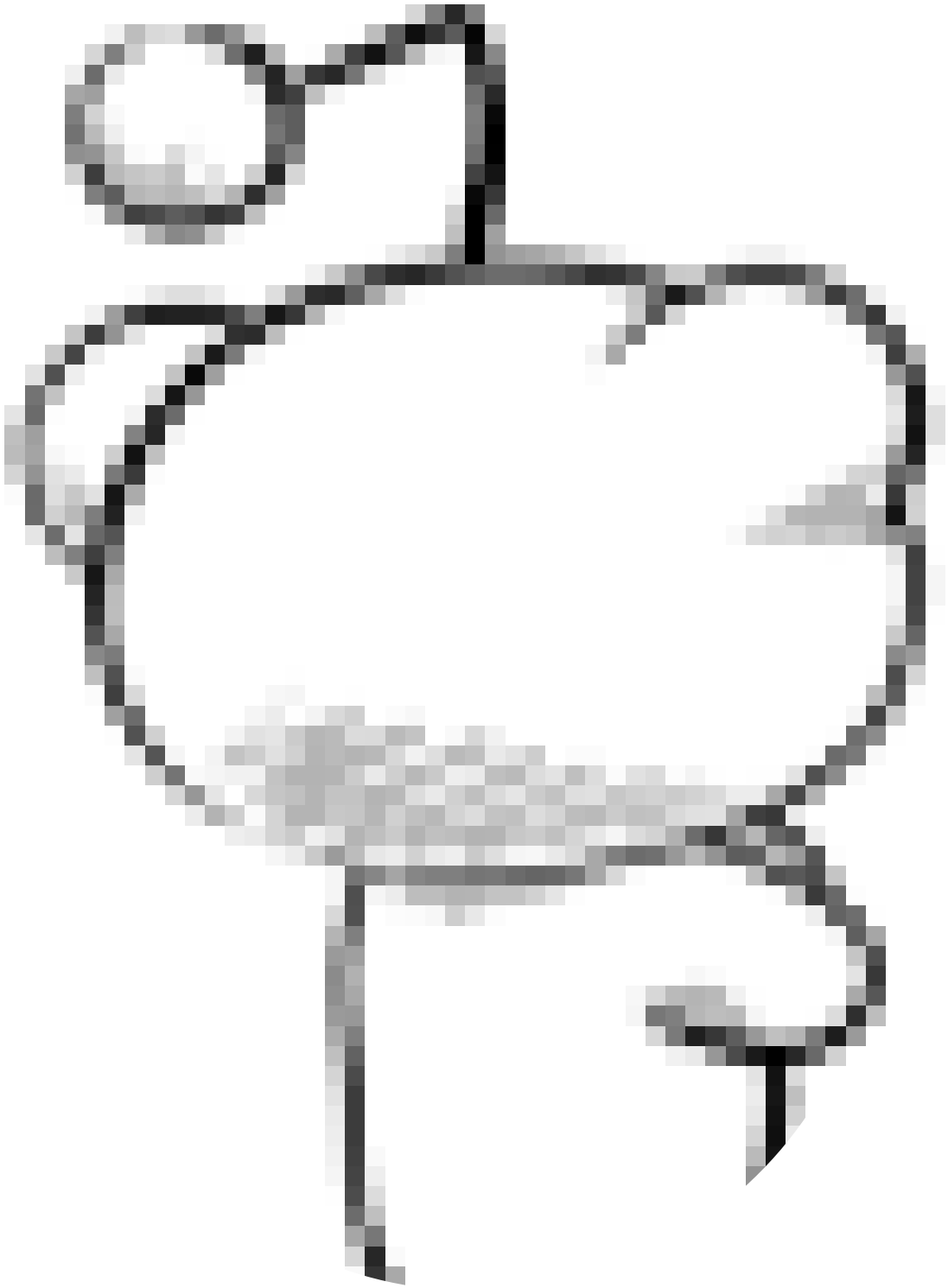
I was out hunting in Northern Ontario, no roads (except for a logging roads) with in 130 km, i was late on the bear season so no one was out hunting in my quadrant. I found a nice camp site along side a river and hunted from there, on the second day of my hunt i came across the bear tracks i tracked it for about two hours, and then turned aroun d.

This is when shit got very fuckin weird, i always track on one side of the tracks and return on the other. About 200 meters down the east side of the tracks i ran into another human foot print which disappeared across the trail and into the woods on the west. My dog (czech wolfdog) didn't seem to smell anything, so i returned to camp with minimal concern.

I got back to camp at around 7:30 at night made a quick dinner and had a cigar by the camp. At around 12:00 i heard a snap of a branch, after hunting for 20 years only two things snap branches, bears, and humans. I grabbed my firearm and a flashlight and went out after the noise. every 100 yards, i would scan with the flashlight. my dog freaked, started growling and advancing into the woods slowly, i pulled back on my leash to slow his advance and switched on my flashlight. I saw a pair of eyes looking right back at me, it stared for about five seconds and disappeared into the woods. on the walk back i felt anxious, scared, and uncomfortable i could feel someone watching me.

the next night, the same thing happened. My dog went wild, like i have never seen him he was whimpering, growling, and clearly very anxious. at this point i was terrified, i didn't go hunting that day and didn't close my eyes once. That night i sat up with my flashlight, constantly scanning the tree line. I guess i dozed of at around 1 and woke again at 3, i was sweating, confused, and very scared. i scanned the forest, and just barely visible about 25 yards in the forest there was a man and his dog, he was looking right back at me. i stared to approach him, shouting to him. I got with in 10 feet, he looked awfully disheveled and stank, the worst part was that he just stared and smiled his eyes showed zero emotion and whispered "Good night".

i ran back to my tent, packed it into my pack and loaded it onto the trailer of the atv and drove out of there.



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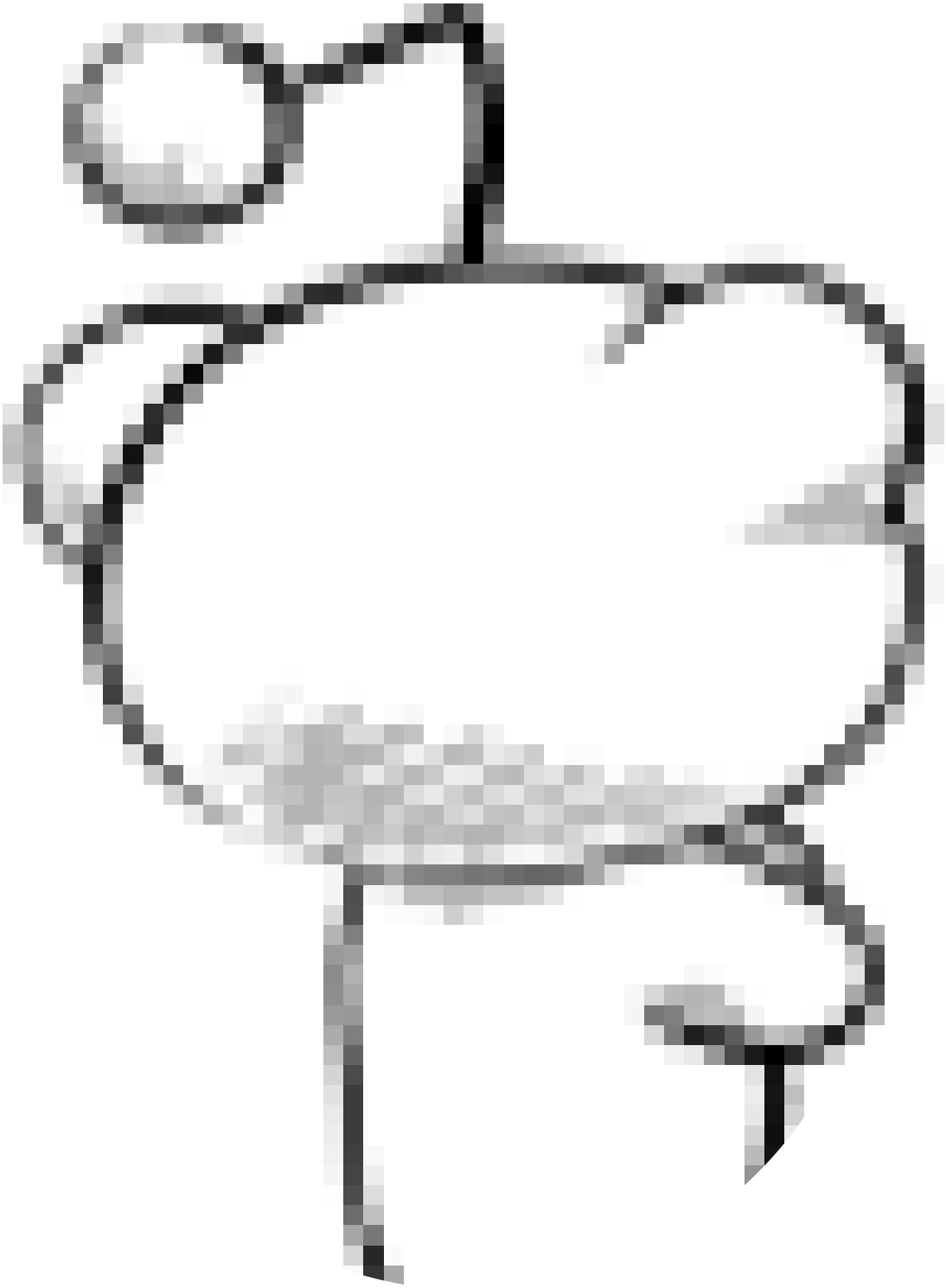
â€¢ 14y ago

One day I noticed that my ass had a giant split running down the middle. Nobody knows why. I don't recall being wounded.



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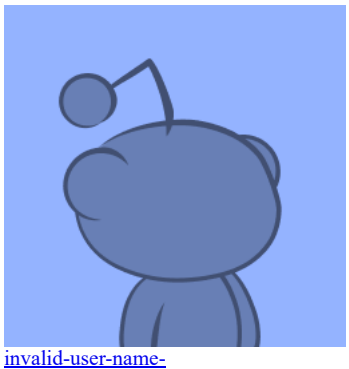
â€¢ 14y ago

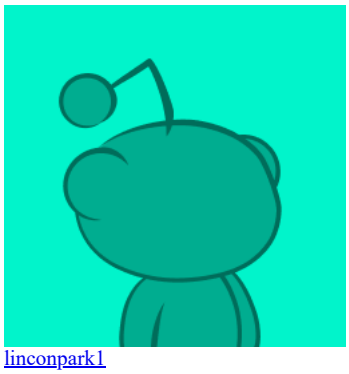
One more scary story, I was working as a fry cook and we were looking for a new employee. One night, there was a creepy man walking across the street, slowly towards the restaurant. The phone rang and no one was there. Then the walls started oozing green and the lights were flickering. We decided this man was "The Hash-slinging Slasher." Slowly, he got closer, the lights kept flickering, the walls oozing, the suspense building. The man entered the restaurant and it turns out he was just looking for a job. Nosferastu was flicking the lights. But I have no explanation for the oozing on the walls...

EDIT: Spongebob



invalid-user-name-
â€¢ 14y ago

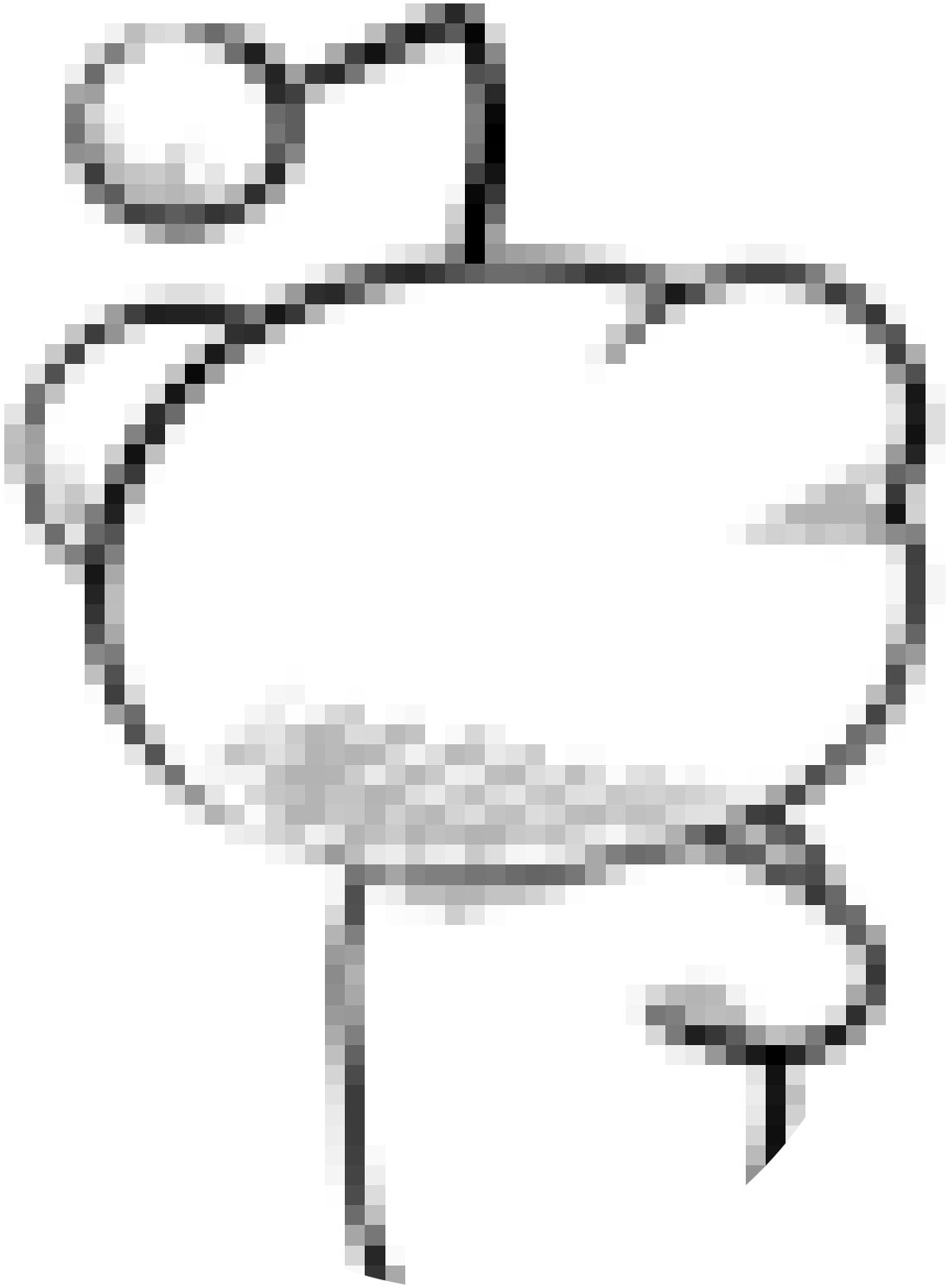
I was about 10, staring out my bedroom window. It was dark out and there was only one star in the sky that I could see. All of the sudden another popped out of nowhere and started moving around not in a straight motion but all over the place. I ran to get my dad to see, and he came in the room and it was still there. It was shooting across the sky right to left and up and down. It finally stopped in one position for a minute got very bright then nothing. It was gone. My dad and I still talk about this event 20 years later. I now believe in aliens without question.



linconpark1
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm Muslim, one day when I was I think in 4th grade, my dad stayed at the mosque a little late and it was a weekday, so I'm riding around a bike they have at this mosque and two kids come up to me, and want to play with me one was African American, skinny and short hair, the other was a skinny blonde boy with hair that went down to his eyebrows, so we are playing and I ask them were they're from, they say they live close by and they came every day to the mosque, I've never seen these kids before and I used to go a lot, so we continue playing and then my dad decides to go home, so I said bye and left, to this day, I've never seen either of these two mysterious boys again.

Edit: I was with my dad at the mosque (I know it's obvious but I forgot to mention it)



warpaint
â€¢ 14y ago

Decided to jerk off one day and NO SEMEN WAS EJACULATED. O_O

4lfred
â€¢ 14y ago

Salvia.

Gonzalez2012
â€¢ 14y ago

I haven't always been an atheist, but I went in and out of it a couple of times. I was in an agnostic-leaning-towards-atheistic phase of my life, having "blasphemed" a couple of times, when I had this dream. It was a dream of me, on my school yard, exactly as it normally was. Well, there was always this huge green container thingy with lots of sports equipment in. I was basically being judged by god or something, and he was sending us all off in to heaven or hell, and the container was hell. Well, to me, he said something along the lines of "You make me so ashamed of humans" and sent me to the container, even after I apologized desperately, and trudged to the container sadly. As I'm going, I hear something that occasionally plagues me to this day. "They're going to need more power in (location I can't remember)!". Fast forward to the the next morning, I hear off my radio that that particular area had a big power outage. It could've been my radio, with the news being reported, considering I sleep with my radio on and a few times the words spoken were incorporated in to my dreams, but usually these have distinct voices unlike those in dreams where all voices mimic yours and this voice mimicked mine perfectly. Plus, it didn't sound like the sort of of reporting style they use. Still, I hope there's some logical explanation, because I'm an atheist and if god exists, I am in deep sh*t.

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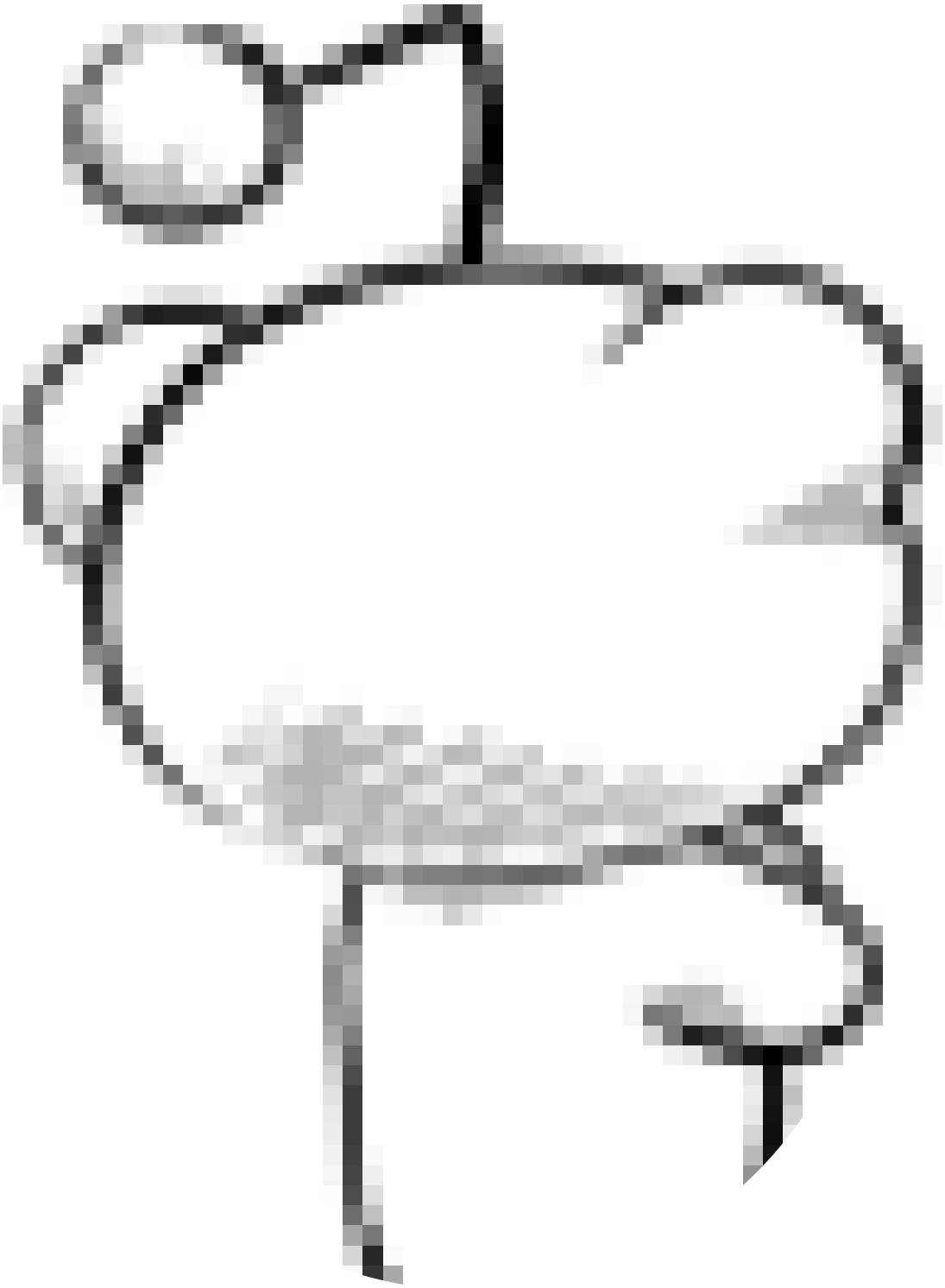

[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

One night, I was at home by myself falling asleep around 11pm. Someone/thing opened my door, walked around my room, stopped and waited at my bed, and then left while I was paralyzed with fear.

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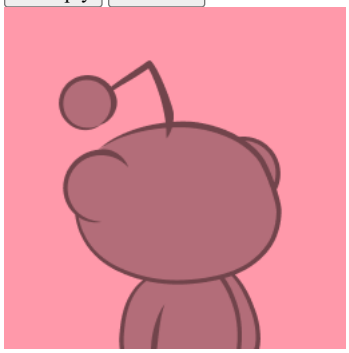

lilzilla
â€¢ 14y ago

Sounds like sleep paralysis

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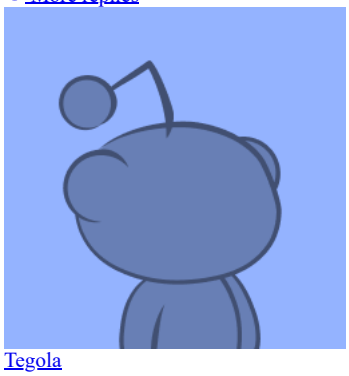


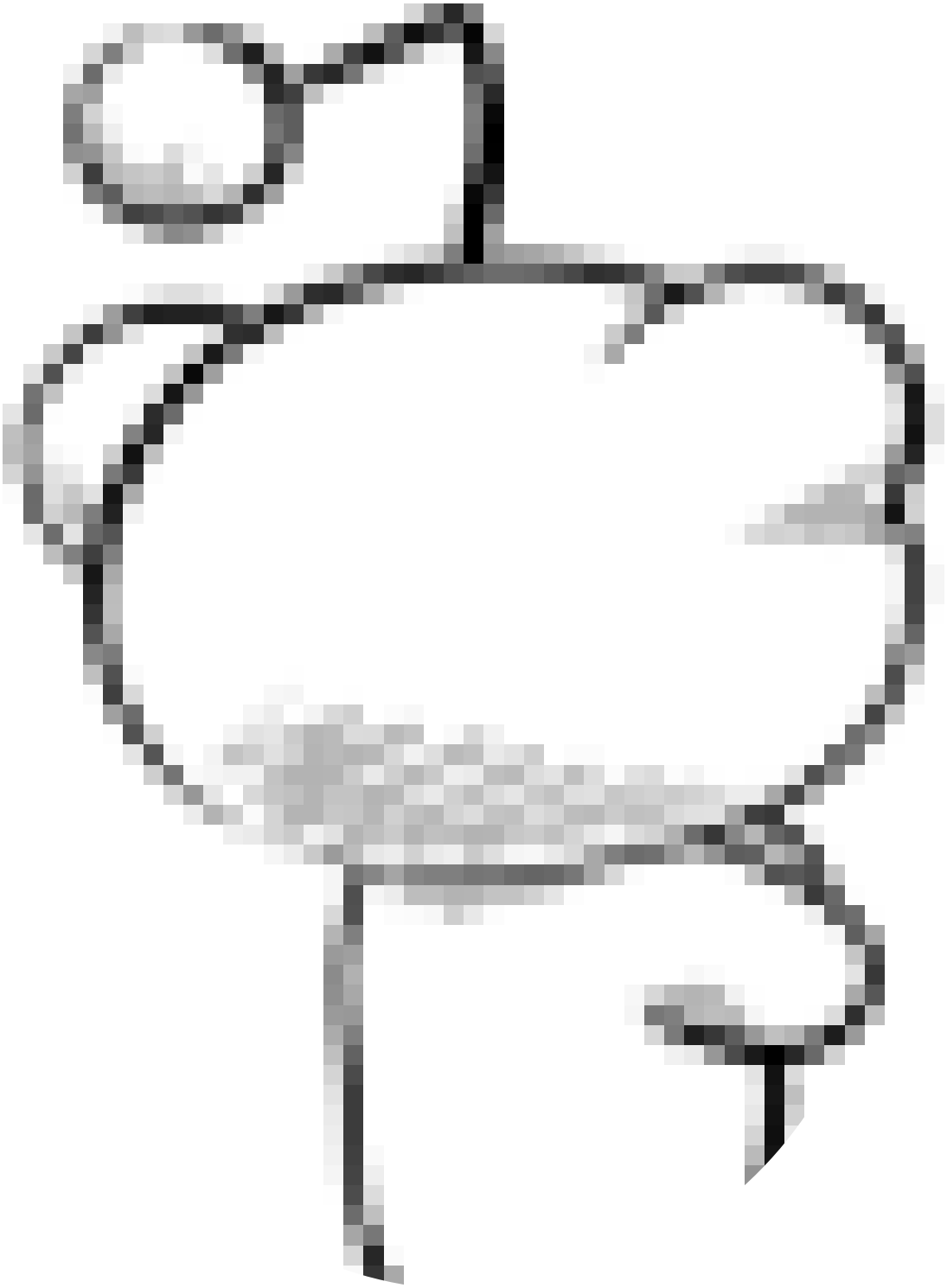
Tegola
â€¢ 14y ago

Nice try, J. J. Abrams!

Reply Share

TerrestrialCarnival
â€¢ 14y ago

Sometimes during the day when I am home alone I hear the sound of my husband snoring in the bedroom. That's just the most recent weirdness. We live next to a pioneer era cemetery.



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â€¢ 14y ago

My grandpa was at a friends house. A bunch of poo was flung at the house. He says there was nowhere anyone could have hid to throw it from. My grandma says it is black magic

crazy_optimist
â€¢ 14y ago

My one freaky "ghost" story - I was getting into trying to meditate, so sometimes at night after getting the kids to bed, I'd lie down on my living room rug and just try to quiet my mind and "Go within". My sisters and I had been using burning sage to "cleanse" an area before meditating or doing any spiritual type work. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't wacko into Wicca or anything, just seeing if it was for me, but I am a skeptic by nature so pretty much kept my head about things. Now, I had this OLD console TV that had knobs - yes, knobs - that were located in a panel that was weighted. You would pull the panel out and it was hinged at the bottom. You could adjust the brightness, horiz., etc, then let go of the little handle and it would drop closed. So one night I lie down and start to settle into meditating. I smell sage, and know that I've not burned any in quite some time, and I think "it's someone I know from the 'other side' or one of my guides, or someone come to 'visit'", in my naivete thinking the sage always meant something good. I said out loud, "welcome" and smiled. Eyes still closed. I hear a noise, and I open my eyes and look over, and the panel on the TV is OPEN, and SLOWLY closing. I totally freaked out. I said "no no, please go away, you're freaking me out, please leave!" I don't know if it left or hung out, because that house I lived in always had weird vibes and shadows, and I was very glad when I finally moved out of there.

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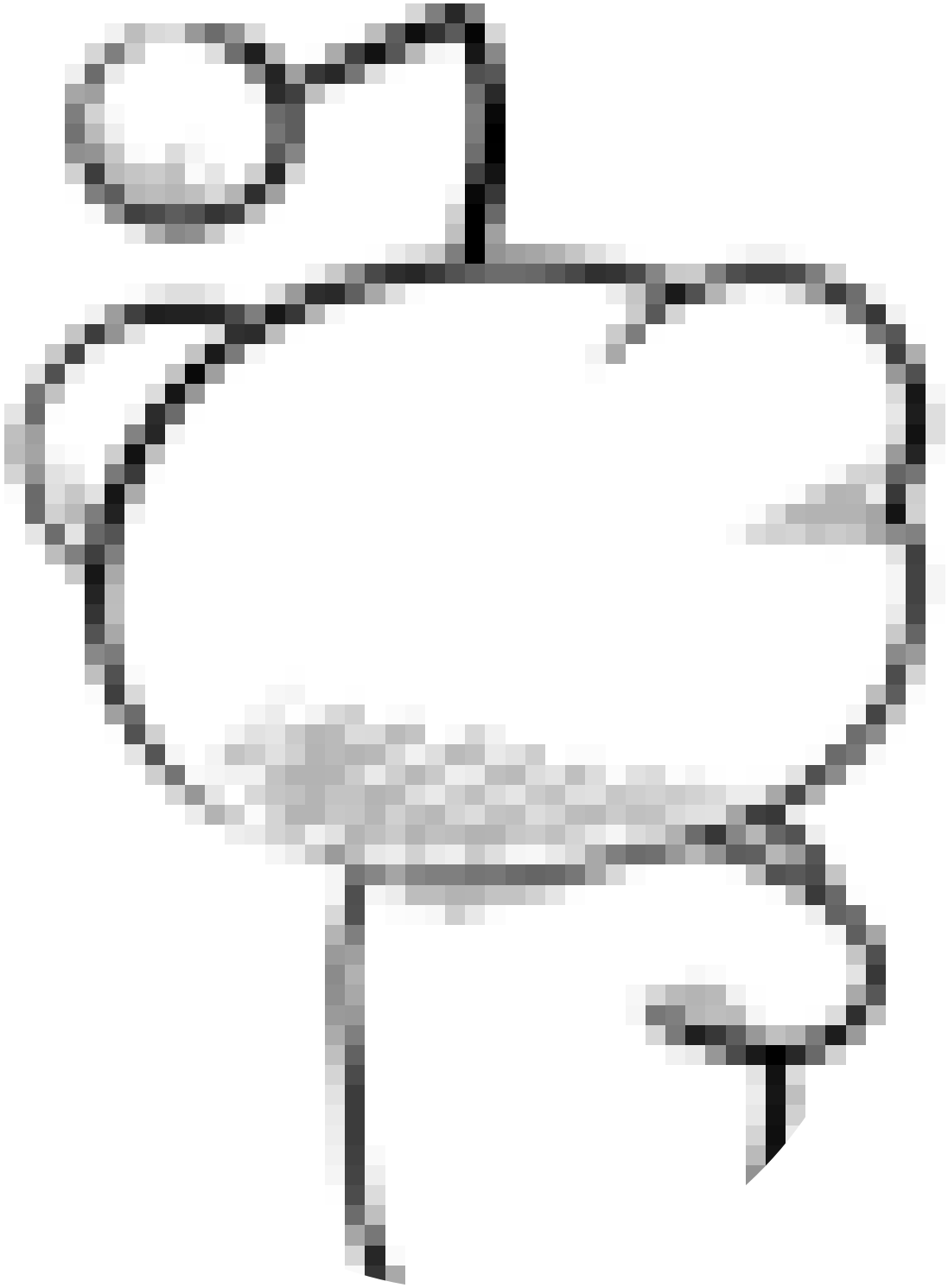

JonnyRocks
â€¢ 14y ago

> and I think "it's someone I know from the 'other side' or one of my guides, or someone come to 'visit'", in my naivete thinking the sage always meant something good. I said out loud, "welcome" and smiled.
>
> but I am a skeptic by nature

I don't think that word means what you think it means.

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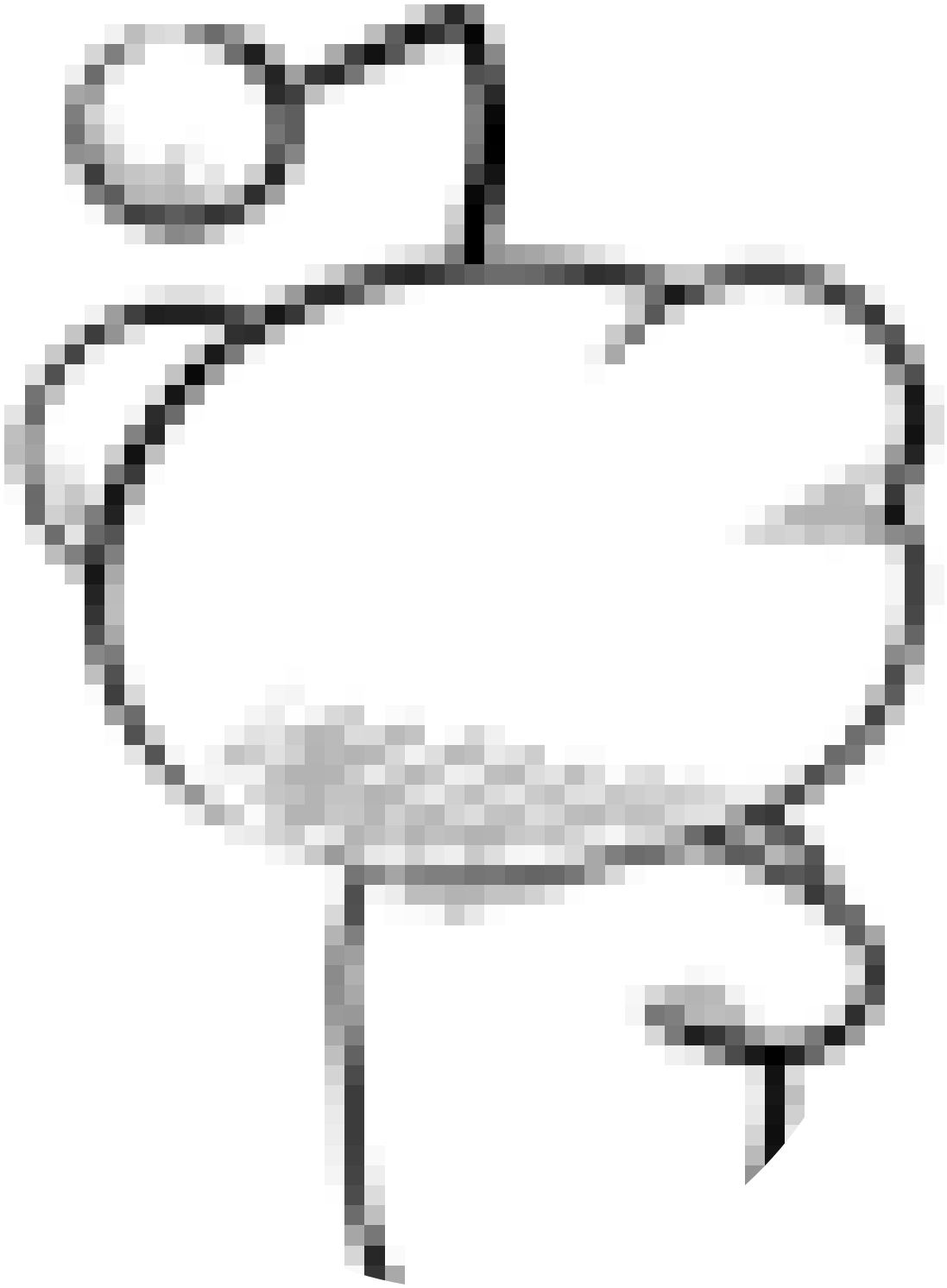

dhoomz
â€¢ 13y ago

Don't know if supernatural, but its weird nonetheless.

I live in Amsterdam and live at my parents home. I was derping on my ipod one night before going to bed when i felt something poking my right side, i thought nothing of it and ignored it. Then i felt something poking me again and again i ignored it. Then it poked me harder to the point where i could actually feel it and it hurt a little bit.

I was trying to sit up to investigate when my arm touched something cold. I immediately felt it with my finger and i could feel a cold human finger. I shined the light of the screen of my ipod at it and saw that it was indeed a human finger. It was sitting quietly on my bed but started to curl itself and stretching itself. And after that, it started to tap my bed, and even started doing it more violently. I sat watching it in fear, and collected all the braveness to check the space under my bed to be sure no one was trolling me, and investigate the rest of my room.

When i stood up and turned my light on i could still see the finger on my bed but see noone under my bed and no one else in my room but mee.

I went straight back to sleep. I could still feel it poking me a little bit but after a while it went away and never saw that finger again.

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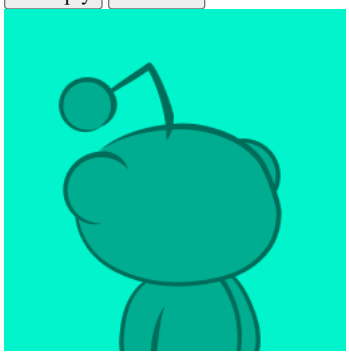

Hector_gone_bad
â€¢ 13y ago

So you got back into your bed, and fell asleep with a fucking human finger wiggling around in it?

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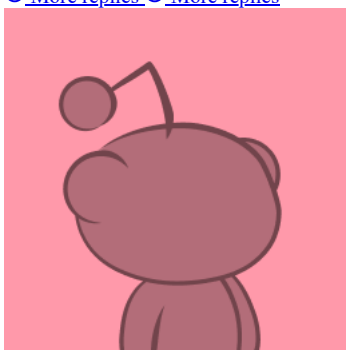
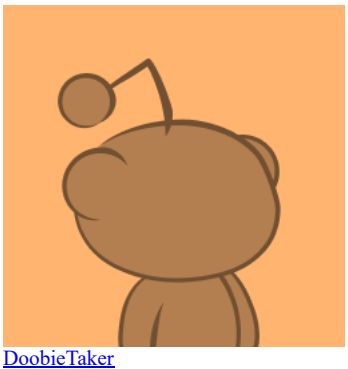
More replies More replies



Hi8185
â€¢ 13y ago

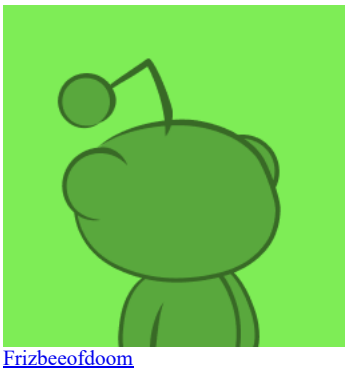
I sometimes look into nature and hum the same song that I do not think exists. I cry a little.



DoobieTaker
â€¢ 13y ago

Once when I was 12 me and my mom were on my family farm in Hawaii. We were bringing coffee(It's a coffee farm) up a hill to my uncles prossecing house, we saw a girl was inside a abandoned shack. The girl seemed to be a 14-15 years old and asian she seemed to be scared, so me and my mom went inside to find she was not there. On our way back we went back inside the shack to find a steaming hot mug of coffee on the window sill, IT WAS OUR BRAND!

TL;DR creepy little lady be drinking our coffee!

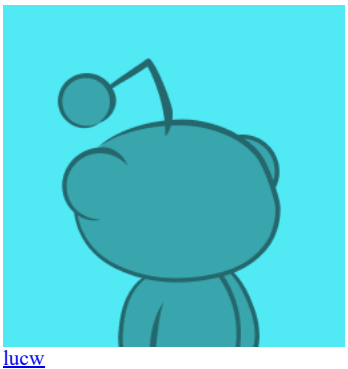


Frizbeeofdoom
â€¢ 13y ago

Well, this one isn't exactly scarry, but kind of eerie. I had an uncle, who when I was verry young died in the vietnam war. My family is verry in tune with this kind of shit, trust me. but for about a month, every other night someone in my family got an eerie feeling and they wanted to go sleep in my parent's room (they were all teens, and even one adult did it.(I dont know why)) but whenever they were on their way down the stairs, they would hear walking arround down below. and then when they went into their my mom and dad's bedroom, they could hear whispering from nobody. Usually they could get to sleep though. but arround 3 am, every night someone extra slept in their bed, all three of them would wake up and see My uncle, who had been dead for five years hovering over their dresser. My parents are very religious people, so they thought he was a guardian angel... but It has given me the creeps ever sense. I saw him once, walking down the halls when my door was open just a crack. still gives me the creeps.

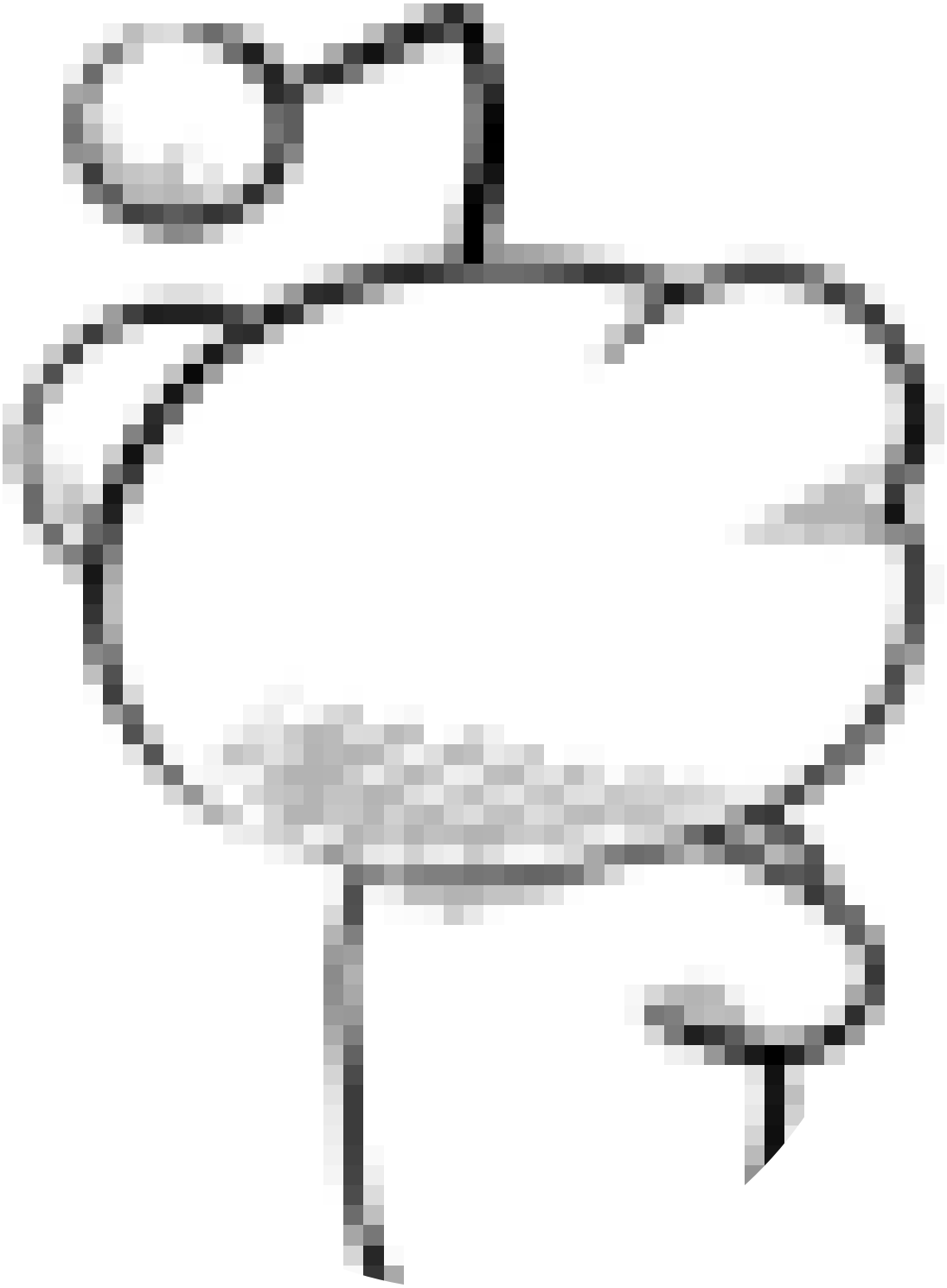
mcnuggetzz
â€¢ 13y ago

I have a friend that lives right next to a small graveyard in her neighborhood. She also lives in the basement (underground), so her living space is on the same level as the deceased. One night, we lit a candle at some point but forgot about it and ended up all going to sleep. I was sleeping on her floor and awoke to hot wax splattered all over me and the floor. The candle had somehow violently been knocked over, but everyone else was asleep and there was no chance of anyone knocking it over. There have been little occurrences like this and it's weird.



lucw
â€¢ 14y ago

ITT: a bunch of bs stories



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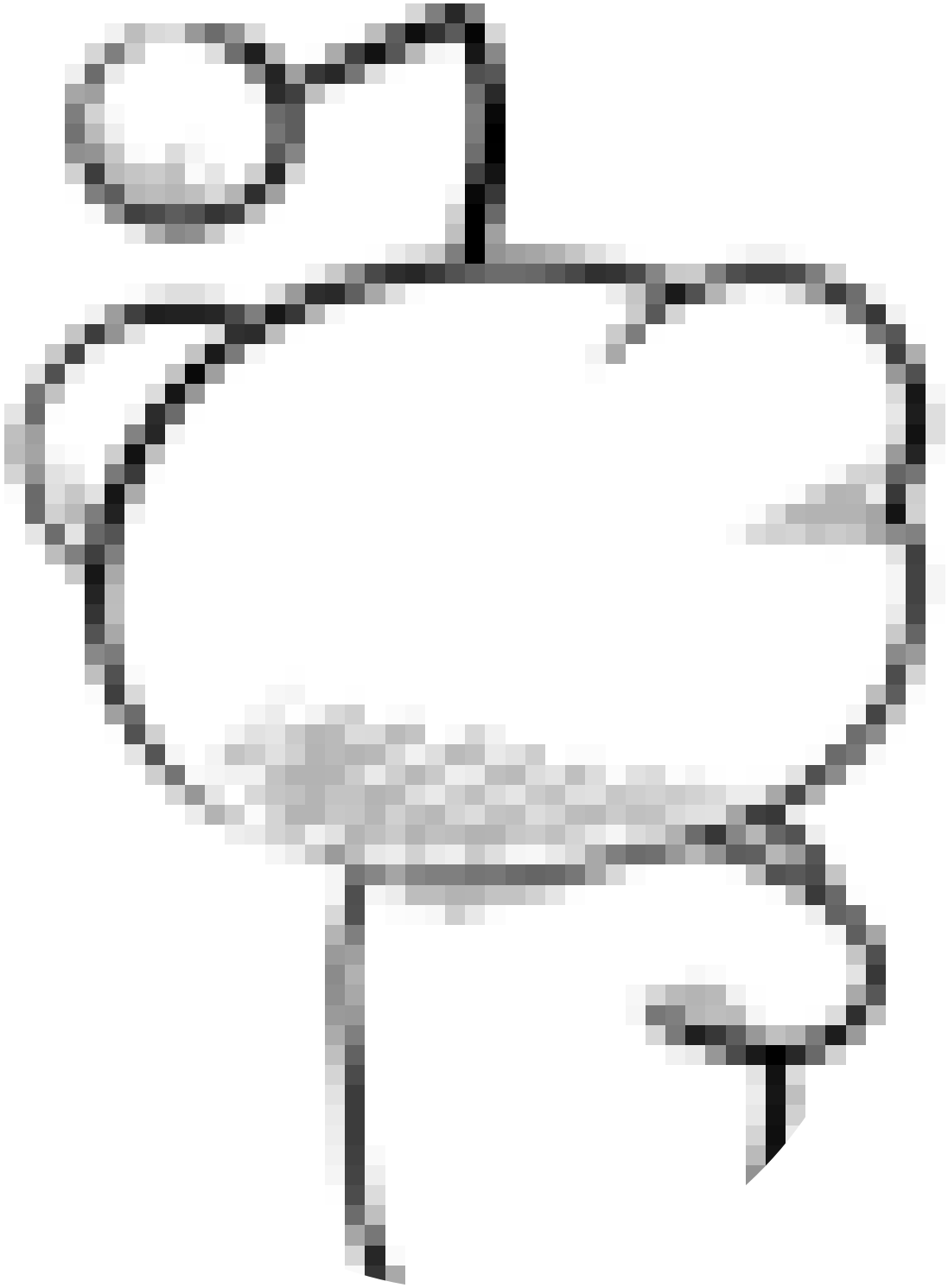
â€¢ 14y ago

They might be BS, but everyone has one of these spooky stories. It's fun to share.

⊕ More replies



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â€¢ 14y ago

Comment deleted by user

rbromblin
â€¢ 14y ago

so.. you predicted your child would be of the Aryan race?

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

cadbury204
â€¢ 14y ago

I heard this story from a co-worker, I don't remember if it was his cousin or friend or who the person was.

The unnamed person who was in their late teens/early 20's was finished school, had no commitments, so they decided to take a month vacation camping in northern Canada by themselves. This was back before digital cameras were so cheap, so he bought a few disposable cameras. His vacation went extremely well and nothing out of the ordinary happened.

A month or so after returning he finally got around to developing the pictures. Looking through the pictures on 1 of the cameras, he noticed a few pictures of the inside of his tent. He didn't remember taking the pictures so he looked closer. It was definitely his tent, his sleeping bag, etc, but it looked like someone inside the sleeping bag. Looking

even closer, it was him, sleeping inside the sleeping bag.

TL;DR -- Guys goes camping alone, gets pictures developed from the trip and discovers pictures of himself, sleeping inside his tent, in his sleeping bag, at night.

honeydee
â€¢ 14y ago

There was a nosleep post exactly like this. I think there is also a creepypasta.

Crazy.

⊕ 2 more replies
⊕ 2 more replies

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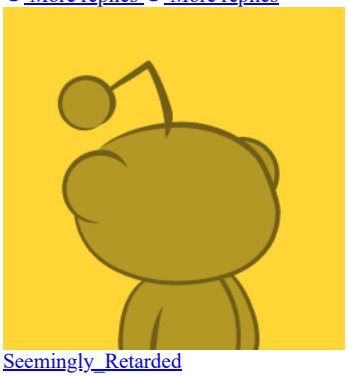
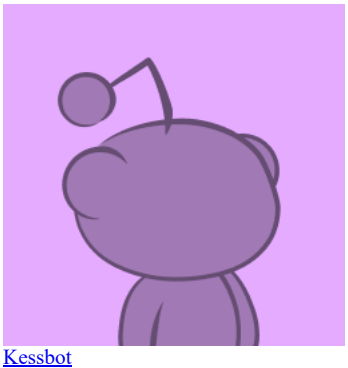


Seemingly_Retarded
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was younger my brother and I were at a friend's house playing in the extra room. The room was going to be a nursery but they lost the baby to SIDS when it was only a few months old.

Anyways were are just playing with hotwheels minding our business when we heard a soft thud in the closet. At first we thought nothing of it bit then we heard it again, this time accompanied by a gentle cooing sound. My brother being the faux boss that he was walked over to the closet and looked back at us. At the very moment we heard one last thud, this times extremely loud and then the distinct sound of a baby crying. My brother then gave us a look like "I have to know..." Then he turned around and opened the door, got on the floor, everybody walk the dinosaur.

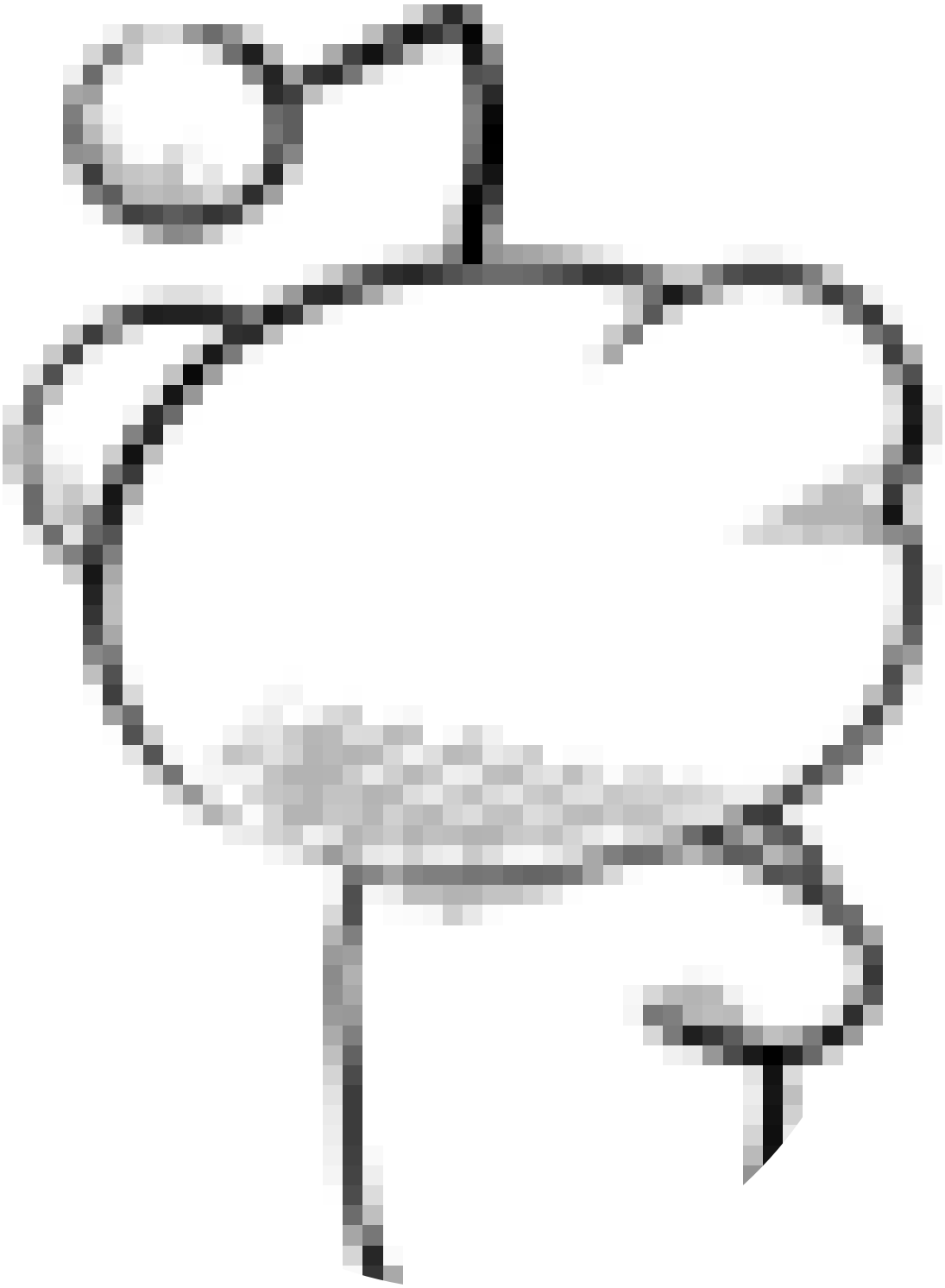
TLDR: Haunted nursery.



Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

Not even seemingly, just full out at this point

⊕ More replies



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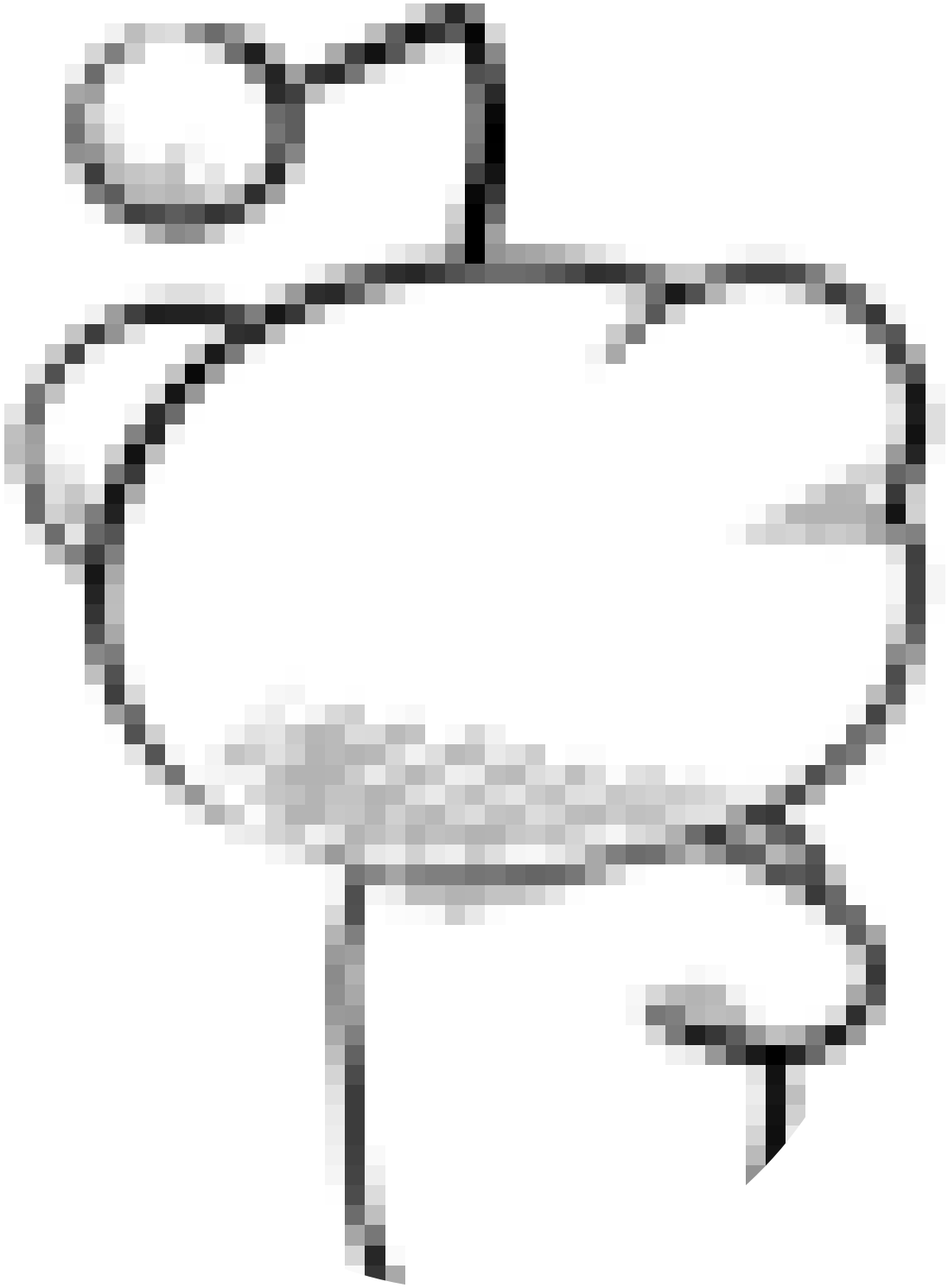
â€¢ 14y ago

Nope, sorry, not a one.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Comment deleted by user

JesusVonChrist
â€¢ 14y ago

Just your brain doing work plus power of a good night sleep.

When I was learning any boring poem for school I could hardly repeat it in the evening, went to sleep, in the morning had it perfectly memorized.

1 more reply
1 more reply

pretendtofly
â€¢ 14y ago

i keep hearing the fb message sound after i've already closed the tab when i get a new message.

pretty freaky.

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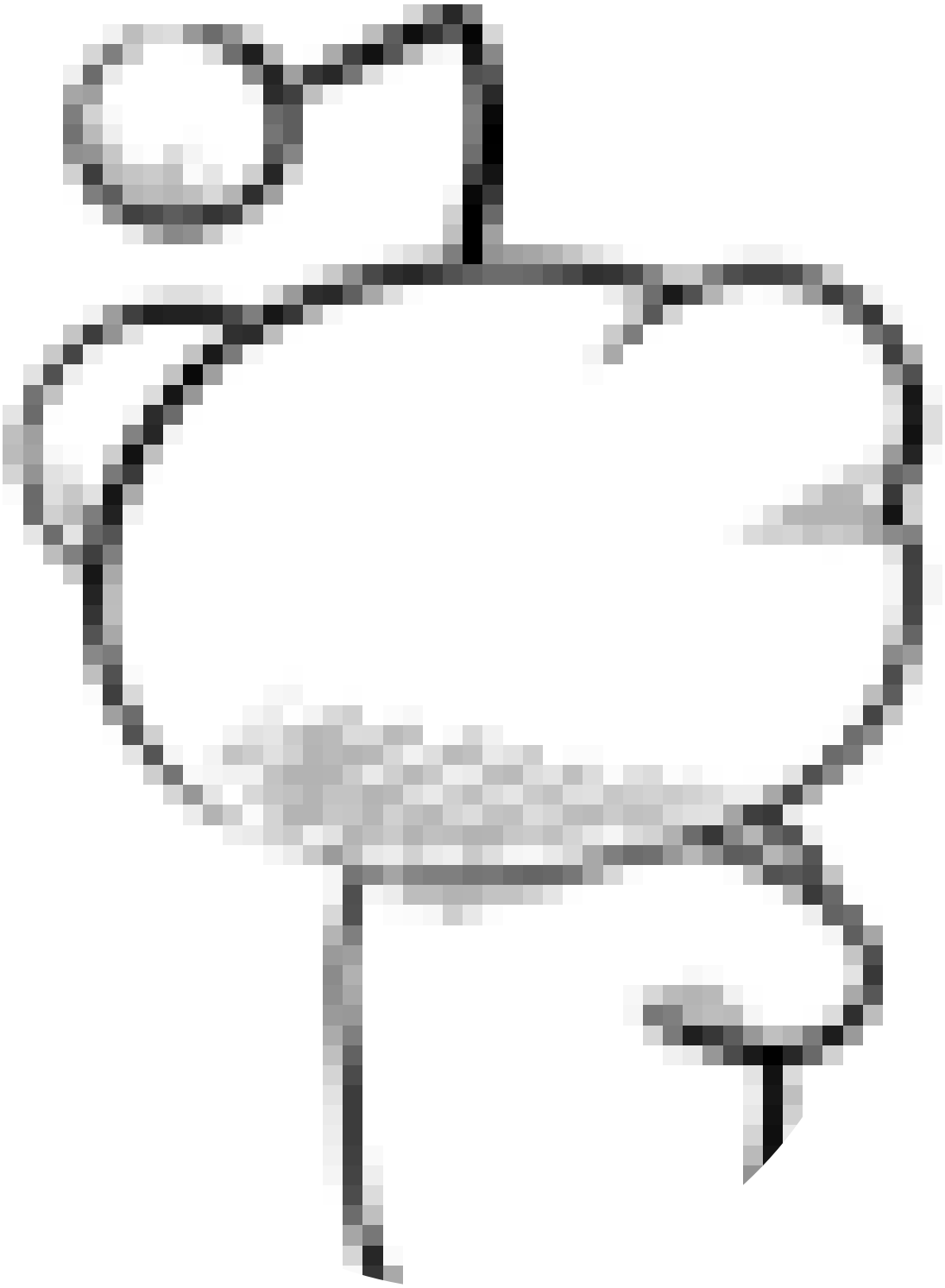
NulloK
â€¢ 14y ago

One day I went to the beach and it was high tide...then the water ran out and it was low tide...can't explain that.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

I'm going to call bullshit on this one.

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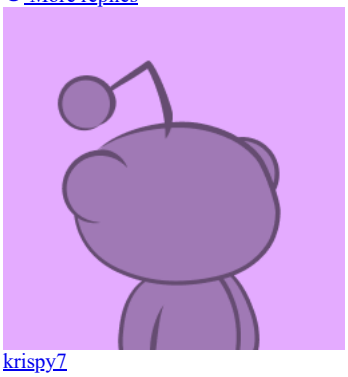


krispy7
â€¢ 14y ago

Tide goes in, tide goes out. You can't explain that.

Reply Share

PartyClass
â€¢ 14y ago

r/nosleep

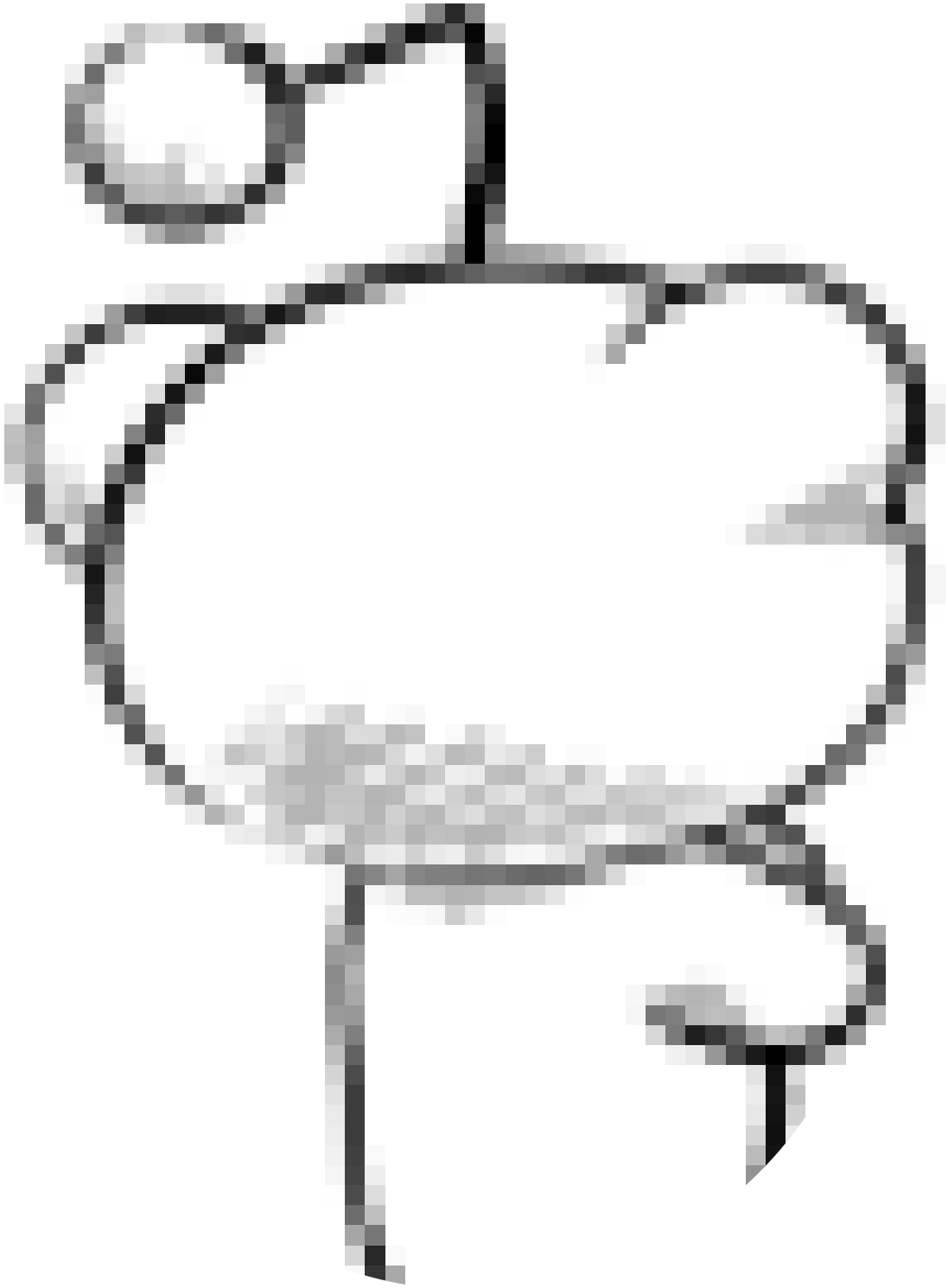
Reply Share

guy_fleegman
â€¢ 14y ago

This will be buried, but when I was a little girl my parents and I were moving to a new house. We were driving there, and my dad decides he wants to take a shortcut, so he speeds up this dirt road and then the road just ends at this weird building. My parents want to check it out but I didn't feel like we should be there, but they end up going to the building and there's no way I'm staying in the car alone, so I end up going with them. There's a long tunnel through the building and we end up in a meadow and there are a bunch of nearby buildings. My dad says it looks like an old amusement park that got shut down or something.

As we venture towards the buildings, my dad smells some food and we start to walk towards it. There's this food stand, and all this hot food out, but no one is there. This place is totally abandoned. I'm trying to tell my parents that this is really creepy and we should get out but my dad tells me to chill and just eat, he has money and he'll pay for it, etc. I still don't want to eat the food but my parents are already going at it, scarfing the food down. I go to look around the buildings and there is absolutely not a soul in sight. I then go back to my parents, and they have eaten so much food, there are plates everywhere, and as they turn around to look at me, they've turned into pigs! Literal pigs! I scream and run away and as I'm running I'm seeing ghosts everywhere...

TL;DR



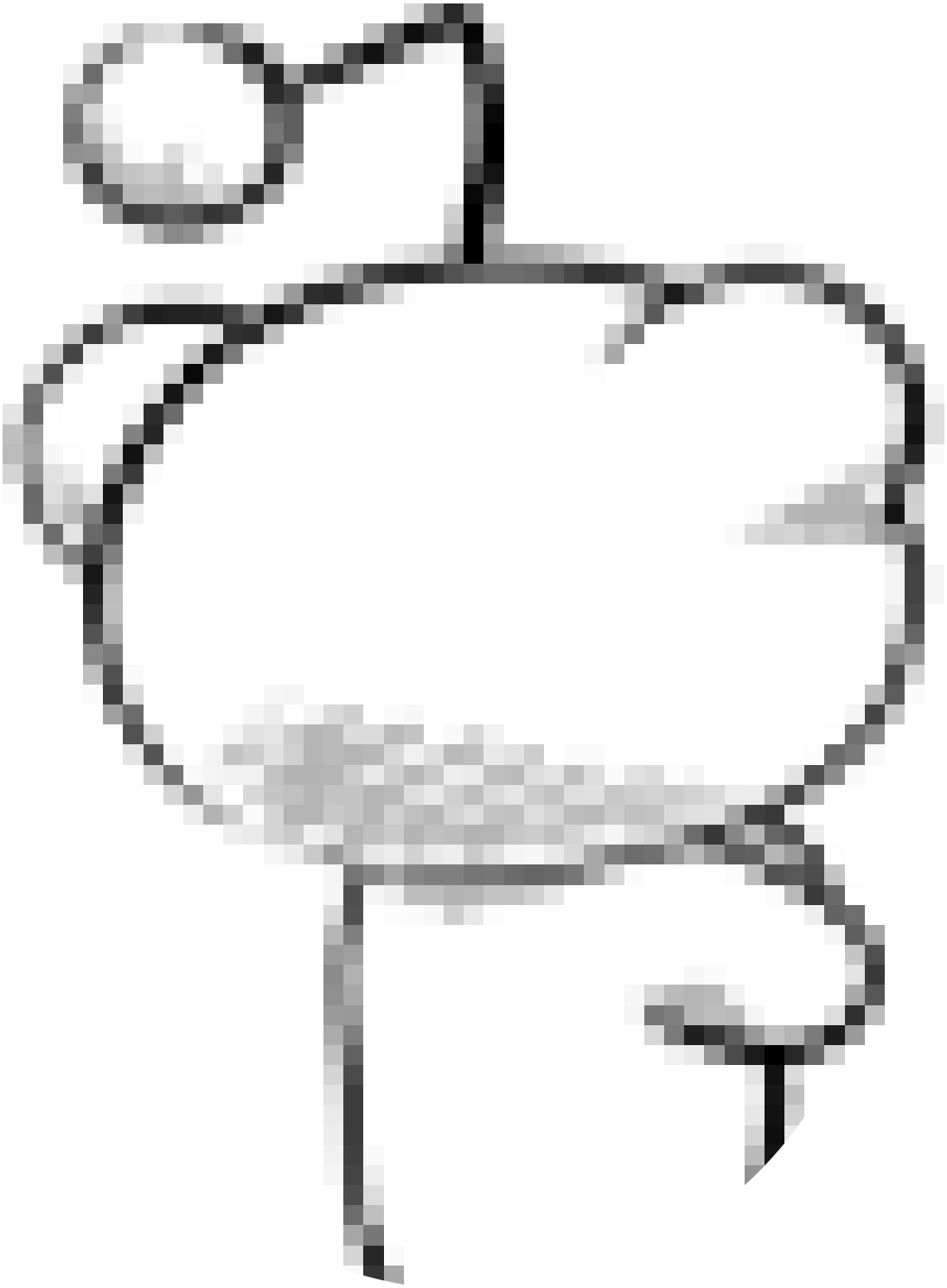
[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

Comment deleted by user

shmooshmoo
â€¢ 14y ago

Dicks.

With all the ghost stories in this thread, I was expecting them to disappear as they walked by you or something.



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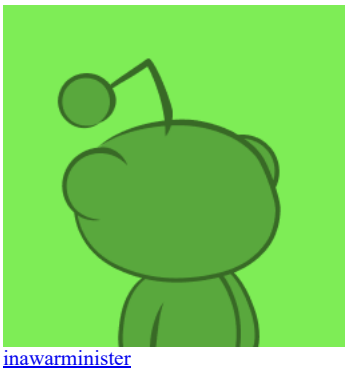
â€¢ 14y ago

They're racists from a more ignorant generation. I bet they think you, personally, bombed Pearl Harbor.



inawarminister
â€¢ 14y ago

Huh, seems you just managed to narrowly avoid your DÃ¶ppelganger

krookedsmilez
â€¢ 14y ago

I farted once and a little shit squirted into my tightie whities...to this day I cannot explain why I was wearing tightie whities.

nattynitr0
â€¢ 14y ago

My father was travelling through Papua New Guinea in the 1970's. He was floating down a river on a small raft boat and had stopped to eat lunch on the bank when he heard screams from a man 100 meters away. He ran to see what was happening and a native village man had been bitten by a snake - a death adder. My dad was carrying the anti-venom on him so he treated him and saved his life - he would have died within a couple hours had my father not been there.

The man was so grateful that he insisted he come back to his village and marry his daughter as a gesture of thanks. He was initiated into the tribe (he even got the tribe's tattoo across his chest which he still has) and 'married' the daughter. He was able to communicate with them because they spoke a very simple form of English called Pigeon English.

After a couple of weeks he realised that these guys were CANNIBALS and were organising to go on a head hunting expedition... he snuck away in the middle of the night and continued to float down the river but by mid morning they had caught up to him on their canoe's. They threw spears at him and one got him in the leg, he still has the scar there.

They took him back to the village, tied him up to a pole and had a meeting for a couple hours to decide what to do with him (which was probably kill and eat him). Every so often someone would come out and check on him. At one point, a scorpion came up to him and started crawling up his leg. At this moment, the village Shaman came out and started freaking out to everyone, exclaiming that they had to let him go because the scorpion was there to protect him. The scorpion didn't even sting him, just turned around and crawled back down his leg. They cut him loose, gave him one of their canoe's and sent him on his way. The Shaman even gave him a pouch full of dead scorpion pieces to protect him. My dad's star sign is Scorpio.

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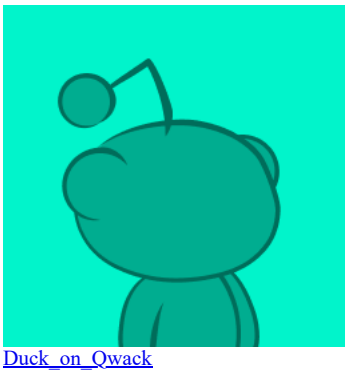

Duck_on_Qwack
â€¢ 14y ago

That Is an awful lot of bullshit there son.

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jredwards
â€¢ 14y ago

Tide goes in, tide goes out.

Reply Share

NobodyBlues
â€¢ 14y ago

are you joking?

Reply Share

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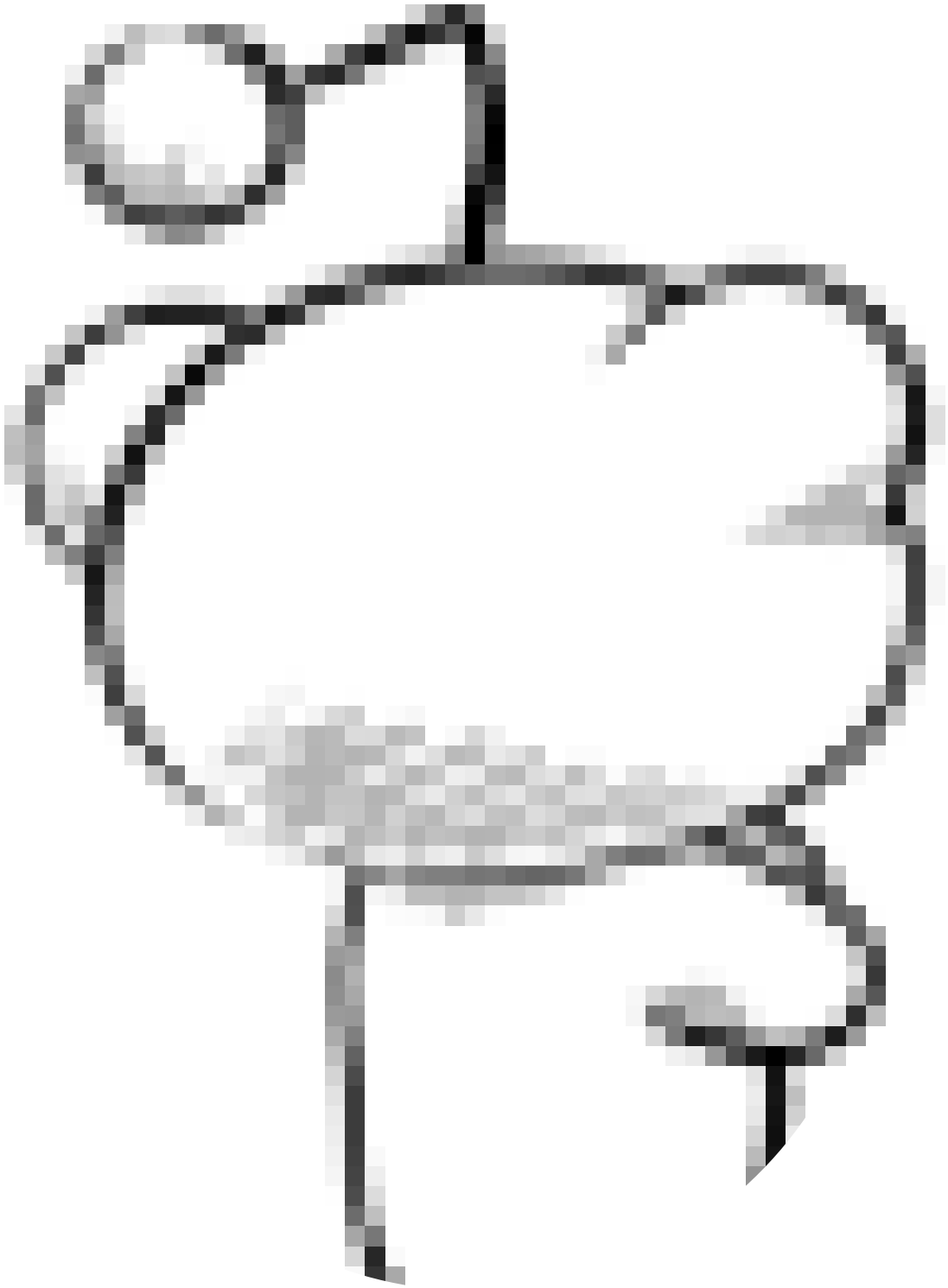

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â€¢ 14y ago

At least two... (putting aside religious beliefs for the moment)

A point at which I really, really needed to be hired at this job. A few days from rent (was already going to be super late - pawned laptop at this point). Had applied at this pharmacy, hadn't heard anything - had more or less packed up my car and was driving over to the shelter - was going to fill out paperwork or whatever they needed, discuss with mgmt (director happened to be husband of my 6th grade teacher, fancy that for small town "prayer"/gossip discussion). Anyways - just felt wrong; went to the pharmacy where I had applied. The pharmacist told me to go back of store, the two managers were waiting to conduct my interview. The one I had never been contacted over, never heard about , and would totally had missed giving up at the shelter place. Kept that job for a couple years, paid my way through a good part of college.

Mom had been diagnosed with cancer (I was in 6th grade at time). They gave her three weeks; go home - spend time with family. On faith, she went through 3 rounds (I think) of chemo/radiation, as well as some experimental drugs/treatment (her cancer type was rare enough that there wasn't exactly defined protocol for treatment yet - at least she got subsidized costs for them experimenting!) I am not amazing with birthdays, but I think it was her..57th or 58th birthday last month - oh, and the radiology scans where they came back clean of cancer and the doctors didn't believe it/ordered rescans - radiologists initials were g.o.d., crazy stuff. (So that would be...16-17 years ago)

Theroyalhamster
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Me and my brother sleep in the same room and one night he asked for us to switch beds for the night and I thought "whatever"

I close my eyes and all I see is the lights of a train hitting an object whereas the lights would flicker on and off for about one minute. I open my eyes and the lights stop. Close them again and it starts up again, open my eyes and they stop. I close my eyes again and I start hearing 5 people talking about what I can't remember. I open my eyes and they stop, close them again and they start up again but this time my washing machine decides to go off with the voices. At this point I prop up and look down the hall as everything stopped immediately and nobody was awake or anything. Close my eyes again and the washing machine starts up one last time, I open my eyes to an immediate stop once more.

Everything stopped after the last time hearing the washing machine. The next morning I tell my mom what happened and the only thing she tells me is "Don't let them get to you"

TL,DR: Switched beds with brother, spirits fucked with me in my sleep, mom tells not to "let them get to me"

Jayfire137
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

Well my story isn't as good as some of yours..nor am i decent i writing, but i'll try i suppose..

when i was growing up my parents divorced and remarried..well at my mothers house..we (my mom, step dad, two step bro's, half siser, full sister, half brother) believed our house to be haunted....odd things would happen...youngest brothers kids toys would go off after hours of sitting in a toy box and no one around them...foot steps running up and down the stairs doors closing themselves and dark shadows being seen...well the scariest thing that happened to me living there was when i was about 15ish..

i shared a room with my youngest brother (he was about 8) and we had a very large room...well it was late at night and we had a night light in one corner cause he was scared of the dark...well the night light dimmed one night and i witnessed a dark shadow moving towards my bed...its stopped close to my feet and i covered my head saying i was imagining it that i'm just really tired...untill i felt the pressure of it sitting down by my feet...i'm actually getting chills recalling this :(....i couldnt breath cause i was so scared...and just like that..it was gone....i got up...turned on a lamp and tried to sleep...untill my step dad came home early that morning and yelled at me for wasting electrcity..

but a few years after i moved out..i was talking to my mom (who i never told any stories to and didnt know she had ever experianced anything herself) and she started telling me her stories..similar stuff to mine....but she said " Do you remember when grandpa died a year or two ago?" i said ya (for referance i was about 20ish then so I was about 19ish when he passed) she said she was talking to him about the house over the last couple years and he said then he leaves this world he will come back and tell the spirts to leave the house..well when passed all the hauntings have stopped according to my mother (its been about 5 years now)

edit: sorry if its bad spelling and what not..pretty tired right now :/

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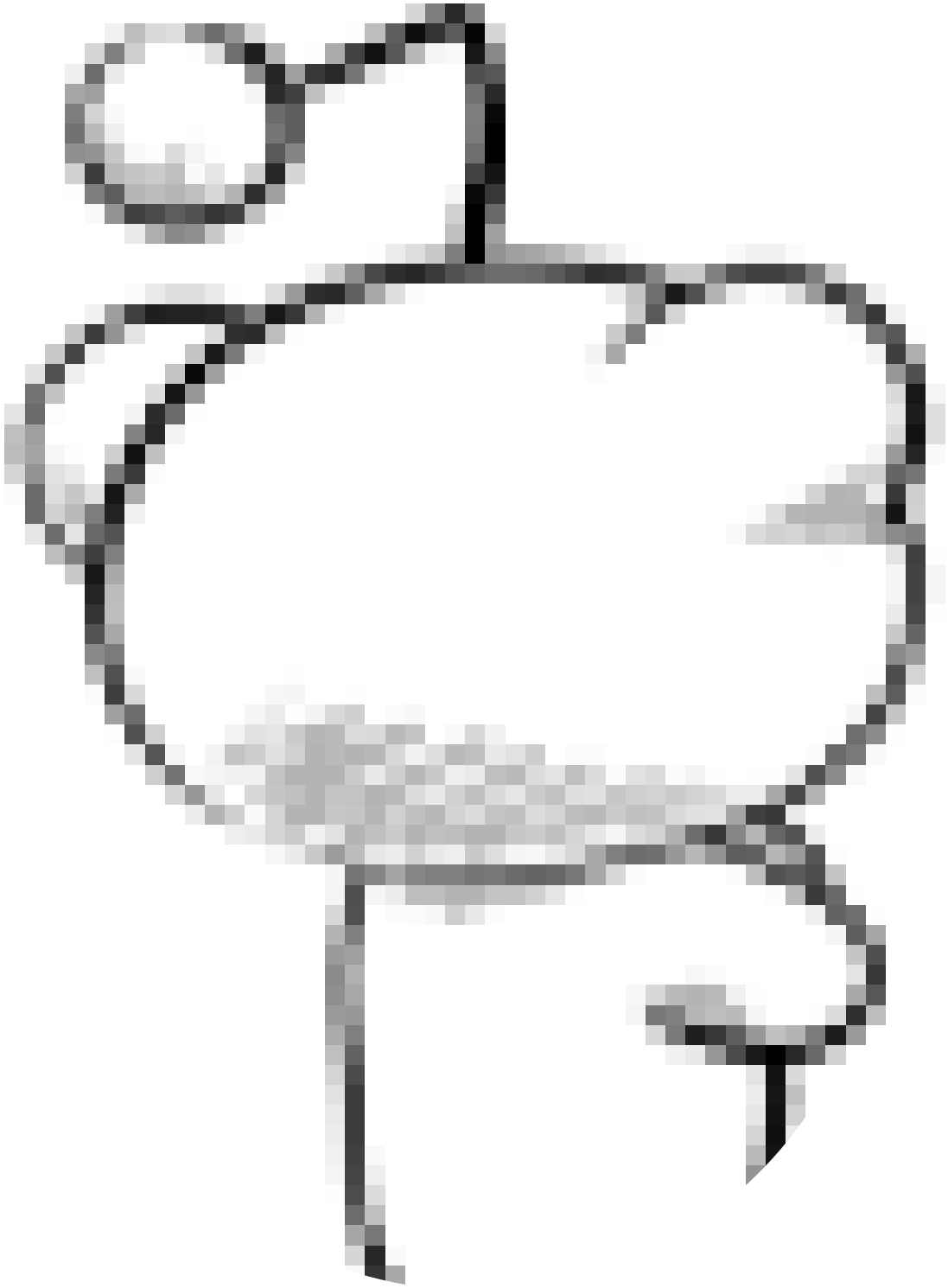

balarga
â€¢ 14y ago

One time I was on reddit and a man asked me to relate a story describing an unexplained event in my life. It was very strange, and to this day I don't know why he did it.

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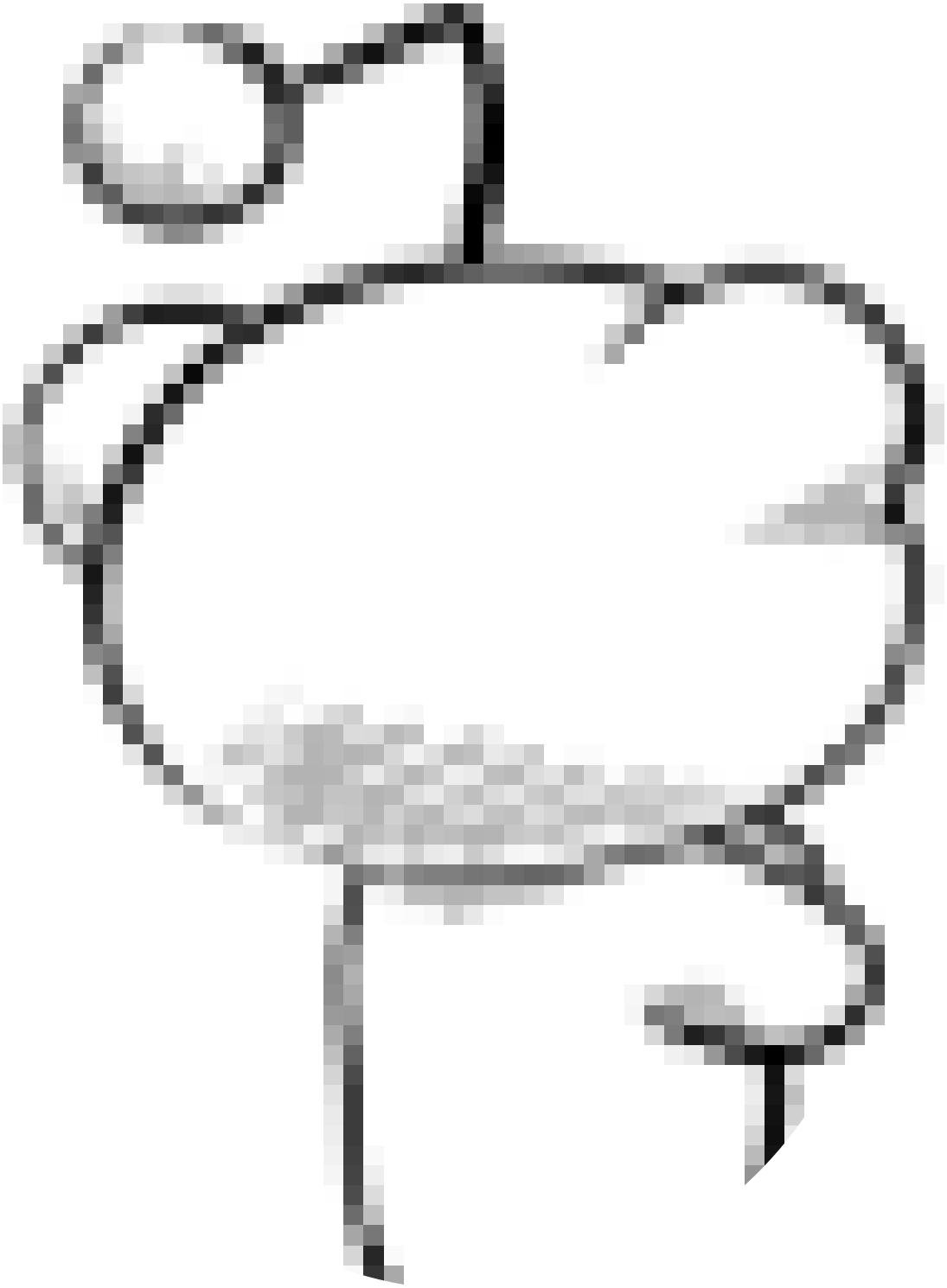

Taodeist
â€¢ 14y ago

Well played.

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likeabaker
â€¢ 14y ago

Sometimes I feel like I have absolutely no sense of time. Not like waking up and not remembering stuff, just feel like I've been doing stuff for like 15min and it ends up being hours. This always happens with Reddit. Probably just ADD.

Reply Share

Arrested-Smokie
â€¢ 14y ago

When i was about 12-13 i just had got home from living with my father for one year, and i had a lot of libertys their compare to what i had at my mothers.. so being the rebel that i was i always spend late nights out (not that late, max around 11-12 pm, i had a latin mother and there is just so much you can push them before they reach their limit..you dont what them to reach their limit) so while walking home down my street in the middle of night, i hear a faint sound, i look up, and to my suprise i see the most typical clichee looking UFO, a round smooth metal/steal looking circle, with red lights underneat it, while the outedge of the circle are spinning and the middle is still. I stare in disbelief for about 10 seconds, and its really near as well, about 12-15 meters just above the ground at the buildings height but it was above the middle of the street, above me. I watch it hoover pass me, turn around and see it float away in the distance. I never knew what too say to that. I told my mother, she took away my tv and computer for about two weeks, i was pretty freak out when i told her. I told my father, he took away my allowance. Secret army aicraft ? I think ?

- *spelling **

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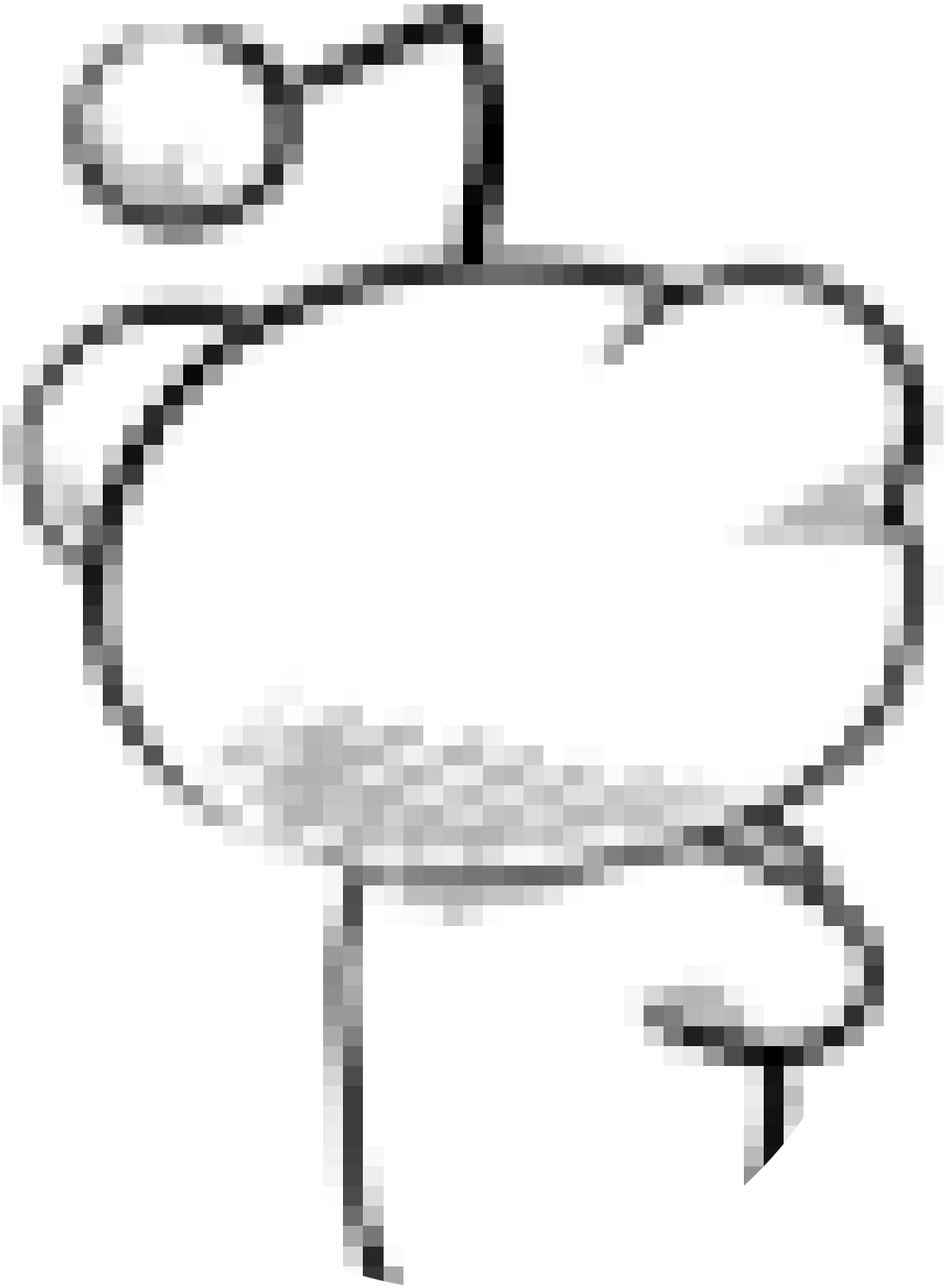

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â€¢ 14y ago

I once was home alone. Chilling in the living room. Suddenly, I hear the door fridge open up and slammed back so loudly. I went to look in the kitchen to see if there is anyone but I was disappointed. I ran to the street.

Reply Share

earbly
â€¢ 14y ago

My two good friends were in summer school around 8 years ago. My one friend walks into class and says "Miley Cyrus was in a car accident," for no reason. He hadn't read anything he just said it out loud. Later that day my friend meets me at a bar and I'm reading the paper. Before I even look at him the first thing I say is "Miley Cyrus was in a car accident," because I was reading a blurb about it in the paper. My friend freaked out and asked if I had talked to our friend earlier. Nope. That I was reading that very article when he walked up, just weird stuff.

Was pretty surreal.

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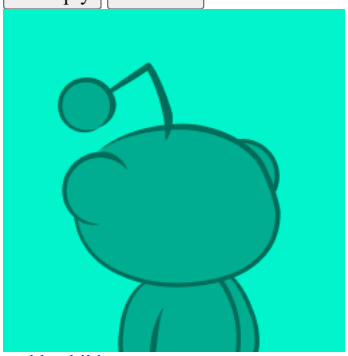

wokkachikka
â€¢ 14y ago

I was waiting to meet someone at London Victoria train station. It was rush hour, the entire concourse was packed with people watching the boards, those old clicky clacky ones that told you what platform you need about 10 minutes before the train leaves.

I'm 6'5" so I could see across the tops of most of the peoples heads. In the distance I spot a ripple in the crowd. Just a slight movement, but something about it made notice. I quickly figure the ripple is headed towards me, it becomes more pronounced the closer it gets. Definitely people moving out of the way, nobody else is taking much notice as they're all staring at the boards, the disturbance is almost upon me and the crowd parts right in front of me.

Fucking midget on a skateboard, wasn't it. He rides right on past and out of the concourse. No one else bats an eyelid.

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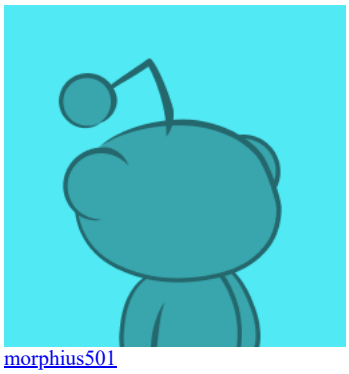


morphius501
â€¢ 14y ago

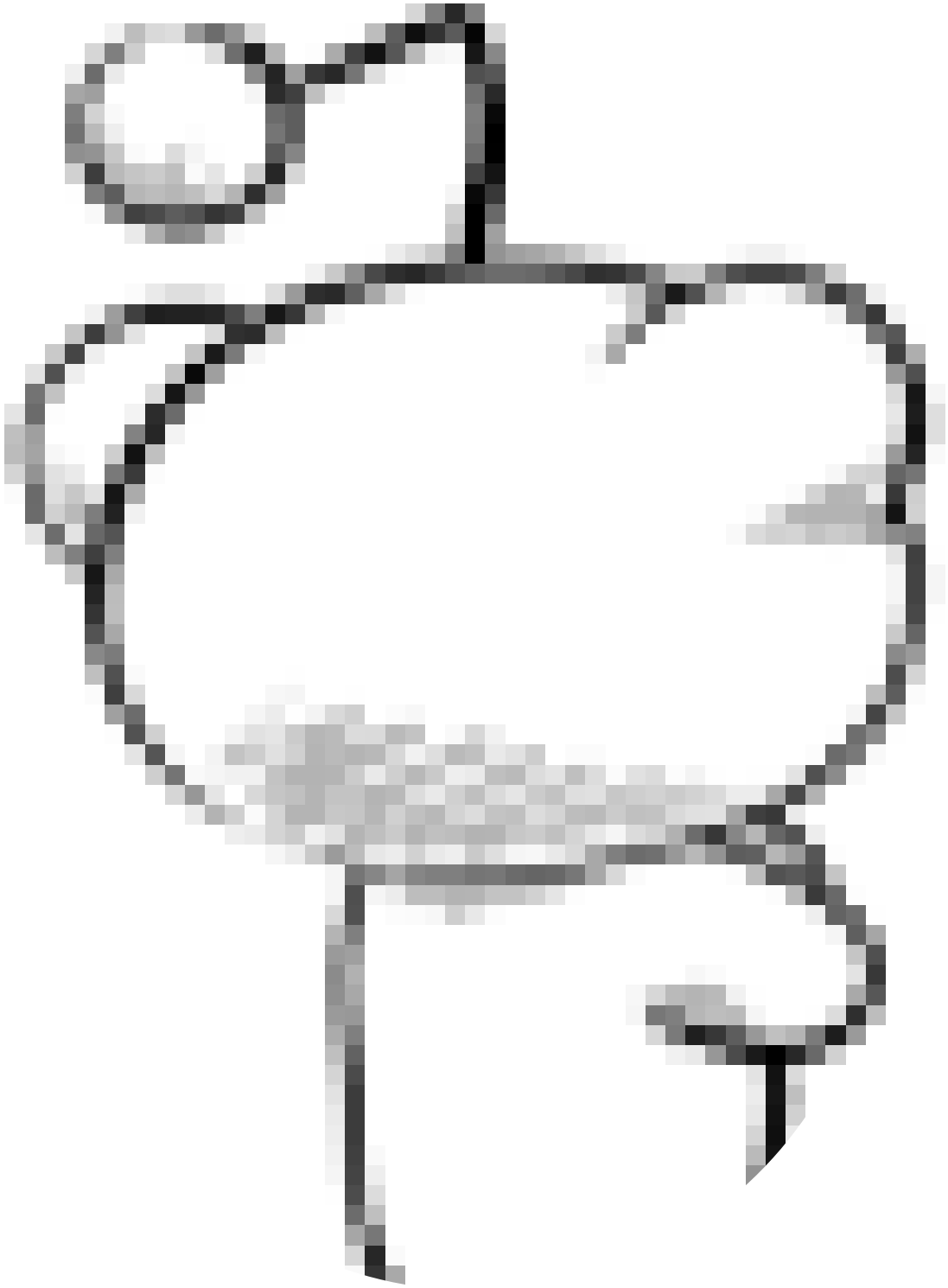
Twice, first there was the marijuana, booze, ether night that ended with a alien-sasquatch-rattlesnake night.

Then some years later there was the LSD, spider-alien runway-crazy bitch at Denny's that cussed us out night.

TL;DR: Drugs.

DesertBunny8
â€¢ 14y ago

Bookmarked for spooky reading later :p



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â€¢ 14y ago

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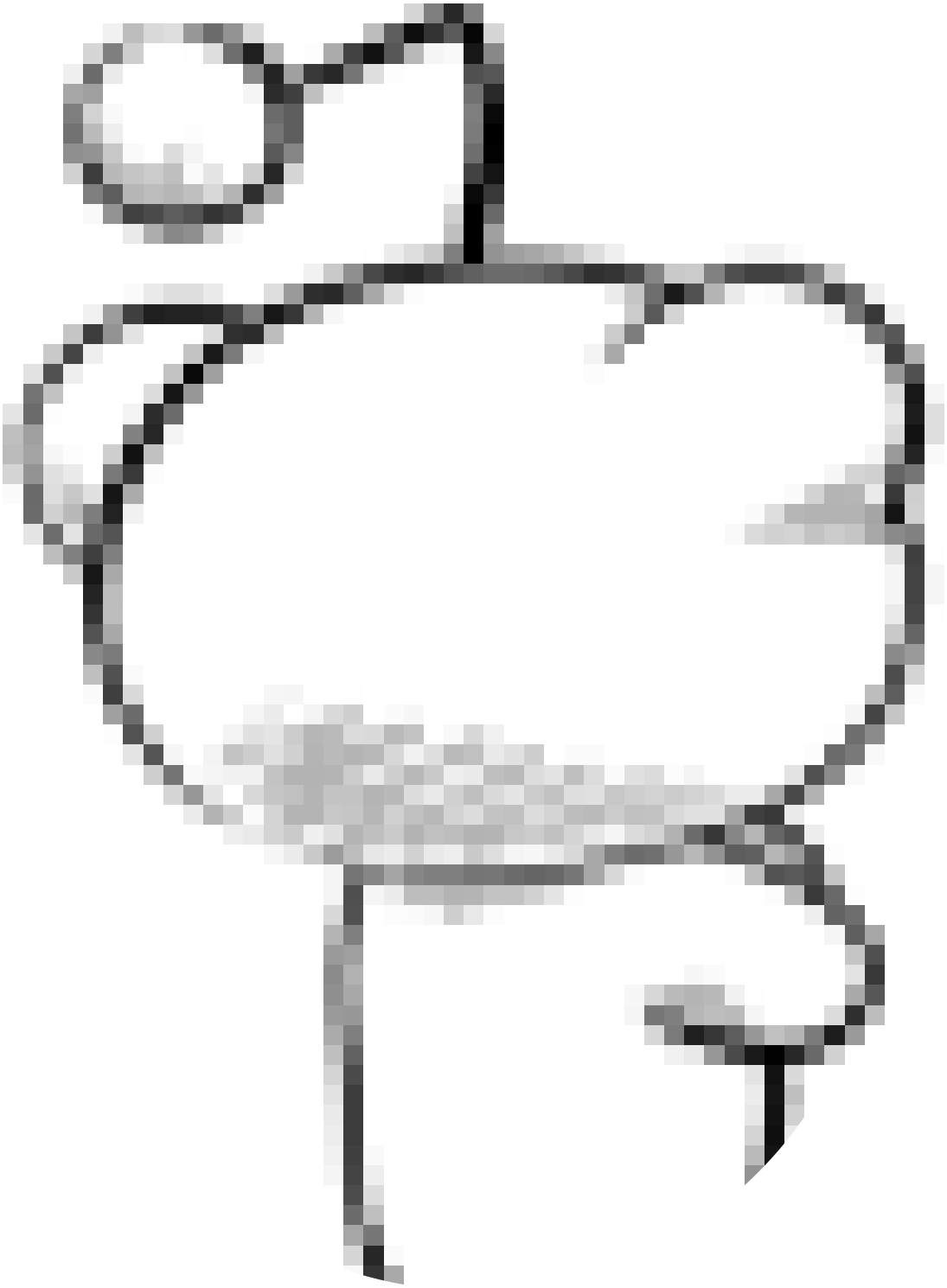

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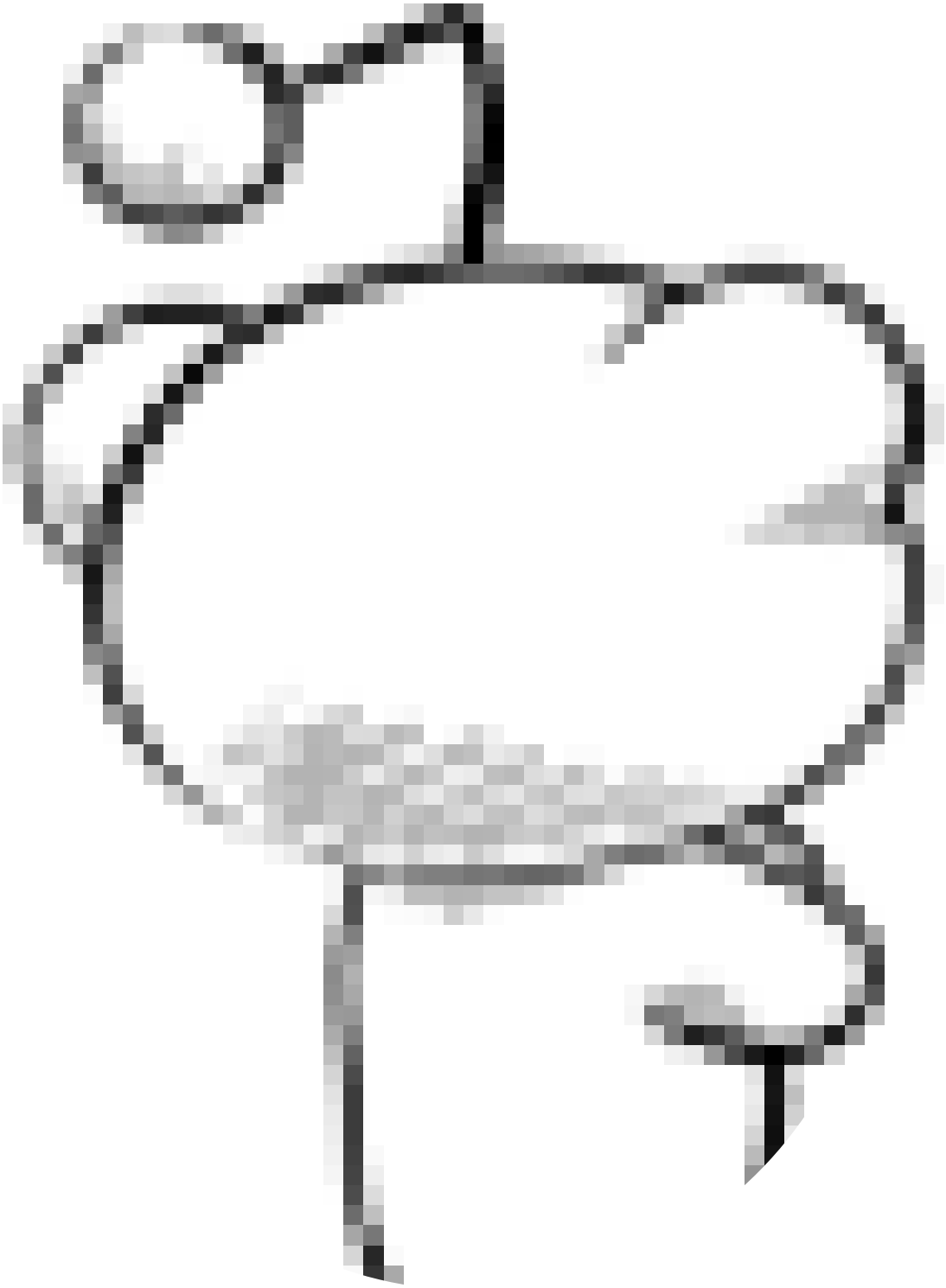
â€¢ 14y ago

bullshit!



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â€¢ 14y ago

When I lived in Bulgaria as a kid, around 9-10 yo I was hanging out with the kids around the neighborhood. One night, I was hanging with around 15 kids, and one girl asked if we felt like calling the spirit of "baba yaga". So she took out a bunch of witchcraft like paraphernalia which included wierd cards, wierd ass candleholders, and blankets. We sat on the blankets, among all the candles and other magic mumbo jumbo...i clearly remember a very large top spinner thing, that would spin in place if you pressed on it...anyway so eventually the girl and two of her friends were like "ok so...we can do this, we all just need to chant. And then we started chanting while holding hands...i forget the chant completely, but I remember the one that followed. As the chant went on, suddenly a kid screamed out. "Shes on the blanket!". And so we all quickly got off the blankets...one of the blankets seemed poses ed. I asked "Do you guys SEE THIS!!?!"...about half of us could, the others were like "see what?" I saw it...on the blanket, made out of light was the image of a woman. She was not old, I remember thinking her beautiful...but she scared me to the core...I could feel it, and it felt scary. She had a presence, and all I knew was I was scared shitless. one of the witch girls said something like "I can't believe it worked....quick, we have to sent her back before she manifests further!" and so she said something like "grab the blanket, shake her off and chant!"... then a lot of us grabbed the blanket she was glowing out of, and we started shaking it up and down up and down making it billow and stretch, and then we chanted "baba yaga, ti nemojesh da ne yadesh, baba yaga mahai se ot tuk.." actually thats not exactly what we chanted, i forget but its close enough i guess...it was something like "we dont like you, please leave". It rhymed i remember. I was so scared, yet somehow excited...but within a few moments, she was gone. And so ended the night, the girl said we should go home, and she warned us to not speak her name, or think about her...as it would draw her attention, something about the spirit wall being weaker then expected tonight. I went home, and hid under the blankets...I could feel her presence you know...I don't think i slept for quite a while, i could feel her right above me, but i thought as long as i hid under the blanket I would be safe.

I told the witch girl about this the next day, and she said I was very lucky...that my innocence had protected me. Thinking about it now, it seems to make a lot of sense, because it wasn't just fear that I felt...it was excitement, like sexual excitement...but at the time I didn't know that's what it was.

Yeah, anyway i'm an athiest but this childhood experience can never be explained..i have no idea what the fuck that was about.

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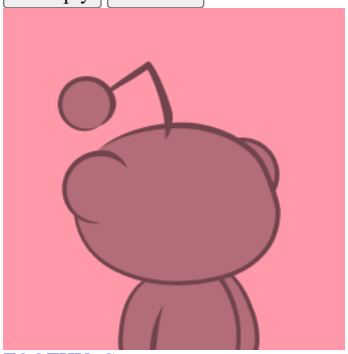

TOOTHY_G
â€¢ 14y ago

> Someone almost always...

Yeah right, more like *no one sometimes never*

Reply Share

Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

"No one sometimes never has one weird thing happen to them."?

A: Way to speak for an entire global population, I'm sure you're completely qualified to make this judgement for us all.

B: Weird things happen all the time! Things I can't explain- doesn't mean they're unexplainable, just that I've got no clue what just happened.

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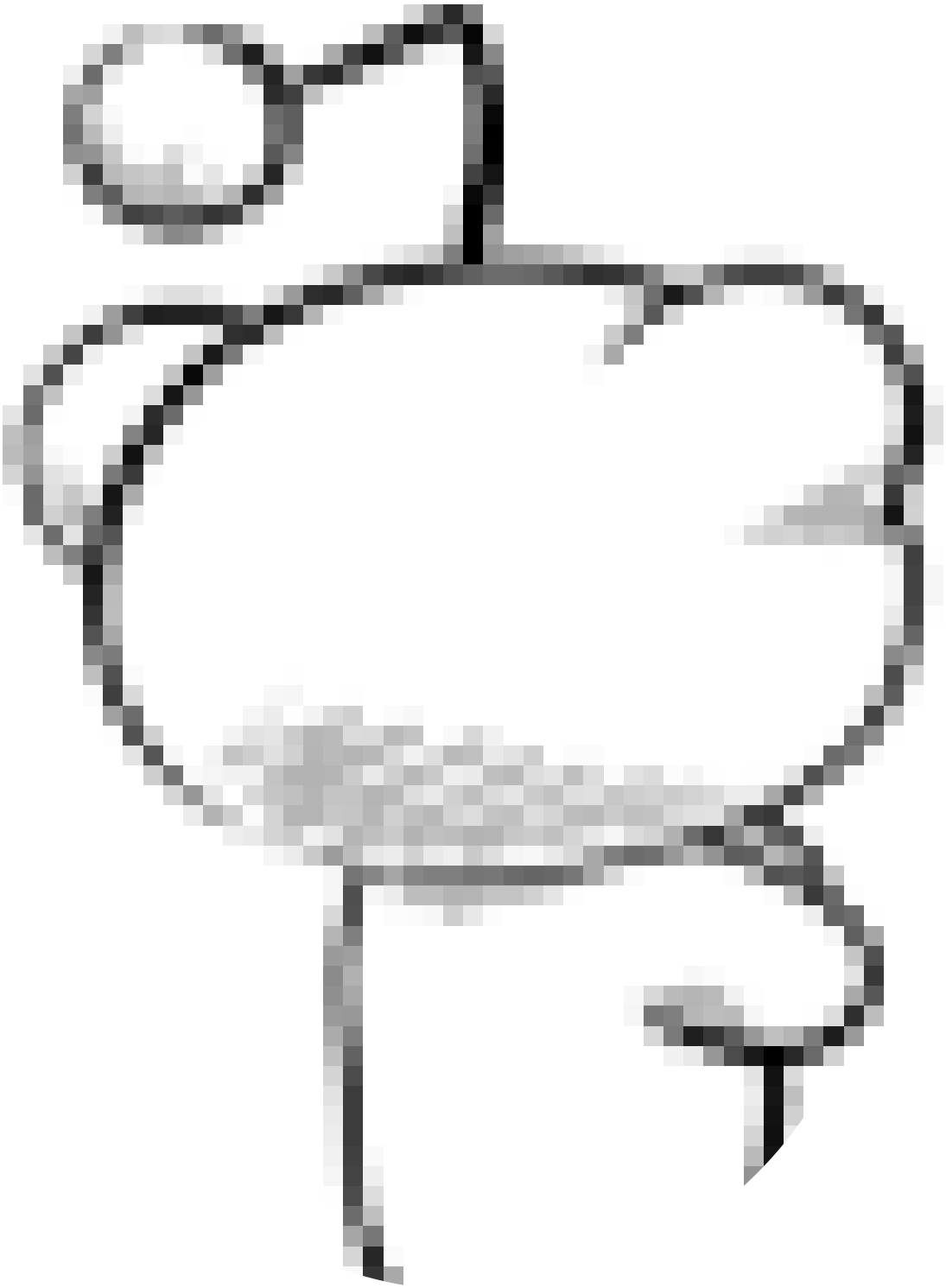

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â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

A wildland firefighter friend said he and hundreds of other firefighters stood in amazement staring into a night-sky filled with lights moving at incredible speeds and turning on a dime. Nobody could explain it.

They we also on meth though.

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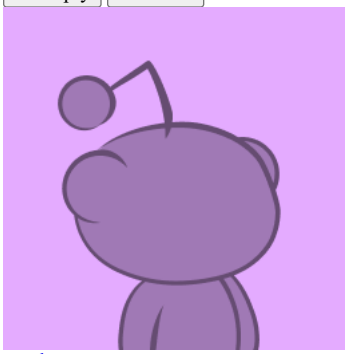

maybestomorrow
â€¢ 14y ago

I used to do Judo and at one competition got choked out by a giant of a girl. I could see myself lying on the ground, my perspective was from way up in one of the corners of the stadium. I could see my body and people coming down from the stands and then I was back in my body, opened my eyes to see them looking down at me.

It was pretty awesome.

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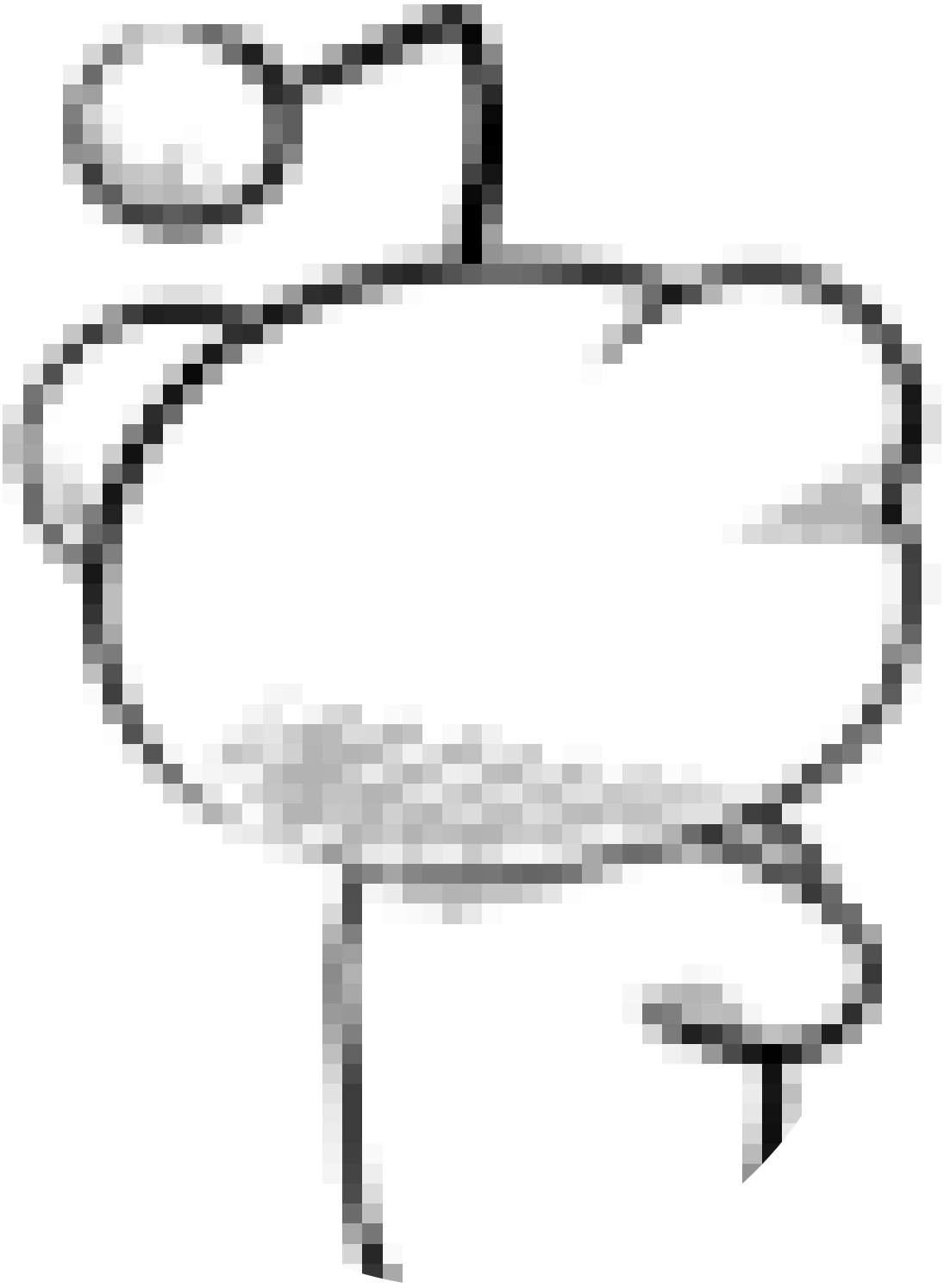
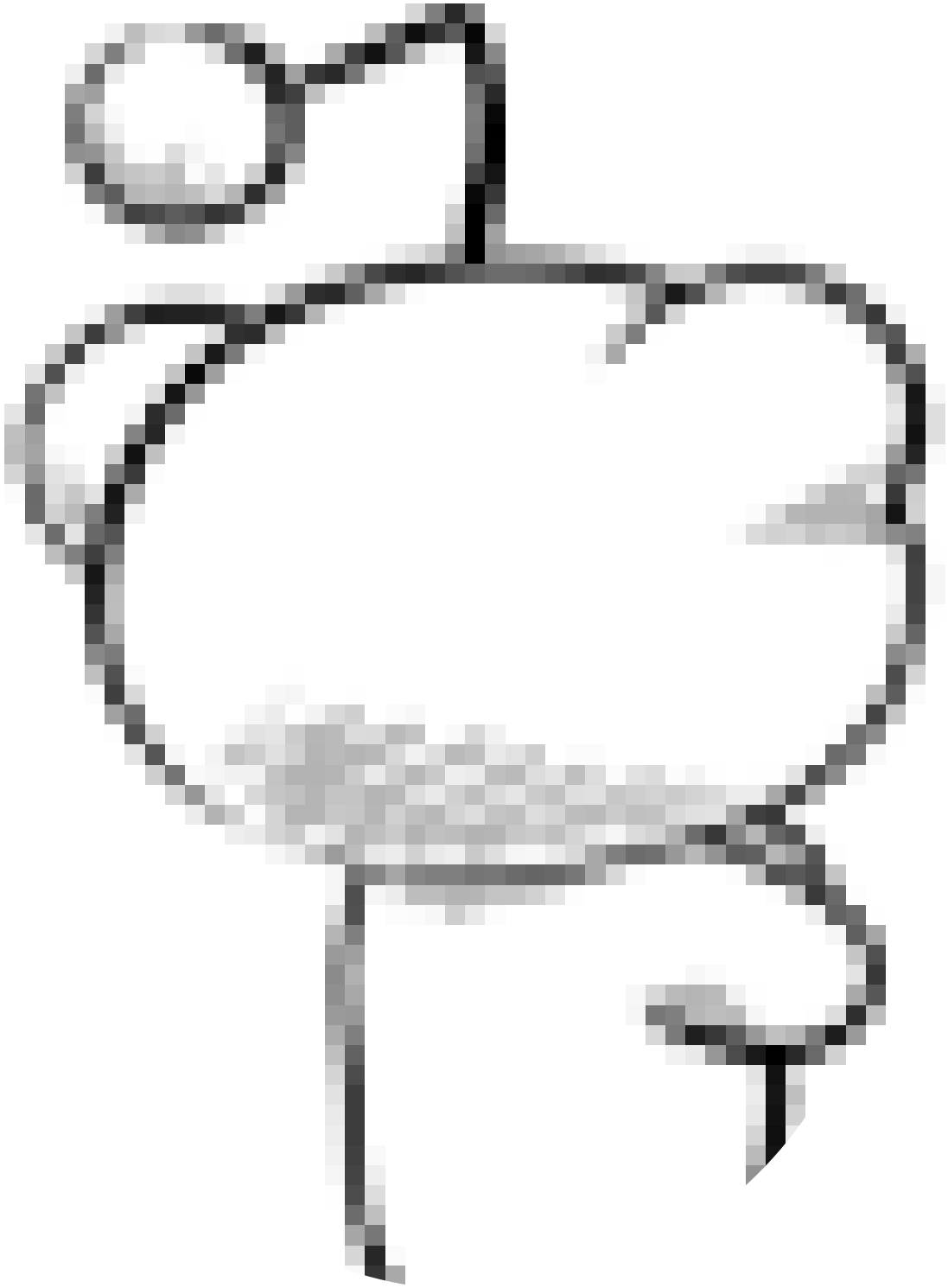


Nevera_
â€¢ 14y ago

Once during the end of highschool we were hanging out about to leave, because i'm strange and like j-pop i remembered i word i had heard i think it was "Ikkimashou" just as i thought of that word for no reason my friend said "IKKIMASHOU!" and i said to him.... what does that mean...? he said it means lets go, i was dumbfounded. (And of course how do you tell someone you were just thinking that word that you don't know the meaning)



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â€¢ 14y ago

The tide comes in, the tide goes out.

skorbz
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was a sophomore in highschool, something quite strange and unexplainable happened to me.

Backstory - The area I live in is a small community in central Cali, without a local highschool. I had to get up really early to catch the bus because the school was about an hour bus ride away. Usually I woke up around 5:30am(PST), showered, got ready, then headed to the bus stop.

Anyways, one morning, I decided to turn on the TV and check out the news. I had **NEVER** put on the news or even watched TV before school but for some reason, that morning, I did.

It was about 5:55am and a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center. No one was sure what was going on and then a few minutes later, a second plane hit. The date was September 11th, 2011.

It was a very weird occurrence and for some reason I don't think it was a coincidence.

TL;DR - woke up early for school and for some reason had a feeling to put on the news(something I had never done) and watch the 2nd plane crash into the WTC live

Reply Share

Aerokii
â€¢ 14y ago

> September 11th, 2011
>
> **and watch the 2nd plane crash into the WTC live**

...what?

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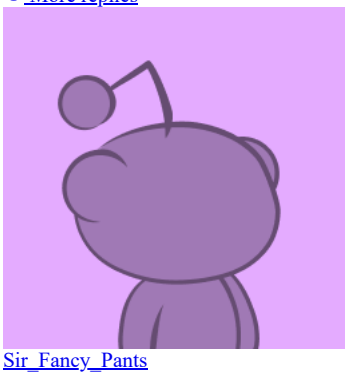

Sir_Fancy_Pants
â€¢ 14y ago

Once this random guy came up to me asking me to tell him of a time I couldn't explain something,

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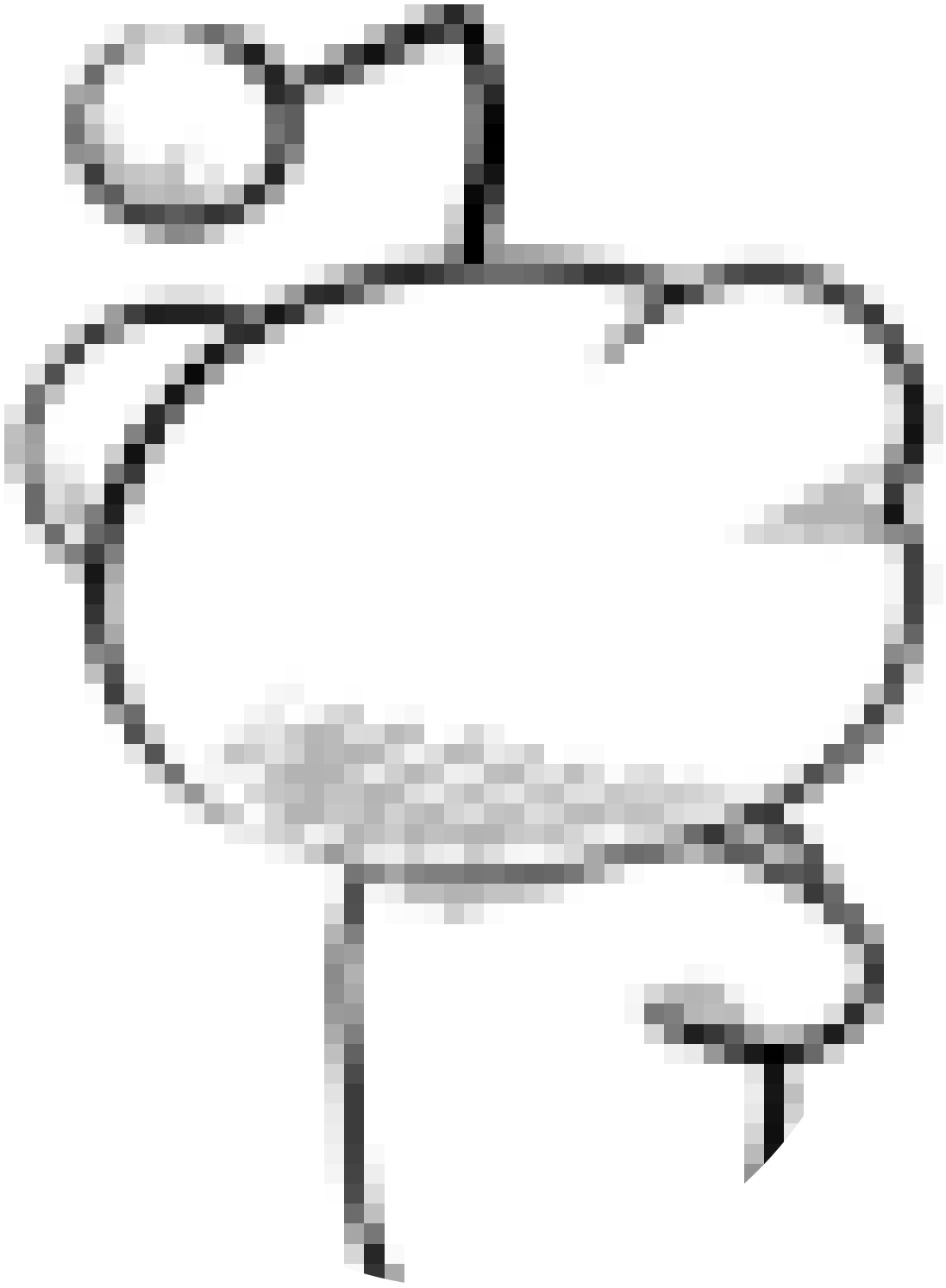

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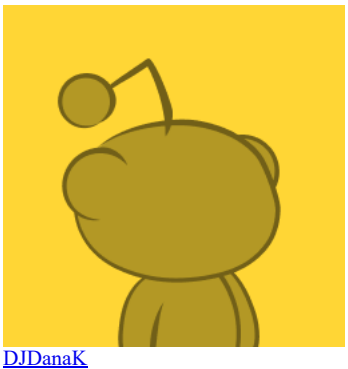
â€¢ 14y ago

I'm a little late, but I'll post my story anyway.

I was walking in town one day, heading to the library after school (this was about 3-4 years ago). I was at a crosswalk waiting for the lights to change, when an old red car pulls up, also waiting for the lights to change. This was an old car, maybe 50-60 years old. In the car is an old man, looking very classy, and smiling at me. In the passenger seat is a small dog also looking at me. The dog had a spot of black fur around its eye, kind of like the Target dog. For some reason I couldn't take my eyes away from this car, man, and his dog. For a split second I thought of taking a picture, but for some reason I couldn't. I don't know why I was so mesmerized, but it was a very good moment for me.



DJDanaK
â€¢ 14y ago

Happy cake day :)

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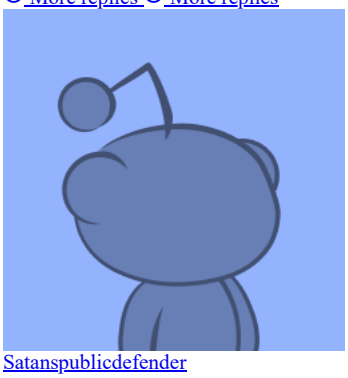

Satanspublicdefender
â€¢ 14y ago

Michelle wanted me and I went for Nicole.

woolbob96
â€¢ 14y ago

ok, this is probably gonna get buried but a few months ago I had the worst kind of lucid dreaming ever. I "woke up" in the middle of night, and realized that I can't move any of my limbs. Now I'm sure a lot of people have had similar experiences where you think you are awake but cannot move, and it is not the first time that I have experienced this either. So at this moment I tried to force my limbs to move. That's when I started to suffocate, I tried so hard to breath but I coudn't even take a puff. Then I started hearing buzzing sounds, like this electric zzzzzz. And I felt an electric current pass through my body (kind of like the pins and needles you feel after sitting for too long, but throughout your body). All at the same time I was desperate to catch a breath.

Then suddenly, I sat up gasping for air, perspiration running down my face, realizing that it was all a dream

DJDanaK
â€¢ 14y ago

Sleep paralysis + sleep apnea is my guess

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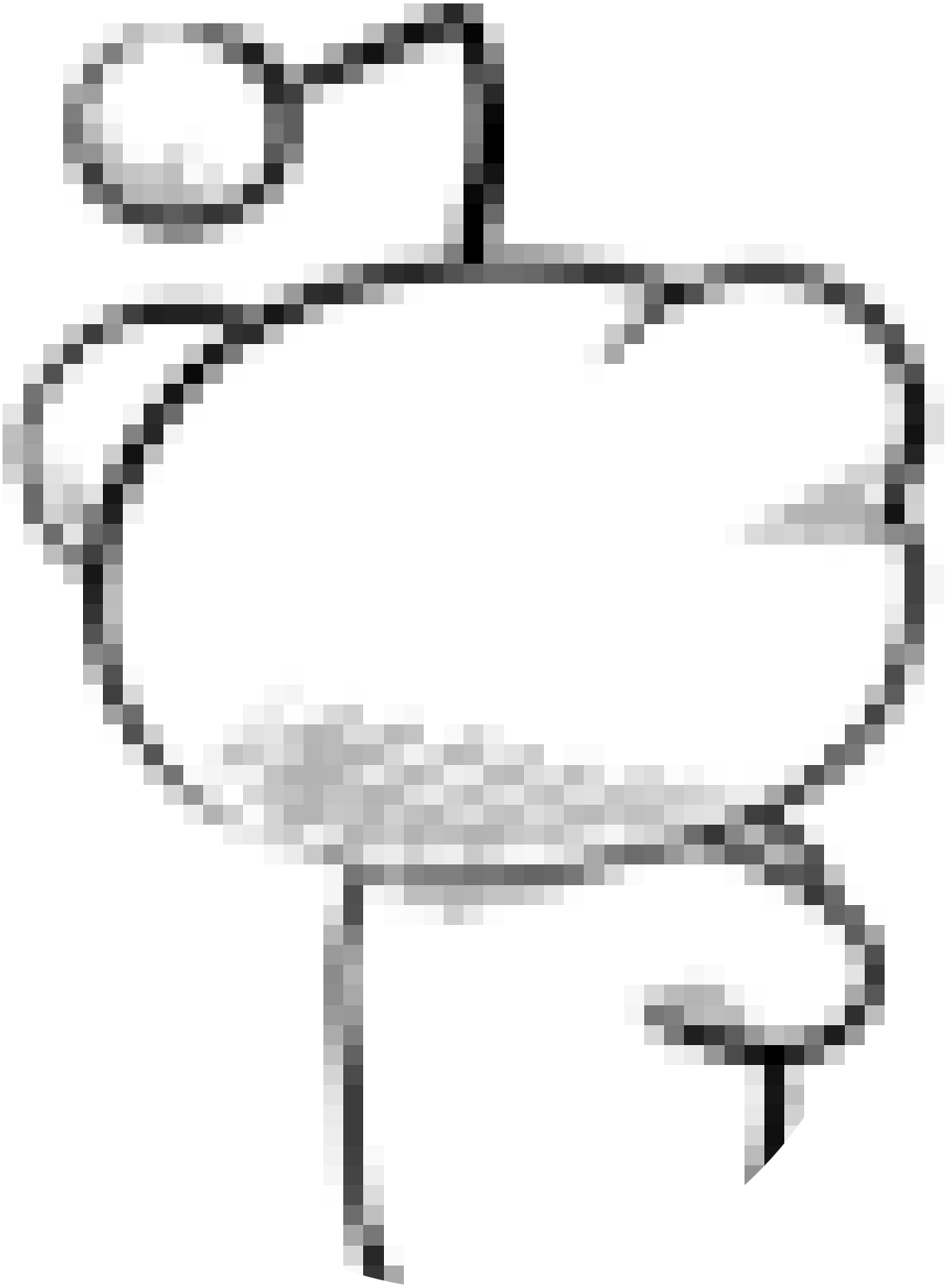

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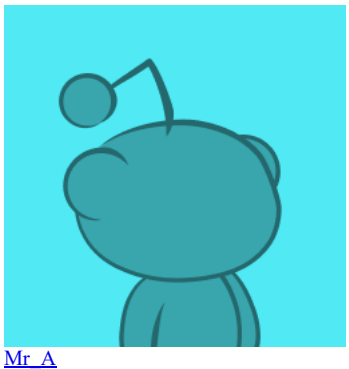
â€¢ 14y ago

I accidentally got a bj from my friends girlfriend one night. She had brought a random girl from the street into the apartment we were sharing. I took one shot of gold schlager (I drank a bit at the time so I know one shot wouldn't do this to me) and I know I only took one shot, next thing I remember is waking up at 2am receiving oral sex from her. I was completely blacked out and felt stranger than I ever had before. It wasn't an alcohol feeling, something was different, I was completely crazed and my cock was harder than it had ever been in my life. I'm talking, I was getting close to 9 1/2 inches and she was just downing it like a champ! I slept for 6 hours and woke up completely sober with no hangover and no feeling of being 'drunk' at all. I don't understand to this day what happened. If I was drugged by that random strange girl. It was all flashy, I blacked out, woke up to those two girls making out, blacked out, woke up to me kicking the random girl out almost like I knew she was dangerous, blacked out, woke up to the blow job and maybe sex, blacked out, etc.



Mr_A
â€¢ 14y ago

No, I don't. But:

http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/search?q=unexplained&restrict_sr=on&sort=relevance

http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/search?q=mysteries&restrict_sr=on&sort=relevance

smiztex
â€¢ 14y ago

I do, I do

StinkySteve123
â€¢ 14y ago

When I was 5, I went to NYC with my parents. We went down to the Financial District and I started looking around at the different skyscrapers. The park I was in afforded me an panoramic view of all the tall buildings. When I looked at the Twin Towers, I felt very sick (a pit at the bottom of my stomach, sense of impending doom, nausea, heart rate sped up considerably), saw weird rectangular shadows passing over the buildings, and heard a woman's low, sultry voice (in my head), stating "They're all going to die". When I thought of telling my mother, the woman's voice (in my head) said, "and so will you". I then shut up about what I had felt/saw, and 4 years later, 9/11 occurred. I thought it was just me being a 5 year old, I didn't think it would actually become true.

Reply Share

MidgardDragon
â€¢ 14y ago

Impending sense of doom are pretty common, given our eventual mortality. I've had plenty of them, nothing has come of it. Being in a high profile place and 9/11 turning out to actually happen is more of a coincidence than anything, just like someone in DC near the Pentagon probably had similar feelings at some point in their life.

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1 more reply

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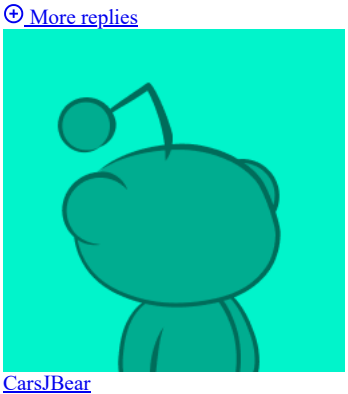

CarsJBear
â€¢ 14y ago

wat

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TheAtomicOption
â€¢ 14y ago

I have lots of good stories. But nothing I can't explain. /shrug

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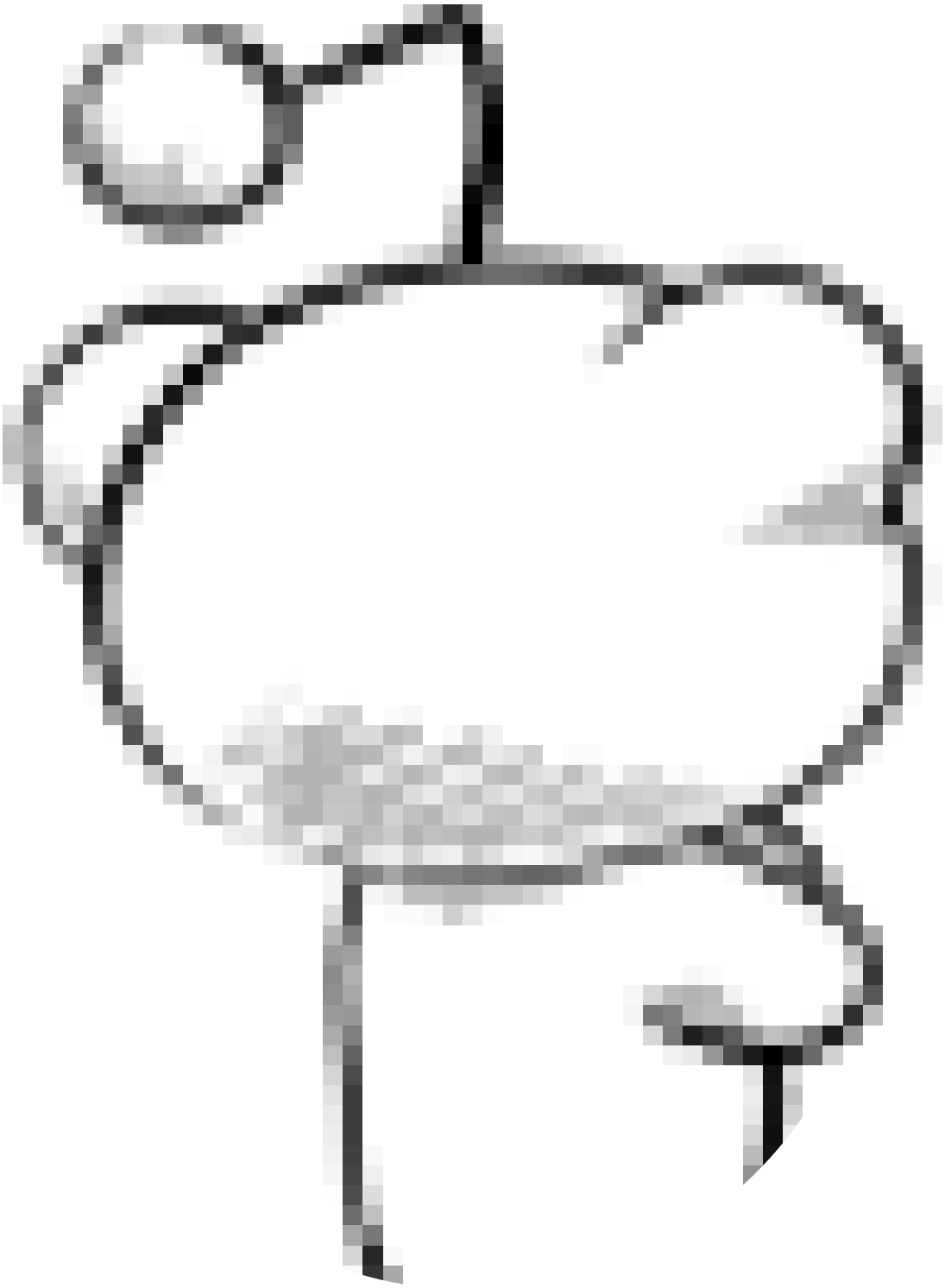

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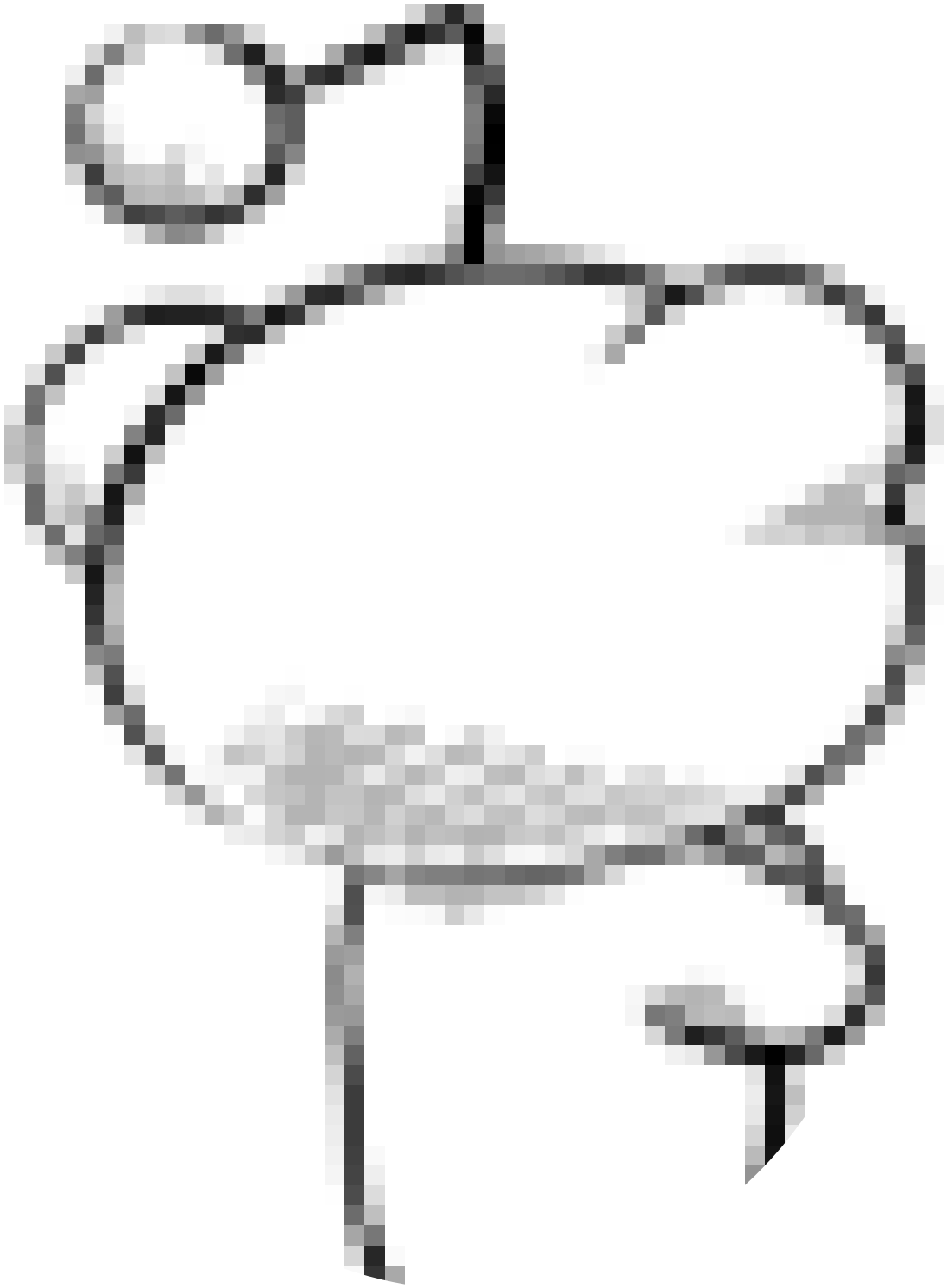
â€¢ 14y ago

what the actual fuck

Reply Share



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â€¢ 14y ago

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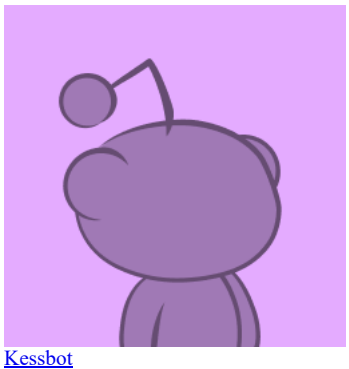
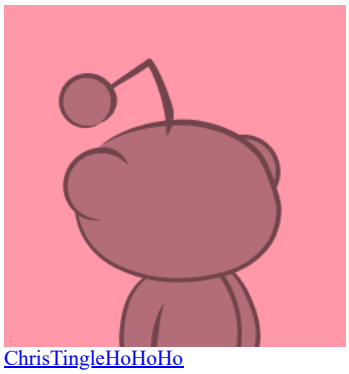


Kessbot
â€¢ 14y ago

", he wished desperately, as he read on.



ChrisTingleHoHoHo
â€¢ 14y ago

Probably going to be buried, but I have had some unexplainable things happen at my house. We dug up a lot of Indian artifacts while we were building the house, and had strange things happen for years.

It started when brother felt someone sit on the edge of his bed, there was a depression but nothing was there. I was walking through my house once and had something grab my ankle and I couldn't move forward. A friend claims he saw a towel drag across the floor, and we had tons of doors open and slam shut on their own.

Finally one day we all got so freaked out we decided to have the house blessed. Nothing happened at our house after that, but my brother has had some experiences still.

I don't believe in ghosts but I have no idea or the slightest explanation for what went on.

SaltyBabe
â€¢ 14y ago

ITT: dirty, filthy liars.

Hope-full
â€¢ 14y ago

Technically.. You just explained your unexplainable story.

likeabaker
â€¢ 14y ago

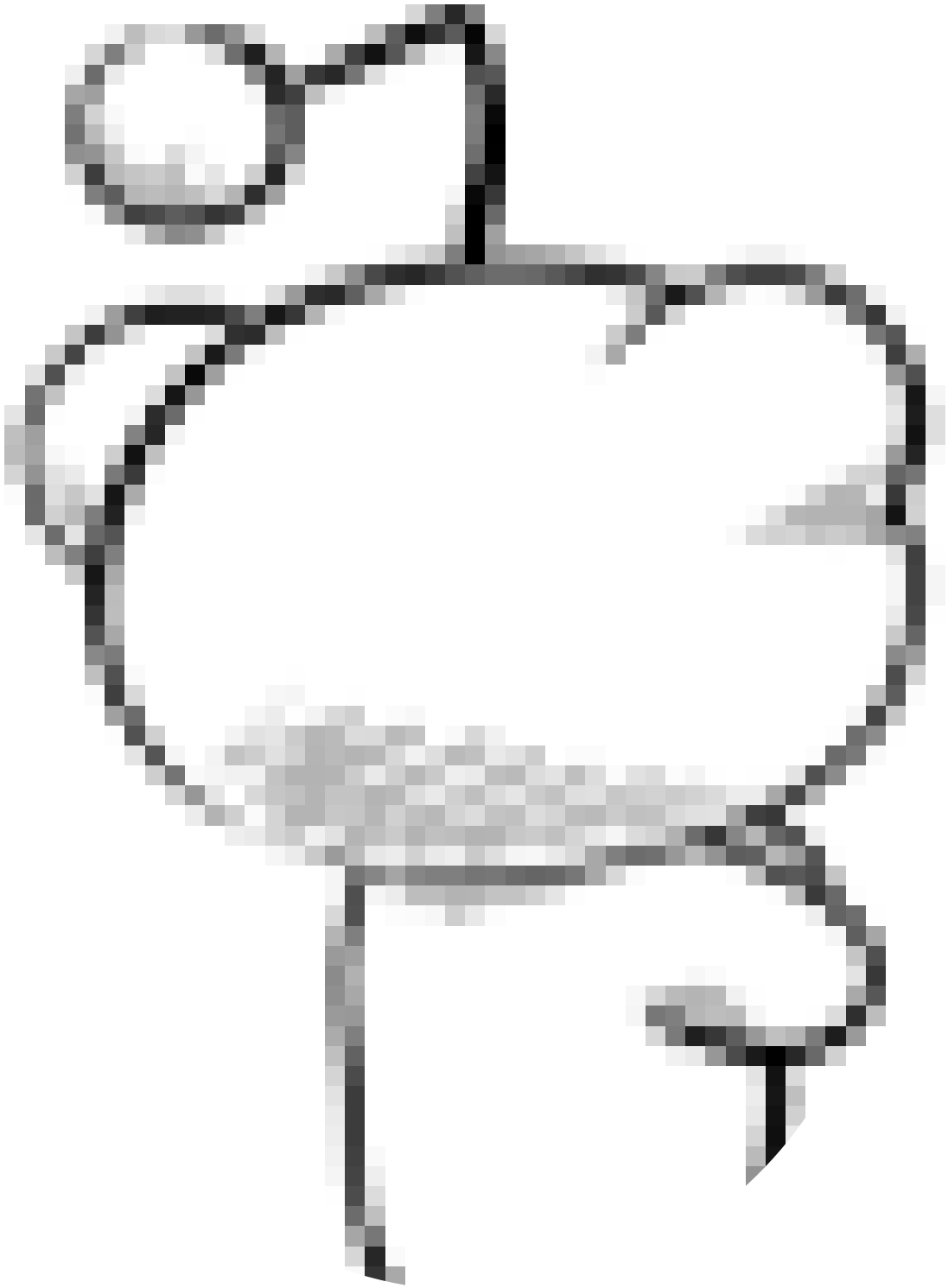
I got a girlfriend.

JupitersClock
â€¢ 14y ago

I don't have one. Now I'm sad.

ragenFOX
â€¢ 14y ago

Ima try to make it as short as possible. Last year, i've been following an internet pedophile on funnyjunk(yea I know) and I collected some information amd sent a report but got no response or any help, I gave up, few months go by and I rolled a user(write a short code and it generates a completely random username) aand I got my pedo friend, I was confused as fuck! What are the odds! I was religious at the time and took it as a sign, then just one month from that this happened https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KYslygwNU_4&feature=youtube_gdata_player I lost my faith in religion but still have questions if our universe was perfectly planned or just random. That blew my mind. That event changed me too, dealing with that guy made me realize that he is a victim too, something made him dumb and attracted to little girls, not his fault.

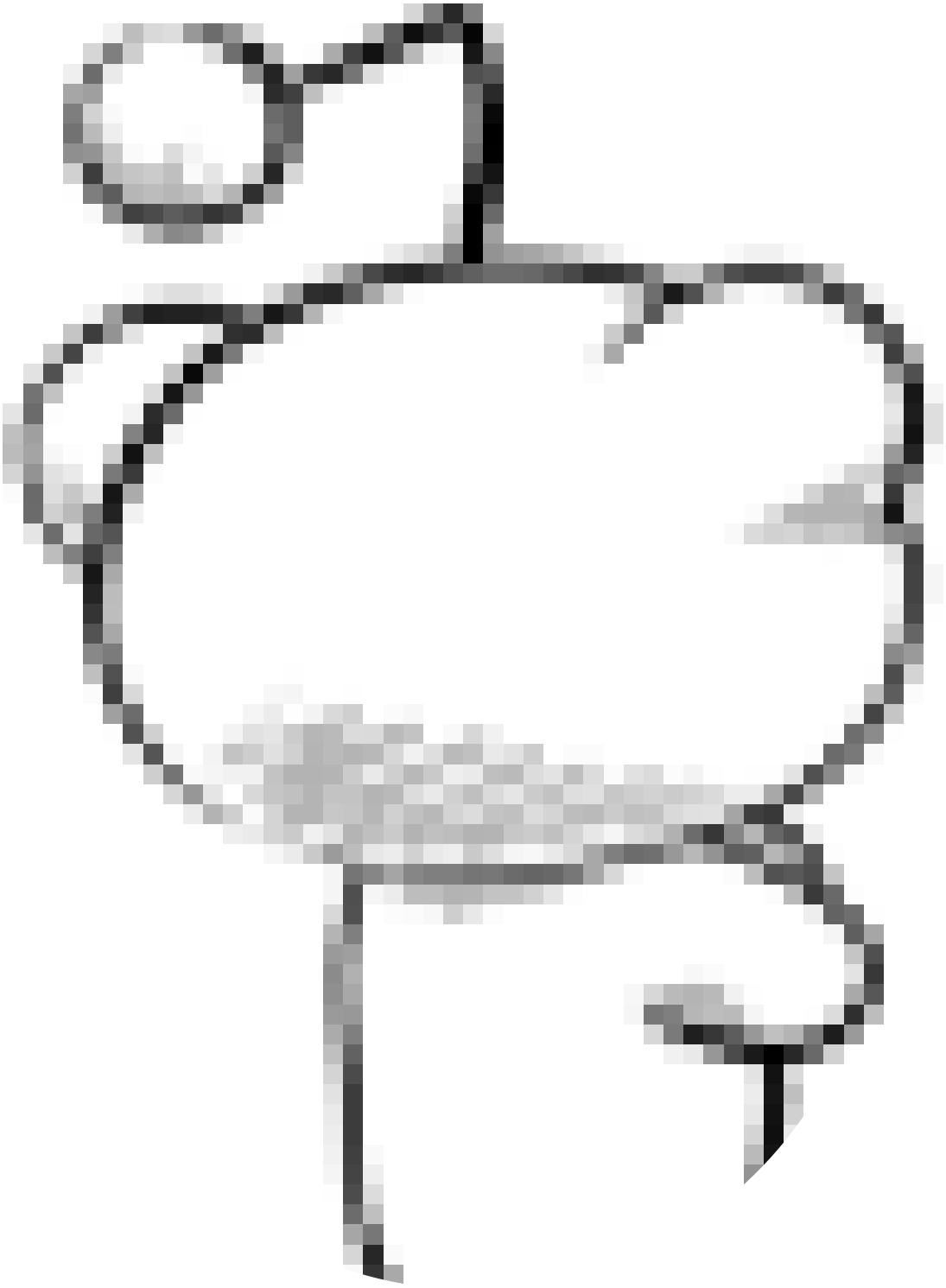


iwazaruu
â€¢ 14y ago

how coincidental that all these stories happened when you were kids

no_pussyfooting
â€¢ 14y ago

There has been nothing in my life that I can not come up with at least one possible explanation to. Because I am not prone to delusions.



[deleted]
â€¢ 14y ago

I was at the beach with some friends when it happened. We were just watching the tides go in and out. None of us could explain it. The end.

bwebb0017
â€¢ 14y ago

As a skeptic here, I was hoping to read some truly inexplicable stories. Ho hum. How disappointing. "the weather changed suddenly" or "I lost track of time" is NOT an unexplainable event. Neither is some very strange random coincidence. smh people always reach for the supernatural for an explanation for things that are always mundane.

sireWilliam
â€¢ 14y ago

For some reason this thread became an horror thread.. Well I do have something unexplainable too, I remember this very well, I was still I'm kindergarten, one day, out of nowhere, I suddenly cry for no reason in the middle of the class. For completely no reason at all.

littleln
â€¢ 14y ago

Yes. Im an atheist too and i believe in nothing supernatural... But i have had a couple of very unnerving experiences. In early 2004 i started saying some things that didn't make sense. Worded strangely... For example after xmas (2003) i was upset that we didn't go see my parents. I didn't know why but i was really upset. Then without thinking during a fight i yelled at my husband that we missed my moms last xmas and it was all his fault (childish yea sorry). The fight stopped and he said hey your mom is only 59, she had lots of xmases left honey. Ok fast forward a few weeks. My mom wants to buy me something for my birthday and i tell her, again without much thinking," don't put it on your credit card you won't be around to pay it." She died three weeks later, cancer that went undiscovered.

A few years later I'm going to visit my dad. The night before i go i dream that i get there and find him lying dead on the floor. Horrible. So the next morning i call and he says hell see me when i get there. I drive seven hours, get there, and he's not home. His ex girlfriend is there. She stays she spotted over to talk to him and found him laying on the floor. Passed out so she called 911. Turns out he was bleeding internally from an ulcer and nearly bled to death. He probably would have died if she hadn't come over for the booty call, it was 5 hours before i arrived.

When i received news that my uncle died i answered the phone "who's dead?" Didn't know who was calling or anything.

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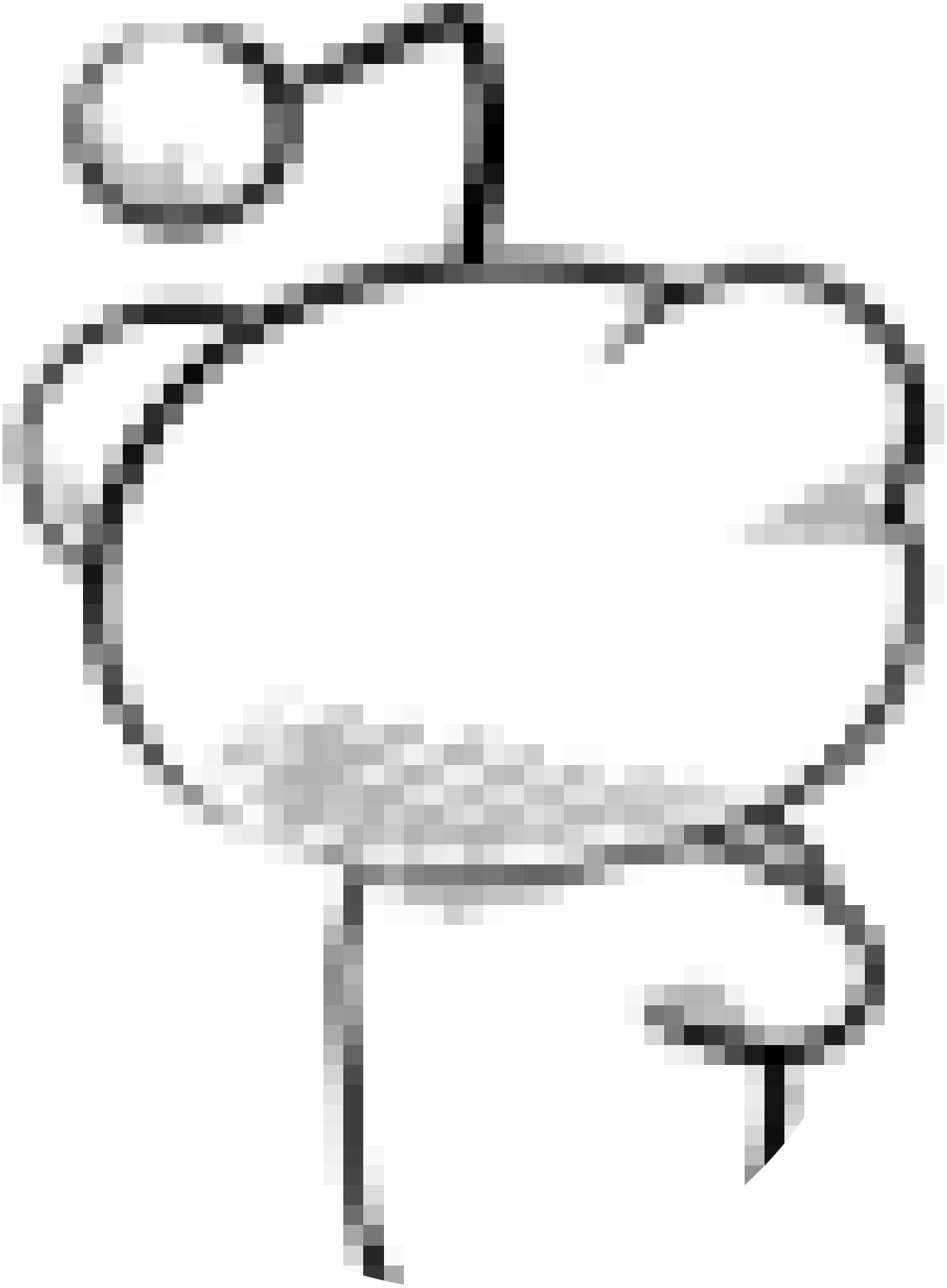

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â€¢ 14y ago

Im calling either bullshit or science on most of these.

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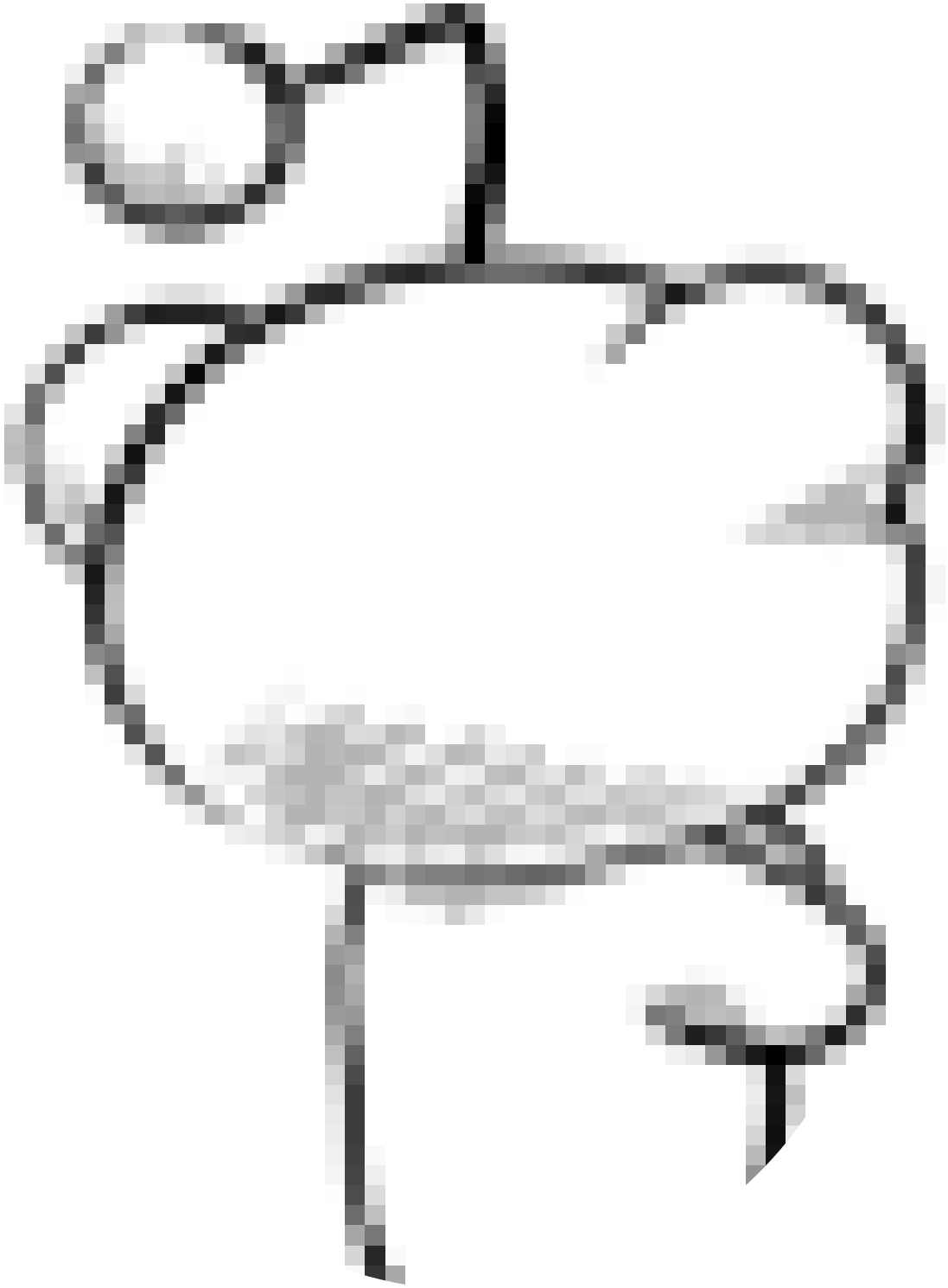

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â€¢ 14y ago

Comment deleted by user

FlamingWeasels
â€¢ 14y ago

Someone looked away from the cat for so short a time that they didn't even realize they'd looked away. Cats are quick like that, they only need a few minutes. Especially if you've got a cat in heat, forget about it. THAT is why you always get your cats spayed/neutered.

Arwin915
â€¢ 14y ago

Sounds like you have a small case of cat-Jesus with that immaculate conception and all.

lkmjoeqwert216
â€¢ 14y ago

There is a street in my town where there have been a few reports of someone stalking people at night. They go down as just some guy creeping around when people inevitably call the police (small town suburb, people dont just lurk around streets really). One of my friends lived on the street for a little while. He is a big guy, at least 6'2", well over 200 lbs. and he is not one to fuck around with. He was walking back to his house after going to a gas station or something when he notices a silhouette behind him. He keeps looking back and after some studying, he realizes this things that is now following him is super slender and 7 feet tall. He starts to get spooked and speeds up, only to have the thing chasing him speed up as well. He ends up sprinting back to his house, locks the doors, grabs a bat and just waits. One of his brothers saw him once he was inside and said he'd never seen him so scared and freaked out before in his life.

Reply Share

MidgardDragon
â€¢ 14y ago

You don't think literally using the term slender makes this an obvious fake?

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1 more reply

⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies

uppity_negroes
â€¢ 14y ago

When I got kidnapped by Buddhist monks in Nepal and was forced to be a male sex slave. After about 3 months I got sold and transferred to Cambodia. That's where I learned the ancient art of mo phat hoes and dance battled my way to freedom.After this incident I became a successful garbage truck operator while also fighting crime in San Diego under the alias of Pho Phat Phaget.

easel13
â€¢ 14y ago â€¢ Edited 14y ago

About 10 years ago my SO, his friend, and I were walking back home after fishing. We had to walk through the cemetery to get back, and about halfway through I look over and see this light in the shape of a ball. It was huge, like beach ball size, glowing blue but not projecting light, and just chilling on the ground in front of a gravestone. I was like what the fuck, looked down at my feet, and high tailed it home. When we got to the porch my So's friend said did you guys see that? I said I saw something, what did you see? He described exactly what I saw, but my SO saw nothing. No one ever believes this story, or they say it was heat lightening. I will never forget it.

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  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 8y ago

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  The Shirley Jackson short story â€œAfter You, My Dear Alphonseâ€ is the best example of liberal do-good racism Iâ€™ve ever seen. I already loved her, but damn she nailed the deep seeded racism in people who say â€œIâ€™m not racistâ€. (Mild spoilers?)

  4.7K upvotes Â· 552 comments

- Have you ever had a friend that turned out to be a horrible person? What did they do??
  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 11d ago

  Have you ever had a friend that turned out to be a horrible person? What did they do??

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  â€¢ 4y ago

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  Who's the stupidest person you've met and what story sums it up?

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- What's the most morally disgusting thing you've seen someone do?
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  â€¢ 10d ago

  What's the most morally disgusting thing you've seen someone do?

  3.3K upvotes Â· 2.2K comments

- what do you do when someone tells you a story they've told you before?
  r/socialskills
  â€¢ 4y ago

  what do you do when someone tells you a story they've told you before?

  29 upvotes Â· 23 comments

- I loved him so much I let him go. Tell me your story if they returned to you.
  r/love
  â€¢ 5y ago

  I loved him so much I let him go. Tell me your story if they returned to you.

  71 upvotes Â· 23 comments

- Notification centre says someone liked my story but they donâ€™t show up in the story views
  r/Instagram
  â€¢ 2y ago

  Notification centre says someone liked my story but they donâ€™t show up in the story views

  22 upvotes Â· 52 comments

- [WP] If you are reading this, you've been in a coma for 20 years. We are trying a new technique. We don't know where this message will end up in your dream, but we hope we are getting through. Please wake up.

  r/WritingPrompts
  â€¢ 6y ago

  [WP] If you are reading this, you've been in a coma for 20 years. We are trying a new technique. We don't know where this message will end up in your dream, but we hope we are getting through. Please wake up.

  1.2K upvotes Â· 110 comments

- I (25F) overheard my (27M) boyfriend say that he chose the wrong girl

  r/relationship_advice
  â€¢ 3y ago

  I (25F) overheard my (27M) boyfriend say that he chose the wrong girl

  19K upvotes Â· 8.4K comments

- What's a "yeah right, that totally happened and wasn't made up" moment in your life that actually DID happen and wasn't made up?

  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 9d ago

  What's a "yeah right, that totally happened and wasn't made up" moment in your life that actually DID happen and wasn't made up?

  1.3K upvotes Â· 1.6K comments

- What's something people only romanticize because they've never actually done it?

  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 1mo ago

  What's something people only romanticize because they've never actually done it?

  9.6K upvotes Â· 7.4K comments

- What does it mean when you tell a person a story and they stare back at you with zero response?

  r/socialskills
  â€¢ 4y ago

  What does it mean when you tell a person a story and they stare back at you with zero response?

  4 upvotes Â· 15 comments

- Why does Jesus say he'll return SOON but 2000 years later and he still hasn't returned?

  r/TrueChristian
  â€¢ 3y ago

  Why does Jesus say he'll return SOON but 2000 years later and he still hasn't returned?

  79 upvotes Â· 349 comments

- If a girl says to a guy â€œtell me a story,â€¦ what does she mean? What kind of story is she looking for?

  r/dating_advice
  â€¢ 8y ago

  If a girl says to a guy â€œtell me a story,â€¦ what does she mean? What kind of story is she looking for?

  5 upvotes Â· 15 comments

- What does Gandalf mean when he says, "I come back to you now at the turn of the tide"?

  r/tolkienfans
  â€¢ 9y ago

  What does Gandalf mean when he says, "I come back to you now at the turn of the tide"?

  91 upvotes Â· 18 comments

- Whatâ€™s your story that no one believes?

r/AskReddit
â€¢ 2mo ago

Whatâ€™s your story that no one believes?

1.2K upvotes Â· 1.5K comments

- What isn't as bad as everyone makes it out to be and why?

r/AskReddit
â€¢ 28d ago

What isn't as bad as everyone makes it out to be and why?

1.5K upvotes Â· 1.1K comments

- What celebrity is portrayed as nice in the media but is actually an asshole in real life?

r/AskReddit
â€¢ 12d ago

What celebrity is portrayed as nice in the media but is actually an asshole in real life?

4.6K upvotes Â· 6.9K comments

- What's the most outdated life advice that you still hear people give to this day?

r/AskReddit
â€¢ 2mo ago

What's the most outdated life advice that you still hear people give to this day?

758 upvotes Â· 1.1K comments

- How difficult it is to get a book published?

r/writing
â€¢ 3y ago

How difficult it is to get a book published?

51 upvotes Â· 77 comments

- What's something that would make you hate a person instantly?

r/AskReddit
â€¢ 1mo ago

What's something that would make you hate a person instantly?

746 upvotes Â· 1.7K comments

- I know what I want to say, but not how to say it.

r/writing
â€¢ 4y ago

I know what I want to say, but not how to say it.

19 upvotes Â· 20 comments

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  reReddit: Top posts of 2012

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Ü□æ×·'□¨□yêŽ4´ÆÍu@Ó~□%é3ðÞ□ˆyT¬¶n½ãž□ßM«êW□Í□À½*ž□£□M¥`N=FË□R%œTS-Ø7û□ðxÙG åo□È›£l@Ÿ©¢úz□□¹·ž□öŠ□ü;U,m':"èN×Íuå□@□)Ï ¿;□«/□êýQ□¼'¨ð•4ŸØ,>Ã□Ê aânâ□§□ê—□.k 6-ÃUŠ™□Š□E°|ZæD!A[ñ□ÉVð#³¼¥XJ□ÉŸ °Ã"Ö¨,c—7º©£#□□Øû□×úÌ¶ ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2r6jm/styles/communityIcon_wmmxgfx6xrf01.png?width=48&height=48&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=48%3A48%2Csmart&s=0c65ece082c43ba8f42212262717ede65c41985c RIFFt□WEBPVP8X □//ALPH{□□ vkÛ±7ÞÐ}¿¨û&µm□cÛ¶mÛ¶mÛ¶í',¶□¯ˆžû<>¾äï‹nzò`ÑÉ□þ[µ 1ƒ¿Y,;¼–u°×½□ºáŸ9Å_□Î)OC□¦ËÆŽî—IÙ,,9ã£¶6 'Ùi×… °è•Ÿvh{ÈW+Öæ□ù□ÂïýÃ¯ï\0½gûöo~Ý>ÈdîjFr,Ý¬ÛýÎy□□$œ□Z¾½d§©K?í□'ÏÃ□(B'‡¶9þ□<□□□*ç□^ðK·ñqŸTÀÇ¦õy@üðwM–ÒJÊ®ãçíÛ□ôœ°ùA_! (^MéøvËö□Ö&Ò£ÿÄ□T)@□□□tKúŒµvÈg8□H±@>ÿ¬c2Ög¬™ð□Ž□Ï©X« Çç ƒ□ šR□¤Y□ÅhŽ¯ß)□â½□aò? 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C$¬)j.~3ë9³? ÓFWM6Tv\□d□l†uV~□^,'6œ«§Œ²Ü¾™ÊÇ×eäwñùÿÿALPHÆ□□ tmÛ!I^Đó~_ mwï8¶=+Û¶mÛ¶mÛ¶mÛž)WD|îû,R□□□□€ ‡®·@□□‡…ŸÒÐuÂ0T+ûÑ□_8já&£ ±Æ¯T□Þ7□RÅˆŸ»ŸÆðÞñ/0□,, *□Ãß—ÛøÖ□□ê!ÍHÒôûqUÈ>ü□±`ø:□|Î□□□«ˆ¿µ□□ûÈÇØ™Á□Â¯ã«□Á□æ‡ˆ1ÏËÌÌ4ãñQ□Ûó□DhŒ±y/ •Ê·ÇAÊ"□x=|□¤Xÿí.ûáÞ‰p(Sœ÷'□□!□9i@,„□Û□¾Zê□□ûdˆCãÆü□□pC□□ ö□‡ÖÒDÒ□,Q‹¬½Ý>û}Â□öÜfÍ□†□'$□—$ ±CsIÓ(M□'X0ÿ□GßöÁŸÆ¦úû;7□±ÓlH"@'!Q:Ä□ð□□>Âø/}· Iſ³@æJ³WÎÛ`□□□¦□,á'} {÷ÍGN□°ý"]4†BÍØÔLƒÒø×ƒ□È¤ƒo½ë°Ó&Ãa¡WhÆüé;»hªiÜ,□ÿ¼þ±Œf|ke□ÿ–□Ba¤□cÉª$Y,˜üuêµ,Œ¤… `¬Pƒ□I□|p0°Ö°Æš«Ö®«nƒ‡Ðêd<+~‹V□ã□)†½K«‹ñÍ¡@t□µ.□Û□□ò□.Ê«b ¹•Z—À£□€m□êRp ˜Â¬6}□□FÜCGÁ"b,™,j¡Ú; □É±Ìj`9·vh□Œ¾‡… U¥9¯□□i€Ãøû˜□Õã□o□ As□q7°ÈBišgÔwÁh8´ö2æ Î˜□e1ðíí†{□v}‚□□ÿ□œü¿§□š□Ä¡}ñ□3çä□ZgÊ¿wt□NÐqŠù□-Ê0f□-€□□ÇX»‹ÊR•¿- Š¨#□e□b`É□ß□¾□□?‹□,Û□y, íy¬ÜM-□ÊŸ—,oOp 3V8È]áÚ□Œ¿"E□□□ž□×ŽÃœw□ªP~½@'KÿE"ðý9-VP8 ª□P□□□*00>M□ŒD"¡¡□□þd(□Ä±iT ji□ü□Ðîà□à□è7À?izÀ=:G¿e?Ý°□°ô[»»û¿â¯Z·}}pÎ!ö{ì\+ï□þ)ý+ò÷€'‡□.þ×Æ_qÏøÎ0j□%þmþóÒkü¿*□'ÿ|ÿ□þ□à□ù□ó¯ó? œßäþp=‰~Ç{(þ»7uÂC•gñü¶kl□ƒÿ½¶HÖ□›c□²~!È)šCµÍé .Þœò|< ôe□ÄN¸{Œ□]eí□7Š□'ïxþÿbƒzOeâËPÞ27h•□åDv…□> □□H6?Ug‹ü9øœ±ˆ¸□';'6Rž=G@] [èè',,□39□¿ÔZ□}□□~Ì□_Ï□□□ Á–¡ñghÆúÙš©'§%Õƒí□□ésÄÔ□Cä¯Ž□8ç©`ÛüÈnöO|+Ï'ò&□ êÌô,5~&†"%m"Y'ì+ù§°qãâóQVŽ$o‹#y'Ìþ>C□c–ü"f ßXÐ□X□|□nëé□5ýÙq3MÀÑ3€ÿ4□ë5ðeÉ"ª@□"þC□Uk÷□Ïé□LÓ²□>jzÌ?šôHÑt ÉÆ:ô o×□Ÿÿ¿Ã³þ□|. 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Ðï›1□?èuáž¤…n§ ï¿á¯Á" D□Û 5ì□ð- <=&76ÿ□:ð□áa4¤ ÑXSÿÐ›□¾£þÎÔoï÷²vVR0"□£nŽ□ðq9?¼¼¶□½cZi7d«Ø□ójœsµ□*ÙFrK.Îê□iN>¸³^'"ôé[èxÝJ□´1d- ¡¿ÔvùÇT□Lj□'+□P□D¬Q□Î•□Ì@j»\PUä□%œ÷& Â□□¦□}·ºà□Ç†Œ‖Sw3¬ÃþèÌÙwÑ7ãÁ□□Ç□×¿□|žZ×™%□*}¯ñÖ¡áñ'WE □™ÊuÃ¨É†™ □□÷•ëŽ†kµ$ ¢·'~□w(™9K¦®•¾Ö÷□ß•□□w□w~Ú□□ñ1R ùÄ□o9N□Ó-cq^p'Ë□□ùn□ê¢ö‡Þ)□È`7□□,,æeO&□d1'¾å÷□□Fv#□ûÊ— œg□nWhé¡žõNó€ØHc£×¢ÀY⊃¢□_ #ï¯ÖZ^ÃÇòA□3à¦]—Ýs□šÿÎ□Ó,ÄŸ~G27Áìx½m□□□Ü,†PÑÖžx;*\-¶□□ðkÆ¾©'ëÚñ□ÍZN4qý Z3Q□§\q□Y»iBÍ4,ë¡þ□□ƒš?Ç□sÿóÌ,a«íoR□ïÌ‡Å¡ÑÑhâ"□□¿Y~□¹ ®˜àZ°"í?½vÊ□cèá$±ý• ~□Í:Œ~R¨,¿ d,,'öF*Ÿäs ðƒ□–é÷Ì_□†¡9„,I□M¤€¿ª□ñ¢pAô†œ}o? u□¯"F"□}1ù‹ø=""ŒÊ\Ò□Ýâøß÷¿â□h@©□;□$%öü‡g²4□ß¯N¿cúÞn2>ˆ□ûIä□,[k'o‹{»ï"«□□Ö÷Û.Ü×□ˆøÌ□q□ˆÙ»"í□B-Ž9öš□~6…,µ.s ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2r0cn/styles/communityIcon_qadm8xvply981.png?width=48&height=48&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=48%3A48%2Csmart&s=9d011f3d43ac090acdbe1f4778cac125ffc18e8c RIFFD□WEBPVP8 8□P□□□*00>I□ŠD"¡¡□æü(□,¶[}□ûÓØüÁ)/Ø6PŽ□ _þ'îw´~Ø□0□³=@?W=€?¿□nëýŽöýªöÅý¹ø(ý«ýª¤□ý€¹□ã¯{_□úõ"ê¾ w ƒ´wö½s¿à¿/u„□+ÿ! ä□àÑ@□â¿Ò□éÿeüUúHþ□ý×'Ÿ—□ç{€□□þqþcúÿï□øÿš?b^Š_°□□âšï³Ö\'5□ogÂ®€^9^ŠG□…âÂ€Ž"ûŸë°Iz□.□'°ºª‡,,□Ç]7Ês‹- EþÿÕzÖ"†$óâÿ9ô\¯ÿŒ1ï□ÿ_ù□~ëî{QDÝ`ô·Ì□Æ_ÿÛÿ□Z#'Ñÿñ$µM□UnÄ®DmÓ□K□¿ÿ=—□%µKæûtF□¥□ÙÞìê;¿ÿ~3gyx™Y9□ÿêN□$ä0"Fú□T.Ü wK□/óÃ ´ðLF□ÆÉO ðøw+□k Ji¡ooß¨□b7¾□F^u□ìÀÒ›åÖ®ä£ÀY[ _þ¯%ïœ¢†çô,ú□B□Ý°<ª ,Àä÷°®\AEÃ□ð□□x5Ø□sùT%‘ áf□{□¿˜□x'“©□"3"pÞ□sL□x□4□ü‹þ6üXç□□¯å□þ7ñK+q*>D□□□»KÚ3`+,□□|ˆèÈR□—3µgœígÖÛð@zG.» A:¾ÀNXí¯‰ [%1Çø$çùf£»¾ Ùá÷Ö□□æáBêGNzû8□hü]‡¯#Û8¯`Ö:□ J€Ó|Gû¶ÿ□Í)G?Ý‹Ä;Ö“¯ã□RÔÀ¬5Z□ÿöPq□ÈðÏÍ6ù□ÇM□Û¡/ühˆïÚg□ép/ÿ□ Òç+Wì□ajŽHíF^ÀùH□ç `{Žæ7â□gÜ□i□ÿlFÇÿ–èøc□ñ□¦:□‹z¶ÏNªn.ô…>zõ□□¡ßs£¯ë,"Ñ¢Ûî¶šÇ□‹ßw¦ '>ÌÆzC±^□E□o□¬a¥>·qÈÞï³ÕS6Ü>Œuú(âÒçƒÛTé|Ói□~*™ÉeC™□ÊG}ô [.‡Ÿ/*O□&}c¿„□□CŒnÊ²-á›Ãß Niö›¨¿³_ëJØázªÄ□ÖÊ4ðÏ7AÒŒ{0□àlêoÞf²C÷Æª1 e6 Tô¯×•'ÕO›+ª§¿4)Ì□QêÒ›†Pù□'ÜDg3Ã²uõwÚ □Ãù\Y"ô%ª¡K□EJ†Ž¦¯ÅP□ð0Å†É â_µ÷7¼×ïŒm□RÃS^Výž˜Dw>‹□°□Í"ò&Ÿëõ ŽOæüaQ³□?□ÜŠP<þ4¥ÛÌl Ä…w›u6—ÀêûKHöÛþzŸà]□"2\ñŸ"¿þ□RñÉ‹ÿ_zPe•ó©|U[?ð□□Š2ƒOüŸí% <õ…1Ôëÿ□ô! ×#…¯µ□,—□5ŒÒÔð@!□3□□□€·Åð%n□‹7±›‰¼À□□« %×□iŸ4)Š□^Ö□ñ!Ï›Ûš'þ"T□['»Š(□□©Ðôz Ü'©□>□QÐ"}□2□f¼Yà^□'›ÿLr‹%ø/□qÓ•Þâ©Ø□ª+Lu×Ã%ø} óã´Ý^O*‘C□Ž%¤i&Ê!7û÷ÛüŽ¶©žµSA?YD%\ðm›ø·¤·□□ÐE¶ýEÙ□□w□œ§□¬bÔ` ,±Ófuqhw,60□□;!□"□èKé÷□Õß□□A ù6›|Ìä{«%‰□ ãŠ_˜□ nR™07$eÃÜ ´N,˜š□NdÑ½ø'ñÎ□÷1ø¶øZ'L□Rõï ¨_Ì□Ò‰–□Ñ□¶OYß ²r?j%âÌÜu□È2Eäü□´¥ôk£¬J□ â□Ò}}ò:hîÞNDwÖÊ¥ ------MultipartBoundary--

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https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2qh1i/styles/communityIcon_p6kb2m6b185b1.png?width=96&height=96&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=96%3A96%2Csmart&s=7d56f8a29a80d0906bd1a312d2eac82c5f9ca6433 RIFF□□WEBPVP8X □__ALPH□□„ïŸ!IúEDŽmÛ¶NkÛ<Ù¶m□'Ù¶m□mo£º²ª;#âÿ[ôTWeÆò□□□€«H□è¸õ9□¼»Â³D¿üÝ□ÎÙª#□)d8Ò@óYç¼²NXVYûòÙ³š□:ÊŠVÀ□□gSHg“ÒÄYëHá/□□□”Î,ÑÐ»½V Åz–Ý[!□¯í¦¡MÚŒF‹□¿$Å:VØY!¿< 9´I•†>|6Å9|Ò9áìÃ4tz´Á¸÷)^~ZñÂ÷ÇÁê”Dhsm‘Î1ÕÎ±pM□D©0˜ðŽ3cê½åOãa*§□ŽÌÓ3(Žù#ˆT…□Ú=Hç˜Qœ·ˆ[˜Š□öü'V¯Y+ü¼;L□□□Ìç|□□□□S6ƒñ+h™qË•ãaÊ¤1r5□3ï¸z□tY4z/ c□□ô†.ƒB§oh□DËo:A•A½JË@Z¾¢§fp□-ƒiy1L□□v□/á□/»Â"¤Ðo5=□ê¹ª□T)□OÑ1¯ŽOB—`°□□□ë¸7Ì□□ÚŸ£□□çœ¶P□□\ÎèàZ^□Ó´Æ□□Jx„5ƒ¡ÿdp□□□ìx3□…¾Ó”□ «úB□□WÐ2È—Ã@¡Ó*J¯„«:A□□JÇ@;□□£ñrÈ^,Æ <%TÂº□À©t□¶ã)Äëa{ □×QÂ%\×i□z□Üs»+hCfyÙ□t!s|¯Š□2á¯□□](¡“□□üÿ¡$lòïŸ_M ™på‹t!s|á4Ú□Yž:□>džS[-£□—çÒ–xœ6\–□□□Ò…Ëñ ÓJJ¯„+:Âà□ÚPYÞ□c°□]¨□·ƒQ^~ō□“ç□□ □Ç3 SÂãa…ö□(!□.h□□Àät&!Jx□□(tXN□□Ïeí¡þ□ƒ£Y□žz□ ƒÆ□Þ¡□□ãÛPØ¢Æô†$4|~*ô–`þ3‹a)ò□□”¨ÐòK6„¤□ ¶€*□□£~u□□±¿Ž,Fé□‡1□Gž‡Á ©□·2□Š□o…AÓ□□c□†¯□A¡,Í^c‘’5a¯6+□4Ú|Ä□3_à□¡Q^□öo1Ýμ<ßl□□r+4□,9Ê’äøDs(”_ku□ã,„’a□óNh□J*ƒc 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hT¥<á xo¹Ú½ÅÃ□ □□ƒÐE¼Å□Ã□7÷ßW□.Eí|□□Eš×Þt]ý3Ë¯□,ºÃ·–æjg{r˚éÃX®-`æ*Ä°È8†È¿¾æi5v_s¶î!É³□Cwé□□U□(A Éμ>›ØG□□E!□9r÷ø¡□=_á¤Ôbð^Z&Ñ□□Ÿ□□Š’ □ùÍïöμMž“□QA³×‰›í-bFÁ9^#š¥ç¯ÈÀ·ðõ3Ä³C□ÍØ?WyšKîÂl•Y□□Ï□£□þl[³`©Ã|Œ¿□]–°õUFμŸUa¹èï æS□*.□\c-ü³à□×>e°Y□ òø®úV§μ,ø‹□iá†ª□ýõáÖÏù é–UR›□k:“(¡ØQqÎOÇ×þ×□í·J×X™GžLLŸÕ>“□ôî½dùâ«□ó□-9:ëR)□ïW□½pj□_|lØçæÀ{¦žUW5Æ□šx^–ôÂvs©^–ÐbÎÇî`^ü÷ŠUKÂSQNd_ŠCŽ□□□□±Ü9¥a”Þ$□ÑgÓ|SYa□ú£o^ :¥"vò□□è²□¿¯®ØW)˜!□“□Ò5ýftÚN¾¼á□□ÓB~•Ö²¡□>•ýy‹è"es Žƒþf3×6—□7"|Uo„^Œ¯ð□è¦□ôév□ ô'¡□šå§Ä□;šwÞ1H¡x{□ÔŸÂ□&ûóJ□]ž»yRl×Ò□□ÿ?×Ê¿ùì;ÚŠ□£ÿ‹T›ß/û2´ê□¤šp#öç÷þ]IŸ¤□Å□ÑeNö9@¼hwe□K□ÎR"ãk,ecæ°|Pæ'»þ¯ðÛD□'±m¾¿Í+Ä¡3gGò□(7eê□üH□.@,}QÍtë□QÅ□‰Ñ@²ÙB□]8T´G5…QÁ±□ÎÞ□□¬^3T4·0□"~& □¼×cF□_□°Á¢·|ÓDdÁ"JöSa‹˚+"Ÿ]ãÆÒ˜õ ù□□û"□□Å^%¿£|ãYRÐ³ç¥EœQr□Ú2–U‰°Ç.æEº)□JÃ¼□š"Ed5\□Ã†□ñÇI>ÒÅÃdëê}r□+—2IMh□¿þ□(I□nÓ]□,é□"Õë±;B,□Ž¯ó®sI□þûªV□ô°DGcš□À@¼4□<£é‹□-□VüÜYÓÀèÜÍmóE™□‡Í±£«"¯gb‹{c'^□Þ;(Nnù=~éù□r□□}‡*•›,b□9¿öjÙNåä□ü1□v□îKR£hLM1Ô□{(Ö4□x,□ƒ@ŸØ(□/„Ï,6□gTŠ¤0æs³)□Ï□]#<¡Lpld¿:etU[□□ª<□@Z…b V=äp7Ùê[TÒõWÜG›øZÍ'r"vrM„□ªC‘W{²Ð□]~Ü)□□ÄØ˜_□ÎÞå%úä&_D-Ü□Þ¢Ä;ÙS‘□□zÏK;>ª©3Äñs¶Ù*Ø`NHÀ"Ô÷w□□û@J¿□|n<Ä!□Þ‡•Ð«Â14ý—‡çGWñº.Y□ÍÊ"š÷□Æ4†Ì€Æ!†•Ö‹□ì]‡LŒ.qéÈÞg¯¡ITYöb"Þ□)ê}°4#òO>'5P□8□'ðVYq¼ ß'J<.Í¦zBùÃ€"Râœ□.©ä□w□þwÔm½2GJ"š7½□'*d;=7□Ú"bÊ!›Ì <=…VH"ï□œt ŒoŸ„Úß)7„Bé5Á«Sè Q-4□,2÷‡P/2x*L-q□®(£ó´P4„ì-onO*Ð½□^~r¸Ë¯ÃZe·Ñ□Ê48Eq□:OÚÜºŠ°□7B …©Åå\×bZÎzò□¶|#êY, G Úiz5o—((#‹/Ÿ¥□±GJ8£wXoÏÐ(□□ïïç/□»i□ž~>□'‘□ :pa¶ºª À±□øNŸEhÂ5Od•Ê□-Qà□□□Ó×•-äž□¯ÿzÖÍ□~1½□□□´3□O: >·□°@koÐÔiDª þ¦ò¬l«'âr¯K',„—â©□ßþb—ç½žZëÍÅå~Õ□□X1]@ÏO□AM³□¡2ñrŒ#RÈ□□□!M□ƒ¸|ó|P□ □s¯□›Y\Z□p□ø€üWAolV9óAã□:□□ñ□ï^—¶¯~Æ¦UàS|>V<-{.ç.X™0ŸÇ}G□SàXcB¦□¥÷è¦·©úÐ□□0VÌ□XŠ]d â□ÉmE□¼øm¨üª©□□□ú□üd ƒ‹FBHY ónwuÄ4ç»h®»i÷¿k_((Ž†□ ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: image/webp Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://styles.redditmedia.com/t5_2qh1i/styles/communityIcon_p6kb2m6b185b1.png?width=32&height=32&frame=1&auto=webp&crop=32%3A32%2Csmart&s=9bb31d9199ac176530789fd4eaff781cc1d2f2d3 RIFFN□WEBPVP8X □□□□ALPH□□□□□cÙ¶jEûžK□\bb^è□¡{d□□pi□4□z™5bÉÜμ*f¼»Ï.ùrÑ8"&%ƒÁ:□öŸ%éy□¡Ó`□•□¬{·P…Ån·Á*^hÛ'"XŠ"k« ±LDï£HULê±□±DÄT!ª j"¯B□`□JNe¤§!□□□/¢²RÏí0„□%eNÚ À¸¨ïÔ8j□ßç.¦KïÜμ®â= □%¤ïA□%½sÒ□÷Jþ□®«M¥÷HÚ□□ßƒ□«=□óQgμˆQÊ—4□Ô□'ı¯ã:Dô°{□wïA„aQ)OÒ\"□@ÀšèÕ9μŠ€ÿ□–]ôÊœò%X ÁÐ□&'Ë'®Ó~□ÊG4¯ÜÊÊ'nWš□Q©□´Noÿæ[Q¼ñ÷öt□.¡$VP8 □□p□□□* □□%°□tÊ□æ~gn□ƒ□¶□Ì□Cmä□ã¿(□M¸âS‰^ã{□V ¼'"Ÿ*ÿ+¤=þ3RÇù□IO•ß|¿þÇÜ□ø§óÝó?nß.^¹¿`=‡?aN(ÉÜ□êH□y,.□®□Æ.E~Å.,ŠBŸ´Î},„Ôhž€þ.«ÚŠƒÞB□²□ Úz?õØ–H□wúõ7□Á¡Ï□□í÷Åøõ □Ð°ª7Å8v7<$cÃsÛÒã‡¯0'] =□P□□Œ^Ô□Ã{□´þŽv□P“ÿJ¼œÏÿ¥D□Î©/□nCsÉ-Ù)ïøÄ¾□□8□ùú£!·®–û,□<ßš®ü/$~ìõ{□Hþ□Ú…□ö•Èí□ï¨Wo□]£:□□ ™j˜¿ù~¿Ü–i□›øÅð4□ô□MÍ□t4ž'ž¾8•ô□ùJq□a|□ðnfo™»□þ[Bb3$Ú¨¨ñ□dÕƒØ0È½ñßQg%q□—□)Š”ÌÙÏ¾ý/ÿúl□1s5‹"q/;º¼)ŸïÓwÎ³&¿Ñ¥VÜ□¿á&□□û□!;□/X¹{^«Ú},§ð□y□Ą„åÒìÖ*□Å ÊFf¸è[□³È ºÞ“(Ôþ□–-□ÌbwtŸÿ*¥§□‡□ë□Ùý/ìðFiÌ□-¹Ë’/₂aû□JÒ□³4q/)ãÍ…□þ˜b§—ä¥tK!□ý¯□#μ□Óáð±¼□5—è…žè¯û>□□ÁlvéŽf#s@□½Ã.@q!ÅÊ□ýmB@ÎŽ|□Ìk£d¯Ö´dæSAÿ[u□SÒÅ–ï&8□□fÓsÏß3□R«ggöKá□1ñ°ÏÇ)@ŽkË >□UÖ7□·ïÀW–□‡ŒSÿ×Ç□ª□2J…ÎïíH¦Ü@/2fº-μ?š2¯ß□ón‹]t¤□‡¢»@è□zQÅ+□c□;£°oíÁ³□Úq□.}1□„Öþ‹[a9{úÍï˜7Ã©§à-ðHÒ□□ƒ«€[ÌË³¬¹äÇÙºß|□ƒÀ□□…PFgÜ□¾´·!6□□]®Ù-C□□—%□yÎNÖ?ÒÒw….□□_bV□þV3Pá;Ï%□mŸû˚ö □ßêÊ3d 9–` ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://accounts.google.com/gsi/style @charset "utf-8"; #credential_picker_container { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 330px; position: fixed; right: 20px; top: 20px; width: 391px; z-index: 9999; } #credential_picker_container .L5Fo6c-PQbLGe { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; width: 391px; height: 330px; } @media only screen and (max-width: 410px) { #credential_picker_container { overflow: hidden auto; right: 0px; width: 100vw; } #credential_picker_container .L5Fo6c-PQbLGe { width: 100vw; } } #g_a11y_announcement { height: 1px; left: -10000px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; top: auto; width: 1px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/pdp-client-css-D3XSOpGh.css @charset "utf-8"; .grid-container:not(.grid-full).pdp-seeker-m2 { --flex-nav-width: 400px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/pdp-post-client-css-Bwd8sRtM.css @charset "utf-8"; mod-realtime-action-listener[updateanimation~="light"] > * { animation: 3s ease-out 0s 1 normal none running realtimeFade; } mod-realtime-action-listener[updateanimation~="dark"] > * { animation: 3s ease-out 0s 1 normal none running realtimeFadeNight; } @keyframes realtimeFade { 0% { background-color: rgb(255, 242, 189); border: 1px solid rgb(219, 175, 0); } 100% { background-color: rgb(240, 245, 249); border: 1px solid transparent; } } @keyframes realtimeFadeNight { 0% { background-color: rgb(102, 85, 5); border: 1px solid rgb(56, 45, 3); } 100% { background-color: rgb(3, 3, 3); border: 1px solid rgb(52, 53, 54); } } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } html:has(#mtseo-feedback-wrapper) #slot-credit-bar { height: 10px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-preview-unit-client-css-CES0qfzD.css @charset "utf-8"; .rtjson-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, .rtjson-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, .rtjson-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } .rtjson-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-

scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } .rtjson-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } .rtjson-text-full p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } .rtjson-text-full p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-forest-client-css-DHGvxlkb.css @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/hui-grid-client-css-DP-dfyG4.css @charset "utf-8"; flex-left-nav-container { --rtl-multiplier: 1; --hover-curve: var(--expand-curve, cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1)); --unhover-curve: var(--collapse-curve, cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1)); --hover-duration: var(--expand-duration, 300ms); --unhover-duration: var(--collapse-duraction, 250ms); --flex-nav-closed-size: 32px; --flex-nav-expanded-size: 272px; --closed-floating-translation: calc(var(--rtl-multiplier) * (var(--flex-nav-closed-size) - var(--flex-nav-expanded-size))); --open-floating-translation: 0%; --left-nav-box-shadow-none: 0 0 0 rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); --left-nav-box-shadow-hover: var(--elevation-lg); --left-nav-min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); --flex-nav-z-index: 100; position: relative; box-sizing: border-box; min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); border-inline-end: none !important; } flex-left-nav-container:dir(rtl) { --rtl-multiplier: -1; } @supports (height:100dvh) { flex-left-nav-container { --left-nav-min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { flex-left-nav-container { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } } flex-left-nav-container[no-animate], flex-left-nav-container[skip-animation] { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } flex-left-nav-container:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } flex-left-nav-container reddit-sidebar-nav#left-sidebar { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-nav-buttons { position: absolute; top: 20px; z-index: calc(var(--flex-nav-z-index) + 1); inset-inline-end: -16px; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-container { contain: layout; box-sizing: border-box; will-change: transform, box-shadow, border-inline-end; position: fixed; width: var(--flex-nav-expanded-size); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-none); min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents { will-change: opacity; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; transition: opacity var(--unhover-duration) var(--unhover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents[hidden] { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"]:hovered #flex-left-nav-container, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { display: block; z-index: var(--flex-nav-z-index); visibility: visible; opacity: 1; transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-nav-expand-button, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-nav-collapse-button { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-container { opacity: 1; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"]:hovered #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; transition: opacity var(--hover-duration) var(--hover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] { border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translateX(var(--closed-floating-translation)); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"]:hovered #flex-left-nav-container { box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-hover); transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"]:hovered #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; } .flex-grid--main-container-card { width: 100%; } .grid-container { --expand-duration: 250ms; --collapse-duration: 300ms; --expand-curve: cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1); --collapse-curve: cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1); box-sizing: border-box; grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { .grid-container { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } } .grid-container:has(flex-left-nav-container[no-animate]) { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .grid-container:not(.grid-full), .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-expanded { --flex-nav-width: 272px; --transition-duration: var(--expand-duration); --transition-curve: var(--expand-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-collapsed { --flex-nav-width: 32px; --transition-duration: var(--collapse-duration); --transition-curve: var(--collapse-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) { will-change: ; grid-template-columns: var(--flex-nav-width) 1fr; transition: grid-template-columns var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) .subgrid-container { will-change: max-width; max-width: calc(100vw - var(--flex-nav-width,0px)); transition: max-width var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1128px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1400px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-l { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xl { max-width: 756px; } } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/guides-suggested-queries-client-css-BbOsI5UO.css @charset "utf-8"; .guides-response-preview a { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; color: var(--color-primary-plain); text-decoration: none; } .guides-response-preview a:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain-visited); } .guides-response-preview a.no-visited:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .guides-response-preview a:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain-hover); } .guides-response-preview li { margin: 0px; list-style-type: disc; } .guides-response-preview p { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; margin-

block: 0.5rem; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .guides-response-preview h3, .guides-response-preview h4 { margin: 0px; font-weight: 700; font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; display: block; margin-inline: 0px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } .guides-response-preview h3 { margin-block: 1em; } .guides-response-preview h4 { margin-block: 1.33em; } .guides-response-preview ul { margin: 0px; display: block; list-style-type: disc; margin-block: 1em; margin-inline: 0px; padding-inline-start: 40px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/experiences-client-css-nPypN_OK.css @charset "utf-8"; #credential_picker_container { color-scheme: light; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/nsfw-bypassable-modal-client-css-DFFxdNBl.css @charset "utf-8"; #blocking-modal-contents::part(panel) { max-width: min(90dvw, 656px); } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/google-one-tap-client-css-C556qdmX.css @charset "utf-8"; iframe#credential_picker_iframe { color-scheme: auto; margin-bottom: unset; z-index: 9998; pointer-events: auto; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-client-css-BYPk6fcZ.css @charset "utf-8"; #left-nav-drawer::part(base), #left-nav-drawer::part(overlay) { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } #left-nav-drawer::part(base) { align-items: start; flex-direction: column; justify-content: start; z-index: 5; } #left-nav-drawer::part(panel) { border-radius: 0px; box-shadow: none; max-height: none; width: 280px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-small-client-css-BhMnLYvh.css @charset "utf-8"; reddit-header-small:has(#menu[open]) .reddit-header-small-nav-bar, reddit-header-small:has(#reddit-search-dialog[open]) .reddit-header-small-nav-bar { position: fixed; top: 0px; left: 0px; right: 0px; } reddit-header-small:has(#menu[open]) .prominent-search, reddit-header-small:has(#reddit-search-dialog[open]) .prominent-search { z-index: -1; visibility: hidden; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-ba767b9a-c042-4ccf-b421-25fe1581b95a@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 48px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-300afb9b-60f2-4002-84c3-d5ecc17da622@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .qJTHM { user-select: none; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); direction: ltr; font-family: Roboto-Regular, arial, sans-serif; -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; font-weight: 400; margin: 0px; overflow: hidden; text-size-adjust: 100%; } .ynRLnc { left: -9999px; position: absolute; top: -9999px; } .L6cTce { display: none; } .bltWBb { overflow-wrap: break-word; word-break: break-word; } .hSRGPd { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); cursor: pointer; font-weight: 500; text-decoration: none; } .Bz112c-W3lGp { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .Bz112c-E3DyYd { height: 20px; width: 20px; } .Bz112c-r9oPif { height: 24px; width: 24px; } .Bz112c-u2z5K { height: 36px; width: 36px; } .Bz112c-uaxL4e { border-radius: 10px; } .LgbsSe-Bz112c { display: block; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf * { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .aZ2wEe > div { border-color: rgb(66, 133, 244); } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u { transition: height 0.2s linear; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:first-child { transition: width 0.3s linear; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(2) { background-image: linear-gradient(90deg, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(90deg, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(3) { background-image: linear-gradient(90deg, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(90deg, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .haAclf { display: inline-block; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; box-sizing: border-box; transition: background-color 0.218s, border-color 0.218s; user-select: none; appearance: none; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-image: none; border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(60, 64, 67); cursor: pointer; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; height: 40px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; outline: none; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px 12px; position: relative; text-align: center; vertical-align: middle; white-space: nowrap; width: auto; } @media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; color: windowtext; } } @media screen and (preferes-contrast:more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { font-size: 14px; height: 32px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; padding: 0px 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { font-size: 11px; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.3px; padding: 0px 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe { padding: 0px; width: 40px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { width: 32px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK { border-radius: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.pSzOP-SxQuSe { border-radius: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.purZT-SxQuSe { border-radius: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-v3pZbf-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); color: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 18px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 14px; min-width: 14px; width: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 10px; min-width: 10px; width: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin-left: 8px; margin-right: -4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 3px; border-bottom-left-radius: 3px; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); height: 36px; margin-left: -10px; margin-right: 12px; min-width: 36px; width: 36px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 28px; margin-left: -8px; margin-right: 10px; min-width: 28px; width: 28px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 16px; margin-left: -6px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 16px; width: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 3px; margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-bN97Pc-sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-content: space-between; height: 100%; position: relative; width: 100%; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX { -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 500; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; vertical-align: top; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-weight: 300; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; inset: 0px; position: absolute; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover { box-shadow: none; border-color: rgb(210, 227, 252); outline: none; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 2px; border-color: transparent; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.08); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.1); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.24); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.32); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .n1UuX-DkfjY { border-radius: 50%; display: flex; height: 20px; margin-left: -4px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 20px; width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-family: Roboto; font-size: 12px; text-align: left; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .fmcmS, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .ssJRIf { overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); fill: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 11px; font-weight: 400; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(232, 234, 237); fill: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .Bz112c { height: 18px; margin: -3px -3px -3px 2px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 0px 3px 3px 0px; margin-left: 12px; margin-right: -10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-e7be0bda-d85e-4d1e-b612-e42b1bb7decf@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; #shreddit-media-lightbox .lightboxed-content { display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; width: 100%; height: 100%; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .non-lightboxed-content { display: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .media-lightbox-img { max-height:

none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox::part(panel) { max-width: 100svw; max-height: 100svh; width: 100svw; height: 100svh; border-radius: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-88499533-a7c6-4570-9cd7-a77a77be7814@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .rpl-scroll-lock { overflow: hidden !important; padding-right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } body.rpl-scroll-lock .fixed.right-0 { right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-2c19bf35-1b88-4aa2-a91d-348ecd30dd16@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary { list-style-type: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .dx-zstack > * { grid-column-start: 1; grid-row-start: 1; } .text-outline-thin-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px; } .text-outline-thin-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px; } .border-dx-thick { border-width: 2px; } .border-dx-thin { border-width: 1px; } .rounded-dx-lg { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-dx-md { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-dx-sm { border-radius: 0.5rem; } :root { --dx-text-color-light: inherit; --dx-text-color-dark: inherit; --dx-bg-color-light: initial; --dx-bg-color-dark: initial; --dx-border-color-light: initial; --dx-border-color-dark: initial; } .dx-bg-color, .light .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-light); } .dx-border-color, .light .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-light); } .dx-text-color, .light .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-light); } .dark .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dark .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } .dark .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } } svg[rpl].rpl-rtl-icon:dir(rtl) { transform: scaleX(-1); } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0; } .-rotate-45, .-rotate-90, .-scale-x-100, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before, .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\], .group-open\:rotate-180, .hover\:scale-110, .hover\:scale-\[2\], .rotate-180, .rotate-45, .rotate-90, .scale-0, .scale-100, .scale-75, .scale-90, .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\], .scale-\[4\], .scale-\[\.68\], .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\], .skew-x-0, .transform, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-x: 0; --tw-translate-y: 0; --tw-rotate: 0; --tw-skew-x: 0; --tw-skew-y: 0; --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .snap-x { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: proximity; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\], .from-berrypurple-900, .from-black\/80, .from-orangered-500, .from-transparent, .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\], .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .to-lightblue-500, .to-orangered-400, .to-transparent, .via-black\/25, .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from-position: ; --tw-gradient-via-position: ; --tw-gradient-to-position: ; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ; --tw-slashed-zero: ; --tw-numeric-figure: ; --tw-numeric-spacing: ; --tw-numeric-fraction: ; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\], .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\], .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md, .shadow-none, .shadow-sm, .shadow-xs, .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm, :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .focus\:ring-1, .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-2, .ring { --tw-ring-inset: ; --tw-ring-offset-width: 0px; --tw-ring-offset-color: #fff; --tw-ring-color: rgba(59,130,246,.5); --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\], .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { --tw-backdrop-blur: ; --tw-backdrop-brightness: ; --tw-backdrop-contrast: ; --tw-backdrop-grayscale: ; --tw-backdrop-hue-rotate: ; --tw-backdrop-invert: ; --tw-backdrop-opacity: ; --tw-backdrop-saturate: ; --tw-backdrop-sepia: ; } .\!container { width: 100% !important; } .container { width: 100%; } @media (min-width: 768px) { .\!container { max-width: 768px !important; } .container { max-width: 768px; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .\!container { max-width: 960px !important; } .container { max-width: 960px; } } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .\!container { max-width: 1024px !important; } .container { max-width: 1024px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .\!container { max-width: 1200px !important; } .container { max-width: 1200px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .\!container { max-width: 1416px !important; } .container { max-width: 1416px; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .\!container { max-width: 1472px !important; } .container { max-width: 1472px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .\!container { max-width: 1920px !important; } .container { max-width: 1920px; } } .\!a { color: var(--color-a-default) !important; font-size: 1em !important; text-decoration: none !important; } .a { color: var(--color-a-default); font-size: 1em; text-decoration: none; } .\!a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover) !important; } .a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover); } .a:visited:not(.no-visited), .a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited); } .\!a:visited:not(.no-visited), .\!a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited) !important; } .\!button { background: var(--button-color-background) !important; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent) !important; border-radius: 999px !important; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow) !important; box-sizing: border-box !important; color: var(--button-color-text) !important; cursor: pointer !important; display: inline-block !important; font-style: !important; font-variant-ligatures: !important; font-variant-caps: !important; font-variant-numeric: !important; font-variant-east-asian: !important; font-variant-alternates: !important; font-variant-position: !important; font-variant-emoji: !important; font-weight: !important; font-stretch: !important; font-size: !important; font-family: !important; font-optical-sizing: !important; font-size-adjust: !important; font-kerning: !important; font-feature-settings: !important; font-variation-settings: !important; font-language-override: !important; height: var(--button-height) !important; line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2) !important; outline-offset: 0px !important; overflow: hidden !important; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)) !important; text-align: center !important; text-decoration: none !important; text-overflow: ellipsis !important; white-space: nowrap !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default) !important; } .button { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .\!button.icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .\!button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; } .button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } .\!button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { .\!button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } } .button.active, .button:active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } .\!button.active, .\!button:active, .button.\!active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active) !important; --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active) !important; } .button.anchor-disabled, .button:disabled, .button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-

color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { pointer-events: none !important; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button.disabled,pointer-all, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; } .\!button.disabled,pointer-all { pointer-events: all !important; } .button.disabled,pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } .button.\!disabled,pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; pointer-events: all !important; } .\!button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated) !important; } .button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } .button-shell { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .button-shell.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button-shell.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button-disabled { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } .button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } .button-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); } .button-x-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } .button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover),var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-primarynext { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-primarynext-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-primarynext-background-hover),var(--color-primarynext-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-primarynext-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-secondary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .button-tertiary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain, .button-plain-weak { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-weak { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text-weak); } .button-bordered, .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(transparent,transparent); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-secondary-plain); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); --button-border-width-activated: var(--line-sm); } .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .button-destructive { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-danger-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-danger-background-hover),var(--color-danger-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-border-color-hover: transparent; --button-border-color-active: transparent; } .button-media { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-media-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-default: #fff; --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-media-background); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-media-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-media-background-selected); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-brand { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-brand-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-brand-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-brand-background-hover),var(--color-brand-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-success { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-success-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-success-background-hover),var(--color-success-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-success-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-inverted { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--

color-neutral-content); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated); } .full-snoo-xs { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem48); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: -0.1875rem; } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xs > img { width: var(--rem36); } .full-snoo-sm { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem64); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-sm > img { width: var(--rem48); } .full-snoo-md { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem88); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-2xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-md > img { width: var(--rem64); } .full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } .full-snoo-xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem192); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xl > img { width: 8.8125rem; } .full-snoo-2xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem320); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-sm); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem22)*-1); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-2xl > img { width: 14.75rem; } .sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .\!visible { visibility: visible !important; } .visible { visibility: visible; } .invisible { visibility: hidden; } .collapse { visibility: collapse; } .static { position: static; } .fixed { position: fixed; } .absolute { position: absolute; } .\!relative { position: relative !important; } .relative { position: relative; } .sticky { position: sticky; } .inset-0 { inset: 0px; } .inset-1\/2 { inset: 50%; } .inset-x-0 { left: 0px; right: 0px; } .inset-y-0 { bottom: 0px; top: 0px; } .-bottom-1\/2 { bottom: -50%; } .-bottom-xl { bottom: -2rem; } .-end-px { inset-inline-end: -1px; } .-end-sm { inset-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-left-1\/2 { left: -50%; } .-left-\[1rem\] { left: -1rem; } .-left-\[99999px\] { left: -99999px; } .-left-full { left: -100%; } .-right-\[\.65rem\] { right: -0.65rem; } .-right-\[\.75rem\] { right: -0.75rem; } .-right-\[0\.0625rem\] { right: -0.0625rem; } .-right-\[0\.0825rem\] { right: -0.0825rem; } .-right-\[0\.125rem\] { right: -0.125rem; } .-right-\[6px\] { right: -6px; } .-right-px { right: -1px; } .-start-full { inset-inline-start: -100%; } .-top-2xl { top: -3rem; } .-top-2xs { top: -0.25rem; } .-top-\[35px\] { top: -35px; } .-top-\[6px\] { top: -6px; } .-top-\[9rem\] { top: -9rem; } .-top-full { top: -100%; } .-top-xs { top: -0.5rem; } .bottom-0 { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-100 { bottom: 100%; } .bottom-2xl { bottom: 3rem; } .bottom-\[-38px\] { bottom: -38px; } .bottom-\[-50px\] { bottom: -50px; } .bottom-\[-70px\] { bottom: -70px; } .bottom-\[-8px\] { bottom: -8px; } .bottom-\[0px\] { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-\[10px\] { bottom: 10px; } .bottom-\[13px\] { bottom: 13px; } .bottom-\[29px\] { bottom: 29px; } .bottom-\[2px\] { bottom: 2px; } .bottom-\[38px\] { bottom: 38px; } .bottom-\[3px\] { bottom: 3px; } .bottom-\[40px\] { bottom: 40px; } .bottom-\[42px\] { bottom: 42px; } .bottom-\[44px\] { bottom: 44px; } .bottom-\[48px\] { bottom: 48px; } .bottom-\[4px\] { bottom: 4px; } .bottom-\[52px\] { bottom: 52px; } .bottom-\[56px\] { bottom: 56px; } .bottom-\[5px\] { bottom: 5px; } .bottom-\[9\%\] { bottom: 9%; } .bottom-\[96px\] { bottom: 96px; } .bottom-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { bottom: var(--rem20); } .bottom-lg { bottom: 1.5rem; } .bottom-md { bottom: 1rem; } .bottom-sm { bottom: 0.75rem; } .bottom-xl { bottom: 2rem; } .bottom-xs { bottom: 0.5rem; } .end-0 { inset-inline-end: 0px; } .end-2xs { inset-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .end-\[-26px\] { inset-inline-end: -26px; } .end-\[-50px\] { inset-inline-end: -50px; } .end-\[-56px\] { inset-inline-end: -56px; } .end-\[-8px\] { inset-inline-end: -8px; } .end-\[17px\] { inset-inline-end: 17px; } .end-\[20px\] { inset-inline-end: 20px; } .end-\[23px\] { inset-inline-end: 23px; } .end-\[46px\] { inset-inline-end: 46px; } .end-\[4px\] { inset-inline-end: 4px; } .end-\[5\%\] { inset-inline-end: 5%; } .end-\[84px\] { inset-inline-end: 84px; } .end-\[calc\(50\%-380px\)\] { inset-inline-end: calc(50% - 380px); } .end-md { inset-inline-end: 1rem; } .end-sm { inset-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .end-xs { inset-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .left-0 { left: 0px; } .left-1\/2 { left: 50%; } .left-1\/4 { left: 25%; } .left-2\/4 { left: 50%; } .left-\[1\.25rem\] { left: 1.25rem; } .left-\[10px\] { left: 10px; } .left-\[16px\] { left: 16px; } .left-\[18px\] { left: 18px; } .left-\[2\.5rem\] { left: 2.5rem; } .left-\[2rem\] { left: 2rem; } .left-\[3px\] { left: 3px; } .left-\[4px\] { left: 4px; } .left-\[5\%\] { left: 5%; } .left-\[50\%\] { left: 50%; } .left-\[8px\] { left: 8px; } .left-\[9px\] { left: 9px; } .left-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { left: var(--rem20); } .left-md { left: 1rem; } .left-sm { left: 0.75rem; } .left-xs { left: 0.5rem; } .right-0 { right: 0px; } .right-1\/2 { right: 50%; } .right-1\/4 { right: 25%; } .right-\[0\.05rem\] { right: 0.05rem; } .right-\[0\.10rem\] { right: 0.1rem; } .right-\[15px\] { right: 15px; } .right-\[19px\] { right: 19px; } .right-\[29px\] { right: 29px; } .right-\[2rem\] { right: 2rem; } .right-\[318px\] { right: 318px; } .right-\[3px\] { right: 3px; } .right-\[40px\] { right: 40px; } .right-\[4px\] { right: 4px; } .right-\[52px\] { right: 52px; } .right-\[59px\] { right: 59px; } .right-\[5px\] { right: 5px; } .right-\[8px\] { right: 8px; } .right-\[9px\] { right: 9px; } .right-lg { right: 1.5rem; } .right-md { right: 1rem; } .right-sm { right: 0.75rem; } .right-xl { right: 2rem; } .right-xs { right: 0.5rem; } .start-0 { inset-inline-start: 0px; } .start-\[-12\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -12.5px; } .start-\[1\.25rem\] { inset-inline-start: 1.25rem; } .start-\[11px\] { inset-inline-start: 11px; } .start-\[16px\] { inset-inline-start: 16px; } .start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: 2.5rem; } .start-\[28px\] { inset-inline-start: 28px; } .start-\[2px\] { inset-inline-start: 2px; } .start-\[4px\] { inset-inline-start: 4px; } .start-\[8px\] { inset-inline-start: 8px; } .start-\[\?rem\] { } .start-\[calc\(50\%-360px\)\] { inset-inline-start: calc(50% - 360px); } .start-md { inset-inline-start: 1rem; } .start-xl { inset-inline-start: 2rem; } .start-xs { inset-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .top-0 { top: 0px; } .top-1\/2 { top: 50%; } .top-100 { top: 100%; } .top-2\/4 { top: 50%; } .top-2xs { top: 0.25rem; } .top-3xl { top: 4rem; } .top-5xl { top: 8rem; } .top-\[-0\.25rem\] { top: -0.25rem; } .top-\[-1px\] { top: -1px; } .top-\[-20px\] { top: -20px; } .top-\[-47px\] { top: -47px; } .top-\[-8px\] { top: -8px; } .top-\[0\.125em\] { top: 0.125em; } .top-\[11px\] { top: 11px; } .top-\[12px\] { top: 12px; } .top-\[15\%\] { top: 15%; } .top-\[23px\] { top: 23px; } .top-\[2px\] { top: 2px; } .top-\[2rem\] { top: 2rem; } .top-\[37px\] { top: 37px; } .top-\[3px\] { top: 3px; } .top-\[48px\] { top: 48px; } .top-\[4px\] { top: 4px; } .top-\[50\%\] { top: 50%; } .top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .top-\[5px\] { top: 5px; } .top-\[72px\] { top: 72px; } .top-\[7px\] { top: 7px; } .top-\[8px\] { top: 8px; } .top-\[9px\] { top: 9px; } .top-\[calc\(50\%-230px\)\] { top: calc(50% - 230px); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+1px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } .top-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .top-lg { top: 1.5rem; } .top-md { top: 1rem; } .top-px { top: 1px; } .top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .top-xl { top: 2rem; } .top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .isolate { isolation: isolate; } .-z-10 { z-index: -10; } .z-0 { z-index: 0; } .z-1 { z-index: 1; } .z-10 { z-index: 10; } .z-2 { z-index: 2; } .z-20 { z-index: 20; } .z-30 { z-index: 30; } .z-40 { z-index: 40; } .z-5 { z-index: 5; } .z-50 { z-index: 50; } .z-\[-1\] { z-index: -1; } .z-\[1001\] { z-index: 1001; } .z-\[100\] { z-index: 100; } .z-\[10\] { z-index: 10; } .z-\[1\] { z-index: 1; } .z-\[20\] { z-index: 20; } .z-\[2\] { z-index: 2; } .z-\[3\] { z-index: 3; } .z-\[4\] { z-index: 4; } .z-\[9000\] { z-index: 9000; } .z-\[unset\] { z-index: unset; } .order-1 { order: 1; } .order-2 { order: 2; } .order-3 { order: 3; } .order-4 { order: 4; } .order-first { order: -9999; } .order-last { order: 9999; } .col-\[1\] { grid-column: 1; } .col-\[2_\/_-1\] { grid-column: 2 / -1; } .col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .col-span-5 { grid-column: span 5 / span 5; } .col-span-full { grid-column: 1 / -1; } .col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .col-end-1 { grid-column-end: 1; } .col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .col-end-\[-1\] { grid-column-end: -1; } .row-\[1\] { grid-row: 1; } .row-\[1_\/_2\] { grid-row: 1 / 2; } .row-span-1 { grid-row: span 1 / span 1; } .row-span-3 { grid-row: span 3 / span 3; } .row-span-full { grid-row: 1 / -1; } .row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .row-start-6 { grid-row-start: 6; } .row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .row-end-7 { grid-row-end: 7; } .row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .float-start { float: inline-start; } .float-right { float: right; } .float-left { float: left; } .\!m-0 { margin: 0px !important; } .-m-\[0\.5rem\] { margin: -0.5rem; } .-m-\[4px\] { margin: -4px; } .-m-xs { margin: -0.5rem; } .m-0 { margin: 0px; } .m-2xs { margin: 0.25rem; } .m-\[16px\] { margin: 16px; } .m-\[2px\] { margin: 2px; } .m-\[4px\] { margin: 4px; } .m-\[6px\] { margin: 6px; } .m-auto { margin: auto; } .m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .m-md { margin: 1rem; } .m-sm { margin: 0.75rem; } .m-xs { margin: 0.5rem; } .\!mx-0 { margin-left: 0px !important; margin-right: 0px !important; } .\!my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px !important; margin-top: -10px !important; } .-mx-md { margin-left: -1rem; margin-right: -1rem; } .-mx-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .mx-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mx-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; margin-right: -16px; } .mx-\[12px\] { margin-left: 12px; margin-right: 12px; } .mx-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 2px; } .mx-\[3rem\] { margin-left: 3rem; margin-right: 3rem; } .mx-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; margin-right: 40px; } .mx-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; margin-right: 4px; } .mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .mx-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .my-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; margin-top: 3rem; } .my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px; margin-top: -10px; } .my-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; margin-top: 10px; } .my-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; margin-top: 16px; } .my-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; margin-top: 18px; } .my-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; margin-top: 20px; } .my-\[6px\] { margin-bottom: 6px; margin-top: 6px; } .my-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-bottom: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); margin-top: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); } .my-auto { margin-bottom: auto; margin-top: auto; } .my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .my-px { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .my-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; margin-top: 2rem; } .my-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; margin-top: 0.5rem; } .\!mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem !important; } .-mb-2xs { margin-bottom: -0.25rem; } .-mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-\[1rem\] { margin-bottom: -1rem; } .-mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .-mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-\[35px\] { margin-bottom: -35px; } .-mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .-mb-lg { margin-bottom: -1.5rem; } .-mb-px { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-sm { margin-bottom: -0.75rem; } .-mb-xl { margin-bottom:

-2rem; } .-mb-xs { margin-bottom: -0.5rem; } .-me-2xs { margin-inline-end: -0.25rem; } .-me-\[10px\] { margin-inline-end: -10px; } .-me-\[7px\] { margin-inline-end: -7px; } .-me-md { margin-inline-end: -1rem; } .-me-sm { margin-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-me-xs { margin-inline-end: -0.5rem; } .-ml-2xs { margin-left: -0.25rem; } .-ml-lg { margin-left: -1.5rem; } .-ml-md { margin-left: -1rem; } .-ml-px { margin-left: -1px; } .-ml-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; } .-ml-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; } .-mr-2xs { margin-right: -0.25rem; } .-mr-\[7px\] { margin-right: -7px; } .-mr-md { margin-right: -1rem; } .-mr-sm { margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .-ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .-ms-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1 - var(--rem1)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem16)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem18\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem18)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem20)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem8)*-1); } .-ms-lg { margin-inline-start: -1.5rem; } .-ms-md { margin-inline-start: -1rem; } .-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .-ms-xs { margin-inline-start: -0.5rem; } .-mt-2xs { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .-mt-3xl { margin-top: -4rem; } .-mt-\[103px\] { margin-top: -103px; } .-mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: -1em; } .-mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: -1px; } .-mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .-mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: -36px; } .-mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .-mt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--page-y-padding)*-1); } .-mt-\[var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-large-height)*-1); } .-mt-lg { margin-top: -1.5rem; } .-mt-md { margin-top: -1rem; } .-mt-xl { margin-top: -2rem; } .-mt-xs { margin-top: -0.5rem; } .mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; } .mb-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-3xl { margin-bottom: 4rem; } .mb-\[-1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .mb-\[-2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .mb-\[-32px\] { margin-bottom: -32px; } .mb-\[-40px\] { margin-bottom: -40px; } .mb-\[-4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .mb-\[0\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-\[0\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .mb-\[0px\] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-\[1\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 1.25rem; } .mb-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; } .mb-\[12px\] { margin-bottom: 12px; } .mb-\[14px\] { margin-bottom: 14px; } .mb-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; } .mb-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; } .mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 2.5rem; } .mb-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; } .mb-\[24px\] { margin-bottom: 24px; } .mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-\[300px\] { margin-bottom: 300px; } .mb-\[32px\] { margin-bottom: 32px; } .mb-\[36px\] { margin-bottom: 36px; } .mb-\[3px\] { margin-bottom: 3px; } .mb-\[40px\] { margin-bottom: 40px; } .mb-\[45px\] { margin-bottom: 45px; } .mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: 4px; } .mb-\[50px\] { margin-bottom: 50px; } .mb-\[52px\] { margin-bottom: 52px; } .mb-\[8px\] { margin-bottom: 8px; } .mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .mb-px { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .me-2xs { margin-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .me-\[-16px\] { margin-inline-end: -16px; } .me-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-end: -2px; } .me-\[-4px\] { margin-inline-end: -4px; } .me-\[-8px\] { margin-inline-end: -8px; } .me-\[12px\] { margin-inline-end: 12px; } .me-\[2px\] { margin-inline-end: 2px; } .me-\[3px\] { margin-inline-end: 3px; } .me-\[4px\] { margin-inline-end: 4px; } .me-\[6px\] { margin-inline-end: 6px; } .me-\[8px\] { margin-inline-end: 8px; } .me-\[calc\(var\(--size-button-sm-h\)-var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width-default\)\)\)\] { margin-inline-end: calc(var(--size-button-sm-h) - var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width-default)); } .me-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem4); } .me-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem6); } .me-auto { margin-inline-end: auto; } .me-lg { margin-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .me-sm { margin-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .me-xs { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .ml-2xl { margin-left: 3rem; } .ml-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; } .ml-\[-14px\] { margin-left: -14px; } .ml-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; } .ml-\[-1rem\] { margin-left: -1rem; } .ml-\[11px\] { margin-left: 11px; } .ml-\[15px\] { margin-left: 15px; } .ml-\[1px\] { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-left: 2.5rem; } .ml-\[2\.75rem\] { margin-left: 2.75rem; } .ml-\[28px\] { margin-left: 28px; } .ml-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; } .ml-\[2rem\] { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; } .ml-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; } .ml-\[6px\] { margin-left: 6px; } .ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .ml-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; } .ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .ml-px { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .mr-2xl { margin-right: 3rem; } .mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mr-\[-16px\] { margin-right: -16px; } .mr-\[-8px\] { margin-right: -8px; } .mr-\[15px\] { margin-right: 15px; } .mr-\[2px\] { margin-right: 2px; } .mr-\[300px\] { margin-right: 300px; } .mr-\[4px\] { margin-right: 4px; } .mr-\[6px\] { margin-right: 6px; } .mr-\[8px\] { margin-right: 8px; } .mr-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-right: var(--rem6); } .mr-auto { margin-right: auto; } .mr-lg { margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .mr-sm { margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem; } .ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .ms-2xl { margin-inline-start: 3rem; } .ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ms-\[-\.25rem\] { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .ms-\[-14px\] { margin-inline-start: -14px; } .ms-\[-24px\] { margin-inline-start: -24px; } .ms-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .ms-\[-36px\] { margin-inline-start: -36px; } .ms-\[22px\] { margin-inline-start: 22px; } .ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: 2px; } .ms-\[30px\] { margin-inline-start: 30px; } .ms-\[34px\] { margin-inline-start: 34px; } .ms-\[36px\] { margin-inline-start: 36px; } .ms-\[38px\] { margin-inline-start: 38px; } .ms-\[3px\] { margin-inline-start: 3px; } .ms-\[4px\] { margin-inline-start: 4px; } .ms-\[6px\] { margin-inline-start: 6px; } .ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: var(--rem4); } .ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ms-md { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .ms-px { margin-inline-start: 1px; } .ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .mt-2xl { margin-top: 3rem; } .mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .mt-4xl { margin-top: 6rem; } .mt-5xl { margin-top: 8rem; } .mt-\[-0\.125rem\] { margin-top: -0.125rem; } .mt-\[-0\.25rem\] { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .mt-\[-14px\] { margin-top: -14px; } .mt-\[-16px\] { margin-top: -16px; } .mt-\[-21px\] { margin-top: -21px; } .mt-\[-24px\] { margin-top: -24px; } .mt-\[-2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .mt-\[-40px\] { margin-top: -40px; } .mt-\[-4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .mt-\[-65vh\] { margin-top: -65vh; } .mt-\[-66px\] { margin-top: -66px; } .mt-\[-8px\] { margin-top: -8px; } .mt-\[1\.5rem\] { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-\[100px\] { margin-top: 100px; } .mt-\[10px\] { margin-top: 10px; } .mt-\[12px\] { margin-top: 12px; } .mt-\[136px\] { margin-top: 136px; } .mt-\[14px\] { margin-top: 14px; } .mt-\[16px\] { margin-top: 16px; } .mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: 1em; } .mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: 1px; } .mt-\[1rem\] { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-top: 2.5rem; } .mt-\[20px\] { margin-top: 20px; } .mt-\[20vh\] { margin-top: 20vh; } .mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .mt-\[30px\] { margin-top: 30px; } .mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: 36px; } .mt-\[48px\] { margin-top: 48px; } .mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: 4px; } .mt-\[50px\] { margin-top: 50px; } .mt-\[60px\] { margin-top: 60px; } .mt-\[6px\] { margin-top: 6px; } .mt-\[76px\] { margin-top: 76px; } .mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .mt-\[8px\] { margin-top: 8px; } .mt-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-top: var(--rem20); } .mt-auto { margin-top: auto; } .mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .box-border { box-sizing: border-box; } .box-content { box-sizing: initial; } .line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .line-clamp-1, .line-clamp-12 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-12 { -webkit-line-clamp: 12; } .line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .line-clamp-2, .line-clamp-3 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .line-clamp-4, .line-clamp-5 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-5 { -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .line-clamp-6 { -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .line-clamp-6, .line-clamp-8 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-8 { -webkit-line-clamp: 8; } .\!block { display: block !important; } .block { display: block; } .inline-block { display: inline-block; } .inline { display: inline; } .\!flex { display: flex !important; } .flex { display: flex; } .inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .\!table { display: table !important; } .table { display: table; } .inline-table { display: inline-table; } .table-cell { display: table-cell; } .table-row-group { display: table-row-group; } .table-row { display: table-row; } .grid { display: grid; } .inline-grid { display: inline-grid; } .contents { display: contents; } .list-item { display: list-item; } .\!hidden { display: none !important; } .hidden { display: none; } .aspect-\[2\/1\] { aspect-ratio: 2 / 1; } .aspect-\[3\/4\] { aspect-ratio: 3 / 4; } .aspect-\[32\/9\] { aspect-ratio: 32 / 9; } .aspect-\[4\/3\] { aspect-ratio: 4 / 3; } .aspect-square { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .size-sm { height: 0.75rem; width: 0.75rem; } .\!h-\[24px\] { height: 24px !important; } .\!h-auto { height: auto !important; } .h-0 { height: 0px; } .h-100 { height: 100%; } .h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .h-2xs { height: 0.25rem; } .h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .h-\[\.25rem\] { height: 0.25rem; } .h-\[\.375rem\] { height: 0.375rem; } .h-\[\.5rem\] { height: 0.5rem; } .h-\[\.75rem\] { height: 0.75rem; } .h-\[1\.25rem\] { height: 1.25rem; } .h-\[1\.5rem\] { height: 1.5rem; } .h-\[1\.75rem\] { height: 1.75rem; } .h-\[1\.7rem\] { height: 1.7rem; } .h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .h-\[100vh\] { height: 100vh; } .h-\[1024px\] { height: 1024px; } .h-\[104px\] { height: 104px; } .h-\[108px\] { height: 108px; } .h-\[10px\] { height: 10px; } .h-\[11\.5px\] { height: 11.5px; } .h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .h-\[1120px\] { height: 1120px; } .h-\[112px\] { height: 112px; } .h-\[114px\] { height: 114px; } .h-\[115px\] { height: 115px; } .h-\[118px\] { height: 118px; } .h-\[120px\] { height: 120px; } .h-\[124px\] { height: 124px; } .h-\[125px\] { height: 125px; } .h-\[126px\] { height: 126px; } .h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .h-\[129px\] { height: 129px; } .h-\[12px\] { height: 12px; } .h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .h-\[135\%\] { height: 135%; } .h-\[140px\] { height: 140px; } .h-\[144px\] { height: 144px; } .h-\[148px\] { height: 148px; } .h-\[14px\] { height: 14px; } .h-\[150px\] { height: 150px; } .h-\[151px\] { height: 151px; } .h-\[159px\] { height: 159px; } .h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .h-\[164px\] { height: 164px; } .h-\[168px\] { height: 168px; } .h-\[16px\] { height: 16px; } .h-\[170px\] { height: 170px; } .h-\[175px\] { height: 175px; } .h-\[176px\] { height: 176px; } .h-\[177px\] { height: 177px; } .h-\[17rem\] { height: 17rem; } .h-\[180px\] { height: 180px; } .h-\[184px\] { height: 184px; } .h-\[185px\] { height: 185px; } .h-\[18px\] { height: 18px; } .h-\[190px\] { height: 190px; } .h-\[192px\] { height: 192px; } .h-\[196px\] { height: 196px; } .h-\[1em\] { height: 1em; } .h-\[1px\] { height: 1px; } .h-\[1rem\] { height: 1rem; } .h-\[2\.25rem\] { height: 2.25rem; } .h-\[2\.5rem\] { height: 2.5rem; } .h-\[2\.875rem\] { height: 2.875rem; } .h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .h-\[209px\] { height: 209px; } .h-\[20px\] { height: 20px; } .h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .h-\[213px\] { height: 213px; } .h-\[218px\] { height: 218px; } .h-\[21px\] { height: 21px; } .h-\[228px\] { height: 228px; } .h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .h-\[24px\] { height: 24px; } .h-\[250px\] { height: 250px; } .h-\[268px\] { height: 268px; } .h-\[280px\] { height: 280px; } .h-\[285px\] { height: 285px; } .h-\[289px\] { height: 289px; } .h-\[28px\] { height: 28px; } .h-\[2px\] { height: 2px; } .h-\[2rem\] { height: 2rem; } .h-\[3\.25rem\] { height: 3.25rem; } .h-\[3\.2rem\] { height: 3.2rem; } .h-\[3\.5rem\] { height: 3.5rem; } .h-\[3\.75rem\] { height: 3.75rem; } .h-\[300px\] { height: 300px; } .h-\[305px\] { height: 305px; } .h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .h-\[316px\] { height: 316px; } .h-\[320px\] { height: 320px; } .h-\[324px\] { height: 324px; } .h-\[328px\] { height: 328px; } .h-\[32px\] { height: 32px; } .h-\[33px\] { height: 33px; } .h-\

[348px\] { height: 348px; } .h-\[34px\] { height: 34px; } .h-\[350px\] { height: 350px; } .h-\[360px\] { height: 360px; } .h-\[36px\] { height: 36px; } .h-\[370px\] { height: 370px; } .h-\[374px\] { height: 374px; } .h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .h-\[396px\] { height: 396px; } .h-\[3rem\] { height: 3rem; } .h-\[4\.5rem\] { height: 4.5rem; } .h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .h-\[420px\] { height: 420px; } .h-\[42px\] { height: 42px; } .h-\[434px\] { height: 434px; } .h-\[44px\] { height: 44px; } .h-\[452px\] { height: 452px; } .h-\[455px\] { height: 455px; } .h-\[46px\] { height: 46px; } .h-\[470px\] { height: 470px; } .h-\[485px\] { height: 485px; } .h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .h-\[494px\] { height: 494px; } .h-\[4px\] { height: 4px; } .h-\[4rem\] { height: 4rem; } .h-\[5\.5rem\] { height: 5.5rem; } .h-\[500px\] { height: 500px; } .h-\[50px\] { height: 50px; } .h-\[50vh\] { height: 50vh; } .h-\[520px\] { height: 520px; } .h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .h-\[550px\] { height: 550px; } .h-\[55vh\] { height: 55vh; } .h-\[562px\] { height: 562px; } .h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .h-\[580px\] { height: 580px; } .h-\[584px\] { height: 584px; } .h-\[58px\] { height: 58px; } .h-\[5rem\] { height: 5rem; } .h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .h-\[60px\] { height: 60px; } .h-\[62px\] { height: 62px; } .h-\[63px\] { height: 63px; } .h-\[644px\] { height: 644px; } .h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .h-\[65px\] { height: 65px; } .h-\[66px\] { height: 66px; } .h-\[68px\] { height: 68px; } .h-\[6px\] { height: 6px; } .h-\[6rem\] { height: 6rem; } .h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .h-\[70px\] { height: 70px; } .h-\[70vh\] { height: 70vh; } .h-\[72px\] { height: 72px; } .h-\[73px\] { height: 73px; } .h-\[74px\] { height: 74px; } .h-\[768px\] { height: 768px; } .h-\[76px\] { height: 76px; } .h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .h-\[80vh\] { height: 80vh; } .h-\[82px\] { height: 82px; } .h-\[83px\] { height: 83px; } .h-\[84px\] { height: 84px; } .h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .h-\[8px\] { height: 8px; } .h-\[8rem\] { height: 8rem; } .h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .h-\[91px\] { height: 91px; } .h-\[92px\] { height: 92px; } .h-\[93px\] { height: 93px; } .h-\[96px\] { height: 96px; } .h-\[97px\] { height: 97px; } .h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .h-\[auto\] { height: auto; } .h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-7\.5rem\)\] { height: calc(-7.5rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-8rem\)\] { height: calc(-8rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-120px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 120px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-2px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 2px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-48px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 48px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--shreddit-bottom-padding\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--shreddit-bottom-padding)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)-100px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 100px); } .h-\[var\(--accessory-container-height\)\] { height: var(--accessory-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .h-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-height\)\] { height: var(--icon-badge-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--list-height\)\] { height: var(--list-height); } .h-\[var\(--marketplace-modal-height\)\] { height: var(--marketplace-modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { height: var(--modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { height: var(--rem20); } .h-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { height: var(--rem28); } .h-\[var\(--rem32\)\] { height: var(--rem32); } .h-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { height: var(--rem36); } .h-auto { height: auto; } .h-dvh { height: 100dvh; } .h-fit { height: fit-content; } .h-full { height: 100%; } .h-header-large { height: var(--shreddit-header-large-height); } .h-header-small { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .h-lvh { height: 100lvh; } .h-md { height: 1rem; } .h-min { height: min-content; } .h-px { height: 1px; } .h-screen { height: 100vh; } .h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-screen-without-header-large { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 1px); } .h-sm { height: 0.75rem; } .h-xl { height: 2rem; } .h-xs { height: 0.5rem; } .\!max-h-0 { max-height: 0px !important; } .\!max-h-none { max-height: none !important; } .max-h-0 { max-height: 0px; } .max-h-2xl { max-height: 3rem; } .max-h-3xl { max-height: 4rem; } .max-h-\[1\.5rem\] { max-height: 1.5rem; } .max-h-\[1000px\] { max-height: 1000px; } .max-h-\[100vw\] { max-height: 100vw; } .max-h-\[107px\] { max-height: 107px; } .max-h-\[1120px\] { max-height: 1120px; } .max-h-\[13\.125rem\] { max-height: 13.125rem; } .max-h-\[130\%\] { max-height: 130%; } .max-h-\[130px\] { max-height: 130px; } .max-h-\[140px\] { max-height: 140px; } .max-h-\[148px\] { max-height: 148px; } .max-h-\[150px\] { max-height: 150px; } .max-h-\[18px\] { max-height: 18px; } .max-h-\[18rem\] { max-height: 18rem; } .max-h-\[1920px\] { max-height: 1920px; } .max-h-\[192px\] { max-height: 192px; } .max-h-\[19rem\] { max-height: 19rem; } .max-h-\[2\.5em\] { max-height: 2.5em; } .max-h-\[2\.5rem\] { max-height: 2.5rem; } .max-h-\[20rem\] { max-height: 20rem; } .max-h-\[228px\] { max-height: 228px; } .max-h-\[232px\] { max-height: 232px; } .max-h-\[25\.5rem\] { max-height: 25.5rem; } .max-h-\[250px\] { max-height: 250px; } .max-h-\[253px\] { max-height: 253px; } .max-h-\[25vh\] { max-height: 25vh; } .max-h-\[260px\] { max-height: 260px; } .max-h-\[276px\] { max-height: 276px; } .max-h-\[294px\] { max-height: 294px; } .max-h-\[2em\] { max-height: 2em; } .max-h-\[2rem\] { max-height: 2rem; } .max-h-\[300px\] { max-height: 300px; } .max-h-\[30vh\] { max-height: 30vh; } .max-h-\[320px\] { max-height: 320px; } .max-h-\[330px\] { max-height: 330px; } .max-h-\[336px\] { max-height: 336px; } .max-h-\[348px\] { max-height: 348px; } .max-h-\[350px\] { max-height: 350px; } .max-h-\[370px\] { max-height: 370px; } .max-h-\[375px\] { max-height: 375px; } .max-h-\[385px\] { max-height: 385px; } .max-h-\[38px\] { max-height: 38px; } .max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .max-h-\[40px\] { max-height: 40px; } .max-h-\[40vh\] { max-height: 40vh; } .max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .max-h-\[472px\] { max-height: 472px; } .max-h-\[480px\] { max-height: 480px; } .max-h-\[500px\] { max-height: 500px; } .max-h-\[50vh\] { max-height: 50vh; } .max-h-\[520px\] { max-height: 520px; } .max-h-\[532px\] { max-height: 532px; } .max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .max-h-\[560px\] { max-height: 560px; } .max-h-\[590px\] { max-height: 590px; } .max-h-\[596px\] { max-height: 596px; } .max-h-\[600px\] { max-height: 600px; } .max-h-\[62px\] { max-height: 62px; } .max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .max-h-\[651px\] { max-height: 651px; } .max-h-\[67vh\] { max-height: 67vh; } .max-h-\[70vh\] { max-height: 70vh; } .max-h-\[711px\] { max-height: 711px; } .max-h-\[740px\] { max-height: 740px; } .max-h-\[768px\] { max-height: 768px; } .max-h-\[80\%\] { max-height: 80%; } .max-h-\[80px\] { max-height: 80px; } .max-h-\[80vh\] { max-height: 80vh; } .max-h-\[90vh\] { max-height: 90vh; } .max-h-\[95vh\] { max-height: 95vh; } .max-h-\[calc\(100dvh-_-8rem\)\] { max-height: calc(-8rem + 100dvh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-128px\)\] { max-height: calc(-128px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-240px\)\] { max-height: calc(-240px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-300px\)\] { max-height: calc(-300px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-64px\)\] { max-height: calc(-64px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-15px-10px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 25px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-33px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 33px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-6\.25rem\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 6.25rem); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--dvh-unit\)*100-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--dvh-unit)*100 - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-220px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - 220px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-var\(--size-5xl\)\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - var(--size-5xl)); } .max-h-\[max\(23vw\,250px\)\] { max-height: max(23vw, 250px); } .max-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { max-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .max-h-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-height: min(230px, 100%); } .max-h-\[unset\] { max-height: unset; } .max-h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { max-height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .max-h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { max-height: var(--modal-height); } .max-h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { max-height: var(--rem20); } .max-h-dvh { max-height: 100dvh; } .max-h-full { max-height: 100%; } .max-h-none { max-height: none; } .max-h-screen { max-height: 100vh; } .max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-xl { max-height: 2rem; } .min-h-0 { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-2xl { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-3xl { min-height: 4rem; } .min-h-4xl { min-height: 6rem; } .min-h-5xl { min-height: 8rem; } .min-h-\[0px\] { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-\[1\.5rem\] { min-height: 1.5rem; } .min-h-\[100px\] { min-height: 100px; } .min-h-\[100vh\] { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-\[106px\] { min-height: 106px; } .min-h-\[10px\] { min-height: 10px; } .min-h-\[10rem\] { min-height: 10rem; } .min-h-\[128px\] { min-height: 128px; } .min-h-\[12px\] { min-height: 12px; } .min-h-\[132px\] { min-height: 132px; } .min-h-\[144px\] { min-height: 144px; } .min-h-\[150px\] { min-height: 150px; } .min-h-\[15rem\] { min-height: 15rem; } .min-h-\[180px\] { min-height: 180px; } .min-h-\[18px\] { min-height: 18px; } .min-h-\[1rem\] { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-\[2\.5rem\] { min-height: 2.5rem; } .min-h-\[2\.875rem\] { min-height: 2.875rem; } .min-h-\[200px\] { min-height: 200px; } .min-h-\[20px\] { min-height: 20px; } .min-h-\[240px\] { min-height: 240px; } .min-h-\[24px\] { min-height: 24px; } .min-h-\[260px\] { min-height: 260px; } .min-h-\[28px\] { min-height: 28px; } .min-h-\[2lh\] { min-height: 2lh; } .min-h-\[2rem\] { min-height: 2rem; } .min-h-\[3\.25rem\] { min-height: 3.25rem; } .min-h-\[30px\] { min-height: 30px; } .min-h-\[30rem\] { min-height: 30rem; } .min-h-\[310px\] { min-height: 310px; } .min-h-\[32px\] { min-height: 32px; } .min-h-\[34px\] { min-height: 34px; } .min-h-\[350px\] { min-height: 350px; } .min-h-\[36px\] { min-height: 36px; } .min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .min-h-\[3rem\] { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-\[4\.5rem\] { min-height: 4.5rem; } .min-h-\[400px\] { min-height: 400px; } .min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .min-h-\[42px\] { min-height: 42px; } .min-h-\[44px\] { min-height: 44px; } .min-h-\[45\%\] { min-height: 45%; } .min-h-\[500px\] { min-height: 500px; } .min-h-\[506px\] { min-height: 506px; } .min-h-\[56px\] { min-height: 56px; } .min-h-\[584px\] { min-height: 584px; } .min-h-\[58px\] { min-height: 58px; } .min-h-\[5rem\] { min-height: 5rem; } .min-h-\[600px\] { min-height: 600px; } .min-h-\[60px\] { min-height: 60px; } .min-h-\[60vh\] { min-height: 60vh; } .min-h-\[640px\] { min-height: 640px; } .min-h-\[64px\] { min-height: 64px; } .min-h-\[65vh\] { min-height: 65vh; } .min-h-\[70px\] { min-height: 70px; } .min-h-\[75vh\] { min-height: 75vh; } .min-h-\[7rem\] { min-height: 7rem; } .min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .min-h-\[84px\] { min-height: 84px; } .min-h-\[900px\] { min-height: 900px; } .min-h-\[90px\] { min-height: 90px; } .min-h-\[93px\] { min-height: 93px; } .min-h-\[auto\] { min-height: auto; } .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\], .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh-_-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--page-y-padding\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--page-y-padding)); } .min-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { min-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .min-h-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { min-height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .min-h-full { min-height: 100%; } .min-h-md { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-px { min-height: 1px; } .min-h-screen { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .min-h-sm { min-height: 0.75rem; } .min-h-xl { min-height: 2rem; } .\!w-auto { width: auto !important; } .\!w-lg { width: 1.5rem !important; } .\!w-md { width: 1rem !important; } .w-0 { width: 0px; } .w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .w-1\/4 { width: 25%; } .w-1\/6 { width: 16.6667%; } .w-100 { width: 100%; } .w-11\/12 { width: 91.6667%; } .w-2\/3 { width: 66.6667%; } .w-2xl { width: 3rem; } .w-2xs { width: 0.25rem; } .w-3\/4 { width: 75%; } .w-3\/5 { width: 60%; } .w-3\/6 { width: 50%; } .w-3xl { width: 4rem; } .w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .w-4xl { width: 6rem; } .w-5\/6 { width: 83.3333%; } .w-5xl { width: 8rem; } .w-\[\.25rem\] { width:

0.25rem; } .w-\[\.375rem\] { width: 0.375rem; } .w-\[\.5rem\] { width: 0.5rem; } .w-\[\.75rem\] { width: 0.75rem; } .w-\[1\.5rem\] { width: 1.5rem; } .w-\[1\.75rem\] { width: 1.75rem; } .w-\[10\%\] { width: 10%; } .w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .w-\[100vw\] { width: 100vw; } .w-\[1024px\] { width: 1024px; } .w-\[1080px\] { width: 1080px; } .w-\[10px\] { width: 10px; } .w-\[11\.5px\] { width: 11.5px; } .w-\[110px\] { width: 110px; } .w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .w-\[112px\] { width: 112px; } .w-\[113px\] { width: 113px; } .w-\[114px\] { width: 114px; } .w-\[1164px\] { width: 1164px; } .w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .w-\[124px\] { width: 124px; } .w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .w-\[12px\] { width: 12px; } .w-\[12rem\] { width: 12rem; } .w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .w-\[131px\] { width: 131px; } .w-\[138px\] { width: 138px; } .w-\[14\%\] { width: 14%; } .w-\[140px\] { width: 140px; } .w-\[142px\] { width: 142px; } .w-\[145px\] { width: 145px; } .w-\[146px\] { width: 146px; } .w-\[15\%\] { width: 15%; } .w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .w-\[156px\] { width: 156px; } .w-\[15rem\] { width: 15rem; } .w-\[160px\] { width: 160px; } .w-\[164px\] { width: 164px; } .w-\[165px\] { width: 165px; } .w-\[16px\] { width: 16px; } .w-\[170px\] { width: 170px; } .w-\[172px\] { width: 172px; } .w-\[174px\] { width: 174px; } .w-\[176px\] { width: 176px; } .w-\[178px\] { width: 178px; } .w-\[180px\] { width: 180px; } .w-\[184px\] { width: 184px; } .w-\[187px\] { width: 187px; } .w-\[190px\] { width: 190px; } .w-\[196px\] { width: 196px; } .w-\[19px\] { width: 19px; } .w-\[1em\] { width: 1em; } .w-\[1px\] { width: 1px; } .w-\[1rem\] { width: 1rem; } .w-\[2\.25rem\] { width: 2.25rem; } .w-\[2\.5rem\] { width: 2.5rem; } .w-\[2\.875rem\] { width: 2.875rem; } .w-\[20\%\] { width: 20%; } .w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .w-\[204px\] { width: 204px; } .w-\[20px\] { width: 20px; } .w-\[20rem\] { width: 20rem; } .w-\[212px\] { width: 212px; } .w-\[215px\] { width: 215px; } .w-\[219px\] { width: 219px; } .w-\[22\.5rem\] { width: 22.5rem; } .w-\[220px\] { width: 220px; } .w-\[224px\] { width: 224px; } .w-\[225px\] { width: 225px; } .w-\[22px\] { width: 22px; } .w-\[230px\] { width: 230px; } .w-\[236px\] { width: 236px; } .w-\[23px\] { width: 23px; } .w-\[240px\] { width: 240px; } .w-\[24px\] { width: 24px; } .w-\[24rem\] { width: 24rem; } .w-\[25\%\] { width: 25%; } .w-\[250px\] { width: 250px; } .w-\[25rem\] { width: 25rem; } .w-\[260px\] { width: 260px; } .w-\[262px\] { width: 262px; } .w-\[266px\] { width: 266px; } .w-\[268px\] { width: 268px; } .w-\[270px\] { width: 270px; } .w-\[272px\] { width: 272px; } .w-\[273px\] { width: 273px; } .w-\[27rem\] { width: 27rem; } .w-\[28\%\] { width: 28%; } .w-\[280px\] { width: 280px; } .w-\[288px\] { width: 288px; } .w-\[28px\] { width: 28px; } .w-\[293px\] { width: 293px; } .w-\[2px\] { width: 2px; } .w-\[2rem\] { width: 2rem; } .w-\[3\.25rem\] { width: 3.25rem; } .w-\[3\.5rem\] { width: 3.5rem; } .w-\[30\%\] { width: 30%; } .w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .w-\[304px\] { width: 304px; } .w-\[306px\] { width: 306px; } .w-\[314px\] { width: 314px; } .w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .w-\[322px\] { width: 322px; } .w-\[324px\] { width: 324px; } .w-\[327px\] { width: 327px; } .w-\[328px\] { width: 328px; } .w-\[329px\] { width: 329px; } .w-\[32px\] { width: 32px; } .w-\[32rem\] { width: 32rem; } .w-\[330px\] { width: 330px; } .w-\[336px\] { width: 336px; } .w-\[342px\] { width: 342px; } .w-\[343px\] { width: 343px; } .w-\[346px\] { width: 346px; } .w-\[348px\] { width: 348px; } .w-\[35\%\] { width: 35%; } .w-\[350px\] { width: 350px; } .w-\[360px\] { width: 360px; } .w-\[368px\] { width: 368px; } .w-\[36px\] { width: 36px; } .w-\[370px\] { width: 370px; } .w-\[373px\] { width: 373px; } .w-\[375px\] { width: 375px; } .w-\[380px\] { width: 380px; } .w-\[384px\] { width: 384px; } .w-\[388px\] { width: 388px; } .w-\[38px\] { width: 38px; } .w-\[396px\] { width: 396px; } .w-\[3rem\] { width: 3rem; } .w-\[4\.5rem\] { width: 4.5rem; } .w-\[40\%\] { width: 40%; } .w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .w-\[40px\] { width: 40px; } .w-\[430px\] { width: 430px; } .w-\[448px\] { width: 448px; } .w-\[44px\] { width: 44px; } .w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .w-\[450px\] { width: 450px; } .w-\[452px\] { width: 452px; } .w-\[456px\] { width: 456px; } .w-\[468px\] { width: 468px; } .w-\[46px\] { width: 46px; } .w-\[480px\] { width: 480px; } .w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .w-\[494px\] { width: 494px; } .w-\[4rem\] { width: 4rem; } .w-\[5\.5rem\] { width: 5.5rem; } .w-\[50\%\] { width: 50%; } .w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .w-\[50px\] { width: 50px; } .w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .w-\[524px\] { width: 524px; } .w-\[52px\] { width: 52px; } .w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .w-\[53px\] { width: 53px; } .w-\[55\%\] { width: 55%; } .w-\[550px\] { width: 550px; } .w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .w-\[584px\] { width: 584px; } .w-\[58px\] { width: 58px; } .w-\[5rem\] { width: 5rem; } .w-\[60\%\] { width: 60%; } .w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .w-\[608px\] { width: 608px; } .w-\[60px\] { width: 60px; } .w-\[62\.4px\] { width: 62.4px; } .w-\[62px\] { width: 62px; } .w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .w-\[64px\] { width: 64px; } .w-\[66px\] { width: 66px; } .w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .w-\[69\%\] { width: 69%; } .w-\[692px\] { width: 692px; } .w-\[69px\] { width: 69px; } .w-\[6rem\] { width: 6rem; } .w-\[70\%\] { width: 70%; } .w-\[70px\] { width: 70px; } .w-\[70vw\] { width: 70vw; } .w-\[728px\] { width: 728px; } .w-\[72px\] { width: 72px; } .w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .w-\[736px\] { width: 736px; } .w-\[74px\] { width: 74px; } .w-\[75\%\] { width: 75%; } .w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .w-\[8\%\] { width: 8%; } .w-\[80\%\] { width: 80%; } .w-\[800px\] { width: 800px; } .w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .w-\[84px\] { width: 84px; } .w-\[85\%\] { width: 85%; } .w-\[86px\] { width: 86px; } .w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .w-\[8px\] { width: 8px; } .w-\[90\%\] { width: 90%; } .w-\[90px\] { width: 90px; } .w-\[90vw\] { width: 90vw; } .w-\[92px\] { width: 92px; } .w-\[94px\] { width: 94px; } .w-\[95\%\] { width: 95%; } .w-\[950px\] { width: 950px; } .w-\[95px\] { width: 95px; } .w-\[95vw\] { width: 95vw; } .w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .w-\[96px\] { width: 96px; } .w-\[97px\] { width: 97px; } .w-\[990px\] { width: 990px; } .w-\[calc\(100\%\+4px\)\] { width: calc(100% + 4px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-110px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 110px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 16px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-1rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 1rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 24px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-2rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-32px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 32px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-3rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 3rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-70px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 70px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-84px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 84px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-var\(--spacer-xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100% - var(--spacer-xl)); } .w-\[calc\(100\%_-_5rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 5rem); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-2rem\)\] { width: calc(-2rem + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-80px\)\] { width: calc(-80px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .w-\[calc\(50\%\+0\.5px\)\] { width: calc(50% + 0.5px); } .w-\[inherit\] { width: inherit; } .w-\[min\(95vw\,560px\)\] { width: min(95vw, 560px); } .w-\[var\(--accessory-container-width\)\] { width: var(--accessory-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--confirmation-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--confirmation-modal-width); } .w-\[var\(--content-width\)\] { width: var(--content-width); } .w-\[var\(--emote-size\)\] { width: var(--emote-size); } .w-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { width: var(--gallery-max-h); } .w-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-width\)\] { width: var(--icon-badge-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { width: var(--rem20); } .w-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { width: var(--rem28); } .w-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { width: var(--rem36); } .w-\[var\(--right-rail-width\)\] { width: var(--right-rail-width); } .w-\[var\(--wv-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--wv-modal-width); } .w-auto { width: auto; } .w-fit { width: fit-content; } .w-full { width: 100%; } .w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .w-max { width: max-content; } .w-md { width: 1rem; } .w-min { width: min-content; } .w-px { width: 1px; } .w-screen { width: 100vw; } .w-sm { width: 0.75rem; } .w-xl { width: 2rem; } .w-xs { width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-0 { min-width: 0px; } .min-w-100 { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-2xs { min-width: 0.25rem; } .min-w-4xl { min-width: 6rem; } .min-w-5xl { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[0\.5rem\] { min-width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-\[1\.5rem\] { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-\[100px\] { min-width: 100px; } .min-w-\[120px\] { min-width: 120px; } .min-w-\[130px\] { min-width: 130px; } .min-w-\[150px\] { min-width: 150px; } .min-w-\[15rem\] { min-width: 15rem; } .min-w-\[170px\] { min-width: 170px; } .min-w-\[174px\] { min-width: 174px; } .min-w-\[175px\] { min-width: 175px; } .min-w-\[180px\] { min-width: 180px; } .min-w-\[183px\] { min-width: 183px; } .min-w-\[18rem\] { min-width: 18rem; } .min-w-\[1rem\] { min-width: 1rem; } .min-w-\[2\.5rem\] { min-width: 2.5rem; } .min-w-\[2\.875rem\] { min-width: 2.875rem; } .min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .min-w-\[20px\] { min-width: 20px; } .min-w-\[20rem\] { min-width: 20rem; } .min-w-\[220px\] { min-width: 220px; } .min-w-\[23px\] { min-width: 23px; } .min-w-\[256px\] { min-width: 256px; } .min-w-\[272px\] { min-width: 272px; } .min-w-\[277px\] { min-width: 277px; } .min-w-\[280px\] { min-width: 280px; } .min-w-\[288px\] { min-width: 288px; } .min-w-\[28px\] { min-width: 28px; } .min-w-\[2rem\] { min-width: 2rem; } .min-w-\[3\.25rem\] { min-width: 3.25rem; } .min-w-\[300px\] { min-width: 300px; } .min-w-\[312px\] { min-width: 312px; } .min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .min-w-\[320px\] { min-width: 320px; } .min-w-\[32px\] { min-width: 32px; } .min-w-\[34px\] { min-width: 34px; } .min-w-\[350px\] { min-width: 350px; } .min-w-\[358px\] { min-width: 358px; } .min-w-\[368px\] { min-width: 368px; } .min-w-\[36px\] { min-width: 36px; } .min-w-\[384px\] { min-width: 384px; } .min-w-\[38px\] { min-width: 38px; } .min-w-\[3rem\] { min-width: 3rem; } .min-w-\[4\.5rem\] { min-width: 4.5rem; } .min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .min-w-\[40px\] { min-width: 40px; } .min-w-\[42px\] { min-width: 42px; } .min-w-\[432px\] { min-width: 432px; } .min-w-\[46px\] { min-width: 46px; } .min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .min-w-\[50px\] { min-width: 50px; } .min-w-\[52px\] { min-width: 52px; } .min-w-\[55\%\] { min-width: 55%; } .min-w-\[5rem\] { min-width: 5rem; } .min-w-\[610px\] { min-width: 610px; } .min-w-\[632px\] { min-width: 632px; } .min-w-\[69px\] { min-width: 69px; } .min-w-\[70px\] { min-width: 70px; } .min-w-\[75px\] { min-width: 75px; } .min-w-\[80px\] { min-width: 80px; } .min-w-\[85px\] { min-width: 85px; } .min-w-\[8rem\] { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { min-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .min-w-\[var\(--dropdown-menu-width\)\] { min-width: var(--dropdown-menu-width); } .min-w-fit { min-width: fit-content; } .min-w-full { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-lg { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-max { min-width: max-content; } .min-w-px { min-width: 1px; } .\!max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px !important; } .max-w-0 { max-width: 0px; } .max-w-100 { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-2xl { max-width: 42rem; } .max-w-3xl { max-width: 48rem; } .max-w-4xl { max-width: 56rem; } .max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-\[100px\] { max-width: 100px; } .max-w-\[100vw\] { max-width: 100vw; } .max-w-\[1080px\] { max-width: 1080px; } .max-w-\[1088px\] { max-width: 1088px; } .max-w-\[10rem\] { max-width: 10rem; } .max-w-\[110px\] { max-width: 110px; } .max-w-\[115px\] { max-width: 115px; } .max-w-\[120px\] { max-width: 120px; } .max-w-\[12rem\] { max-width: 12rem; } .max-w-\[1340px\] { max-width: 1340px; } .max-w-\[140px\] { max-width: 140px; } .max-w-\[144px\] { max-width: 144px; } .max-w-\[148px\] { max-width: 148px; } .max-w-\[14rem\] { max-width: 14rem; } .max-w-\[1500px\] { max-width: 1500px; } .max-w-\[150px\] { max-width: 150px; } .max-w-\[160px\] { max-width: 160px; } .max-w-\[164px\] { max-width: 164px; } .max-w-\[169px\] { max-width: 169px; } .max-w-\[170px\] { max-width: 170px; } .max-w-\[176px\] { max-width: 176px; } .max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .max-w-\[220px\] { max-width: 220px; } .max-w-\[236px\] { max-width: 236px; } .max-w-\[240px\] { max-width: 240px; } .max-w-\[24px\] { max-width: 24px; } .max-w-\[250px\] { max-width: 250px; } .max-w-\[260px\] { max-width: 260px; } .max-w-\[262px\] { max-width: 262px; } .max-w-\[274px\] { max-width: 274px; } .max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .max-w-\[285px\] { max-width: 285px; } .max-w-\[294px\] { max-width: 294px; } .max-w-\[300px\] { max-width: 300px; } .max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } .max-w-\[336px\] { max-width: 336px; } .max-w-\[340px\] { max-width: 340px; } .max-w-\[343px\] { max-width: 343px; } .max-w-\[348px\] { max-width: 348px; } .max-w-\[350px\] { max-width: 350px; } .max-w-\[352px\] { max-width: 352px; } .max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .max-w-\[370px\] { max-width: 370px; } .max-w-\[375px\] { max-width: 375px; } .max-w-\[378px\] { max-width: 378px; } .max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .max-w-\

[38px\] { max-width: 38px; } .max-w-\[392px\] { max-width: 392px; } .max-w-\[400px\] { max-width: 400px; } .max-w-\[40px\] { max-width: 40px; } .max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px; } .max-w-\[453px\] { max-width: 453px; } .max-w-\[460px\] { max-width: 460px; } .max-w-\[480px\] { max-width: 480px; } .max-w-\[500px\] { max-width: 500px; } .max-w-\[532px\] { max-width: 532px; } .max-w-\[540px\] { max-width: 540px; } .max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .max-w-\[560px\] { max-width: 560px; } .max-w-\[562px\] { max-width: 562px; } .max-w-\[570px\] { max-width: 570px; } .max-w-\[584px\] { max-width: 584px; } .max-w-\[600px\] { max-width: 600px; } .max-w-\[608px\] { max-width: 608px; } .max-w-\[61vw\] { max-width: 61vw; } .max-w-\[640px\] { max-width: 640px; } .max-w-\[652px\] { max-width: 652px; } .max-w-\[688px\] { max-width: 688px; } .max-w-\[700px\] { max-width: 700px; } .max-w-\[720px\] { max-width: 720px; } .max-w-\[725px\] { max-width: 725px; } .max-w-\[732px\] { max-width: 732px; } .max-w-\[736px\] { max-width: 736px; } .max-w-\[750px\] { max-width: 750px; } .max-w-\[756px\] { max-width: 756px; } .max-w-\[764px\] { max-width: 764px; } .max-w-\[768px\] { max-width: 768px; } .max-w-\[80\%\] { max-width: 80%; } .max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .max-w-\[8rem\] { max-width: 8rem; } .max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .max-w-\[90px\] { max-width: 90px; } .max-w-\[90vw\] { max-width: 90vw; } .max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .max-w-\[950px\] { max-width: 950px; } .max-w-\[96\%\] { max-width: 96%; } .max-w-\[960px\] { max-width: 960px; } .max-w-\[973px\] { max-width: 973px; } .max-w-\[990px\] { max-width: 990px; } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 16px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-60px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 60px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%_-_2rem\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .max-w-\[calc\(100dvw_-_20rem\)\] { max-width: calc(-20rem + 100dvw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { max-width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-xl)); } .max-w-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-width: min(230px, 100%); } .max-w-\[min\(95vw\,560px\)\] { max-width: min(95vw, 560px); } .max-w-\[unset\] { max-width: unset; } .max-w-\[var\(--flair-max-width\)\] { max-width: var(--flair-max-width); } .max-w-\[var\(--gallery-max-w\)\] { max-width: var(--gallery-max-w); } .max-w-\[var\(--size-switch-input-w\)\] { max-width: var(--size-switch-input-w); } .max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .max-w-fit { max-width: fit-content; } .max-w-full { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-lg { max-width: 32rem; } .max-w-md { max-width: 28rem; } .max-w-none { max-width: none; } .max-w-screen-l { max-width: 1416px; } .max-w-screen-m { max-width: 1200px; } .max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .max-w-xl { max-width: 36rem; } .max-w-xs { max-width: 20rem; } .flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1\] { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1_0_0\] { flex: 1 0 0px; } .flex-\[1_1_9rem\] { flex: 1 1 9rem; } .flex-\[2\] { flex: 2 1 0%; } .flex-\[3\] { flex: 3 1 0%; } .flex-\[4\] { flex: 4 1 0%; } .flex-\[5\] { flex: 5 1 0%; } .flex-auto { flex: 1 1 auto; } .flex-initial { flex: 0 1 auto; } .flex-none { flex: 0 0 auto; } .flex-shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .flex-shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink-\[1000\] { flex-shrink: 1000; } .flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .grow { flex-grow: 1; } .grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .basis-0 { flex-basis: 0px; } .basis-1\/2 { flex-basis: 50%; } .basis-100 { flex-basis: 100%; } .basis-\[126px\] { flex-basis: 126px; } .basis-\[140px\] { flex-basis: 140px; } .basis-\[18\%\] { flex-basis: 18%; } .basis-\[20px\] { flex-basis: 20px; } .basis-\[210px\] { flex-basis: 210px; } .basis-\[232px\] { flex-basis: 232px; } .basis-\[260px\] { flex-basis: 260px; } .basis-\[28px\] { flex-basis: 28px; } .basis-\[38\%\] { flex-basis: 38%; } .basis-\[400px\] { flex-basis: 400px; } .basis-\[40px\] { flex-basis: 40px; } .basis-\[42\%\] { flex-basis: 42%; } .basis-\[66\%\] { flex-basis: 66%; } .basis-\[70\%\] { flex-basis: 70%; } .basis-\[80\%\] { flex-basis: 80%; } .basis-\[80px\] { flex-basis: 80px; } .basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .basis-\[calc\(50\%\+44px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% + 44px); } .basis-auto { flex-basis: auto; } .basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .table-auto { table-layout: auto; } .table-fixed { table-layout: fixed; } .border-collapse { border-collapse: collapse; } .border-separate { border-collapse: initial; } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0.5rem; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0.5rem; border-spacing: var(--tw-border-spacing-x) var(--tw-border-spacing-y); } .origin-bottom { transform-origin: center bottom; } .origin-bottom-right { transform-origin: right bottom; } .origin-center { transform-origin: center center; } .origin-left { transform-origin: left center; } .origin-top-left { transform-origin: left top; } .-rotate-45, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: -45deg; } .-rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: -90deg; } .rotate-90, .rotate-180 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; } .rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: 45deg; } .rotate-45, .rotate-90 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: 90deg; } .skew-x-0 { --tw-skew-x: 0deg; } .scale-0, .skew-x-0 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-0 { --tw-scale-x: 0; --tw-scale-y: 0; } .scale-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .scale-100, .scale-75 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-75 { --tw-scale-x: .75; --tw-scale-y: .75; } .scale-90 { --tw-scale-x: .9; --tw-scale-y: .9; } .scale-90, .scale-\[\.68\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[\.68\] { --tw-scale-x: .68; --tw-scale-y: .68; } .scale-\[1\.2\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; } .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[2\] { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .scale-\[4\] { --tw-scale-x: 4; --tw-scale-y: 4; } .-scale-x-100, .scale-\[4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; } .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-x-\[-1\] { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .transform { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .transform-none { transform: none; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.2s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.2s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.5s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.5s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } @keyframes fade-in { 0% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); opacity: 0; } 75% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } 100% { background-color: unset; opacity: 1; } } .animate-\[fade-in_1000ms_ease-in_backwards\] { animation: 1s ease-in 0s 1 normal backwards running fade-in; } .animate-\[spin_2s_linear_infinite\] { animation: 2s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.0s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.2s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.2s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes typing-indicator-bounce { 0% { transform: translate(0px); } 20% { transform: translateY(-3px); } 40% { transform: translate(0px); } } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.4s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.4s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes blink { 50% { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } } .animate-blink { animation: 0.9s step-end 0s infinite normal none running blink; } @keyframes ping { 75%, 100% { opacity: 0; transform: scale(2); } } .animate-ping { animation: 1s cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1) 0s infinite normal none running ping; } .animate-pulse { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } @keyframes spin { 100% { transform: rotate(1turn); } } .animate-spin { animation: 1s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .cursor-auto { cursor: auto; } .cursor-default { cursor: default; } .cursor-grab { cursor: grab; } .cursor-help { cursor: help; } .cursor-none { cursor: none; } .cursor-not-allowed { cursor: not-allowed; } .cursor-nwse-resize { cursor: nwse-resize; } .cursor-pointer { cursor: pointer; } .cursor-text { cursor: text; } .cursor-wait { cursor: wait; } .cursor-zoom-in { cursor: zoom-in; } .cursor-zoom-out { cursor: zoom-out; } .touch-none { touch-action: none; } .select-none { user-select: none; } .select-text { user-select: text; } .select-all { user-select: all; } .select-auto { user-select: auto; } .resize-none { resize: none; } .resize-y { resize: vertical; } .resize { resize: both; } .snap-x { scroll-snap-type: x var(--tw-scroll-snap-strictness); } .snap-mandatory { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: mandatory; } .snap-start { scroll-snap-align: start; } .scroll-m-\[60px\] { scroll-margin: 60px; } .scroll-m-\[80px\] { scroll-margin: 80px; } .scroll-mt-3xl { scroll-margin-top: 4rem; } .scroll-mt-4xl { scroll-margin-top: 6rem; } .list-inside { list-style-position: inside; } .list-disc { list-style-type: disc; } .list-none { list-style-type: none; } .appearance-none { appearance: none; } .auto-cols-\[calc\(50\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(50% - 0.5rem); } .auto-cols-fr { grid-auto-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-flow-row { grid-auto-flow: row; } .grid-flow-col { grid-auto-flow: column; } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(106px, auto); } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(140px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(140px, auto); } .auto-rows-fr { grid-auto-rows: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-1 { grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-6 { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-7 { grid-template-columns: repeat(7, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_110px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 110px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_4fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 4fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_80px_80px_80px_80px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 80px 80px 80px 80px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_min-content\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr min-content; } .grid-cols-\[24px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 24px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[24px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 24px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[259px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 259px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[2rem_1fr_2rem\] { grid-template-columns: 2rem 1fr 2rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_2px_1rem_2px_1rem\] { grid-template-columns: auto 2px 1rem 2px 1rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_auto_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: auto auto 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(6\,minmax\(32px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(32px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_100px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 100px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_106px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 106px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-

fill\,_110px\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 110px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(106px, auto)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(8rem\,_1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(8rem, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-1 { grid-template-rows: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-\[1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr auto; } .grid-rows-\[2fr\,1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 2fr 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[32px\] { grid-template-rows: 32px; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto auto; } .\!flex-row { flex-direction: row !important; } .flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .flex-col-reverse { flex-direction: column-reverse; } .flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .flex-wrap-reverse { flex-wrap: wrap-reverse; } .flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .place-content-between { place-content: space-between; } .place-content-evenly { place-content: space-evenly; } .place-items-center { place-items: center; } .content-center { align-content: center; } .content-start { align-content: flex-start; } .content-end { align-content: flex-end; } .content-stretch { align-content: stretch; } .items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .items-center { align-items: center; } .items-baseline { align-items: baseline; } .items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .justify-center { justify-content: center; } .justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .justify-around { justify-content: space-around; } .justify-evenly { justify-content: space-evenly; } .justify-stretch { justify-content: stretch; } .justify-items-start { justify-items: start; } .justify-items-end { justify-items: end; } .justify-items-center { justify-items: center; } .\!gap-0 { gap: 0px !important; } .gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .gap-2xl { gap: 3rem; } .gap-2xs { gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-3xl { gap: 4rem; } .gap-\[0\.5rem\] { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-\[0\.625rem\] { gap: 0.625rem; } .gap-\[0\.75rem\] { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-\[1\.5rem\] { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-\[12px\] { gap: 12px; } .gap-\[15\%\] { gap: 15%; } .gap-\[16px\] { gap: 16px; } .gap-\[1rem\] { gap: 1rem; } .gap-\[2\.5rem\] { gap: 2.5rem; } .gap-\[20px\] { gap: 20px; } .gap-\[24px\] { gap: 24px; } .gap-\[2px\] { gap: 2px; } .gap-\[3px\] { gap: 3px; } .gap-\[40px\] { gap: 40px; } .gap-\[4px\] { gap: 4px; } .gap-\[6px\] { gap: 6px; } .gap-\[6rem\] { gap: 6rem; } .gap-\[75px\] { gap: 75px; } .gap-\[8px\] { gap: 8px; } .gap-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { gap: var(--rem16); } .gap-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { gap: var(--rem4); } .gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .gap-px { gap: 1px; } .gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-x-2xl { column-gap: 3rem; } .gap-x-2xs { column-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .gap-x-\[10px\] { column-gap: 10px; } .gap-x-\[12px\] { column-gap: 12px; } .gap-x-\[2px\] { column-gap: 2px; } .gap-x-\[5px\] { column-gap: 5px; } .gap-x-\[8px\] { column-gap: 8px; } .gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .gap-x-sm { column-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-x-xl { column-gap: 2rem; } .gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-y-2xs { row-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-y-\[20px\] { row-gap: 20px; } .gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-y-md { row-gap: 1rem; } .gap-y-sm { row-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .gap-y-xs { row-gap: 0.5rem; } .space-x-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .space-y-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(0px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(0px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-\[14px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(14px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(14px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-sm > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(.75rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(.75rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .divide-x-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-x-reverse: 0; border-left-width: calc(0rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-x-reverse))); border-right-width: calc(0rem*var(--tw-divide-x-reverse)); } .divide-y > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(.0625rem*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(.0625rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-y-\[2px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(2px*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(2px*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-solid > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-style: solid; } .divide-neutral-border-weak > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .place-self-center { place-self: center; } .self-start { align-self: flex-start; } .self-end { align-self: flex-end; } .self-center { align-self: center; } .self-stretch { align-self: stretch; } .justify-self-start { justify-self: start; } .justify-self-end { justify-self: end; } .overflow-auto { overflow: auto; } .overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .overflow-clip { overflow: clip; } .\!overflow-visible { overflow: visible !important; } .overflow-visible { overflow: visible; } .overflow-scroll { overflow: scroll; } .overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .overflow-y-hidden { overflow-y: hidden; } .overflow-x-clip { overflow-x: clip; } .overflow-x-visible { overflow-x: visible; } .overflow-x-scroll { overflow-x: scroll; } .overflow-y-scroll { overflow-y: scroll; } .overscroll-auto { overscroll-behavior: auto; } .overscroll-contain { overscroll-behavior: contain; } .overscroll-none { overscroll-behavior: none; } .scroll-smooth { scroll-behavior: smooth; } .truncate { overflow: hidden; white-space: nowrap; } .overflow-ellipsis, .text-ellipsis, .truncate { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .text-clip { text-overflow: clip; } .whitespace-normal { white-space: normal; } .whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .whitespace-pre { white-space: pre; } .whitespace-pre-line { white-space: pre-line; } .whitespace-pre-wrap { white-space: pre-wrap; } .text-wrap { text-wrap: wrap; } .text-nowrap { text-wrap: nowrap; } .text-balance { text-wrap: balance; } .text-pretty { text-wrap: pretty; } .break-normal { overflow-wrap: normal; word-break: normal; } .break-words { overflow-wrap: break-word; } .break-all { word-break: break-all; } .\!rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem !important; } .\!rounded-none { border-radius: 0px !important; } .rounded-1 { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-5 { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-6 { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-8 { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-\[\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[0\.125rem\] { border-radius: 0.125rem; } .rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[100px\] { border-radius: 100px; } .rounded-\[10px\] { border-radius: 10px; } .rounded-\[128px\] { border-radius: 128px; } .rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .rounded-\[14px\] { border-radius: 14px; } .rounded-\[15px\] { border-radius: 15px; } .rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .rounded-\[20px\] { border-radius: 20px; } .rounded-\[22px\] { border-radius: 22px; } .rounded-\[24px\] { border-radius: 24px; } .rounded-\[256px\] { border-radius: 256px; } .rounded-\[2px\] { border-radius: 2px; } .rounded-\[3\.25rem\] { border-radius: 3.25rem; } .rounded-\[3px\] { border-radius: 3px; } .rounded-\[4px\] { border-radius: 4px; } .rounded-\[50\%\] { border-radius: 50%; } .rounded-\[52px\] { border-radius: 52px; } .rounded-\[6px\] { border-radius: 6px; } .rounded-\[8px\] { border-radius: 8px; } .rounded-\[9\%\/6\.8\%\] { border-radius: 9% / 6.8%; } .rounded-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { border-radius: var(--rem8); } .rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-none { border-radius: 0px; } .rounded-sm { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-b-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-b-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-b-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-b-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-l-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-top-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-l-\[6px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; } .rounded-l-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-top-left-radius: 8px; } .rounded-l-full { border-bottom-left-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-left-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-l-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-r-\[12px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-r-\[6px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-r-full { border-bottom-right-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-right-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-r-sm { border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-s-\[16px\] { border-end-start-radius: 16px; border-start-start-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[0\.5rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-t-\[12px\] { border-top-left-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[1rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1rem; border-top-right-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-t-\[20px\] { border-top-left-radius: 20px; border-top-right-radius: 20px; } .rounded-t-\[6px\] { border-top-left-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-t-\[8px\] { border-top-left-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-t-lg { border-top-left-radius: 2rem; border-top-right-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-t-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-t-sm { border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-bl-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-bl-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-bl-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; } .rounded-br-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-br-none { border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-ee-\[0\.5rem\] { border-end-end-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-ee-\[6px\] { border-end-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-es-\[12px\] { border-end-start-radius: 12px; } .rounded-es-\[6px\] { border-end-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-\[6px\] { border-start-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-md { border-start-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-ss-\[6px\] { border-start-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-ss-md { border-start-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tr-\[16px\] { border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[8px\] { border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .\!border-0 { border-width: 0px !important; } .border { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-0 { border-width: 0px; } .border-\[0\.125rem\] { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-\[0\.1875rem\] { border-width: 0.1875rem; } .border-\[0\.5px\] { border-width: 0.5px; } .border-\[1px\] { border-width: 1px; } .border-\[2px\] { border-width: 2px; } .border-\[3px\] { border-width: 3px; } .border-\[4px\] { border-width: 4px; } .border-\[5px\] { border-width: 5px; } .border-lg { border-width: 0.25rem; } .border-md { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-sm { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-x-0 { border-left-width: 0px; border-right-width: 0px; } .border-y-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; } .border-y-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b, .border-y-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .border-b-\[1px\] { border-bottom-width: 1px; } .border-b-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-e-0 { border-inline-end-width: 0px; } .border-l { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-l-0 { border-left-width: 0px; } .border-l-\[1px\] { border-left-width: 1px; } .border-l-md { border-left-width: 0.125rem; } .border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r-0 { border-right-width: 0px; } .border-r-sm { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s-0 { border-inline-start-width: 0px; } .border-s-\[1px\] { border-inline-start-width: 1px; } .border-s-lg { border-inline-start-width: 0.25rem; } .border-s-md { border-inline-start-width: 0.125rem; } .border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; }

.border-t-\[1px\] { border-top-width: 1px; } .border-t-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-solid { border-style: solid; } .border-dashed { border-style: dashed; } .border-dotted { border-style: dotted; } .border-hidden { border-style: hidden; } .border-none { border-style: none; } .\!border-\[\#006C56\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1 !important; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)) !important; } .border-\[\#dadce0\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(218 220 224/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-default\)\] { border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); } .border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-disabled\)\] { border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .border-\[var\(--color-a-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-a-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-divider-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-divider-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-neutral-border-weak\)\] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-\[var\(--color-ui-modalbackground\)\] { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-action-downvote { border-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .border-action-secondary { border-color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .border-action-upvote { border-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .border-alert-caution { border-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .border-alienblue-300 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black\/20 { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .border-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-350 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-450 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-danger-background { border-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .border-danger-content { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .border-global-gold { border-color: var(--color-global-gold); } .border-global-offline { border-color: var(--color-global-offline); } .border-global-online { border-color: var(--color-global-online); } .border-global-orangered { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .border-global-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-inverted-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-border); } .border-mintgreen-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-neutral-background { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .border-neutral-background-container { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .border-neutral-background-gilded { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .border-neutral-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .border-neutral-background-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .border-neutral-background-weak-hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .border-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-neutral-border-medium { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .border-neutral-border-strong { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .border-neutral-border-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-neutral-content { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .border-neutral-content-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .border-primary { border-color: var(--color-primary); } .border-primary-border { border-color: var(--color-primary-border); } .border-puregray-700 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(48 48 48/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-puregray-900 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-secondary-background { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .border-secondary-background-hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .border-secondary-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .border-tone-2 { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .border-tone-3 { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-tone-4 { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-tone-5 { border-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .border-transparent { border-color: transparent; } .border-ui-modalbackground { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-warning-content { border-color: var(--color-warning-content); } .border-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-white-opacity-20 { border-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .border-b-neutral-border { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-b-neutral-border-weak { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-e-neutral-border { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-e-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-alienblue-500 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-left-color: rgb(24 112 244/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-l-neutral-border { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-l-neutral-border-weak { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-tone-3 { border-left-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-top-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-t-neutral-border-weak { border-top-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-tone-4 { border-top-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-t-transparent { border-top-color: transparent; } .border-opacity-10 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.1; } .border-opacity-20 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.2; } .\!bg-\[\#E6FFF9\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1 !important; background-color: rgb(230 255 249/var(--tw-bg-opacity)) !important; } .\!bg-\[var\(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background) !important; } .\!bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker) !important; } .\!bg-transparent { background-color: initial !important; } .bg-\[\#00E2B7\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#82959b\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(130 149 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#B6E9FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(182 233 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#BFEEB8\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(191 238 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C5C5C5\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(197 197 197/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C6DCFF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(198 220 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D8D4FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 212 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#F2C8FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(242 200 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FF9C1A\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 156 26/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFC5EC\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 197 236/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFCCD2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 204 210/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFD5C6\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 213 198/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFE88F\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 232 143/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#d7dfe2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(215 223 226/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#ffffff\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[--slider-bg\] { background-color: var(--slider-bg); } .bg-\[--slider-fill\] { background-color: var(--slider-fill); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-default\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-default); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-6\)\] { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--shreddit-content-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-content-background); } .bg-\[rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.6\)\] { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-\[var\(--color-banner-plain\)\] { background-color: var(--color-banner-plain); } .bg-\[var\(--color-caution-background\)\] { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-\[var\(--rpl-hovercard-background-color\)\] { background-color: var(--rpl-hovercard-background-color); } .bg-action-downvote { background-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .bg-action-upvote { background-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .bg-alert-caution { background-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .bg-alienblue-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(220 226 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(184 197 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 240 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-berrypurple-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(243 218 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black-opacity-60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black-opacity-80 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .bg-black\/20 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .bg-black\/50 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5); } .bg-black\/60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black\/70 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .bg-brand-background { background-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .bg-brand-secondary-limegreen_base { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(174 239 15/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-category-spoiler { background-color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .bg-caution-background { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-coolgray-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-150 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(201 215 222/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(127 148 159/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(102 119 128/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-550 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-danger-background { background-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker); } .bg-downvote-background { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background); } .bg-global-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-brand-orangered { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-orangered { background-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .bg-global-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-interactive-background-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .bg-interactive-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .bg-inverted-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-background); } .bg-kiwigreen-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 245 160/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(88 225 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-25 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 253 231/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(221 248 215/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 110 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-lightblue-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(2 185 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-media-background { background-color: var(--color-media-background); } .bg-mintgreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mintgreen-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 135 109/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mods-filtered-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background); } .bg-mods-

reported-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background); } .bg-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .bg-neutral-background-container { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .bg-neutral-background-container-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-gilded-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-highlighted-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-medium { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .bg-neutral-background-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .bg-neutral-background-weak-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .bg-neutral-border { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .bg-neutral-border-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .bg-neutral-content { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .bg-neutral-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .bg-neutral-content-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .bg-online { background-color: var(--color-online); } .bg-opacity-08 { background-color: var(--color-opacity-08); } .bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 180 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(230 223 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-primary { background-color: var(--color-primary); } .bg-primary-background { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .bg-puregray-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(251 219 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-sakurapink-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 56 187/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-scrim { background-color: var(--color-scrim); } .bg-secondary-background { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .bg-secondary-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .bg-secondary-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .bg-secondary-plain { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .bg-streak-not-reached-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background); } .bg-streak-progress { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-progress); } .bg-success-background { background-color: var(--color-success-background); } .bg-tone-1 { background-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .bg-tone-3 { background-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .bg-tone-4 { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .bg-tone-5 { background-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .bg-tone-6 { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-tone-7 { background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } .bg-transparent { background-color: initial; } .bg-ui-canvas { background-color: var(--color-ui-canvas); } .bg-ui-modalbackground { background-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .bg-warning-background { background-color: var(--color-warning-background); } .bg-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-white\/30 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.3); } .bg-white\/60 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.6); } .bg-yellow-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 226 132/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 191 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 136 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 243 192/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 220 200/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(228 108 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-opacity-0 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0; } .bg-opacity-15 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.15; } .bg-opacity-55 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.55; } .bg-opacity-60 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.6; } .bg-opacity-70 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.7; } .bg-opacity-\[0\.07\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.07; } .bg-\[image\:var\(--color-avatar-gradient\)\] { background-image: var(--color-avatar-gradient); } .bg-\[image\:var\(--small-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--small-banner); } .bg-gradient-to-bl { background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-l { background-image: linear-gradient(to left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-r { background-image: linear-gradient(to right,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-t { background-image: linear-gradient(to top,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-none { background-image: none; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--gallery-gradient-bg,var(--color-neutral-background)) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-berrypurple-900 { --tw-gradient-from: #300643 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(48,6,67,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-black\/80 { --tw-gradient-from: rgba(0,0,0,.8) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-orangered-500 { --tw-gradient-from: #d93900 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(217,57,0,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-transparent { --tw-gradient-from: transparent var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .via-black\/25 { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),rgba(0,0,0,.25) var(--tw-gradient-via-position),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-to: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-lightblue-500 { --tw-gradient-to: #007fae var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-orangered-400 { --tw-gradient-to: #ff4500 var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-transparent { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-100\% { --tw-gradient-to-position: 100%; } .bg-\[length\:100\%_177px\] { background-size: 100% 177px; } .bg-\[length\:296px\] { background-size: 296px; } .bg-contain { background-size: contain; } .bg-cover { background-size: cover; } .bg-clip-content { background-clip: content-box; } .bg-\[center_35\%\] { background-position: center 35%; } .bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .bg-left { background-position: 0px center; } .bg-top { background-position: center top; } .bg-no-repeat { background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-danger-content\)\] { fill: var(--color-danger-content); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-coins); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-moderator\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-online\)\] { fill: var(--color-online); } .fill-action-primary { fill: var(--color-action-primary); } .fill-current { fill: currentcolor; } .fill-global-brand-orangered { fill: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .fill-neutral-border { fill: var(--color-neutral-border); } .fill-neutral-border-medium { fill: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .fill-neutral-content-weak { fill: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .fill-primary-background { fill: var(--color-primary-background); } .fill-secondary-plain { fill: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .object-contain { object-fit: contain; } .object-cover { object-fit: cover; } .object-fill { object-fit: fill; } .object-scale-down { object-fit: scale-down; } .object-center { object-position: center center; } .object-top { object-position: center top; } .\!p-0 { padding: 0px !important; } .\!p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem !important; } .p-0 { padding: 0px; } .p-2xl { padding: 3rem; } .p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem; } .p-3xl { padding: 4rem; } .p-\[10px\] { padding: 10px; } .p-\[12px\] { padding: 12px; } .p-\[16px\] { padding: 16px; } .p-\[1px\] { padding: 1px; } .p-\[1rem\] { padding: 1rem; } .p-\[2\.5rem\] { padding: 2.5rem; } .p-\[2\.75rem\] { padding: 2.75rem; } .p-\[20px\] { padding: 20px; } .p-\[24px\] { padding: 24px; } .p-\[2px\] { padding: 2px; } .p-\[4px\] { padding: 4px; } .p-\[56px\] { padding: 56px; } .p-\[6px\] { padding: 6px; } .p-\[72px\] { padding: 72px; } .p-\[8px\] { padding: 8px; } .p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .p-md { padding: 1rem; } .p-px { padding: 1px; } .p-sm { padding: 0.75rem; } .p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .p-xs { padding: 0.5rem; } .\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\!px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem !important; padding-right: 0.25rem !important; } .\!px-md { padding-left: 1rem !important; padding-right: 1rem !important; } .\!px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem !important; padding-right: 0.75rem !important; } .\!px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem !important; padding-right: 0.5rem !important; } .\!py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px !important; padding-top: 0px !important; } .px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .px-\[10px\] { padding-left: 10px; padding-right: 10px; } .px-\[11px\] { padding-left: 11px; padding-right: 11px; } .px-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; padding-right: 12px; } .px-\[16px\] { padding-left: 16px; padding-right: 16px; } .px-\[1rem\] { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-\[20px\] { padding-left: 20px; padding-right: 20px; } .px-\[2px\] { padding-left: 2px; padding-right: 2px; } .px-\[2rem\] { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-\[30\.5px\] { padding-left: 30.5px; padding-right: 30.5px; } .px-\[3px\] { padding-left: 3px; padding-right: 3px; } .px-\[40px\] { padding-left: 40px; padding-right: 40px; } .px-\[4px\] { padding-left: 4px; padding-right: 4px; } .px-\[4rem\] { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .px-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; padding-right: 6px; } .px-\[80px\] { padding-left: 80px; padding-right: 80px; } .px-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; padding-right: 8px; } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem16\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[var\(--horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--horizontal-padding); } .px-\[var\(--list-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--list-padding); padding-right: var(--list-padding); } .px-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); padding-right: var(--rem10); } .px-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem14); padding-right: var(--rem14); } .px-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem6); padding-right: var(--rem6); }.

.px-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem8); padding-right: var(--rem8); } .px-\[var\(--topbar-horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); } .px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-px { padding-left: 1px; padding-right: 1px; } .px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .px-xl { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .py-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; padding-top: 3rem; } .py-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; padding-top: 0.25rem; } .py-\[1\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-\[10px\] { padding-bottom: 10px; padding-top: 10px; } .py-\[12px\] { padding-bottom: 12px; padding-top: 12px; } .py-\[19px\] { padding-bottom: 19px; padding-top: 19px; } .py-\[1px\] { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-\[2\.875rem\] { padding-bottom: 2.875rem; padding-top: 2.875rem; } .py-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; padding-top: 20px; } .py-\[27px\] { padding-bottom: 27px; padding-top: 27px; } .py-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; padding-top: 2px; } .py-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; padding-top: 3px; } .py-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; padding-top: 40px; } .py-\[44px\] { padding-bottom: 44px; padding-top: 44px; } .py-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; padding-top: 6px; } .py-\[7px\] { padding-bottom: 7px; padding-top: 7px; } .py-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; padding-top: 8px; } .py-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); padding-top: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); } .py-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem10); padding-top: var(--rem10); } .py-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem14); padding-top: var(--rem14); } .py-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem6); padding-top: var(--rem6); } .py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; padding-top: 1rem; } .py-px { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .py-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; padding-top: 2rem; } .py-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; padding-top: 0.5rem; } .\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .pb-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .pb-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; } .pb-5xl { padding-bottom: 8rem; } .pb-\[\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pb-\[0\.4rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.4rem; } .pb-\[16px\] { padding-bottom: 16px; } .pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .pb-\[22px\] { padding-bottom: 22px; } .pb-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; } .pb-\[30px\] { padding-bottom: 30px; } .pb-\[36px\] { padding-bottom: 36px; } .pb-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; } .pb-\[4px\] { padding-bottom: 4px; } .pb-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; } .pb-\[64px\] { padding-bottom: 64px; } .pb-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; } .pb-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; } .pb-\[calc\(var\(--spacer-xl\)+env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--spacer-xl) + env(safe-area-inset-bottom)); } .pb-\[env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\] { padding-bottom: env(safe-area-inset-bottom); } .pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .pb-px { padding-bottom: 1px; } .pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .pe-2xl { padding-inline-end: 3rem; } .pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .pe-3xl { padding-inline-end: 4rem; } .pe-\[10px\] { padding-inline-end: 10px; } .pe-\[12px\] { padding-inline-end: 12px; } .pe-\[2px\] { padding-inline-end: 2px; } .pe-\[3px\] { padding-inline-end: 3px; } .pe-\[40px\] { padding-inline-end: 40px; } .pe-\[6px\] { padding-inline-end: 6px; } .pe-\[calc\(var\(--rem6\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-end: calc(var(--rem6) - var(--rem1)); } .pe-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem12); } .pe-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem14); } .pe-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem16); } .pe-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem8); } .pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .pe-sm { padding-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .pl-0 { padding-left: 0px; } .pl-2xl { padding-left: 3rem; } .pl-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .pl-\[115px\] { padding-left: 115px; } .pl-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; } .pl-\[26px\] { padding-left: 26px; } .pl-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; } .pl-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; } .pl-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); } .pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; } .pl-md { padding-left: 1rem; } .pl-px { padding-left: 1px; } .pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .pl-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .pr-2xl { padding-right: 3rem; } .pr-2xs { padding-right: 0.25rem; } .pr-\[15px\] { padding-right: 15px; } .pr-\[4px\] { padding-right: 4px; } .pr-\[50px\] { padding-right: 50px; } .pr-\[6px\] { padding-right: 6px; } .pr-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-right: var(--rem14); } .pr-lg { padding-right: 1.5rem; } .pr-md { padding-right: 1rem; } .pr-sm { padding-right: 0.75rem; } .pr-xl { padding-right: 2rem; } .pr-xs { padding-right: 0.5rem; } .ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ps-\[10px\] { padding-inline-start: 10px; } .ps-\[110px\] { padding-inline-start: 110px; } .ps-\[115px\] { padding-inline-start: 115px; } .ps-\[12px\] { padding-inline-start: 12px; } .ps-\[15px\] { padding-inline-start: 15px; } .ps-\[1rem\] { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-\[20px\] { padding-inline-start: 20px; } .ps-\[2px\] { padding-inline-start: 2px; } .ps-\[32px\] { padding-inline-start: 32px; } .ps-\[3px\] { padding-inline-start: 3px; } .ps-\[4px\] { padding-inline-start: 4px; } .ps-\[6px\] { padding-inline-start: 6px; } .ps-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--rem1)); } .ps-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem10); } .ps-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem12); } .ps-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem14); } .ps-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem16); } .ps-lg { padding-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ps-xl { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } .ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .pt-2xs { padding-top: 0.25rem; } .pt-3xl { padding-top: 4rem; } .pt-\[0\.6rem\] { padding-top: 0.6rem; } .pt-\[10px\] { padding-top: 10px; } .pt-\[12px\] { padding-top: 12px; } .pt-\[13px\] { padding-top: 13px; } .pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .pt-\[2px\] { padding-top: 2px; } .pt-\[40px\] { padding-top: 40px; } .pt-\[42px\] { padding-top: 42px; } .pt-\[4px\] { padding-top: 4px; } .pt-\[50px\] { padding-top: 50px; } .pt-\[52px\] { padding-top: 52px; } .pt-\[64px\] { padding-top: 64px; } .pt-\[6px\] { padding-top: 6px; } .pt-\[72px\] { padding-top: 72px; } .pt-\[80px\] { padding-top: 80px; } .pt-\[8px\] { padding-top: 8px; } .pt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { padding-top: var(--page-y-padding); } .pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .pt-xl { padding-top: 2rem; } .pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .text-left { text-align: left; } .text-center { text-align: center; } .text-right { text-align: right; } .text-justify { text-align: justify; } .text-start { text-align: start; } .text-end { text-align: end; } .indent-0 { text-indent: 0px; } .align-baseline { vertical-align: initial; } .align-top { vertical-align: top; } .align-middle { vertical-align: middle; } .align-bottom { vertical-align: bottom; } .align-text-bottom { vertical-align: text-bottom; } .font-mono { font-family: var(--font-mono); } .font-sans { font-family: var(--font-sans); } .\!text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem !important; line-height: 1.25rem !important; } .text-10 { font-size: 0.625rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-11 { font-size: 0.6875rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-12, .text-12\/4 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-13 { font-size: 0.8125rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-14, .text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-15 { font-size: 0.9375rem; } .text-15, .text-16 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16 { font-size: 1rem; } .text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .text-48 { font-size: 3rem; line-height: 3rem; } .text-64 { font-size: 4rem; line-height: 4rem; } .text-\[1\.4rem\] { font-size: 1.4rem; } .text-\[1\.75rem\] { font-size: 1.75rem; } .text-\[10px\] { font-size: 10px; } .text-\[11px\] { font-size: 11px; } .text-\[12px\] { font-size: 12px; } .text-\[13px\] { font-size: 13px; } .text-\[14px\] { font-size: 14px; } .text-\[15px\] { font-size: 15px; } .text-\[16px\] { font-size: 16px; } .text-\[17px\] { font-size: 17px; } .text-\[2\.25rem\] { font-size: 2.25rem; } .text-\[2\.5rem\] { font-size: 2.5rem; } .text-\[2\.625rem\] { font-size: 2.625rem; } .text-\[24px\] { font-size: 24px; } .text-\[2em\] { font-size: 2em; } .text-\[2rem\] { font-size: 2rem; } .text-\[3\.5rem\] { font-size: 3.5rem; } .text-\[32px\] { font-size: 32px; } .text-\[32px\]\/\[44\.52px\] { font-size: 32px; line-height: 44.52px; } .text-\[34px\] { font-size: 34px; } .text-\[3rem\] { font-size: 3rem; } .text-\[40px\] { font-size: 40px; } .text-\[4rem\] { font-size: 4rem; } .text-\[56px\] { font-size: 56px; } .text-\[5rem\] { font-size: 5rem; } .text-\[60px\] { font-size: 60px; } .text-\[72px\]\/\[80px\] { font-size: 72px; line-height: 80px; } .text-\[88px\] { font-size: 88px; } .text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .text-body-2 { font-size: var(--font-body-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-2-line-height); } .text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .text-caption-2 { font-size: var(--font-caption-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-2-line-height); } .text-display { font-size: var(--font-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-display-line-height); } .text-headline { font-size: var(--font-headline-size); font-weight: var(--font-headline-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-headline-kerning); line-height: var(--font-headline-line-height); } .text-huge-display { font-size: var(--font-huge-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-huge-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-huge-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-huge-display-line-height); } .text-inherit { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .text-label-1 { font-size: var(--font-label-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-1-line-height); } .text-label-2 { font-size: var(--font-label-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-2-line-height); } .text-title-1 { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .text-title-3 { font-size: var(--font-title-3-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-3-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-3-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-3-line-height); } .font-\[500\] { font-weight: 500; } .font-\[600\] { font-weight: 600; } .font-\[800\] { font-weight: 800; } .font-\[900\] { font-weight: 900; } .font-\[var\(--font-title-h4\)\] { font-weight: var(--font-title-h4); } .font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .font-medium { font-weight: 500; } .font-normal { font-weight: 400; } .font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } .uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .lowercase { text-transform: lowercase; } .capitalize { text-transform: capitalize; } .normal-case { text-transform: none; } .italic { font-style: italic; } .not-italic { font-style: normal; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ordinal; font-variant-numeric: var(--tw-ordinal) var(--tw-slashed-zero) var(--tw-numeric-figure) var(--tw-numeric-spacing) var(--tw-numeric-fraction); } .leading-3 { line-height: 0.75rem; } .leading-4 { line-height: 1rem; } .leading-5 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .leading-6 { line-height: 1.5rem; } .leading-7 { line-height: 1.75rem; } .leading-8 { line-height: 2rem; } .leading-9 { line-height: 2.25rem; } .leading-\[--emote-line-height\] { line-height: var(--emote-line-height); } .leading-\[0\.85rem\] { line-height: 0.85rem; } .leading-\[0\] { line-height: 0; } .leading-\[1\.25\] { line-height: 1.25; } .leading-\[14px\] { line-height: 14px; } .leading-\[20px\] { line-height: 20px; } .leading-\[28px\] { line-height: 28px; } .leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .leading-\[52px\] { line-height: 52px; } .leading-\[58px\] { line-height: 58px; } .leading-\[64px\] { line-height: 64px; } .leading-\[68px\] { line-height: 68px; } .leading-\[96px\] { line-height: 96px; } .leading-none { line-height: 1; } .leading-normal { line-height: 1.5; } .leading-relaxed { line-height: 1.625; } .leading-tight { line-height: 1.25; } .tracking-\[-0\.2px\] { letter-spacing: -0.2px; } .tracking-\[1\.2px\] { letter-spacing: 1.2px; } .tracking-normal {

letter-spacing: 0px;} .tracking-tight { letter-spacing: -0.025em;} .tracking-tighter { letter-spacing: -0.05em;} .tracking-wide { letter-spacing: 0.025em;} .tracking-wider { letter-spacing: 0.05em;} .tracking-widest { letter-spacing: 0.1em;} .\!text-\[\#00C29D\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1 !important; color: rgb(0 194 157/var(--tw-text-opacity)) !important;} .\!text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content) !important;} .\!text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong) !important;} .\!text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1) !important;} .text-\[\#0F1A1C\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(15 26 28/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-\[\#131313\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-\[\#949798\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-\[\#B06400\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(176 100 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-\[\#C33700\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(195 55 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-\[\#FF4500\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-\[\#ffffc\] { color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.8);} .text-\[color\:inherit\] { color: inherit;} .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-default\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-default);} .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-disabled);} .text-\[color\:var\(--color-a-default\)\] { color: var(--color-a-default);} .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled);} .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled);} .text-\[color\:var\(--color-input-helper-text\)\] { color: var(--color-input-helper-text);} .text-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-2\)\] { color: var(--color-tone-2);} .text-\[var\(--color-alert-negative\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-negative);} .text-\[var\(--color-alert-positive\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-positive);} .text-\[var\(--color-banner-plain-text\)\] { color: var(--color-banner-plain-text);} .text-\[var\(--color-caution-onBackground\)\] { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground);} .text-\[var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { color: var(--color-identity-coins);} .text-action-downvote { color: var(--color-action-downvote);} .text-action-secondary { color: var(--color-action-secondary);} .text-action-upvote { color: var(--color-action-upvote);} .text-ai-plain { color: var(--color-ai-plain);} .text-alert-caution { color: var(--color-alert-caution);} .text-alert-negative { color: var(--color-alert-negative);} .text-alienblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-alienblue-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-berrypurple-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 0 163/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-brand-background { color: var(--color-brand-background);} .text-brand-onBackground { color: var(--color-brand-onBackground);} .text-category-nsfw { color: var(--color-category-nsfw);} .text-category-spoiler { color: var(--color-category-spoiler);} .text-caution-onBackground { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground);} .text-caution-plain { color: var(--color-caution-plain);} .text-coolgray-200 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-350 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-450 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-50 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-525 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(87 111 118/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-550 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-650 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(72 84 91/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(61 73 78/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-750 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-850 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(33 39 42/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-900 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-coolgray-950 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-current { color: currentcolor;} .text-danger-background { color: var(--color-danger-background);} .text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content);} .text-danger-plain { color: var(--color-danger-plain);} .text-global-admin { color: var(--color-global-admin);} .text-global-alienblue { color: var(--color-global-alienblue);} .text-global-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-global-brand-orangered { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-global-gold { color: var(--color-global-gold);} .text-global-moderator { color: var(--color-global-moderator);} .text-global-nsfw { color: var(--color-global-nsfw);} .text-global-offline { color: var(--color-global-offline);} .text-global-online { color: var(--color-global-online);} .text-global-orangered { color: var(--color-global-orangered);} .text-global-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-identity-admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin);} .text-identity-moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator);} .text-interactive-content-disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled);} .text-inverted-neutral-content { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content);} .text-inverted-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content-strong);} .text-inverted-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-onBackground);} .text-inverted-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain);} .text-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-kiwigreen-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 83 6/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-lightblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(2 157 213/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-media-onBackground { color: var(--color-media-onBackground);} .text-media-onbackground { color: var(--color-media-onbackground);} .text-media-onbackground-weak { color: var(--color-media-onbackground-weak);} .text-mintgreen-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-mods-filtered-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground);} .text-mods-reported-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground);} .text-neutral-background { color: var(--color-neutral-background);} .text-neutral-border-medium { color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium);} .text-neutral-border-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak);} .text-neutral-content { color: var(--color-neutral-content);} .text-neutral-content-disabled { color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled);} .text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong);} .text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak);} .text-online { color: var(--color-online);} .text-orangered-300 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-orangered-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-orangered-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(132 33 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-periwinkle-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(106 92 255/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-periwinkle-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-primary { color: var(--color-primary);} .text-primary-background { color: var(--color-primary-background);} .text-primary-onBackground { color: var(--color-primary-onBackground);} .text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain);} .text-puregray-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 118 118/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-red-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 79 64/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-red-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-red-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 0 15/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-sakurapink-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(222 1 159/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-secondary { color: var(--color-secondary);} .text-secondary-background { color: var(--color-secondary-background);} .text-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground);} .text-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-secondary-plain);} .text-secondary-plain-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak);} .text-secondary-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-weak);} .text-streak-not-reached-text { color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text);} .text-success-background { color: var(--color-success-background);} .text-success-content { color: var(--color-success-content);} .text-success-plain { color: var(--color-success-plain);} .text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1);} .text-tone-2 { color: var(--color-tone-2);} .text-tone-3 { color: var(--color-tone-3);} .text-tone-7 { color: var(--color-tone-7);} .text-upvote-content { color: var(--color-upvote-content);} .text-warning-content { color: var(--color-warning-content);} .text-warning-onBackground { color: var(--color-warning-onBackground);} .text-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-yellow-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(91 66 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .text-yelloworange-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(115 51 0/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .underline { text-decoration-line: underline;} .line-through { text-decoration-line: line-through;} .\!no-underline { text-decoration-line: none !important;} .no-underline { text-decoration-line: none;} .decoration-solid { text-decoration-style: solid;} .decoration-dotted { text-decoration-style: dotted;} .caret-transparent { caret-color: transparent;} .opacity-0 { opacity: 0;} .opacity-10 { opacity: 0.1;} .opacity-100 { opacity: 1;} .opacity-20 { opacity: 0.2;} .opacity-25 { opacity: 0.25;} .opacity-30 { opacity: 0.3;} .opacity-35 { opacity: 0.35;} .opacity-40 { opacity: 0.4;} .opacity-50 { opacity: 0.5;} .opacity-55 { opacity: 0.55;} .opacity-60 { opacity: 0.6;} .opacity-75 { opacity: 0.75;} .opacity-80 { opacity: 0.8;} .opacity-90 { opacity: 0.9;} .opacity-\[--slider-opacity\] { opacity: var(--slider-opacity);} .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 4px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 4px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 2px 0 0 var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 2px 0 0 var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px -40px 21px var(--color-neutral-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px -40px 21px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 0px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 0px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color);} .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 8px 0px; --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 8px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color);} .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 2px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 2px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 3px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 3px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 4px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 4px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color);} .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-md { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-md); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-md);} .shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000;} .shadow-none, .shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm);} .shadow-xs { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-xs); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-xs); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .shadow-\[0\.75rem\] { --tw-shadow-color:

0.75rem; --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .shadow-neutral-border-weak { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .outline-none { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .outline { outline-style: solid; } .outline-0 { outline-width: 0px; } .outline-1 { outline-width: 1px; } .outline-2 { outline-width: 2px; } .outline-\[3px\] { outline-width: 3px; } .outline-offset-1 { outline-offset: -1px; } .outline-offset-0 { outline-offset: 0px; } .outline-offset-2, .outline-offset-\[2px\] { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-\[\#FF9C1A\] { outline-color: rgb(255, 156, 26); } .outline-\[--color-neutral-border-strong\] { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .outline-\[var\(--color-brand-background\)\] { outline-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .outline-danger-content { outline-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .outline-global-brand-orangered { outline-color: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .outline-global-white { outline-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .outline-lightblue-300 { outline-color: rgb(2, 185, 251); } .outline-neutral-background-medium { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .outline-neutral-border-weak { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .outline-transparent { outline-color: transparent; } .ring { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(3px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .blur-\[6px\] { --tw-blur: blur(6px); } .blur-\[6px\], .drop-shadow { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .drop-shadow { --tw-drop-shadow: drop-shadow(0 1px 2px rgba(0,0,0,.1)) drop-shadow(0 1px 1px rgba(0,0,0,.06)); } .grayscale { --tw-grayscale: grayscale(100%); } .grayscale, .invert { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .invert { --tw-invert: invert(100%); } .backdrop-blur-2xl { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(2.5rem); } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(16px); } .backdrop-blur-sm { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(0.25rem); } .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .transition { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke, opacity, box-shadow, transform, filter, backdrop-filter; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-height\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-height; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-width\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-width; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[opacity\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[transform\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[width\,height\,border-radius\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: width, height, border-radius; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-all { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: all; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-colors { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-opacity { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-transform { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .delay-100 { transition-delay: 0.1s; } .delay-200 { transition-delay: 0.2s; } .delay-300 { transition-delay: 0.3s; } .duration-1000 { transition-duration: 1s; } .duration-150 { transition-duration: 0.15s; } .duration-200 { transition-duration: 0.2s; } .duration-300 { transition-duration: 0.3s; } .duration-500 { transition-duration: 0.5s; } .duration-75 { transition-duration: 75ms; } .duration-\[1500ms\] { transition-duration: 1.5s; } .duration-\[250ms\] { transition-duration: 0.25s; } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.22\,1\,0\.36\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.22, 1, 0.36, 1); } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.54\,1\.15\,1\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.54, 1.15, 1, 1); } .ease-in { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 1, 1); } .ease-in-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .ease-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1); } .will-change-transform { will-change: transform; } .leading-inherit { line-height: inherit; } .\@container { container-type: inline-size; } .text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-24-scalable { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-title-1-scalable { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .scalable-text, .text-10-scalable, .text-11-scalable, .text-12-scalable, .text-13-scalable, .text-14-scalable, .text-15-scalable, .text-16-scalable, .text-17-scalable, .text-18-scalable, .text-19-scalable, .text-20-scalable, .text-24-scalable, .text-32-scalable, .text-48-scalable, .text-64-scalable, .text-body-1-scalable, .text-body-2-scalable, .text-caption-1-scalable, .text-caption-2-scalable, .text-display-scalable, .text-headline-scalable, .text-huge-display-scalable, .text-inherit-scalable, .text-label-1-scalable, .text-label-2-scalable, .text-title-1-scalable, .text-title-2-scalable, .text-title-3-scalable, .text-undefined-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .scrollbar-hide { scrollbar-width: none; } .scrollbar-hide::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; width: 0px !important; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4 { --tw-translate-x: -50%; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: -6rem; } .-translate-x-\[4px\] { --tw-translate-x: -4px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4 { --tw-translate-y: -50%; } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\] { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-\[2px\] { --tw-translate-y: -2px; } .-translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: -100%; } .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-0 { --tw-translate-x: 0px; } .translate-x-1\/2 { --tw-translate-x: 50%; } .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: 6rem; } .translate-x-full { --tw-translate-x: 100%; } .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-px { --tw-translate-x: 1px; } .translate-y-0 { --tw-translate-y: 0px; } .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-1\/2 { --tw-translate-y: 50%; } .translate-y-4xl { --tw-translate-y: 6rem; } .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: 100%; } .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-y: 1px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .\[--button-border-color\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-border-color: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--button-color-text\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-color-text: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--color-neutral-background-hover\:var\(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover\)\] { --color-neutral-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .\[--emote-size\:20px\] { --emote-size: 20px; } .\[--emote-size\:60px\] { --emote-size: 60px; } .\[backface-visibility\:hidden\] { backface-visibility: hidden; } .\[box-shadow\:0_-6px_8px_var\(--color-tone-5\)\] { box-shadow: 0 -6px 8px var(--color-tone-5); } .\[caret-color\:var\(--color-tone-1\)\] { caret-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .\[color\:transparent\] { color: transparent; } .\[font-size\:var\(--emote-size\)\] { font-size: var(--emote-size); } .\[perspective\:1000px\] { perspective: 1000px; } .\[text-shadow\:1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,-1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_-1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\] { text-shadow: 1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),-1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),0 1px 0 var(--color-media-background),0 -1px 0 var(--color-media-background); } .\[transform-style\:preserve-3d\] { transform-style: preserve-3d; } .\[transform\:rotateY\(180deg\)\] { transform: rotateY(180deg); } .\[transform\:translate3d\(0\,0\,0\)\] { transform: translateZ(0px); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } } .*\:m-0 > * { margin: 0px; } .*\:rounded-1 > * { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .first-letter\:capitalize::first-letter { text-transform: capitalize; } .marker\:hidden ::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain ::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .marker\:hidden::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .selection\:text-transparent ::selection { color: transparent; } .selection\:text-transparent::selection { color: transparent; } .placeholder\:text-neutral-content-weak::placeholder { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .before\:absolute::before { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .before\:left-\[-1rem\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .before\:start-0::before { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .before\:top-0::before, .before\:top-\[0\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .before\:top-lg::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 1.5rem; } .before\:top-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0.75rem; } .before\:mx-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .before\:ml-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.75rem; } .before\:ms-md::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .before\:block::before { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .before\:h-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: var(--emote-size); } .before\:h-full::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .before\:w-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: 0.25rem; } .before\:w-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: var(--emote-size); } .before\:origin-top-left::before { content: var(--tw-content); transform-origin: left top; } .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); --tw-scale-x: var(--emote-scale); --tw-scale-y: var(--emote-scale); transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--

tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .before\:rounded-full::before { border-radius: 624.938rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-y-0::before { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-l-\[1px\]::before { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-r-\[0px\]::before { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-solid::before { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-tone-4::before { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-secondary-background::before { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-\[size\:--emote-size\]::before { background-size: var(--emote-size); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:text-12::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .before\:text-14::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .before\:content-\[\'\'\]::before { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'Â·\'\']::before { --tw-content: "Â·"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'â€¢\'\']::before { --tw-content: "â€¢"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[attr\(priority\)\]::before { --tw-content: attr(priority); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:invisible::after { content: var(--tw-content); visibility: hidden; } .after\:absolute::after { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .after\:left-\[-1rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .after\:start-0::after { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .after\:top-0::after, .after\:top-\[0\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .after\:col-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-start: 1; } .after\:col-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-end: 2; } .after\:row-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-start: 1; } .after\:row-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-end: 2; } .after\:clear-both::after { clear: both; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:ms-\[0\.375rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 0.375rem; } .after\:box-border::after { box-sizing: border-box; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:block::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .after\:table::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: table; } .after\:h-\[20px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 20px; } .after\:h-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .after\:w-100::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:w-\[24px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 24px; } .after\:w-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:resize-y::after { content: var(--tw-content); resize: vertical; } .after\:whitespace-pre-wrap::after { content: var(--tw-content); white-space: pre-wrap; } .after\:rounded-l-\[6px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:rounded-bl-\[12px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-sm::after { border-width: 0.0625rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-y-0::after { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-b-\[1px\]::after { border-bottom-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-e-0::after { border-inline-end-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-l-\[1px\]::after { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-r-\[0px\]::after { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-solid::after { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-neutral-border-weak::after { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-tone-4::after { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:px-md::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .after\:py-sm::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .after\:font-mono::after { content: var(--tw-content); font-family: var(--font-mono); } .after\:leading-5::after { content: var(--tw-content); line-height: 1.25rem; } .after\:content-\[\'\'\]::after { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .first\:ml-0:first-child { margin-left: 0px; } .first\:ms-0:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .first\:ms-md:first-child { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .first\:ms-xs:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .first\:mt-0:first-child { margin-top: 0px; } .first\:pl-md:first-child { padding-left: 1rem; } .last\:mb-0:last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .last\:me-0:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .last\:me-md:last-child { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .last\:me-xs:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .last\:mr-0:last-child { margin-right: 0px; } .last\:hidden:last-child { display: none; } .last\:border-0:last-child { border-width: 0px; } .last\:border-b-0:last-child { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .last\:border-none:last-child { border-style: none; } .last\:pb-0:last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; } .last\:pr-md:last-child { padding-right: 1rem; } .last-of-type\:mb-0:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } .visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } .visited\:bg-transparent:visited { background-color: initial; } .visited\:text-inherit:visited { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain) !important; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak) !important; } .visited\:\!text-white:visited { color: rgb(255, 255, 255) !important; } .visited\:text-media-onbackground:visited { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .visited\:text-neutral-background-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-strong:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .visited\:text-secondary:visited { color: var(--color-secondary); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .visited\:no-underline:visited { text-decoration-line: none; } .empty\:hidden:empty { display: none; } .empty\:pr-0:empty { padding-right: 0px; } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-medium:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-strong:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .focus-within\:opacity-100:focus-within { opacity: 1; } .focus-within\:outline:focus-within { outline-style: solid; } .focus-within\:outline-1:focus-within { outline-width: 1px; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .hover\:scale-110:hover { --tw-scale-x: 1.1; --tw-scale-y: 1.1; } .hover\:scale-110:hover, .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .hover\:cursor-pointer:hover { cursor: pointer; } .hover\:rounded-2:hover { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .hover\:border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-disabled\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .hover\:border-\[var\(--color-a-hover\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-hover); } .hover\:border-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .hover\:border-global-orangered:hover { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .hover\:border-neutral-content-weak:hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:border-primary-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:border-secondary-background-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:border-tone-3:hover { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .hover\:border-l-neutral-border:hover { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-prim-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) !important; } .hover\:bg-black\/70:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .hover\:bg-black\/80:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .hover\:bg-coolgray-950:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-downvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-interactive-pressed:hover { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .hover\:bg-mods-filtered-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-mods-reported-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .hover\:bg-secondary-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-tone-4:hover { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .hover\:bg-transparent:hover { background-color: initial; } .hover\:bg-upvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-white-opacity-20:hover { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .hover\:text-inherit:hover { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .hover\:text-\[\#949798\]:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-action-downvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .hover\:text-action-upvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .hover\:text-brand-background-hover:hover { color: var(--color-brand-background-hover); } .hover\:text-danger-content-hover:hover { color: var(--color-danger-content-hover); } .hover\:text-global-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-inverted-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-neutral-content:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-strong:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-weak:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:text-primary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:text-primary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary:hover { color: var(--color-secondary); } .hover\:text-secondary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-onBackground:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .hover\:text-secondary-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .hover\:text-success-content:hover { color: var(--color-success-content); } .hover\:text-success-hover:hover { color: var(--color-success-hover); } .hover\:text-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:underline:hover { text-decoration-line: underline; } .hover\:no-underline:hover { text-decoration-line: none; } .hover\:decoration-solid:hover { text-decoration-style: solid; } .hover\:opacity-100:hover { opacity: 1; } .hover\:opacity-30:hover { opacity: 0.3; } .hover\:opacity-75:hover { opacity: 0.75; } .hover\:opacity-80:hover { opacity: 0.8; } .hover\:opacity-90:hover { opacity: 0.9; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\]:hover { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 2px var(--

color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 2px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow);} .hover\:shadow-elevation-small:hover { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-elevation-small); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored);} .hover\:visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-visited);} .focus\:not-sr-only:focus { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal;} .focus\:rounded-1:focus { border-radius: 0.25rem;} .focus\:border-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity));} .focus\:border-global-focus:focus { border-color: var(--color-global-focus);} .focus\:border-primary-plain:focus { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain);} .focus\:bg-interactive-pressed:focus { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed);} .focus\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover);} .focus\:bg-transparent:focus { background-color: initial;} .focus\:text-white:focus { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .focus\:no-underline:focus { text-decoration-line: none;} .focus\:opacity-100:focus { opacity: 1;} .focus\:outline-none:focus { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px;} .focus\:outline-neutral-content-weak:focus { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak);} .focus\:ring-1:focus { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(1px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000);} .focus\:ring-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity));} .focus\:ring-opacity-30:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3;} .focus-visible\:bg-transparent:focus-visible { background-color: initial;} .focus-visible\:text-action-downvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-downvote);} .focus-visible\:text-action-upvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-upvote);} .focus-visible\:outline-none:focus-visible { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px;} .focus-visible\:outline:focus-visible { outline-style: solid;} .focus-visible\:outline-2:focus-visible { outline-width: 2px;} .focus-visible\:-outline-offset-1:focus-visible { outline-offset: -1px;} .focus-visible\:outline-offset-2:focus-visible { outline-offset: 2px;} .active\:cursor-grabbing:active { cursor: grabbing;} .active\:border-primary-plain:active { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain);} .active\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-prim-active\)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-active) !important;} .active\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-active\)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-active) !important;} .active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed);} .active\:bg-neutral-background-selected:active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected);} .active\:bg-orangered-50:active { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity));} .active\:bg-secondary-background:active { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background);} .active\:bg-transparent:active { background-color: initial;} .active\:bg-none:active { background-image: none;} .active\:text-neutral-content-strong:active { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong);} .active\:no-underline:active { text-decoration-line: none;} .enabled\:cursor-pointer:enabled { cursor: pointer;} @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\]:hover:enabled { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y));}} .disabled\:pointer-events-none:disabled { pointer-events: none;} .disabled\:cursor-not-allowed:disabled { cursor: not-allowed;} .disabled\:bg-interactive-background-disabled:disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled);} .disabled\:bg-neutral-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background);} .disabled\:bg-primary-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-primary-background);} .disabled\:text-global-white:disabled { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .disabled\:text-interactive-content-disabled:disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled);} .disabled\:no-underline:disabled { text-decoration-line: none;} .disabled\:opacity-50:disabled { opacity: 0.5;} .disabled\:opacity-60:disabled { opacity: 0.6;} .group[open] .group-open\:order-1 { order: 1;} .group[open] .group-open\:inline { display: inline;} .group[open] .group-open\:hidden { display: none;} .group[open] .group-open\:rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y));} .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap;} .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal;} .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:flex { display: flex;} .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:hidden { display: none;} .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity));} .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-2 { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(2px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000);} .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-global-brand-orangered { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity));} .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-opacity-30 { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3;} @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group:hover .group-hover\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap;} .group:hover .group-hover\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal;} .group:hover .group-hover\:visible { visibility: visible;} .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:invisible { visibility: hidden;} .group:hover .group-hover\:z-1 { z-index: 1;} .group:hover .group-hover\:block, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:block { display: block;} .group:hover .group-hover\:flex, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:flex { display: flex;} .group:hover .group-hover\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex;} .group:hover .group-hover\:hidden, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:hidden { display: none;} .group:hover .group-hover\:w-auto { width: auto;} .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y));} .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4;} .group:hover .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.03; --tw-scale-y: 1.03; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y));} .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover);} .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected);} .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-secondary-plain-weak { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak);} .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2);} .group:hover .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to);} .group:hover .group-hover\:text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain);} .group:hover .group-hover\:underline { text-decoration-line: underline;} .group:hover .group-hover\:opacity-0 { opacity: 0;} .group:hover .group-hover\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1;} .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y));} .group.tab-bottom-border.tab-selected .group-\[\.tab-bottom-border\.tab-selected\]\:block { display: block;} .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:flex { display: flex;} .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:hidden, .group\/reckw.active .group-\[\&\.active\]\/reckw\:hidden, .group\/reckw:not(.active) .group-\[\&\:not\(\.active\)\]\/reckw\:hidden { display: none;} .group\/dropdown:not(:defined) .group-\[\:not\(\:defined\)\]\/dropdown\:hidden { display: none;} .group\/overflow-menu:not(:defined) .group-\[\:not\(\:defined\)\]\/overflow-menu\:hidden { display: none;} .group\/verdict[show-removal-reason-cta] .group-\[\[show-removal-reason-cta\]\]\/verdict\:hidden { display: none;} .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:\!h-auto { height: auto !important;} @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group\/reckws:not([adding]) .group-\[\&\:not\(\[adding\]\)\]\/reckws\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover);} } .group\/reckws:not([adding]) .group-\[\&\:not\(\[adding\]\)\]\/reckws\:active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed);} .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:visible { visibility: visible;} .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity));} .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity));} .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity));} .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity));} .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity));} .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1;} .has-\[\#resize-handle\:focus\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:focus) { border-top-left-radius: 4px;} .has-\[\#resize-handle\:hover\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:hover) { border-top-left-radius: 4px;} .has-\[\.achievement-link\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover:has(.achievement-link:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover);} .has-\[\.achievement-modal-trigger\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover:has(.achievement-modal-trigger:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover);} .has-\[\.task-name-link\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:has(.task-name-link:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover);} .has-\[faceplate-checkbox-input\[checked\]\]\:bg-neutral-background-selected:has(faceplate-checkbox-input[checked]) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected);} .aria-checked\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-checked="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected);} .aria-pressed\:border-caution-background[aria-pressed="true"] { border-color: var(--color-caution-background);} .aria-pressed\:bg-neutral-background-gilded[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded);} .aria-pressed\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected);} .aria-pressed\:outline[aria-pressed="true"] { outline-style: solid;} .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border[aria-expanded="true"] { border-width: 0.0625rem;} .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border-solid[aria-expanded="true"] { border-style: solid;} .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border-neutral-border-medium[aria-expanded="true"] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium);} .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-expanded="true"] { background-

color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } @container (min-width: 32px) { .\@\[32px\]\:flex { display: flex; } } @container (min-width: 64rem) { .\@5xl\:flex { display: flex; } .\@5xl\:hidden { display: none; } } .nd\:visible:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .nd\:invisible:not(:defined) { visibility: hidden; } .nd\:mx-md:not(:defined) { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .nd\:mb-md:not(:defined) { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .nd\:mt-lg:not(:defined) { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .nd\:block:not(:defined) { display: block; } .nd\:flex:not(:defined) { display: flex; } .nd\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .nd\:aspect-square:not(:defined) { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .nd\:h-0:not(:defined) { height: 0px; } .nd\:h-2xl:not(:defined) { height: 3rem; } .nd\:h-\[110px\]:not(:defined) { height: 110px; } .nd\:h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { height: 32px; } .nd\:h-\[40px\]:not(:defined) { height: 40px; } .nd\:h-\[64px\]:not(:defined) { height: 64px; } .nd\:h-\[88px\]:not(:defined) { height: 88px; } .nd\:h-\[var\(--gallery-initial-height\)\]:not(:defined) { height: var(--gallery-initial-height); } .nd\:h-lg:not(:defined) { height: 1.5rem; } .nd\:h-xl:not(:defined) { height: 2rem; } .nd\:max-h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { max-height: 32px; } .nd\:max-h-xl:not(:defined) { max-height: 2rem; } .nd\:min-h-xl:not(:defined) { min-height: 2rem; } .nd\:w-\[104px\]:not(:defined) { width: 104px; } .nd\:w-\[380px\]:not(:defined) { width: 380px; } .nd\:w-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { width: 54px; } .nd\:w-fit:not(:defined) { width: fit-content; } .nd\:w-lg:not(:defined) { width: 1.5rem; } .nd\:w-xl:not(:defined) { width: 2rem; } @keyframes pulse { 50% { opacity: 0.5; } } .nd\:animate-pulse:not(:defined) { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } .nd\:flex-row:not(:defined) { flex-direction: row; } .nd\:gap-xs:not(:defined) { gap: 0.5rem; } .nd\:overflow-hidden:not(:defined) { overflow: hidden; } .nd\:rounded-4:not(:defined) { border-radius: 1rem; } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-selected:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-weak:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .nd\:bg-secondary-background:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .nd\:pb-0:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 0px; } .nd\:pb-2xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .nd\:pb-\[var\(--rem36\)\]:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: var(--rem36); } .nd\:pb-xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .nd\:pt-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { padding-top: 54px; } .nd\:pt-xs:not(:defined) { padding-top: 0.5rem; } @media (display-mode: minimal-ui), (display-mode: standalone), (display:window-controls-overlay) { .pwa\:block { display: block; } .pwa\:hidden { display: none; } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion: reduce) { .motion-reduce\:transition-none { transition-property: none; } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:block) { display: block; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hidden) { display: none; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:w-px) { width: 1px; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:border-black-opacity-10) { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.098); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#090F11\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(9 15 17/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#95DCFB\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(149 220 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A0B0B5\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(160 176 181/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A3E398\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(163 227 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A7CCFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(167 204 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A8A8A8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 168 168/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#C3BDFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(195 189 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#EEA7FF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 167 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FADB61\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(250 219 97/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFA5E3\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 165 227/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFADB8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 173 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFBEA6\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 190 166/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-alienblue-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 26 63/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-berrypurple-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(48 6 67/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-black\/30) { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-600) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-750) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-800) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 50 54/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-950\/30) { background-color: rgba(14, 17, 19, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-danger-content-default) { background-color: var(--color-danger-content-default); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-global-black) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-kiwigreen-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-lime-700) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 80 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-weak) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-periwinkle-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(22 14 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(52 15 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-950) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(31 11 4/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yellow-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(35 26 3/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yelloworange-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 23 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-\[var\(--color-global-stars\)\]) { color: var(--color-global-stars); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-400) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-berrypurple-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(234 179 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-caution-onBackground) { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(151 175 188/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-900) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-global-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-kiwigreen-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 198 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-neutral-content-strong) { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-orangered-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-periwinkle-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-red-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yellow-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yelloworange-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 138 53/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .peer:checked ~ .group .dark\:peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:absolute { position: absolute; } .lg\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .lg\:row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .lg\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .lg\:mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .lg\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .lg\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .lg\:block { display: block; } .lg\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .lg\:flex { display: flex; } .lg\:hidden { display: none; } .lg\:max-h-\[700px\] { max-height: 700px; } .lg\:w-5\/12 { width: 41.6667%; } .lg\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .lg\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .lg\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .lg\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:visible { visibility: visible; } .xs\:sticky { position: sticky; } .xs\:-left-\[2rem\] { left: -2rem; } .xs\:-top-\[2\.25rem\] { top: -2.25rem; } .xs\:start-\[-16\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -16.5px; } .xs\:top-\[-2px\] { top: -2px; } .xs\:top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .xs\:top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+16px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 16px); } .xs\:top-md { top: 1rem; } .xs\:z-10 { z-index: 10; } .xs\:order-first { order: -9999; } .xs\:order-none { order: 0; } .xs\:col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .xs\:col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .xs\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .xs\:col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .xs\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .xs\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xs\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xs\:col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .xs\:col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .xs\:col-end-6 { grid-column-end: 6; } .xs\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .xs\:row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .xs\:row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .xs\:row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .xs\:row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .xs\:row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .xs\:row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .xs\:row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .xs\:row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .xs\:row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .xs\:m-0 { margin: 0px; } .xs\:m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .xs\:-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .xs\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .xs\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:-mb-\[2\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: -2.25rem; } .xs\:-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .xs\:-mt-sm { margin-top: -0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .xs\:me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .xs\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-0 {

margin-left: 0px; } .xs\:ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .xs\:ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .xs\:mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .xs\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .xs\:ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .xs\:ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .xs\:ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .xs\:mt-\[4\.7rem\] { margin-top: 4.7rem; } .xs\:mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .xs\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .xs\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .xs\:line-clamp-1, .xs\:line-clamp-2 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .xs\:line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .xs\:line-clamp-3, .xs\:line-clamp-4 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .xs\:line-clamp-6 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .xs\:line-clamp-none { display: block; overflow: visible; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-line-clamp: none; } .xs\:block { display: block; } .xs\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .xs\:inline { display: inline; } .xs\:flex { display: flex; } .xs\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .xs\:grid { display: grid; } .xs\:contents { display: contents; } .xs\:hidden { display: none; } .xs\:h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .xs\:h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .xs\:h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .xs\:h-\[--shreddit-header-height\] { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .xs\:h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .xs\:h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .xs\:h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .xs\:h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .xs\:h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .xs\:h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .xs\:h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .xs\:h-\[330px\] { height: 330px; } .xs\:h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .xs\:h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .xs\:h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .xs\:h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .xs\:h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .xs\:h-\[78px\] { height: 78px; } .xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .xs\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .xs\:h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .xs\:h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .xs\:h-full { height: 100%; } .xs\:h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:h-xl { height: 2rem; } .xs\:max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-32px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 32px); } .xs\:max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:min-h-\[20rem\] { min-height: 20rem; } .xs\:min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .xs\:min-h-\[72px\] { min-height: 72px; } .xs\:min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .xs\:min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height)); } .xs\:min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .xs\:w-100 { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .xs\:w-\[1010px\] { width: 1010px; } .xs\:w-\[104px\] { width: 104px; } .xs\:w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .xs\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .xs\:w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .xs\:w-\[15\.5px\] { width: 15.5px; } .xs\:w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .xs\:w-\[161px\] { width: 161px; } .xs\:w-\[163px\] { width: 163px; } .xs\:w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .xs\:w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .xs\:w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .xs\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .xs\:w-\[352px\] { width: 352px; } .xs\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .xs\:w-\[440px\] { width: 440px; } .xs\:w-\[470px\] { width: 470px; } .xs\:w-\[485px\] { width: 485px; } .xs\:w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .xs\:w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .xs\:w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .xs\:w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .xs\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .xs\:w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .xs\:w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .xs\:w-\[752px\] { width: 752px; } .xs\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .xs\:w-\[840px\] { width: 840px; } .xs\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .xs\:w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .xs\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .xs\:w-auto { width: auto; } .xs\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .xs\:w-full { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .xs\:w-xl { width: 2rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[19rem\] { min-width: 19rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .xs\:min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .xs\:min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .xs\:min-w-\[513px\] { min-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .xs\:max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .xs\:max-w-\[25rem\] { max-width: 25rem; } .xs\:max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .xs\:max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .xs\:max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .xs\:max-w-\[513px\] { max-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .xs\:max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .xs\:max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .xs\:max-w-\[calc\(100\%-30px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 30px); } .xs\:max-w-\[min\(756px\,calc\(100\%-\(16px\+316px\)\)\)\] { max-width: min(756px, 100% - 332px); } .xs\:max-w-none { max-width: none; } .xs\:max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .xs\:flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .xs\:basis-\[calc\(50\%-6px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% - 6px); } .xs\:basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .xs\:scroll-m-\[120px\] { scroll-margin: 120px; } .xs\:auto-cols-\[calc\(33\.33\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(33.33% - 0.5rem); } .xs\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-8 { grid-template-columns: repeat(8, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[15rem_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 15rem 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[1fr_178px_178px_178px_178px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 178px 178px 178px 178px; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[2fr_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 2fr 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 32px 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 32px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[min-content_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: min-content 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,minmax\(340px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(340px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto; } .xs\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .xs\:flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .xs\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .xs\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .xs\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .xs\:items-center { align-items: center; } .xs\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .xs\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .xs\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .xs\:gap-\[5rem\] { gap: 5rem; } .xs\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .xs\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .xs\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .xs\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .xs\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xs\:overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .xs\:overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .xs\:overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .xs\:text-ellipsis { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .xs\:whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .xs\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .xs\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .xs\:rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .xs\:rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:border-x-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .xs\:border-solid { border-style: solid; } .xs\:border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .xs\:bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .xs\:bg-\[image\:var\(--medium-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--medium-banner); } .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .xs\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .xs\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .xs\:\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .xs\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .xs\:px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .xs\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .xs\:px-\[5rem\] { padding-left: 5rem; padding-right: 5rem; } .xs\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .xs\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .xs\:px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .xs\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:pb-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; } .xs\:pb-\[5\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 5.5rem; } .xs\:pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .xs\:pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .xs\:pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .xs\:pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .xs\:ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .xs\:ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .xs\:ps-xl { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } .xs\:ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .xs\:pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .xs\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .xs\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:text-left { text-align: left; } .xs\:text-start { text-align: start; } .xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .xs\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16 { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .xs\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .xs\:text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .xs\:uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .xs\:leading-\[1\.5em\] { line-height: 1.5em; } .xs\:leading-\[30px\] { line-height: 30px; } .xs\:leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .xs\:leading-\[40px\] { line-height: 40px; } .xs\:text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .xs\:shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .xs\:shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .xs\:text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-20-scalable { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-14-scalable, .xs\:text-16-scalable, .xs\:text-18-scalable, .xs\:text-20-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .first\:xs\:pl-2xs:first-child { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .last\:xs\:block:last-child { display: block; } .last\:xs\:pr-2xs:last-child { padding-right: 0.25rem; } .is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:bg-neutral-background-container) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:text-secondary-plain-weak) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .s\:fixed { position: fixed; } .s\:relative { position: relative; } .s\:bottom-auto { bottom: auto; } .s\:left-auto {

left: auto; } .s\:right-auto { right: auto; } .s\:top-auto { top: auto; } .s\:top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .s\:order-1 { order: 1; } .s\:order-2 { order: 2; } .s\:col-span-3 { grid-column: span 3 / span 3; } .s\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .s\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .s\:col-end-10 { grid-column-end: 10; } .s\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .s\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .s\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .s\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .s\:ml-\[381px\] { margin-left: 381px; } .s\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .s\:ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .s\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .s\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .s\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .s\:block { display: block; } .s\:flex { display: flex; } .s\:grid { display: grid; } .s\:contents { display: contents; } .s\:hidden { display: none; } .s\:h-100 { height: 100%; } .s\:h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .s\:h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .s\:h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .s\:h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .s\:h-\[32\.5rem\] { height: 32.5rem; } .s\:h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .s\:h-\[478px\] { height: 478px; } .s\:h-\[75px\] { height: 75px; } .s\:h-\[785px\] { height: 785px; } .s\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .s\:h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-240px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 240px); } .s\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .s\:max-h-\[24px\] { max-height: 24px; } .s\:max-h-\[318px\] { max-height: 318px; } .s\:max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .s\:max-h-\[48px\] { max-height: 48px; } .s\:max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .s\:max-h-\[64px\] { max-height: 64px; } .s\:min-h-\[22px\] { min-height: 22px; } .s\:min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .s\:min-h-\[48px\] { min-height: 48px; } .s\:w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .s\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .s\:w-\[144px\] { width: 144px; } .s\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .s\:w-\[40vw\] { width: 40vw; } .s\:w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .s\:w-\[558px\] { width: 558px; } .s\:w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .s\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .s\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .s\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .s\:w-\[calc\(var\(--flex-nav-width\)-1px\)\] { width: calc(var(--flex-nav-width) - 1px); } .s\:w-auto { width: auto; } .s\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .s\:w-full { width: 100%; } .s\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .s\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .s\:min-w-\[48px\] { min-width: 48px; } .s\:min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .s\:max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .s\:max-w-\[1094px\] { max-width: 1094px; } .s\:max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .s\:max-w-\[230px\] { max-width: 230px; } .s\:max-w-\[291px\] { max-width: 291px; } .s\:max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .s\:max-w-\[450px\] { max-width: 450px; } .s\:max-w-\[48px\] { max-width: 48px; } .s\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .s\:max-w-\[890px\] { max-width: 890px; } .s\:max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .s\:max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .s\:max-w-container-s { max-width: 994px; } .s\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .s\:shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .s\:flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .s\:basis-1\/4 { flex-basis: 25%; } .s\:auto-rows-\[minmax\(144px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(144px, auto); } .s\:grid-cols-12 { grid-template-columns: repeat(12, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-\[auto_400px\] { grid-template-columns: auto 400px; } .s\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_144px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, 144px); } .s\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .s\:flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .s\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .s\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .s\:items-center { align-items: center; } .s\:items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .s\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .s\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .s\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .s\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .s\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .s\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .s\:gap-x-\[20px\] { column-gap: 20px; } .s\:gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .s\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .s\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .s\:rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .s\:rounded-ee-md { border-end-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-es-md { border-end-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-tl-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; } .s\:rounded-tr-none { border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .s\:border-e-sm { border-inline-end-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:bg-\[image\:var\(--large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--large-banner); } .s\:bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .s\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .s\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .s\:p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .s\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .s\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .s\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .s\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .s\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .s\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .s\:py-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; padding-top: 50px; } .s\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .s\:pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .s\:pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .s\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .s\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .s\:pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .s\:ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .s\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .s\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .s\:text-left { text-align: left; } .s\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; } .s\:text-14\, .s\:text-20 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .first\:s\:ms-xl:first-child { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .last\:s\:me-xl:last-child { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } @container (min-width: 80rem) { .s\:\@7xl\:h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .s\:\@7xl\:bg-\[image\:var\(--x-large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--x-large-banner); } } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .m\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .m\:col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .m\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .m\:col-end-11 { grid-column-end: 11; } .m\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .m\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .m\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .m\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .m\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .m\:mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .m\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .m\:ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .m\:mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .m\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .m\:block { display: block; } .m\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .m\:flex { display: flex; } .m\:contents { display: contents; } .m\:hidden { display: none; } .m\:h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .m\:max-h-\[337px\] { max-height: 337px; } .m\:max-h-\[60vh\] { max-height: 60vh; } .m\:max-h-\[calc\(50vh-70px\)\] { max-height: calc(-70px + 50vh); } .m\:w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .m\:w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .m\:w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .m\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .m\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .m\:w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .m\:w-\[520px\] { width: 520px; } .m\:w-\[560px\] { width: 560px; } .m\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .m\:max-w-\[1072px\] { max-width: 1072px; } .m\:max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .m\:max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .m\:basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .m\:grid-cols-14 { grid-template-columns: repeat(14, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .m\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .m\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .m\:gap-x-4xl { column-gap: 6rem; } .m\:gap-x-\[16px\] { column-gap: 16px;} .m\:space-x-2xs > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(.25rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(.25rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .m\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .m\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .m\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .m\:\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .m\:\!pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem !important; } .m\:\!pr-0 { padding-right: 0px !important; } .m\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .m\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .m\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .m\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .m\:text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .m\:text-18\/6 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .m\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .m\:font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .m\:font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .l\:absolute { position: absolute; } .l\:left-0 { left: 0px; } .l\:right-0 { right: 0px; } .l\:top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .l\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .l\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .l\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .l\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .l\:col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .l\:col-end-19 { grid-column-end: 19; } .l\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .l\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .l\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .l\:block { display: block; } .l\:flex { display: flex; } .l\:contents { display: contents; } .l\:hidden { display: none; } .l\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .l\:h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .l\:max-h-\[352px\] { max-height: 352px; } .l\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .l\:min-w-\[448px\] { min-width: 448px; } .l\:max-w-\[1352px\] { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .l\:max-w-container-l { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:auto-cols-\[calc\(25\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(25% - 0.5rem); } .l\:grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .l\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .l\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .l\:p-4xl { padding: 6rem; } .l\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .l\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .l\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .l\:pt-5xl { padding-top: 8rem; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xl\:col-start-5 { grid-column-start: 5; } .xl\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .xl\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xl\:block { display: block; } .xl\:flex { display: flex; } .xl\:contents { display: contents; } .xl\:hidden { display: none; } .xl\:max-h-\[452px\] { max-height: 452px; } .xl\:max-w-\[1524px\], .xl\:max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .xl\:grid-cols-18 { grid-template-columns: repeat(18, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xl\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xl\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .xl\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xl\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } } @media (max-width: 500px) { .embed-m\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-m\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } } @media (max-width: 325px) { .embed-s\:absolute { position: absolute; } .embed-s\:right-md { right: 1rem; } .embed-s\:top-\[10px\] { top: 10px; } .embed-s\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .embed-s\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .embed-s\:block { display: block; } .embed-s\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-s\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .embed-s\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .embed-s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } } @media (max-width: 260px) { .embed-xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .embed-xs\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .embed-xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .embed-xs\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .embed-xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .embed-xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .embed-xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; } .embed-xs\:leading-4, .embed-xs\:text-12 { line-height: 1rem; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .pdp-float-back-btn\:absolute { position: absolute; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:-start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: -2.5rem; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:top-md { top: 1rem; } } .\[\&\.active\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover.active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.fixed-

sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\],fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\],flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } .\[\&\.hidden\~*\]\:block.hidden ~ * { display: block; } .\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:not(.\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:has([data-keyword-card])) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\>\[slot\]\]\:hidden:not(:defined) > [slot] { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\]\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)_\.community-details\]\:hidden:not(:defined) .community-details { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:focus-within\)\]\:sr-only:not(:focus-within) { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .\[\&\>*\]\:invisible > * { visibility: hidden; } .\[\&\>*\]\:min-w-0 > * { min-width: 0px; } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > undefined, .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-4 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:mb-0 > :first-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:h-full > :first-child { height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:max-h-full > :first-child { max-height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:w-full > :first-child { width: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:overflow-hidden > :first-child { overflow: hidden; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:rounded-\[inherit\] > :first-child { border-radius: inherit; } .\[\&\>\:not\(\.pointer-events-none\)\]\:pointer-events-auto > :not(.pointer-events-none) { pointer-events: auto; } .\[\&\>a\]\:text-interactive-content-disabled > a { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .\[\&\>div\]\:\!pr-0 > div { padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&\>div\]\:pl-xs > div { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .\[\&\>li\>div\]\:px-0 > li > div { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:m-0 > p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:my-0 > p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:line-clamp-5 > p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&\>span\>span\]\:text-12 > span > span { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:block > svg { display: block; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:aspect-square > svg { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-lg > svg { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-md > svg { height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-sm > svg { height: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { width: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-lg > svg { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-md > svg { width: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-sm > svg { width: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:text-center > svg { text-align: center; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:align-middle > svg { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&\[faceplate-validity\=invalid\]\]\[faceplate-dirty\]\]\:mb-0[faceplate-validity="invalid"][faceplate-dirty] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_*\:first-child\:not\(li\)\]\:mt-0 :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_*\:last-child\]\:mb-0 :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_*\]\:animate-none * { animation: auto ease 0s 1 normal none running none; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:whitespace-pre .emote { white-space: pre; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:leading-\[1\.25rem\] .emote { line-height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-middle .flair-image { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom .flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!pointer-events-auto a { pointer-events: auto !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!text-current a { color: currentcolor !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:underline a { text-decoration-line: underline; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom faceplate-img.flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\]\:leading-normal faceplate-img { line-height: 1.5; } .\[\&_figure\]\:order-2 figure { order: 2; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-md figure { padding: 1rem; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-xs figure { padding: 0.5rem; } .\[\&_img\]\:h-\[40px\] img { height: 40px; } .\[\&_img\]\:w-\[40px\] img { width: 40px; } .\[\&_label\]\:hidden label { display: none; } .\[\&_li_*\]\:\!px-0 li * { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&_p\:nth-child\(n\+2\)\]\:hidden p:nth-child(n+2) { display: none; } .\[\&_p\]\:m-0 p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:my-0 p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:line-clamp-5 p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&_p\]\:inline p { display: inline; } .\[\&_strong\]\:font-\[800\] strong { font-weight: 800; } .\[\&\~*\]\:hidden ~ * { display: none; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:h-\[390px\] { height: 390px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[length\:358px\] { background-size: 358px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[center_25\%\] { background-position: center 25%; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:*\:w-full > * { width: 100%; } .rpl-dialog .\[\.rpl-dialog_\&\]\:max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-f212f5e5-b7f6-4437-b273-264cb3b18e75@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; :root, button, html, input, select { font-family: var(--font-sans); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary, menu { list-style-type: none; } del, ins { text-underline-position: under; } ac-activate, ac-call, ac-contents, ac-dispatch, ac-publish, ac-render-template, ac-toggle, ac-track, faceplate-dropdown-menu:not(.connected) [slot="menu"], faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"] { display: none; } .theme-light, :root { --rem360: 22.5rem; --rem320: 20rem; --rem192: 12rem; --rem144: 9rem; --rem128: 8rem; --rem96: 6rem; --rem90: 5.625rem; --rem88: 5.5rem; --rem64: 4rem; --rem56: 3.5rem; --rem48: 3rem; --rem40: 2.5rem; --rem36: 2.25rem; --rem32: 2rem; --rem28: 1.75rem; --rem26: 1.625rem; --rem24: 1.5rem; --rem22: 1.375rem; --rem20: 1.25rem; --rem18: 1.125rem; --rem16: 1rem; --rem15: 0.9375rem; --rem14: 0.875rem; --rem12: 0.75rem; --rem10: 0.625rem; --rem8: 0.5rem; --rem6: 0.375rem; --rem4: 0.25rem; --rem2: 0.125rem; --rem1: 0.0625rem; --spacer-4xs: 0.125rem; --spacer-2xs: 0.25rem; --spacer-xs: 0.5rem; --spacer-sm: 0.75rem; --spacer-md: 1rem; --spacer-lg: 1.5rem; --spacer-xl: 2rem; --spacer-2xl: 3rem; --spacer-a-px: 0px; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-left: 0px; --spacer-input-padding-top: 0px; --spacer-label-default: 0px; --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: 0px; --size-2xs: 0.25rem; --size-xs: 0.5rem; --size-sm: 0.75rem; --size-md: 1rem; --size-lg: 1.5rem; --size-xl: 2rem; --size-2xl: 3rem; --size-3xl: 4rem; --size-4xl: 6rem; --size-5xl: 8rem; --size-button-lg-h: 3.375rem; --size-button-md-h: 2.75rem; --size-button-sm-h: 2.125rem; --size-button-xs-h: 1.375rem; --size-switch-input-h: 1.25rem; --size-switch-input-w: 2rem; --line-sm: 0.0625rem; --line-md: 0.125rem; --line-lg: 0.25rem; --line-a-focus: 0px; --line-a-outline-moz: 0.0625rem; --line-a-outline-wb: 0.3125rem; --line-button-lg-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-md-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-sm-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-xs-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-border-activated: 0.0625rem; --line-input-border: var(--line-sm); --radius-1: 0.25rem; --radius-2: 0.5rem; --radius-4: 1rem; --radius-5: 1.25rem; --radius-6: 1.5rem; --radius-8: 2rem; --radius-sm: 0.25rem; --radius-lg: 2rem; --radius-full: 624.9375rem; --radius-accordion-size: var(--radius-sm); --font-10-15-bold: 700 0.625rem/0.9375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: 700 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-md: 700 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-md-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-sm: 700 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-sm-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-xs: 700 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-xs-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-default: var(--font-10-15-bold); --misc-accordion-border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: disclosure-open; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: disclosure-closed; --misc-divider-margin: 0.5rem auto; --misc-label-text-transform: uppercase; --misc-label-letter-spacing: 0.5px; --color-primary-visited: #660099; --color-primary-background: #24a0ed; --color-primary-background-hover: #006cbf; --color-danger-content: #ea0027; --color-success-content: #46d160; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-white: #ffffff; --color-global-orangered: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #0079d3; --color-global-darkblue: #1d2535; --color-tone-1: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-2: #6a6d6f; --

color-tone-3: #878a8c; --color-tone-4: #d3d6da; --color-tone-5: #edeff1; --color-tone-6: #f6f7f8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-action-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-action-secondary: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-action-upvote: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-action-downvote: #7193ff; --color-alert-positive: var(--color-success-content); --color-alert-negative: var(--color-danger-content); --color-alert-caution: #ffb000; --color-identity-admin: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-identity-moderator: #46d160; --color-identity-self: #0dd3bb; --color-identity-coins: #ddbd37; --color-category-live: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-category-nsfw: #ff3881; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-7); --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#006cbf1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-opacity-08: #1a1a1b14; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-scrim: #1a1a1b4d; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-overlay-focus: #ffffff1a; --color-button-overlay-active: #00000014; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-primary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-background: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --color-button-tertiary-background: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-7); --color-button-plain-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-active: transparent; --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-divider-default: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-default: var(--color-tone-6); --color-input-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-input-border: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-label-default: var(--color-tone-1); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-global-alienblue); --color-switch-input-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-tone-5); --color-switch-input-background-hover: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-global-alienblue); --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #0000001a,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000026,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-focus-ring: 0 0 0 0.25rem var(--color-global-alienblue); --font-sans: -apple-system,BlinkMacSystemFont,'Segoe UI',Roboto,'Helvetica Neue',Arial,'Apple Color Emoji','Segoe UI Emoji','Segoe UI Symbol',sans-serif; --font-mono: Noto Mono,Menlo,Monaco,Consolas,monospace; --font-title-h0: normal 500 1.625rem/2rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h1: normal 500 1.375rem/1.625rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h2: normal 500 1.25rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h3: normal 500 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h4: normal 500 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h5: normal 500 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h6: normal 500 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-body: 0.875rem; --font-small: 0.75rem; --font-code: 0.875rem; --font-subheading: 0.75rem; --font-label: 0.625rem; --font-button-b1: normal bold 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b2: normal bold 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b3: normal bold 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b4: normal bold 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --color-gradient-orangeyellow: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #ec0623 0%, #ff8717 100%); --color-gradient-bluepink: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #51b9ff 0%, #7785ff 52.6%, #b279ff 73.96%, #ff81ed 100%); --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(26, 26, 27, 0.3); --boxshadow-navigation: 0px 4px 14px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15); color-scheme: light; } .theme-light dialog::backdrop, :root dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #00000080; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } :root:not(.theme-light) dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } } .theme-dark { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } .theme-dark dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } .theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-rpl, .theme-rpl { --spacer-a-px: 0.125rem; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-sm); --spacer-input-padding-left: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-top: var(--spacer-2xs); --spacer-label-default: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: var(--spacer-xs); --size-banner-height: var(--size-rem40); --size-button-lg-h: var(--size-2xl); --size-button-md-h: 2.5rem; --size-button-sm-h: var(--size-xl); --size-button-xs-h: var(--size-lg); --size-switch-input-h: var(--size-xl); --size-switch-input-w: var(--size-2xl); --line-a-focus: var(--line-md); --line-a-outline-moz: 0px; --line-a-outline-wb: 0px; --line-button-lg-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-md-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-sm-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-xs-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-border-activated: var(--line-lg); --line-input-border: var(--line-lg); --radius-md: 1.25rem; --radius-accordion-size: 0px; --font-10: 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); --font-14-20-regular: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-14-20-semibold: 600 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16-20-regular: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-regular: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-semibold: 600 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-huge-display-weight: 700; --font-huge-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-huge-display: var(--font-huge-display-weight) var(--font-huge-display-size)/var(--font-huge-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-display-weight: 700; --font-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-display: var(--font-display-weight) var(--font-display-size)/var(--font-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-1-weight: 700; --font-title-1: var(--font-title-1-weight) var(--font-title-1-size)/var(--font-title-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-2-weight: 700; --font-title-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-title-2: var(--font-title-2-weight) var(--font-title-2-size)/var(--font-title-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-3-weight: 700; --font-title-3-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.005em); --font-title-3: var(--font-title-3-weight) var(--font-title-3-size)/var(--font-title-3-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-headline-weight: 600; --font-headline-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-headline: var(--font-headline-weight) var(--font-headline-size)/var(--font-headline-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-1-weight: 400; --font-body-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-body-1: var(--font-body-1-weight) var(--font-body-1-size)/var(--font-body-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-2-weight: 400; --font-body-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-body-2: var(--font-body-2-weight) var(--font-body-2-size)/var(--font-body-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-1-weight: 600; --font-label-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-label-1: var(--font-label-1-weight) var(--font-label-1-size)/var(--font-label-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-2-weight: 600; --font-label-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-2: var(--font-label-2-weight) var(--font-label-2-size)/var(--font-label-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-1-weight: 400; --font-caption-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-1: var(--font-caption-1-weight) var(--font-caption-1-size)/var(--font-caption-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-2-weight: 400; --font-caption-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-2: var(--font-caption-2-weight) var(--font-caption-2-size)/var(--font-caption-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-md: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-sm: var(--font-12-16-semibold); --font-label-default: var(--font-12-16-regular); --misc-accordion-border: 0; --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: none; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: none; --misc-divider-margin: 0; --misc-label-text-transform: capitalize; --misc-label-letter-spacing: initial; --blur-sm: 0.25rem; --blur-normal: 0.5rem; --blur-md: 0.75rem; --blur-lg: 1rem; --blur-xl: 1.5rem; --blur-2xl: 2.5rem; --blur-3xl: 4rem; --color-action-downvote: #6A5CFF; --color-action-upvote: #D93900; --color-ai-background-weaker: #E7FDF5; --color-ai-plain: #006C56; --color-ai-plain-hover: #015140; --

color-alert-caution: #977000; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #97AFBCff, #ffffffff 75%); --color-avatar-media-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #00000099, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-gradient-active: linear-gradient(180deg, #cd3700ff, #db3b00ff 68%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-active-highlight: linear-gradient(83deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default: linear-gradient(180deg, #D93900ff, #db3b00ff 30%, #AE2C00ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default-highlight: linear-gradient(258deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover: linear-gradient(180deg, #e23d00ff 15%, #cb3600ff 49%, #b43000ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover-highlight: linear-gradient(323deg, #cb360000 65%, #cb3600ff 100%); --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-category-live: #D93900; --color-category-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-caution-background: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #785800; --color-caution-plain-hover: #5B4200; --color-danger-background: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-disabled: #FDB3A4; --color-danger-background-hover: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-weaker: #FBDBD4; --color-danger-content: #BC0117; --color-danger-content-default: #ffffff; --color-danger-content-hover: #90000F; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #BC0117; --color-danger-plain-hover: #90000F; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #523DFF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #523DFF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(82, 61, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000026; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000019; --color-elevation-small: #00000026; --color-elevation-xsmall: #0000003F; --color-favorite: #977000; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #1870F4; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-darkblue: #2A3236; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #B78800; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #977000; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-gradient-media: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-gradient-media-strong: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #000000cc 60%, #000000e6 100%); --color-identity-admin: #D93900; --color-identity-coins: #B78800; --color-identity-moderator: #008A10; --color-identity-self: #01876D; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-media-onbackground: #ffffff; --color-media-onbackground-disabled: #ffffff40; --color-media-onbackground-weak: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-container: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #FFF3C0; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-medium: #F8F8F8; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-selected: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-strong: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-neutral-border-medium: #0000007F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-border-weak: #00000019; --color-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #D6D6D6; --color-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-content-weak: #5C6C74; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-08: #13131314; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#0A2F6C1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-pizzaRed: #ef5350; --color-primary: #115BCA; --color-primary-background: #0A449B; --color-primary-background-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-background-selected: #0A1A3F; --color-primary-border: #0A449B; --color-primary-border-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-hover: #0A449B; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-plain: #0A449B; --color-primary-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-primary-visited: #9B00D4; --color-primarynext-background: #000000; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #21272A; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-plain: #0A449B; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-scrim: #00000099; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-scrim-gradient: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-scrim-strong: #000000cc; --color-secondary: #21272A; --color-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-secondary-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #5C6C74; --color-secondary-weak: #576F76; --color-success-background: #008A10; --color-success-background-hover: #016E0B; --color-success-content: #016E0B; --color-success-hover: #005306; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #016E0B; --color-success-plain-hover: #005306; --color-tone-1: #131313; --color-tone-2: #434343; --color-tone-3: #ACACAC; --color-tone-4: #E4E4E4; --color-tone-5: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-6: #F8F8F8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-transparent-background-hover: #7487911a; --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #AE2C004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(174, 44, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #977000; --color-warning-content: #785800; --color-warning-content-hover: #5B4200; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-visited); --color-banner-plain: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-banner-plain-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-banner-error: var(--color-danger-background); --color-banner-caution: var(--color-warning-background); --color-banner-success: var(--color-success-background); --color-banner-brand: var(--color-brand-background); --color-banner-plain-text: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-banner-plain-inverted-text: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --color-banner-error-text: var(--color-danger-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-text: var(--color-warning-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-hover: var(--color-warning-background-hover); --color-banner-success-text: var(--color-success-onBackground); --color-banner-brand-text: var(--color-brand-onBackground); --color-button-overlay-focus: transparent; --color-button-overlay-active: transparent; --color-button-border-width: tomato; --color-button-border-width-activated: tomato; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-background-activated: var(--color-primary-background-selected); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-primary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-primary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-onBackground-selected); --color-button-secondary-background: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-focus: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-secondary-border: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-tertiary-background: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-tertiary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-plain-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-plain-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-plain-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-button-plain-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-primary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-plain-text-weak: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-media-border-color-activated: var(--color-media-border-selected); --color-button-favorite-text: var(--color-favorite); --color-button-caution-background: var(--color-caution-background); --color-button-caution-background-hover: var(--color-caution-background-hover); --color-button-caution-background-

disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-caution-text: var(--color-caution-onBackground); --color-divider-default: var(--color-neutral-border); --color-input-secondary: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-input-border: transparent; --color-input-bordered: transparent; --color-input-bordered-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-input-bordered-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-input-pressed: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-input-radio: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-label-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-shimmer-background: #00000008; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #00000000, #00000005 20%, #0000000f 50%, #00000008 70%, #00000000 100%); --color-switch-input-background-pressed-scrim: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-switch-input-background-handle: var(--color-global-white); --color-switch-input-background-handle-disabled: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-default-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-primary-background); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-tooltip-bg-neutral: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-tooltip-text-neutral: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-bg-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-text-inverted: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-tooltip-bg-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-tooltip-text-primary: var(--color-primary-onBackground); --elevation-sm-inset: inset 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000021; --elevation-button-focus: var(--elevation-focus-ring); --elevation-switch-input-default-inset: var(--elevation-sm-inset); --font-huge-display-size: 4rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 4rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.125rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.875rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.875rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.75rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.75rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.625rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } .theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive { --font-huge-display-size: 3rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.1875rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1.0625rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1.0625rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.9375rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.9375rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.8125rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.8125rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.6875rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-rpl, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } } .theme-dark .theme-beta, .theme-dark .theme-rpl, .theme-dark.theme-beta, .theme-dark.theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-

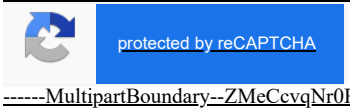
downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } :root { font-size: 16px; } .theme-dark, .theme-light, :root { background: var(--color-tone-7); color: var(--color-neutral-content,var(--color-tone-1)); } :not(:defined):not(faceplate-auto-height-animator, faceplate-dropdown-menu, faceplate-expandable-section-helper, faceplate-hovercard, faceplate-tracker) { visibility: hidden; } .nd-visible :not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .theme-beta, .theme-beta.theme-dark, .theme-beta.theme-light, .theme-rpl, .theme-rpl.theme-dark, .theme-rpl.theme-light { --og-font: normal var(--font-sans); --font-10: var(--og-font); --font-12: var(--og-font); --font-14: var(--og-font); --font-16: var(--og-font); --font-18: var(--og-font); --font-20: var(--og-font); --font-24: var(--og-font); --font-32: var(--og-font); --font-48: var(--og-font); --font-64: var(--og-font); } .rpl-fonts-fix { --font-10: normal 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: normal 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: normal 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: normal 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: normal 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: normal 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: normal 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: normal 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: normal 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: normal 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); } [rpl][avatar]:dir(rtl):not([flip]):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]), [rpl][avatar][flip]:not(:dir(rtl)):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]) { transform: scaleX(-1); } faceplate-banner [slot="closeButton"] { margin-inline-start: var(--spacer-sm); } faceplate-banner [slot="actionButtons"] button:first-of-type { margin-inline-end: var(--spacer-xs); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button { color: var(--color-banner-caution-text); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button:hover { background-color: var(--color-banner-caution-hover); } .button-favorite { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .button-favorite-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-favorite-text); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-favorite-text); } .button-secondary-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border); } .button-caution { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-caution-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-caution-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-caution-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-caution-text); } .rpl-vote-button-group { --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]) .rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]):hover.rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color-hover); } .rpl-vote-button-group .rpl-vote-button-group-divider { background-color: var(--vote-button-divider-color); } code, details, header, kbd, pre, samp, th, tr:nth-child(2n) { background: var(--color-tone-6); } .rpl-vote-button-group[disabled] button[rpl]:disabled { --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); }

.rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-upvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-downvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-media-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:first-child [role="menuitem"] { border-start-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-start-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:last-child [role="menuitem"] { border-end-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-end-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } address, area, article, aside, audio, blockquote, datalist, details, dl, fieldset, figure, form, iframe, img, input, menu, meter, nav, ol, optgroup, option, output, p, pre, progress, ruby, section, textarea, ul, video { margin-bottom: 1rem; } body { font-size: var(--font-body); margin: 0px auto; padding: var(--faceplate-body-padding); overflow-x: hidden; word-break: break-word; overflow-wrap: break-word; line-height: 1.5; } @media (max-width: 599px) { body { --faceplate-body-padding: 1rem; } } h1, h2, h3, h4, h5, h6 { margin: 1em 0px 0.5em; } h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } h2 { font: var(--font-title-h2); } h3 { font: var(--font-title-h3); } h4 { font: var(--font-title-h4); } h5 { font: var(--font-title-h5); } h6 { font: var(--font-title-h6); } label { text-transform: var(--misc-label-text-transform); letter-spacing: var(--misc-label-letter-spacing); font: var(--font-label-default); color: var(--color-label-default); } label > input, label > textarea { margin-top: var(--spacer-label-default); } faceplate-switch-input + label, input[type="checkbox"] + label, input[type="radio"] + label { font-size: inherit; text-transform: inherit; letter-spacing: inherit; font-weight: inherit; vertical-align: middle; } a { color: var(--color-a-default); text-decoration: none; } a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } abbr, abbr:hover { cursor: help; } blockquote :last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; } header { padding-inline: calc(-50% + 50vw); margin-inline: calc(50% + 0px - 50vw); padding-top: var(--faceplate-body-padding); padding-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); margin-top: calc(-1 * var(--faceplate-body-padding)); margin-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); } article header, aside header, dialog header, faceplate-dialog header, main header, section header { padding: 0.5rem 0px; margin: 1rem 0px; background: 0px 0px; } article header h1, aside header h1, dialog header h1, faceplate-dialog header h1, main header h1, section header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h0); } header > :first-child { margin-top: 0px; } header > :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } :where(button), :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { background: var(--button-color-background); border-radius: 999px; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - (2 * var(--button-border-width,0px))); overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; outline-offset: 0px; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .align-left, td, th { text-align: start; } :where(button).icon, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).icon { width: var(--button-height); } :where(button):focus, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } :where(button).hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { :where(button):hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } } :where(button).active, :where(button):active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed), var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } :where(button).anchor-disabled, :where(button):disabled, :where(button)[aria-disabled="true"], :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).anchor-disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).disabled.pointer-all, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } :where(button).button-activated, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-

background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } small :where(button), small :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } :where(button).button-large, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } :where(button).button-primary, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :where(button).button-plain, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-plain { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :root { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); background: var(--color-ui-canvas); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-tone-7); --preferred-text-scale: env(preferred-text-scale); text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100% * var(--preferred-text-scale)),100%); } :where(button, input):where([type="submit"]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } faceplate-tablist button { border-radius: 0px; } faceplate-tablist button:first-child { border-radius: 999px 0px 0px 999px; } faceplate-tablist button:last-child { border-radius: 0px 999px 999px 0px; } faceplate-tablist a { border-bottom: 2px solid var(--button-color-primary); color: inherit; display: inline-block; font: var(--font-button-b3); padding: 0.5rem 1rem 0.375rem; } faceplate-tablist a:hover { text-decoration: none; } code, kbd, pre, samp { font-family: var(--font-mono); border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 4px; padding: 2px 4px; font-size: 0.9em; } pre { background: var(--color-tone-5); border-color: var(--color-tone-4); padding: 1rem 1.4rem; max-width: 100%; overflow: auto; } kbd { border-bottom-width: 3px; } code pre, pre code { background: inherit; font-size: inherit; color: inherit; border: 0px; padding: 0px; margin: 0px; } code pre { display: inline; } details { padding: 0.5rem 1rem; border: var(--misc-accordion-border); border-radius: var(--radius-accordion-size); } details summary { cursor: pointer; font-weight: 700; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type); } details[open] summary { margin-bottom: 0.375rem; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-open-list-style-type); } details[open] summary icon-caret-down, details[open] summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } details summary icon-caret-down, details summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } .fp-avatar-container img, details[open] > :last-child, menu menu, ol ol, ol ul, ul ol, ul ul { margin-bottom: 0px; } dt, table caption { font-weight: 700; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } dd { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } hr { border-top: 0px; border-right: 0px; border-left: 0px; border-image: initial; border-bottom: 1px solid var(--color-divider-default); background-color: transparent; margin: var(--misc-divider-margin); } hr[padding="2xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-2xs); } hr[padding="xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-xs); } hr[padding="sm"] { padding: var(--spacer-sm); } hr[padding="md"] { padding: var(--spacer-md); } hr[color="subdued"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } hr[color="inverted"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } fieldset { margin-top: 1rem; padding: 1rem 2rem; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 0.25rem; background: var(--color-tone-7); min-width: 0px; } legend { padding: 0px; font-weight: 700; } table { border-collapse: collapse; width: 100%; word-break: normal; margin-bottom: 1rem; } td, th { padding: 0.5rem; } img, input, textarea { max-width: 100%; } ol, ul { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } li { margin-top: 0.25rem; } menu { padding-inline-start: 0px; border-radius: 4px; width: fit-content; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li { padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; border-block-end: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li:last-child { border-block-end: none; } ins { text-decoration-color: var(--color-success-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline; } del { text-decoration-color: var(--color-danger-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline line-through; } input, select, textarea { font-family: var(--font-sans); color: var(--color-input-text); padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; background: var(--color-input-default); border: var(--color-input-default) solid var(--line-input-border); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); box-shadow: none; box-sizing: border-box; font-size: 1rem; } input:disabled, select:disabled, textarea:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; opacity: 0.5; } input:invalid, select:invalid, textarea:invalid { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } input[type="checkbox"], input[type="radio"] { vertical-align: middle; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } input[type="color"], input[type="range"] { padding: initial; } input[type="search"] { border-radius: 400px; appearance: textfield; } dialog { border: 0px; border-radius: 4px; padding: 1rem; box-shadow: var(--boxshadow-modal); background: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } dialog::backdrop { background: var(--color-scrim); } .scroll-is-blocked { touch-action: none; overflow: hidden; overscroll-behavior: none; } .grecaptcha-badge { visibility: hidden; } faceplate-partial[loading="eager"], noscript *, shreddit-app activate-feature:not(:defined), shreddit-app click-location-tracker:not(:defined), shreddit-app devvit-post:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-devvit-ui-loader:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined), shreddit-app:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } :root, :root.theme-light { --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #fff2bd; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #ffe88f; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #665505; --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #FBDBD4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #FDB3A4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #BC0117; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #ffdda8; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #f9fafa; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #576f76; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } } :root.theme-dark { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } :root.theme-beta, :root.theme-rpl { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-neutral-background); --styled-scrollbar-background: var(--color-neutral-background); } :root.theme-beta.iframe, :root.theme-rpl.iframe { background-color: transparent; } :root.theme-beta.theme-embed, :root.theme-rpl.theme-embed { background: 0px 0px; } body { -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; overflow-y: scroll; --faceplate-body-padding: 0px !important; } .search-input { border-radius: 0px; appearance: none; } .search-input::-webkit-search-cancel-button { display: none; } .hide-scrollbar { scrollbar-width: none; } .hide-scrollbar::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; } .styled-scrollbars { scrollbar-color: transparent transparent; scrollbar-width: thin; scrollbar-gutter: stable; --scrollbar-background: var(--styled-scrollbar-background, var(--shreddit-content-background)); } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar { width: 16px; height: 16px; } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar-track { background: var(--scrollbar-background); } .styled-scrollbars.visible, .styled-scrollbars:hover { scrollbar-color: var(--color-neutral-border) transparent; } .styled-scrollbars.visible::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb, .styled-scrollbars:hover::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb { background: var(--color-neutral-border); border: 6px solid var(--scrollbar-background); border-radius: 8px; } shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 56px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 56px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 52px; --page-y-padding: var(--shreddit-header-height); display: block; } shreddit-app:has(reddit-header-small:not(.fixed)) { --page-y-padding: 0px; } shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined) { display: flex; height: 100%; align-items: center; } shreddit-app nav details summary::-webkit-details-marker { display: none; } shreddit-app.no-top-bar { --shreddit-header-height: 0px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 0px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post, shreddit-post { grid-template-columns: auto 1fr auto; } shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined), shreddit-post:not(:defined) { position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-ad-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } shreddit-ad-post .post-content, shreddit-post .post-content { grid-column: 1 / 4; } shreddit-ad-post iframe, shreddit-post iframe { width: 100%; max-width: 100%; margin: 0px auto; } shreddit-ad-post table, shreddit-post table { display: inline-block; max-width: 100%; overflow-x: scroll; width:

100%; table-layout: fixed; } shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-height: var(--devvit2-surface-height-post-style); --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-post-style); display: block; height: var(--devvit2-surface-height); overflow: hidden; background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color); } .theme-dark shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, .theme-dark shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-dark-post-style); } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined), shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) { display: flex; flex-wrap: wrap; padding: 4px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"] { flex-basis: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"] { flex: 1 1 0%; margin-top: 24px; padding-left: 16px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 40px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"] { width: 100%; height: 32px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"] { margin-top: -32px; } @media (min-width: 767px) { shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after, shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after { display: none; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 0px; } } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler, shreddit-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li), shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ol, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ul { display: inline; list-style: none; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview li { display: inline; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .md :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .md :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .md li p { margin: 0px; } .md code { white-space: pre-wrap; } .align-center { text-align: center; } .align-right { text-align: end; } .rte-media { margin: 0px 0px 1rem; } .rte-media a { display: block; } .rte-media img { display: block; width: auto; } .rte-media-caption { font-size: 0.8em; margin-top: 0.4em; text-align: center; } .rte-video-placeholder { background: var(--color-global-black); } .continue { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .shreddit-pagination { display: grid; gap: 1rem; margin-bottom: 1rem; grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 50%)); padding: 1rem; } .shreddit-pagination * { grid-column: 1 / span 1; } .shreddit-pagination * button { display: block; width: 100%; } .shreddit-pagination .right { grid-column: 2 / span 1; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { display: block; position: relative; padding-left: 24px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { padding-left: 32px; } } rpl-hovercard:not(:defined) [slot="content"], shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentAvatar"] { display: none; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { content: ""; position: absolute; left: 0px; top: 4px; display: inline-block; border-radius: 100%; width: 24px; height: 24px; background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { width: 32px; height: 32px; } } shreddit-comment .load-more::after, shreddit-comment .load-more::before { position: absolute; left: -1.5em; width: 6px; content: ""; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentMeta"] { height: 36px; margin-bottom: 2px; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) author-flair-event-handler { display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post del { text-decoration-color: inherit; text-decoration-line: line-through; } shreddit-comment .load-more::before { top: 0px; height: calc(100% + 12px); background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } shreddit-comment .load-more::after { top: 50%; transform: translateY(-50%); border-radius: 50%; height: 6px; background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-comment .admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } shreddit-comment .moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } shreddit-comment .op { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } shreddit-comment .self { color: var(--color-identity-self); } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji

{ display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } shreddit-comment .avatar { border-radius: 50%; overflow: hidden; margin-right: 0.5rem; flex-shrink: 0; height: 20px; width: 20px; font-size: 20px; text-align: center; } shreddit-comment .author-flair { white-space: nowrap; text-overflow: ellipsis; overflow: hidden; display: inline; border-radius: 20px; margin-bottom: -2px; } shreddit-comment .author { color: inherit; } shreddit-comment .summary-flex, shreddit-comment [slot="commentMeta"] { display: flex; margin-inline-end: 0px; flex-direction: row; align-items: center; max-width: 100%; font-size: 0.875rem; } alert-controller, banner-controller, faceplate-toaster, toaster-lite { z-index: 9999; pointer-events: all; } blockquote { border-inline-start: 5px solid var(--color-tone-5); margin: 0.5rem 0px 1rem; margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; padding: 0.5rem 1rem; background: 0px 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree .top-level { padding: 1rem 1rem 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { display: block; padding: 0px 16px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { padding: 0px; } } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) > shreddit-comment { margin-bottom: 16px; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined) { --default-aspect-ratio: 2; --configured-aspect-ratio: var(--aspect-ratio, var(--default-aspect-ratio)); --computed-aspect-ratio: calc(100% / var(--configured-aspect-ratio)); --default-min-height: 150px; --configured-min-height: var(--min-height, var(--default-min-height)); --default-max-height: 100vh; --configured-max-height: var(--max-height, var(--default-max-height)); --aspect-ratio-padding: min(max(var(--configured-min-height), var(--computed-aspect-ratio)), var(--configured-max-height)); padding-bottom: var(--aspect-ratio-padding); position: relative; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined):not(.visible) { display: block; height: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedPagePostDescriptor"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="aggregateFeedPostDescriptor"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; min-width: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedIcon"] { grid-column: 2 / 3; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { color: inherit; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] h3 { display: inline; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] { border-top: .5rem solid var(--color-ui-canvas); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header { display: grid; grid-column: 1 / 2; grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-text { font-size: var(--font-body); font-weight: 600; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-button { background-color: inherit; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; border-radius: unset; font-size: 20px; height: 20px; line-height: 20px; color: var(--color-tone-1); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-body { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-ad-post .group { align-items: center; display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow { min-width: 0px; flex: 1 1 0%; } shreddit-ad-post .separator::after { content: "â€¢"; display: inline-block; margin: 0px 0.25em; position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post .separator.flair-separator::after { margin-right: 0px; margin-left: 0.375rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { flex-shrink: 9999; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img { height: 100%; width: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img--deferred { background-color: var(--color-global-black); } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow a { align-items: center; color: inherit; display: flex; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post .join-btn { background-color: inherit; border-width: 0px; color: var(--color-action-secondary); font: inherit; padding: 0px 0.25rem; margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { margin: 0px 0.375rem -2px; display: inline-block; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .shreddit-subreddit-icon__default-icon { border-radius: 50%; height: 100%; margin-bottom: 1rem; overflow: hidden; width: 100%; background: var(--color-tone-7); text-align: center; } .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 4.75rem; display: grid; grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(18rem, 1fr)); grid-template-rows: 4.75rem; margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } @media (max-width: 607px) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-tone-5) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (max-width: 607px) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-ui-canvas) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (min-width: 608px) { .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 9.5rem; } } .page-number { display: flex; font-weight: 700; justify-content: center; padding: 0.25rem 0px; position: relative; width: 4rem; } #right-sidebar-container faceplate-partial[name="pdp-right-rail-content"][loading="programmatic"]:not([is-loading]), faceplate-hovercard a[aria-expanded="false"] + div[hidden], faceplate-tabgroup:not(:defined) .button.icon, faceplate-tooltip:not(:defined) > :not([slot="trigger"]), rpl-dropdown:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], rpl-tooltip:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .page-number:hover::after { content: ""; border-bottom: 0.125rem solid; position: absolute; top: 85%; width: 30%; } .post-background-image-filter { filter: blur(24px); } .theme-dark .embed-background-cta:active { background-color: rgb(89, 27, 2); } .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } } faceplate-screen-reader-content { position: absolute; width: 1px; height: 1px; padding: 0px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); white-space: nowrap; border-width: 0px; } .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { vertical-align: text-bottom; } main#main-content { scroll-margin-top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } #shreddit-skip-link { height: auto; width: auto; overflow: auto; transform: scale(1); z-index: 9999; left: 8px; top: -100vh; display: inline-block; position: fixed; } #shreddit-skip-link:focus { top: 8px; } shreddit-gallery-carousel a:focus-visible .carousel-item-cover { outline: auto var(--color-global-focus); outline-offset: -1px; } shreddit-app > :not(reddit-debug-panel) { --rpl-debugger-color: rgba(255, 0, 255, 0.4); } .gallery-carousel:not(:defined) ul { padding: 0px; margin: 0px; height: 100%; } .gallery-carousel:not(:defined) li { height: 100%; } @keyframes bg-shimmer-animation { 0% { background-position-x: 100%; } 100% { background-position-x: -100%; } } .bg-shimmer { position: relative; background: var(--color-shimmer-background); overflow: hidden; } .bg-shimmer::before { content: ""; position: absolute; inset: 0px; background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 200% 100%; animation: 2.5s ease 0s infinite normal none running bg-shimmer-animation; } suspense-placeholder:empty ~ * { visibility: hidden !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.google.com/recaptcha/enterprise/anchor?ar=1&k=6LfirrMoAAAAAHZOipvza4kpp_VtTwLNuXVwURNQ&co=aHR0cHM6Ly93d3cucmVkZGl0LmNvbTo0NDM.&hl=en&v=gTpTIWhbKpxADzTzkcabhXN4&size=invisible&cb=aw55837dbovm



------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: image/png Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png ‰PNG □ IHDR00□□W□ù‡□gAMA±□□üa□ cHRMz&€,ú€èu0ê`:˜□pœºQ<€□bKGDùC»□ pHYs□□□□□šœ□□□IDAThÞÝ™□P□÷□Ç=á□8□Š,à”Nxœ □,PlP8□ ;ä¸C□1iL#6˜š□*ØZ□•!Ú ,□À È3€po ŠoÍLšiœ[“æ1flÚŒÎ4± ±ujL&6$µàÌö÷ßÿï±··»÷àÐ™ìÌw¸□»ýïçó□í□ÿ.Zô□z^ ~□+□â□ƒÊ\ŒË_C±eKÐ–Ž›gŸí□%ÈôPÙ,óL7•ŸÐ96—§qžú□•LiÈƒô Æ»k6□ßË*›□.xzüù_ìµ–ª‴ ÂB□"# ^ŒL(n¼úfÅÑŸb□□.*å8□;©”Ñé˜K)NŠº‡H)□%ä…F"Ic…LB|^Ô¢ÉÙ¬□–öçjGå¸uD¾íBÁ’ððTmã□□ðT ”) A□}D²fŒ□3□Vª§íÉÐO¾¹ù…‘t¸·^] ¢xß{o³áÝ□Øð*□□öx?!W□□Éjƒ“@¢ G=Ed–XF«ª§–¹□□Õ×□JÙ□E? □/]§¡?pã□Wí›□H□□d5% WA+¨Ice□ ª)2r□í+ŸÓ¡'qk8ñèõ/HSÕ[¬,Ú¹u^□zð□—P□*÷°ÿ“- A□} þ□□ Œ□I áPû□□□□SÐ□Ó.,²|¼’□)Òé¶KS4|“÷ÊI□Î¥ïÀûW¶ÿõ@¹«®ÃSûs□ýs□□$`€X9áéÈò§□EÙx =Àu°*iJ¡ê□,Ç□¡®àýžký, †□Þ□Ú’»□š! a □‰•*+§,§£ (□Þš“S□š\hš‰Ë£à±@˜□üâî¯¼¥âëó®à¹□†I□$ð□% 2□€ □l¼□ñŒÎaÜ|,,àÝ□□Uíî^ÚØyï□□Ú©Ût Ã—8 œ □TF□o□p□+¯@<□gÂÇæÚ□□Ä□-ŸMº,,ï□î:´@Šæ(À÷Í ¨□¤@¢ƒ€□À>□□=»ofm□WM{□□□eæ□,‰ÐDËr¶ÉÒª»□”□w□□□ÌT Los,÷T@RväÖ;ž,ë□□9«Þ÷Ñ56<□x□Ï□□□□Èš“”□2Ôkß1á□òÍddùVáÚ□□□mü¥y5□’/4| ÑË×®Gþp¥V□□–¥ª»ò6□¾œ}–¾‘□¯BÑ”□□ùÁ’Çã5²ìàŸ&ªÌvø□yTdù6ÁÚç□ð/mþK¯»à(Úß\»□□□•□×†£□%ÁáC©ª— Þ}‹†g□°ŸîHdiPXÃ“qÙÝŸ0□dð7>Ï□±ÚáÝ□HR(Þõm_ÿG□Ø□¾íîwÑ²Ô□¸Åöµ□Hä×ýñ÷□□ö©□}□□™^˜Sœ˜¥á)□□‹],Ý}¸□DÅ»‡3J□€Ù□5³âP#\·□ƒ8.CÂW! ½°ù°LHH‹^™7ø!□>□EII°ác□Î□~Ú}W^t□~ð[2□Ú□Stèó:□□□2ž□□–X¶*¿áƒKh1È÷¼)/ÿyhZÑØ□ /Ë·às§àQbÉ¿6—□’¢|OFiÀ’¶{TŽ|Ã™¡Ÿ□tá™E$ ´□□\°<□•Ìõ ¦M;þÄ)!xÒ ±J+□R□Ãs □i□Þü□Áé□|Mè[ïRiù'ŒŽ•ä¼ªbü®ëj).æ□´Ã¯(p†□ç„‡ä¢s~□âõ¯ÙþJ□Ð^Ãÿ"Š□ý∫Ð¡□¼Å™Ä´8VßwûºÓ©¼Ù□□Íýlø ≤□| ®□Àé8□„ê[þù@wø6□Ùü9¡ýí B{à:¡}ùS2EŒÀï□ãÙ}□|%ÌÉy&(mýðé,,üq^2Q& □B|„ä□ˆøÙ □@14:‡(&˜8…□Ll•□□{9□vùòeÂ“\”tÉ)F£ñÝ’’□¡□ 4□ž€d@Þóc□A×-FÝÞAàÂ…□„.9□þ<100p5$$Dî3h™ãB,o>Ÿ□²[:Ì[p”ÞÞÞ?K¥Ò□□3Ó,□až3ƒá□„á□/zDG□□œ«ü5±XüÈá½□□□□» ð™>€□UWWKçÙõ<□8yòäýÒÒÒ□žý□·á□□□cfffï477ÊçS□^u¡ÉÉÉ[•••Ë½¬=ÑŽ□:□›žžþâìÙ³□H|□2)ÞJx%€255ukçÎ_%zØ□~MMM²éé×Ix:H¢¡¡!Õ□ □□Î□:ç□,ñýžžž†ôôt©ÀÓ¯üŸƒZ□□□□Ú‹®aÂÏW"Œ åMNÍÌ|326ÖÝÕÕ¥Ù³gO”\.— ÏÝÝÝÊÑÑÑÑ£§OŸ¾Ç□Î–˝««[å‰,,O□¯A-uñâE2èÙ□4□„ÛcÂç□Þ@3sæÌ□□_§PwJvg’p□€yþ6*èa∱ÓÔt`|ù7Œ›%□ â□¿¿□nMMÍàÃ.f∱£Àx!jkkÛÝÙJ·□ô÷÷□□OØ□üÂ□¿□ÿ~ÓBB□Á×××ŸÀ›ab —□¯□ÁÁÁ«ŸÎX□ e«lïÞ_÷ú□Ö□ø□;ww£ äZ:s□!CCÇï□üjÖ’X,,□^Ù´ys5ôÇï□□□Åb±|_T\¼□×| »Où8âñ□^^ç%$*::ZuìØ±÷Ñ□□¢Ö;:þ□÷PÃ½–ã{º½DáÛApxüCÐl ×jµÛ¡»}æ□□□x__ßß”Jå˜l|□ÿ…ZvÓã”□’š□□½µµõ ³Üü_OÁm6Ûý—723□¼•…w±□□Ö{…□~7E»□h!·V‘—÷¯□‘à-ó□¼ã□□A3Ù□□¼ƒ□…?§ãïžÀ¿ Æ×>Ò79¶Œ?† äUI□áßø□ú□7Cõ÷(•□/IEND®B`, ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/releases/gTpTIWhbKpxADzTzkcabhXN4/styles__ltr.css @charset "utf-8"; .goog-inline-block { position: relative; display: inline-block; } * html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } :first-child + html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } .recaptcha-checkbox { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-size: 1px; height: 28px; margin: 4px; width: 28px; overflow: visible; outline: 0px; vertical-align: text-bottom; } .recaptcha-checkbox-border { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); font-

size: 1px; height: 24px; position: absolute; width: 24px; z-index: 1; } .recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image: url(" background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 28px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; width: 28px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkbox_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-size: 24px; border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); height: 24px; left: 0px; position: absolute; top: 0px; width: 24px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner { background-color: rgb(249, 249, 249); border-width: 6px; border-style: solid; border-color: rgb(77, 144, 254) rgb(77, 144, 254) transparent transparent; border-image: initial; border-radius: 36px; height: 36px; left: -4px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; top: -4px; width: 36px; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; animation: 2.5s linear 0s infinite normal none paused spinner-spin; transition-duration: 1s; } @-webkit-keyframes spinner-spin { 0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% { transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform: rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } @keyframes spinner-spin { 0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% { transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform: rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { content: ""; position: absolute; top: -7px; left: -7px; width: 38px; height: 19px; background-color: rgb(249, 249, 249); animation: 1s linear 0s 1 normal none paused overlay-spin; transform-origin: center bottom; border-radius: 38px 38px 0px 0px; transform: rotateZ(45deg); opacity: 0; } @-webkit-keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); } } @keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-image: url(" background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 30px; left: -5px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; width: 38px; } .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner, .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { background-color: rgb(34, 34, 34); } .recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkmark_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1) 0px 1px 1px inset; border: 2px solid rgb(178, 178, 178); } .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(77, 144, 254); } .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(235, 235, 235); } .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(241, 241, 241); } .recaptcha-checkbox-loading .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/loading.gif"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { visibility: hidden; } .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-position: 0px -600px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .recaptcha-checkbox-clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-anchor { border-radius: 3px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.08) 0px 0px 4px 1px; } .rc-anchor-normal { height: 74px; width: 300px; } .rc-anchor-compact { height: 136px; width: 156px; } .rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-classic-warning { width: 140px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-dark { background: rgb(34, 34, 34); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(82, 82, 82); } .rc-anchor-dark #rc-anchor-over-quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-over-quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-light { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-normal, .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(211, 211, 211); } .rc-inline-block { display: inline-block; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-container { display: table; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-item { display: table-cell; vertical-align: middle; } .rc-anchor-content { display: inline-block; position: relative; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-content { height: 74px; width: 206px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content { height: 85px; } .rc-anchor-error-message { color: rgb(255, 0, 0); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 16px; padding: 0px 10px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox { margin: 0px 12px 2px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 17px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 152px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 95px; } .rc-anchor-error-msg-container { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; left: 0px; line-height: 14px; margin: 2px; position: absolute; top: 0px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-error-msg-container { width: 240px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content { margin-top: 10px; } .rc-anchor-compact.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content { margin-top: 25px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer { display: inline-block; height: 74px; vertical-align: top; width: 70px; } .rc-anchor-compact-footer { margin: 0px 12px; text-align: center; width: 136px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png") no-repeat; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-ie8 {_} .rc-anchor-logo-text { cursor: default; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 10px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 10px; margin-top: 5px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-light .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-light div a:link, .rc-anchor-light div a:visited { color: rgb(85, 85, 85); } .rc-anchor-dark .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-dark div a:link, .rc-anchor-dark div a:visited { color: rgb(245, 245, 245); } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait { margin: 10px 0px 0px 26px; width: 58px; user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-portrait { background-size: 32px; height: 32px; margin: 0px 13px; width: 32px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape { user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-landscape { background-size: 24px; display: inline-block; height: 24px; width: 24px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape-text-holder { display: inline-block; height: 24px; margin: 0px 2px; width: 54px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 8px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-anchor-pt { background-image: url(" } .rc-anchor-pt a { display: inline; padding: 2px 1px; text-decoration: none; } .rc-anchor-pt a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 2px 11px 0px 0px; padding-right: 2px; position: absolute; right: 0px; text-align: right; width: 276px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 0px 0px 2px; width: 132px; } .rc-anchor-aria-status { display: none; } #rc-anchor-alert, .rc-anchor-alert { color: red; font-size: 9px; margin: 2px; position: absolute; top: 0px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning, #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 190px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-over-quota { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 170px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content #rc-anchor-over-quota { width: 148px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt.rc-anchor-over-quota-pt { width: 130px; } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait.rc-anchor-over-quota-logo { margin-top: 6px; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota a, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning a, #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { color: white; } #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible { height: 60px; width: 256px; display: flex; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); color: white; display: flex; flex-basis: 166px; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px; font-weight: 400; height: 100%; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; line-height: 20px; padding: 0px 16px; white-space: nowrap; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext { font-size: 12px; padding: 0px 10px; line-height: 16px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { line-height: 12px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt a:link { font-size: 9px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { font-size: 5px; line-height: 6px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text strong { font-weight: 500; } .rc-anchor-invisible .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; text-align: center; width: 70px; margin-top: 2px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { transition: 0.3s; background-size: 40px; margin: 5px 15px 0px; height: 40px; width: 40px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-logo-img-large, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { background-size: 44px; margin: 8px 13px 0px; height: 44px; width: 44px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 0; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 1; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:visited { color: white; font-size: 10px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 220px; } .rc-audiochallenge-error-message { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-audiochallenge-instructions { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button { margin: 0px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-

button .rc-button-default { background: rgb(216, 216, 216); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); font-weight: 500; width: 100%; } .rc-audiochallenge-input-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-control audio { height: 30px; width: 240px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload { margin: 5px 20px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .fake-focus-audio { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .rc-button-default { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; border-radius: 2px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 42px; line-height: 42px; min-width: 100px; padding: 0px 10px; text-align: center; text-transform: uppercase; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-button-default:focus { outline: 0px; box-shadow: rgb(24, 90, 188) 0px 0px 0px 2pt; } .rc-button-default-disabled { background: rgba(73, 143, 225, 0.5); cursor: default; } .rc-button-red { background: rgb(226, 74, 74); } .rc-button-default-disabled.rc-button-red { background: rgba(226, 74, 74, 0.49); } .rc-canvas-image { display: none; } .rc-canvas-canvas { cursor: pointer; } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-instructions strong { font-weight: 900; display: block; font-size: 28px; } .rc-footer { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; position: relative; width: 100%; } .rc-separator { border-top: 1px solid rgb(223, 223, 223); margin-bottom: 1px; } .rc-controls { width: 100%; } .primary-controls { height: 60px; } .rc-buttons { float: left; height: 48px; margin: 6px 0px 6px 6px; background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fake-focus { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .button-holder, .qr-button-holder { float: left; height: 48px; } .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-reload-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-audio-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-image-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_dark.png"); } .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png"); } .rc-button-liveness:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_light.png"); } } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/qr_light.png"); } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-help-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-undo-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button { background-size: 32px 32px; cursor: pointer; height: 48px; opacity: 0.55; width: 48px; padding: 0px; border: 0px; background-repeat: no-repeat; background-position: center center; } .rc-button:focus, .rc-button:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .verify-button-holder { float: right; margin: 8px 8px 9px 0px; } .rc-challenge-help { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; overflow-y: scroll; padding: 5px 20px; } .reload-icon { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .apps-toast { position: relative; text-align: center; width: 100%; z-index: 101; } .apps-toast-content { background: rgb(50, 50, 50); border-radius: 2px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.14) 0px 6px 10px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.12) 0px 1px 18px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.4) 0px 3px 5px -1px; color: rgb(238, 238, 238); display: inline-block; font: 12px / 20px Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; padding: 14px; text-align: center; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 230px; } .rc-defaultchallenge-payload { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; min-height: 61px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-incorrect-response { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 14px; margin-left: 20px; } .rc-doscaptcha-header { padding: 10px; margin: 10px; height: 20%; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-doscaptcha-header-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 22px; font-weight: 400; text-align: center; color: white; } .rc-doscaptcha-body { height: 80%; } .rc-doscaptcha-body-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; padding: 10px 15px; } .rc-doscaptcha-footer { pointer-events: none; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessContainer { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } #rc-imageselect { min-width: 240px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } #rc-imageselect .rc-button:focus { outline: none; } .rc-imageselect-desc { margin-left: -10px; margin-top: -10px; padding-right: 100px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-instructions .rc-imageselect-desc strong { font-size: 22px; } .rc-imageselect-desc span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-payload { min-width: 240px; margin: 0px 7px; padding: 7px 0px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { position: relative; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-footer { min-width: 240px; } .rc-imageselect-incorrect-response, .rc-imageselect-error-dynamic-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-something { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-size: 14px; padding: 7px 0px; text-align: center; width: 100%; background-color: white; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { margin-bottom: 6px; } .rc-imageselect-checkbox { background: url(" display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-report-image { inset: 0px; display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33, .rc-imageselect-table-44 { border-collapse: separate; border-spacing: 0px; width: 100%; height: 100%; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33 { margin: -2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 { margin: -1px; } .rc-imageselect-table-42 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-33 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 td { padding: 1px; } .rc-image-tile-target tr, td { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-keyboard { position: relative; z-index: 100; outline: orange solid !important; } td:focus { outline: none; } .rc-image-tile-overlay { display: none; opacity: 0; position: absolute; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); width: 100%; height: 100%; z-index: 2; transition: opacity 1s cubic-bezier(0.49, 0.78, 0.46, 1.34); } .rc-image-followup-tile { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected { position: relative; transition: 2s; opacity: 0.01; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-image-tile-target { opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; opacity: 1; background-size: cover; width: 60px; height: 60px; left: 50%; top: 50%; margin-left: -30px; margin-top: -30px; } .rc-image-tile-target { -webkit-tap-highlight-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(0.8); } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(1); } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; background-repeat: no-repeat; inset: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates { border: 2px solid white; box-sizing: border-box; height: 94px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; right: 7px; top: 7px; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates > div { background-size: 112px 94px; display: inline-block; height: 94px; margin: 2px; position: relative; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { box-sizing: border-box; text-align: center; user-select: none; } .rc-imageselect-response-field-error { border-bottom: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } .rc-imageselect-desc { font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper span { font-size: 14px; } .rc-imageselect-clear { clear: both; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { overflow: hidden; position: relative; transition: 0.1s; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper img { position: relative; -webkit-user-drag: none; backface-visibility: hidden; } .rc-image-tile-11 { width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-image-tile-42 { width: 200%; height: 400%; } .rc-image-tile-33 { width: 300%; height: 300%; } .rc-image-tile-44 { width: 400%; height: 400%; } .rc-imageselect-instructions { height:

113px; width: 100%; margin-bottom: 7px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); position: relative; padding: 24px; color: white; height: 66px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-progress { background-color: rgb(65, 124, 193); position: absolute; bottom: 0px; right: 0px; width: 0px; height: 15px; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-right { left: 105%; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-entering-right { left: 0px; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-1 { top: 1px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-2 { top: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-leaving-left { left: 0px; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-left { left: -105%; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions { transition: 0.2s; opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions-hidden { opacity: 0.5; } .rc-canonical-stop-sign { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/stop_sign.jpg") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-speed-limit { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_speed_limit.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-street-name { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_street_name.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-other { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_other.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bounding-box { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/boundingbox2.gif") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-car { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_car.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-road { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_road.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bridge { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_bridge.png") no-repeat; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrContainer { align-items: anchor-center; position: relative; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; margin: 10px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCanvas { min-width: 200px; min-height: 200px; max-height: 45%; max-width: 40%; outline-offset: 0px; outline: solid 2px; border-radius: 2pt; padding: 20px; position: relative; border: 1px solid rgb(153, 153, 153); box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 0px 9px 2px; background: white; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrBackground { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_qr_background.svg") no-repeat; position: absolute; top: 50%; margin-top: -20%; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButton { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; transition: 0.5s; border-radius: 25px; padding: 15px; text-transform: uppercase; text-decoration: none; position: relative; margin: 25% auto; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrInstructionsContainer { text-align: center; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructionsContainer { top: 0px; height: 113px; position: relative; background: rgb(26, 115, 232); text-align: center; margin: 0px auto; width: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructions { font-weight: 700; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); font-size: 20px; margin-top: 45px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructionsContainer { position: relative; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: row; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; padding: 10px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCameraIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_camera_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrMobileIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructions { font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; padding: 10px 20px 10px 10px; max-width: 80%; line-height: 1.3; color: rgb(119, 119, 119); } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeHidden { height: 0px; width: 0px; display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeVisible { height: 200px; width: 200px; display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonHidden { display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonVisible { display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .rc-prepositional-payload { padding: 20px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-prepositional-select-more, .rc-prepositional-verify-failed { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-prepositional-target label { margin: 5px; float: right; } .rc-prepositional-instructions { margin-bottom: 20px; } .rc-prepositional-table { width: 100%; } .rc-prepositional-table td { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); border: 1px solid rgb(255, 255, 255); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; width: 40%; padding: 15px; } .rc-prepositional-table td.rc-prepositional-selected { background: rgb(239, 239, 239); border: 1px solid rgb(101, 101, 101); } .rc-2fa-payload { font-family: Roboto, Helvetica, Arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-background { background-color: rgb(236, 236, 236); width: 100%; height: 100%; overflow: auto; } .rc-2fa-container { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); width: 328px; overflow: auto; margin: 100px auto; } .rc-2fa-header { margin: 36px 0px 24px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-2fa-instructions { margin: 24px 40px; line-height: 17.5px; } .rc-2fa-response-field { text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-response-field input { width: 11.2ch; height: 40px; line-height: 40px; margin: auto; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); font-size: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.8ch; padding-left: 1.2ch; padding-right: 0px; } .rc-2fa-response-field input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-error-message { height: 36px; font-size: 12px; color: rgb(217, 48, 37); margin: 2px 40px; } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button { margin: 0px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background-color: rgb(24, 90, 188); border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button:disabled { background-color: white; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.38); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button { margin: 20px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background: none; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button:active { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; } .rc-response-input-field { border: 1px solid rgb(116, 119, 117); border-radius: 2px; height: 36px; margin: 5px 0px; padding: 1px 9px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; outline: none; width: 270px; } .rc-response-input-field:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-response-input-field-error, .rc-response-input-field-error:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-932b3f14-66cf-408d-998e-acf598ae713a@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3,

U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-

2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------MultipartBoundary--ZMeCcvqNr0Ril2lGmUEqQNjKRGs0IQ3IAC2or0wdy3------